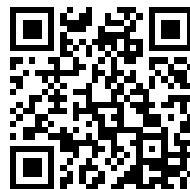
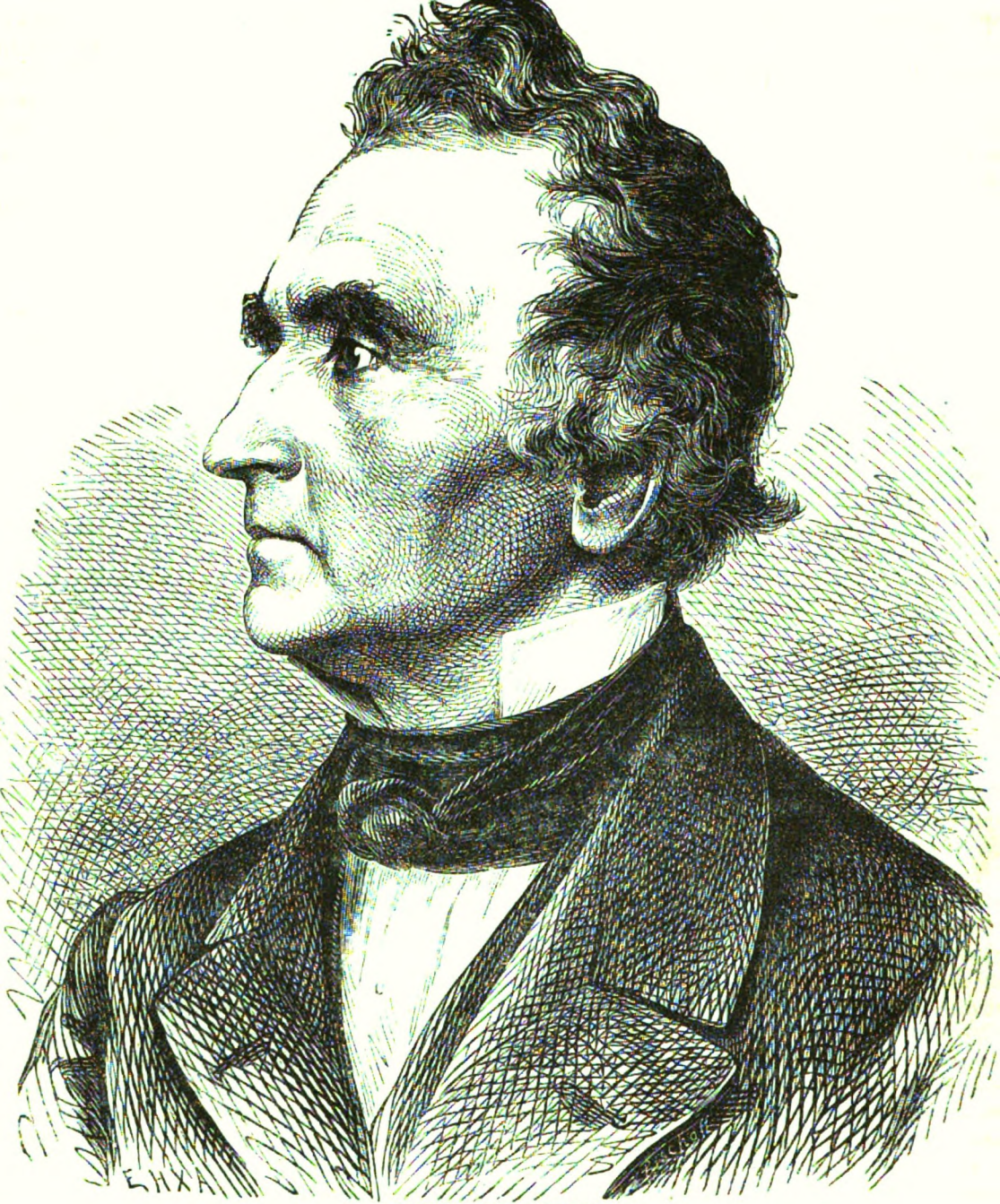

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*Arthur's illustrated
home magazine*



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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. XLIII.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

1875.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



3619

Front View.

LADIES' DEMI-POLONAISE.

(Known in Paris as the "BARCELONNE.")

No. 3619.—This charming and stylish pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3619

Back View.



3617

Front View.

LADIES' GORED CLOAK.

No. 3617.—To make this comfortable garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches



3617

Back View.

wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents.



3633

Front View.

INFANTS' CLOAK, WITH YOKE AND CAPE.

No. 3633.—The cloak here illustrated can be made of any material generally employed for such garments; and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3633

Back View.



3632

Front View.



3632

Back View.

MISSES' DOLMAN SACK.
No. 3632.—The pattern to this pretty garment is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 14 years, 3 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price, 20 cents.



3646

Front View.



3646

Back View.

GIRLS' DRESS.
No. 3646.—The pattern to the pretty little dress here illustrated is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. Of any material that is 27 inches wide, 3 yards will be required to make the garment for a girl 3 years old. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3649

Front View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED SACK.

(Especially designed for Furs and Heavy Cloths.)

No. 3649.—To make the garment here represented, for a lady of medium size, 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 11 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents.



3649

Back View.



3625

Front View.

3625

Back View.

LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.

No. 3625.—These engravings fully represent the peculiarity of this pretty garment. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; and of any 27-inch-wide goods, 8 yards will be sufficient to make the skirt for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



3637

Front View.

3637

Back View.

3647

Front View.

3647

*Back View.*MISSSES' APRON OVER-SKIRT, WITH SASH.
BACK.

No. 3637.—The pattern to the over-skirt here illustrated is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 15 cents. To make the skirt for a miss of 10 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.

GIRLS' CUT-AWAY PALETOT.

No. 3647.—To make the cunning little coat here represented, for a girl of 6 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 3 to 8 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



3622

*Front View.***CHILD'S FRENCH CLOAK.**

No. 3622.—The pattern to the cunning little cloak here represented is in 5 sizes for children from one to 5 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary.



3622

Back View.

3618

Front View.

3618

Back View.

3638

Front View.

3638

*Back View.***LADIES' PROMENADE JACKET, WITH DIAGONAL FRONT.****MISSSES' CUIRASS WAIST, OPEN IN THE BACK.**

No. 3618.—The pattern to the stylish garment here represented is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards are necessary to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3638.—The pretty waist here illustrated may, with equal propriety, be made of suit or fancy material. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 10 cents. To make the waist for a miss of 13 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary.



3636

*Front View.***LADIES' FRENCH BASQUE WAIST.**

No. 3636.—The basque here represented is one of the most recent shapes, and the pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any 27-inch-wide material $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be necessary to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



3636

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 & 811 Chestnut St., Phila.



STEPPING-STONES.--Page 72.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

JANUARY, 1875.

No. 1.

History, Biography and General Literature.



WISSEGRAD.

THE DANUBE.

BY E. CHARDON.

THE Danube is, next to the Volga, the largest river in Europe. It is over fifteen hundred miles in length, and receives as tributaries sixty navigable rivers, and one hundred and twenty smaller streams, and drains a surface of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. It is one of the few rivers in Europe which run from west to east, taking its course through Austria and Turkey. Sometimes the stream is narrow and deep, being shut in between high banks; at others it widens out almost like a sea; and again it is broken into small channels by numerous islands.

The Danube takes its rise in the very heart of

the Black Forest, three streams, the Brig-Ach, the Brige and the Donan, or Danube proper, uniting to form the single stream. The Inen, a stream more important than the Danube, and which flows into that river at Passau, takes its rise in the vicinity of St. Gothard, where the Rhine, the Rhone and the Tessin also rise, the four falling respectively into the Black Sea, the North Sea, the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Venice.

The Black Forest is itself full of historic and traditionary interest. Novelists have written, and poets sung about it; but strangely enough there seems to be little literature belonging to the Danube. Or, if native writers have celebrated it in song and story, their productions have, for the most part, failed to find their way into our tongue.

I remember a song by one unknown writer,

which flows to the measures of Aidé's beautiful Danube waltz as though the two were born to keep each other company:

"Do you recall that night in June,
Upon the Danube River,
We listened to a Ländler tune,
We watched the moon-beams quiver?
I oft since then have watched the moon,
But never, love, oh, never, never,
Can I forget that night in June
Upon the Danube River.

"Our boat kept measure with its oar,
The music rose in snatches,
From peasants dancing on the shore,
With bolsterous songs and catches;
I know not why that Ländler rang
Through all my soul; but never, never
Can I forget that song they sang
Upon the Danube River!"

The Danube drains the southern slopes of the mountains whose northern sides supply the sources of the Neckar. The region through which the infant river flows is wild and romantic in the extreme. Its hills and highlands furnish pastur-

the town the Iller flows into the Danube, and at the juncture of the two streams is found the Bavarian village of New Ulm. The Danube is navigable at this point by vessels of one hundred tons.

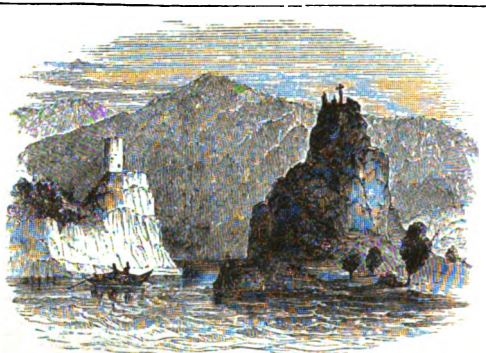
Some distance below Ulm, the traveller reaches Blenheim, a Bavarian town, noted as the place where was gained the decisive victory of the English and Imperialists, under the famous John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, over the French and Bavarians, in 1704.

The traveller who descends the Danube will not fail to notice Hals Castle, situated upon the very pinnacle of a steep rock, forming an impregnable defense in feudal times; while the little village, with its cottages and churches nestling confidently at its foot, betoken, if not more peaceful days, at least an era when all old things have passed away, and when every man is not armed against his neighbor.

Ingolstadt and Ratisbon are both fortified towns. The latter is walled, and entered by six gates. The seeker after the curious finds here a quaint old cathedral, built in 1375; a fine town house, in



NIEDER WALDSEE.



WÜRTH-INSER, WITH THE TOWER OF STRUDEL.

age for flocks and herds, which form the chief wealth of the peasant inhabitants. Sixty miles or more from its head is found upon its banks the thriving town of Sigmaringen, the capital of the principality of Hohenzollern.

Flowing through Wurtemberg, the river passes the picturesque town of Nieder Waldsee, its castle, with its ruined wall and more recently added towers, set upon the brow of the overhanging hill. Nothing can be lovelier than the scenery of the river at this point. More rugged and romantic is the view at Würther-inser, where the Tower of Strudel commands the deep and rapid current as it flows between two high and butting rocks, with a frowning wall beyond.

On the eastern frontier of Wurtemberg, facing Bavaria, stands Ulm, which was long an imperial free town, strongly fortified, and a military post of much importance in the German wars. Here, on the 17th of October, 1805, General Mack, with twelve thousand Austrian troops, capitulated to Napoleon without firing a shot. Ulm is a beautiful town. It sits on its green hills before the Danube; a chain of mountains outlines itself against the horizon behind the town. Opposite

which was held, from 1662 to 1806, the diet of the empire; the old Episcopal palace, and a fine stone bridge over the Danube eleven hundred feet long. This town was long the capital of Bavaria, and afterward a free imperial city until 1806. Near it, in 1809, Napoleon was wounded in a battle in which he forced the Austrians to retreat.

In the Episcopal palace is a monument to John Kepler, a distinguished astronomer and mathematician, to whom we are indebted for the discovery of the laws which regulate the movements of the planetary bodies, their ellipticity, etc. Kepler was born in 1571, at Wiet, in the duchy of Wurtemberg, was educated at Tübingen, on the Neckar, was appointed professor of astronomy at Gratz, and afterward became mathematician to the Emperor Rudolph.

Ratisbon is quite a commercial town, having a steam-packet station.

Every school-boy is familiar with Campbell's poem commencing,

"On Linden, when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar rolling rapidly.

"But Iser saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery."

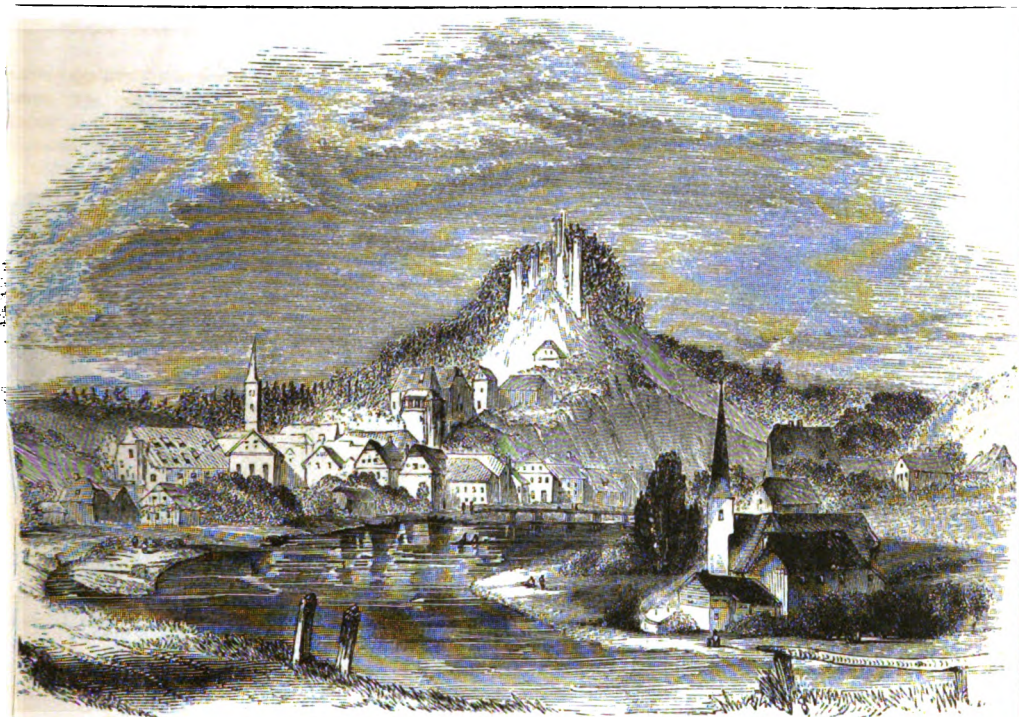
Into the Danube flow the dark waters of the Iser, having skirted the famous battle-field.

The Danube abounds in fortified towns. At the junction of the Inn is Passau, one of these, and Lintz is another. The latter is fortified in a remarkable manner by a circle of thirty-two detached forts, twenty-three on the south and nine on the north bank of the Danube. The town is handsomely built, and has three suburbs more extensive than the city itself.

A few miles above Lintz is the picturesque town of Ottensheim. It is scarcely more than a village,

peror Marcus Aurelius breathed his last. It was successively taken by the Goths and Huns, and subsequently by Charlemagne, who placed it under the government of the margraves of the East, part of his dominions, thence called *Oesterreich*. The margraves, afterward dukes, held Vienna until the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was taken by the Emperor Frederick II., and again by Rudolph I., founder of the Hapsburg dynasty, in 1297.

A couple of centuries later it came into possession of the Hungarians, and became the seat of the court of Mathias, King of Hungary and Bohemia. The Austrians afterward possessed themselves of it, and it has since been the established residence of the Austrian imperial house.



HABS CASTLE.

with a castle crowning a hill, at whose foot rolls the Danube, and adown whose sides and along the river bank cluster the houses. Hill and vale, field and woodland, vary the view, and make it one of the most lovely imaginable.

The town of Durrenstein, still lower down, is especially remarkable as being the prison-place of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. On a high rock near the town are the ruins of the fortress in which that prince was confined on his return from Palestine in 1192, by Leopold, Duke of Austria. In 1805 the French were defeated here by the united Russian and Austrian armies.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, is found on the southern bank of the Danube. Its ancient name was Vindobonda, when it was a station of the Roman legions in Upper Pannonia. Here the Em-

In 1683, Vienna was besieged by a Turkish army two hundred thousand strong, under the command of Kara Mustapha, when it was only saved from surrender by the timely arrival of John Sobriski, king of Poland.

The city proper of Vienna—that contained within the fortifications—is scarcely three miles in circumference; but the Vienna of to-day, including its beautiful suburbs, is fifteen miles in circumference.

The old city is surrounded by a broad fosse, and a wall from forty to fifty feet high. Modern warfare rendering these fortifications useless, they have been converted into a public promenade, known as the *Bastei*. This wall is entered by twelve gates, one of them, called the *Burghor*, being one of the finest in Europe. Outside the

walls is a wide esplanade known as the *Glacis*, which is laid out into delightful walks and gardens. The city has numerous squares or places, and is ornamented by many superb promenades. The Prater and the Augarten, two extensive parks, are situated between the insular spaces inclosed between the main stream of the Danube and its various branches. The Prater is the favorite place of resort for all classes of the people; and during the season is crowded with carriages.

There is no city in Europe that has so large a number of resident nobility as Vienna. Nearly two hundred families of princes, counts and barons make this city their home, living in magnificent palaces, and spending princely incomes. Thus Vienna is exceptionally fine in its appearance,

a literary city. Mr. Russell says of the Viennese that they "take to themselves the reputation of being the most musical people in Europe, and this is the only part of their character about which they display much jealousy or anxiety. So long as it is granted that they can produce among their citizens a greater number of decent performers on the violin or piano than any other capital, they have no earthly objection to have it said that they can likewise produce a greater number of block-heads and debauchees." Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and others have composed their best works in or near Vienna.

Presburg, the legislative capital of Hungary is thirty-four miles from Vienna, down the river. Entering this town, the traveller leaves Austria



OTTENSHEIM.

while it preserves about it a sort of antique grandeur, from the fact that the old and not the new parts of the city are the fashionable quarters.

The Cathedral of St. Stephen, which stands in the very heart of the city, is a noble piece of Gothic architecture, comparing favorably with the cathedrals of Strasburg and Antwerp. Its spire is four hundred and fifty-three feet high.

The Church of the Augustine, one of the handsomest in Vienna, contains the masterpiece of Canova, the monument of the Archduchess Christine. The church of St. Peter is built on the model of the basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.

There is, in Vienna, one of the finest universities in Europe, offering more than ordinary scientific advantages.

Vienna is distinguished as a musical rather than

proper, and finds himself on Hungarian soil, and the name of Kossuth suggests itself. There is, however, little or no sign of discontent among the Hungarians at their present subject condition. They have their own separate legislature, and could scarcely be more independent if they had a Hungarian king, instead of an Austrian emperor. Hungary, in fact, seems, to-day, perfectly satisfied to become an integral part of the Austrian Empire.

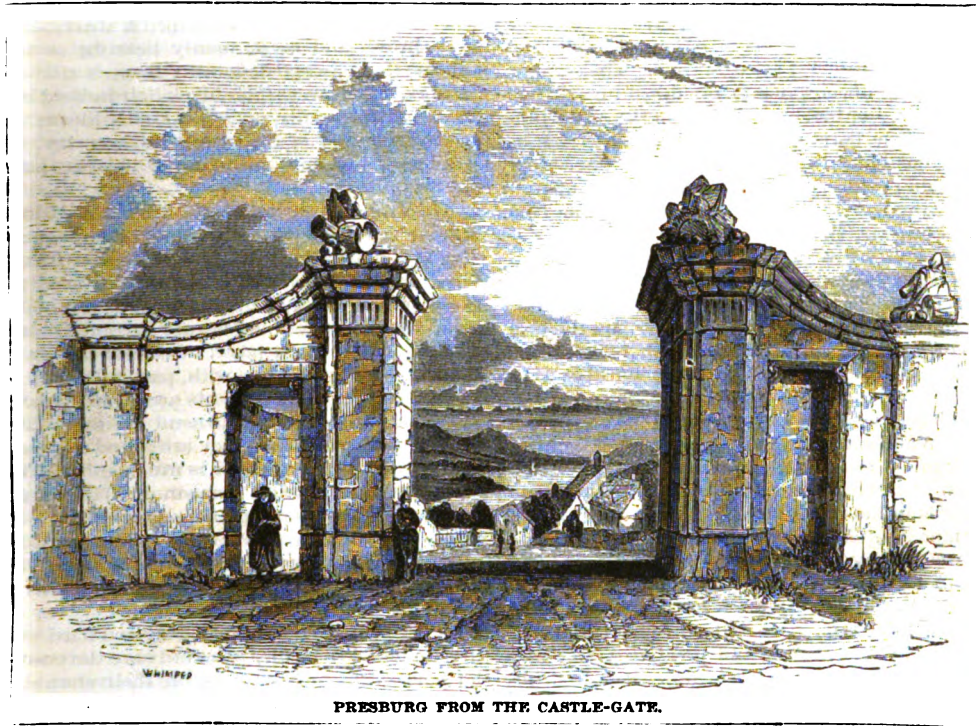
Presburg is a commercial rather than a military town, doing a large business in corn, linen and Hungarian wines. The principal object of attraction is the ruins of the royal palace on the hill above the town. It was here that the Empress Maria Theresa threw herself on the sympathies of the Hungarian nobles.

"Fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sees the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's towering blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war."

The dauntless empress went to Presburg to be crowned, receiving upon her head the iron crown of St. Stephen, and covering her jewelled dress with his ragged and venerated robe. Then summoning the representatives of all orders of the State to meet in diet at the great hall of the castle, she appeared clad in mourning and the Hungarian costume, still bearing the crown and scimeter which were regarded by the nation with such religious respect. She made an appeal to the assembled multitude, declaring that her only resource in her time of trouble, was in their faithfulness,

Danube. This city, with Buda on the opposite side of the river, forms the modern capital of Hungary, and the third city, in point of population, in the Austrian Empire.

Buda is an ancient place, built chiefly upon the lower slopes of a range of picturesque hills. The town is commanded and overlooked by a castle, a stern, feudal-looking pile. In this was deposited the crown of St. Stephen, king of Hungary, presented by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 1000, and regarded as the palladium of the Hungarian nation. This cherished memorial of Hungarian independence, removed by Kossuth during the recent struggle, with a view to its preservation by the Magyar nation, fell subsequently into the possession of Austria, and has since been deposited at Vienna. Buda is connected with Pesth by a handsome suspension bridge.



PRESBURG FROM THE CASTLE-GATE.

arms and tried valor. Her words set on fire all the admiration and martial spirit of the assembly. They half drew their swords, and flung them back in their brazen scabbards, with a loud, ringing sound, and shouted, "We will consecrate our lives and our arms; we will die for our king, Maria Theresa!" It was a law that no queen should reign in Hungary, and hence they called her *king*.

About half way between Presburg and Buda is the strong and almost impregnable fortress of Komorn, which played so important a part during the struggle for Hungarian independence in 1849. It is the boast of the inhabitants of the town that it never yet surrendered to an enemy.

Passing several towns of more or less interest, the traveller finds himself at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, beautifully situated on the bank of the

Four miles from Buda is Alt-Buda, built on the site of the ancient city of Aquincum, where Attila held his court. Upon a hill beside the right bank of the Danube, eighteen miles north of Buda, are the ruins of the royal castle of Vissegrad, long the residence of the native sovereigns of Hungary. A picture of the ruins of the castle of Vissegrad heads this article.

Passing down the Danube, in whose broadening waters the Drave, the Theiss, the Save and other smaller streams lose themselves, the traveller, after many miles of journey finds himself in an unfamiliar place. He is no longer in Austria; he is upon Turkish soil. Belgrade has a strange, old-world look, and yet there are numerous evidences of the struggle of western civilization for supremacy. The spires of churches gleam out

against the sky in company with the minarets of mosques. Western glazed shop windows stand side by side with Oriental open bazaars. This is the entrepôt of commerce between Turkey and Austria, and the seat of the principal authorities of Servia. In fact, its commercial interests are most important. It is on the highway of the eastern trade, which lies down the Danube and by the Black Sea. Somlin, a smaller fortified town on the Austrian border, three miles above, shares with Belgrade this commercial importance.

Lenendria, a fortified town of Servia, twenty-four miles below Belgrade, was formerly the residence of the Servian kings.

The Danube now approaches the Carpathian Mountains, through the ramparts of which it must force its way, or else remain shut in forever, as it once was, in the great natural basin of Hungary. It gathers together its forces for the giant effort, and beats down, or, rather, cuts its way through, this mountainous barrier. The place of its escape is called The Iron Gate. The scenery here is magnificent, not to say appalling. Huge rocks stand sentinel on each side of the river, presenting their barren, precipitous sides to the narrowed current. Further back rise the higher mountain peaks. It is, in fact, a scene of unparalleled grandeur. Before one reaches The Iron Gate, however, the little town of New Orsova is passed, built upon an island in the river.

The Iron Gate once passed, the Upper Danube is left behind. The country changes, and the people have already been changing. We are on the borders of Wallachia, a province which is a kind of connecting link between the eastern world and the western. There is no lovelier portion of Europe than the slope of the Carpathian Mountains looking to Wallachia. An undulating belt of country thirty miles broad, and reaching from the Pruth to the Danube, is covered with vineyards and orchards in the full luxuriance of a climate whose summer sun shines with the fire of the East on a soil watered by innumerable streams.

Immense obelisks and piles of every colored marble start up among the forests; perpetual cascades thunder from inaccessible heights; glittering pinnacles, wild caverns, and precipices steep as a wall, and sheeted with forest flowers and shrubs of singular fragrance and richness of color, remind the traveller of Switzerland, but of Switzerland under an almost Oriental sky.

Still further the traveller descends past towns and villages, some of them fortified now on the Roumanian side, and again on the Bulgarian. Now a cross points the top of a spire, now it is a crescent, showing that Greek and Mohammedan live together, if not in actual peace and goodwill, at least with mutual endurance. European dwellings with their modern conveniences rival their Oriental neighbors, which may look somewhat romantic at a distance, but are dirty and ill-conditioned at near approach.

The broad river is filled with mighty craft carrying the burden of the commerce of two worlds. The two sides of the stream look askance at each other, the northern shore longing to rescue the southern from Oriental barbarism. In fact, Aus-

tria and Russia are each longing to swallow Turkey at a gulp, and the only hope for Turkey seems to lie in the rivalry of these two powers, neither of which will permit the other to do what it so vainly longs to do itself. Turkey, on the other hand, burns to regain possession of her wrested provinces, and re-assert to the world the power and breadth of the Ottoman Empire.

The traveller has almost forgotten the costumes of Western Europe as he gazes at the panorama before him. The costumes of the Hungarian peasants now give place to the quainter ones of the Wallachians and Bulgarians. A traveller tells us that the gala suit of the Wallachian consists of a white cotton blouse or shirt put on over his trousers, a sleeveless, embroidered jacket over this, a white lamb-skin cap something like a very large fez, and sandals fastened to his ankles with leather cords. "As a rule, the men are extremely handsome, their oval faces, well-shaped features, intelligent brows and erect, manly bearing seem to indicate their accepted descent from a nation of warriors. They wear their black hair in long locks which fall gracefully over their shoulders; and, seen in the midst of their beautiful country, they form one of the most picturesque objects the eye can rest on.

"The women," says the same traveller, "do not contrast favorably with the men in appearance. They are generally small, and their features are worn and coarse, through exposure and early toil. At a very tender age the Wallachian woman is put to out-door work, and her beauty becomes marred by the effects of hard labor. Occasionally an exception to this rule is met with, particularly in the larger villages, where peasants are found wealthy and cultured enough not to send their daughters into the fields; and then they are found to possess great natural beauty, which is much enhanced by their confiding, modest demeanor. The expression of their eyes is peculiarly soft and fawn-like, and accustomed as they are to being treated as inferior beings, they seem surprised as well as pleased at the least notice being bestowed on them.

"It is painful to see the drudgery and hard work they undergo, as a rule. Not only are the cares of the household, such as it is, on their shoulders, but they have to attend to the garden and fields, reaping, sowing, storing and carrying wood and water, besides which they spin and weave the rude cloth and blankets used by the family. Their dress is always simple, and resembles that of the men, in addition to which they wear a sort of colored petticoat, open at the sides, to give them freedom in walking. Their hair is worn in tresses, ornamented with flowers or coins strung on a thread, and curiously interwoven in the hair. Young girls never wear any covering on the head, but married women use a white scarf with colored ends, gracefully folded, after the manner of a turban. They generally go barefooted, but use the sandal for long walks, and on gala days a pair of boots."

Still descending, yet taking many a right-angled turn, the traveller gradually approaches the mouths of the Danube, for it has many. At

Tchernavoda, a Turkish town, the river changes its general eastern direction for a northern one. Fifty miles or so below, at Galatz, it turns again toward the east, and flowing, a sluggish stream, through low lands, presently divides into numerous branches, through which it pours its yellow floods into the Black Sea, leaving the trace of its mud-soiled journeyings upon the waters of that sea for many miles from land. At its entrance into the Black Sea the Danube is shallow; its waters are spread over an immense surface, and lie stagnating among an infinity of reeds and other aquatic plants. Only two mouths are navigable to ships of any burden, the rest being choked by bars.

The ancients gave the name of Ister to the eastern part of the river, after its junction with the Sæve. The river was an object of worship to the Scythians. The river-god is represented on a medal of Trajan; but the finest figure of him is on that emperor at Rome.

One word concerning the boats upon the Danube. Nothing can be more interesting or much more pleasant than travelling on these large and comfortable boats. The crowd on board, composed of various nationalities, in peculiar costumes, and speaking different languages, gives an opportunity for a study of European races seldom to be found. Almost every European nation is here represented—English and French tourists bound for Constantinople, German and Hungarian merchants, traders and peasants from all the principalities along the banks of the Danube, coming in or landing at the different stations with never-ceasing movement. The boats are provided with every necessity and comfort, and the commissariat is remarkably good. The steamers always anchor at night, as the navigation of the Danube is too dangerous to enable them to proceed after dark. The passengers then kill the time according to their tastes. The Turks and Serbs generally play cards or dice, and keep up a continual and loud conversation; Germans lie down, grumbling and growling at the noise that disturbs their rest; and the contented traveller smokes his cigar in a corner, snatching an occasional instalment of rest, until the sun rises over the great plain, and the boat begins to move again.

The Danube, like other rivers of similar geological history, at one time presented a succession of lacustrine ponds, placed in gradation one above another, and united by cascades. Such a water-course, in its earlier stages, is represented by the chain of great lakes in North America. When the constantly flowing water shall have sufficiently worn away and deepened their outlets, there will then be, in some future geological age, a grandly sweeping river, sometimes flowing through a broad and fertile valley, the bed of a former lake, at others cutting its way abruptly through deep cañons, as at Niagara when the falls shall have disappeared. The rocky barriers in these some-time lakes situated between them, have been gradually demolished and washed away by the water. The Danube obtained its hydrological importance from the time when its waters ceased to be lost in the former lakes which have now become the plains of Hungary, Austria and Wallachia.

Often times when the river thus cuts away a passage through a rocky barrier, it leaves standing erect, as an evidence of the former state of things, an inlet of hard stone which it has failed to wash away. On the Danube we find these proud rocks, with their perpendicular sides towering up, like enormous pillars, as high as the level of the rising ground by the river-side, and crowned on their summits, some with a feudal fortress, some with a hermitage, and some with nothing but a clump of bushes or brush-wood. The water-gap through the Carpathian Mountains, called the "Iron Gate," presents this characteristic; and the same thing may be seen in the picture of "Wörther-inser."

There is a curious law of nature to which all rivers are subject. This law, provided that the configuration of the ground allows it, causes water to deviate regularly to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern. With regard to those rivers which flow in a line parallel to the equator, there is no force which compels them to eat away either one or the other of their banks; but they are retarded in their course if they flow to the east, and are, on the contrary, accelerated if they run toward the west. A still more remarkable fact is exemplified by the Danube, which passes in succession in a series of defiles, and always develops its winding toward the right below each gate of rocks through which it has to pass. Thus, above Pesth and at the Iron Gate, instead of crossing diagonally the level tract bathed by its waters, the river bends suddenly to the south, so as to take the course of the great central depression round the high ground on its right. And at other parts the same principle is illustrated in a feebler manner.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

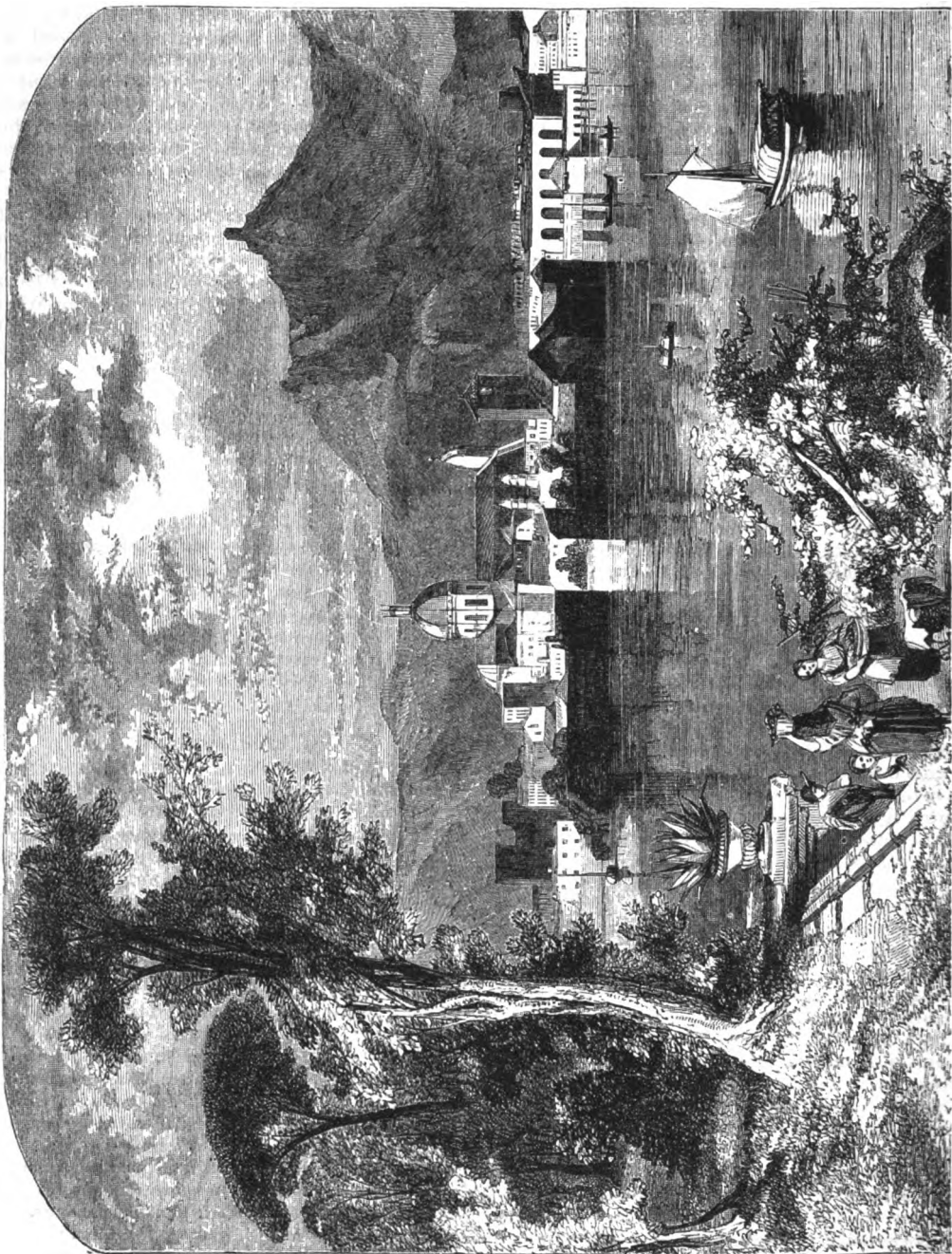
[We take from a recent number of *The Methodist* a charming description of this beautiful lake, from the pen of the Rev. ROSS C. HOUGHTON.]

TWO hours by rail over a fertile plain luxuriantly clothed with vineyards, and half an hour in a rumbling old diligence over a most romantic mountain-road, brought us from Milan to the quaint old town of Como, and the most beautiful of the Italian lakes. Aside from its picturesque situation, Como has little to interest the traveller. Its Cathedral, however, well repaid our visit of an hour or more. It was erected in the fourteenth century, in the Lombard-Gothic style, and contains the beautiful sarcophagus of its founder, Queen Theodolinda. With much ceremony the old priest opened for us a casket which formed the centre of a richly decorated cross over the altar, and disclosed to our wondering eyes one of the most interesting relics to be found in Europe—the famous *Iron Crown* which was used at the coronation of thirty-four Lombard kings. It rested upon the brow of the great Emperor Charles V., was employed at the coronation of Napoleon I. in 1805, and was last used when the Emperor Ferdinand I. was crowned in 1838.

On examining the venerable relic we found that it consists of a broad hoop of purest gold, profusely

adorned with precious stones, around the inner surface of which is a thin strip of iron, which the old priest reverently kissed, declaring that it was made from a nail of the true Cross, brought by the Empress Helena herself from Palestine.

The Lake of Como is thirty miles in length, with an arm called Lake of Lecco branching off at nearly right angles with its centre, some thirteen miles in length. The greatest width is two and one-half miles, and its greatest depth one thousand



THE LAKE OF COMO.

A neat little steamer, with a restaurant-saloon, and chairs and tables upon the promenade deck, lay at the wharf, and at 9 A. M. our party—a mixture of English and Americans—took possession.

nine hundred and twenty-nine feet. The view from the quay at Como is limited, but the moment our steamer rounded the first promontory the full beauty of the famous lake burst upon our sight.

It is completely shut in by lofty mountains, some of which are seven thousand feet in height, and, at the time of our visit, in May, were crowned with snow. The immediate banks of the lake are covered with luxuriant gardens and vineyards, while above these the grayish tints of the olive groves contrast strongly with the brilliant green of the chestnut and walnut of the forests still higher up. Along the entire length of the lake are scattered, at irregular intervals, the gay villas of the Italian aristocracy, the grounds of which are laid out with a most happy combination of the natural and the artificial, the charming effect of which is a constant surprise to the visitor. Occasionally a low promontory juts out from the mountain wall, narrowing the lake to the width of a mile, or even less, and upon this there is sure to be a snug little chateau with a perfect wilderness of flowers and shrubbery, a miniature wharf with numerous pleasure-boats, and a group of gay people to wave their hats and handkerchiefs at the passing strangers. The most interesting villas are Villa d'Este, the largest on the lake, which was for several years the residence of Queen Caroline, the unfortunate wife of George IV.; Villa Pasta, the residence of the celebrated singer; Villa Carlotta, with its wonderful rocky gorge and waterfall of several hundred feet; and Villa Serbelloni, which commands an exquisite view, by far the finest on the lake. We were given ample time to visit these, and in each case were fully repaid for the necessary exertion. All the finest residences are enriched with works of art. At Villa Carlotta we were shown, on the frieze of the marble hall, the celebrated reliefs, by Thorwaldsen, representing the triumph of Alexander, for which the enormous sum of three hundred and seventy-five thousand francs was paid; also a most exquisitely beautiful statue of Cupid and Psyche, by the great Canova. Nothing can be more lovely than these summer retreats, with their grand surroundings of mountain and glen. They are just the spots for rest and communion with nature in her most picturesque forms. There are several romantic old castles perched upon overhanging cliffs, each with its appropriate legend, which the captain of our boat is quite ready to relate, with all the usual embellishments. We pass numerous little villages, with quaint old churches, nestling in the most bewitchingly beautiful valleys. It is a saint's day of some sort, and the peasants are all out in their holiday attire. Processions, with rustic music, are passing along the lake-side roads, and the church bells, which are kept almost constantly ringing, send out their sweet tones across the water, inviting all to prayer and praise. One interesting feature of the scene is the cottages of the shepherds far up the mountain sides, above the vineyards and olive groves. The shepherds and herdsmen look like pigmies as they move about, while an occasional shout or blast from a horn which reaches us seems to come from the clouds as it floats down to the surface of the lake, or echoes among the neighboring peaks.

Deep gorges, charming waterfalls, dizzy heights overhanging our course, quiet little bays hidden away around projecting points, and constantly

varying views of the lake itself, as it winds to the right and left among the mountains, make up the programme for the day—a day of perfect enjoyment—a day never to be forgotten. The "season" has fairly commenced, and the numerous hotels, with their attractive grounds, are already well filled. As we approached the northern extremity of the lake, the higher Alps towered up before us like a mighty wall to bar our further progress. Monte Rosa, grand and white, was most conspicuous, and the effect of the full sunlight upon its lofty crest was most magnificent. On our return to the foot of the lake, a fatiguing climb of a few hours enabled us to reach the summit of Monte Crocione, from which we enjoyed a sublime view of the Bernese Alps and Mont Blanc.

Take it all in all, the Lake of Como has not been overrated. It is more like our own Lake George than any body of water I have yet seen, although it lacks the numerous islands and the wildness of the primeval forest. With the exception of the transparent blue of its deep waters, it reminds me of the winding river Min below the city of Foo-Choo in China; and yet it can scarcely be compared with either of the above famous waters. While art has done so much for the shores of the Lake of Como, and its mountain peaks are almost unequalled in sublimity, still to me it is not so beautiful as Lake George; and, indeed, in all my wanderings, I have yet to look upon the spot that, in either loveliness or grandeur, can surpass the scenery of my native land.

A HERO IN A GOOD CAUSE.

FROM THE "PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT," BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

WHEN a man labors earnestly for the benefit of persons less happily circumstanced than himself, not necessarily by giving them money outright, which is not always judicious charity, but perhaps by building tidy and comfortable houses which they can rent, instead of living in unclean, unwholesome and dilapidated tenements—perhaps by providing some cheap amusement which may be within the reach of the humblest plodder; in cases like this, even when the kind-hearted originator of the plan actually recovers his outlay, really losing nothing, possibly gaining something in a financial way by his transaction, we do not hesitate to call him a philanthropist—to say that he has done a good work for humanity, and to honor him accordingly.

And when, as rarely happens, he labors in the cause of humanity without plan or hope of recompense—when he gives his time, his strength, his money and his sympathy to suffering human being, as did Elizabeth Gurney Fry and John Howard, we have hardly words to express our admiration and reverence for greatness of soul so unusual, for tenderness and zeal so ardent and self-sacrificing. We do not hesitate to say that he

is entirely disinterested—that he works for others with no thought of self-aggrandizement or reward—that his labor is without money and without price. And yet Elizabeth Fry and John Howard, like all other kind and gentle-natured persons who, as benefactors and friends, come in direct contact with unfortunate and oppressed humanity, did receive the sweetest of all earthly compensations for their labors of love; the thanks and gratitude of thousands of human hearts which their kind ministrations, their unselfish devotion, had touched and softened. If he is a benefactor to the human race who makes two spears of grass grow where one grew before, how much more a benefactor is he who wins from the arid and unfruitful soil of human hearts, parched by neglect and hardened by crime, the sweet and healing growth of fragrant gratitude and tender remembrance? And he who achieves this has, even in this life, his reward—the eager thankfulness of those for whom he has labored and suffered, and the repaying love which not only sweetens all his days, but, after his generous heart has mouldered into dust, keeps his memory fragrant among men forevermore.

But if we accord the qualities of unselfish generosity, disinterested kindness and real tenderness of heart to those who receive for their good deeds the reward of popularity, or praise, or the spontaneous gratitude of even the lowest of the human race—for all these are recompense, and desirable, and labored for by many—what name shall we find, what noun or adjective shall we bring to describe fitly a man who, not for popularity, not for praise, not for gratitude, deliberately takes up and makes his own the cause of helpless, oppressed and abused creatures, which not only cannot be grateful to him for the merciful work which he does for them, but which, alas, do not even know that he helps, and saves, and protects them?

Not for popularity, for his harvest has been contempt and ridicule; not for praise, for his reward has been misrepresentation and abuse; not for gratitude, for the suffering horse which he protects from an inhuman driver, or the tortured dog which he rescues from cruel boys, does not in the least distinguish him from its persecutors. This man, who deserves doubly, if any man on earth can deserve, the name of hero—is Henry Bergh.

This man, who has been alternately ridiculed as a mischievous fanatic, sneered at as a mild imbecile, persecuted as a determined trespasser on other men's rights, and held up to public scorn as a for-cigner who, unable to achieve notoriety in any better way, conceived the idea of making capital out of the alleged inhumanity of the American people—was born in New York, perhaps fifty years ago. Any man of ordinary penetration, seeing him and conversing with him, would be sure that Mr. Bergh has no especial need to search out any novel means of distinguishing himself from the common herd. Tall and majestic, with a face whose gravity is almost melancholy, excepting when infrequently it is illuminated and beautified by the sweetest, kindest smile in the world, he impresses the most casual observer as a man of rare presence and dignity—and the slightest ac-

quaintance or conversation with him reveals gentle breeding and wide culture. His sterling sincerity, earnestness and perfect freedom from self-seeking, are evident in his whole manner, speech and bearing, inasmuch that persons who soberly consider him “a little fanatical” are willing enough to admit the strength, nobleness and kindness of his nature.

So far is this man from having taken up his work from a thirst for notoriety, as some of the New York papers would have us believe, that he resigned for it an honorable position that hinted at much more brilliant possibilities in the way of worldly honors than he will ever achieve as the champion of the oppressed brute creation. He was at one time secretary of legation to Russia, and afterwards consul at St. Petersburg, and he received unusual marks of honor from the Russian government. During the visit of the son of the czar to this country, a few years since, he took occasion to express his consideration and respect for the founder and president of the most humane of societies.

Mr. Bergh is no “dilettante, delicate-handed priest” of sentimentalism, preaching afar off against an evil which he will not approach or soil his fingers with. In the very beginning, he bequeathed to his society property which was earning an annual income of seven thousand dollars, thus proving at once his thorough sincerity and his generous liberality—for many a man will give his voice, his influence, even a part of his time and labor, to a worthy cause, when his heart is not sufficiently affected to involve his pocket. The amount of hard and distasteful work which he has done in the service of dumb creatures can hardly be computed. In the streets amid insolence and violence, in dirty slums among the most dangerous classes of New York, in dens devoted to dog-fighting and cock-fighting, in stock-yards, in swill-milk pens, and in loathsome slaughter-houses, he has spent hours and days, shocked and sickened by scenes of disgusting cruelty, needless torture, revolting brutality and the previously unpitied and unmitigated suffering of the poor creatures which have too long been considered as having no rights which human beings are bound to respect. Now that the attention of the public has been aroused, and the society in New York has gained power and influence, and has the strong arm of the law behind it, as a supporter and enforcer of its principles, much of this unpleasant drudgery may safely be trusted to other hands. But it is not even now an unusual sight in the busier streets of the city, to see a noticeably tall gentleman, with a grave and, under such circumstances, somewhat severe countenance, step suddenly from the curb-stone, and seizing a lame, over-loaded, diseased or half-crippled horse by the head, sternly command the angry driver to dismount, and send the suffering animal to the stable. The driver himself is promptly arrested and fined.

The continual recurrence of these and similar scenes, has made the name of Mr. Bergh, and the society of which he is the head and front, a positive and salutary terror to evildoers. In the absence of any better motive for the merciful treat-

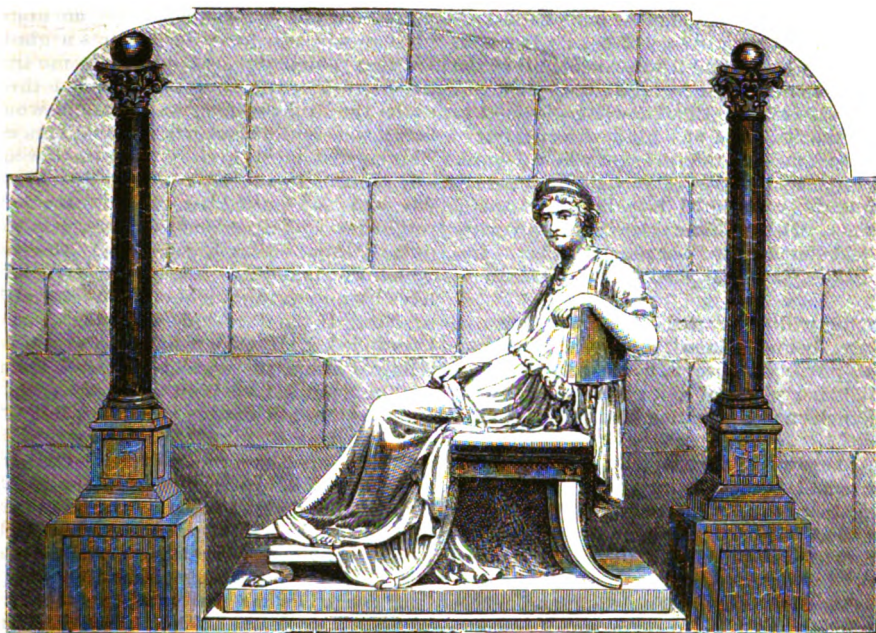
ment of the helpless animals under their charge, this dread which Mr. Bergh and his agents inspire in the souls of savage and unfeeling men, has an excellent effect. How pleasant it would be if all the poor dumb creatures which his influence has helped and benefitted, could know to whom they are indebted, and how earnestly and self-forgetfully he has labored in their interests! "Before undertaking this labor," he wrote not long ago, "I took a careful survey of all the consequences to me personally—and I recognized the fact that I should be much abused and ridiculed, and hence it was necessary for me to forget myself completely." But of one thing more Mr. Bergh may also be sure, that however generously he may forget himself, there are thousands of gentle and appreciative hearts which will not forget him, nor cease to honor him: and in many a household of

THE MOTHER OF THE NAPOLEONS.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE mother of Napoleon I. was the worthy mother of such a son. Letitia Ramolini was born at Ajaccio in Corsica, on the 24th of August, 1750, and died at Rome, February 2d, 1836, aged eighty-six. The Ramolinis were descended from the counts of Colalto, an ancient Italian family who, several generations previous, had settled in Ajaccio.

At the age of fifteen, Letitia married Carlo Bonaparte, whose family held a high rank in Corsica. Some of the Bonapartes were distinguished in literature and learning; others for legal and political ability. The armorial bearings of some of the family of Bonaparte are still found sculptured in marble on several Florentine buildings; and



MATER NAPOLEONIS.

tender souls, his name is cherished, and the shadow of his kind and sensitive face pointed out by little children as "the dear, kind Mr. Bergh who takes care of the poor dumb creatures which cannot cry or speak when they are abused." Surely, not the least of his worthy achievements is the good effect of his character and example on the minds of the rising generation. Boys are proverbially cruel; but it is to be charitably hoped that their cruelty is generally the result of either thoughtlessness or imitation. And it would be well if every mother in the land, instead of drawing the attention of her sons to the example of a successful politician, or a self-made millionaire, would place before them as an example, the earnest benevolence, persistence in well-doing, and disinterested tenderness of heart of the patient and faithful founder and president of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

when Napoleon himself entered Bologna in 1796, the Senate sent him their "Golden Book," in which the names and arms of his family were inscribed.

Though the family on each side were of equally good stock, of the married pair the wife seemed the superior in strength of character. At least she has left the strongest mark on history. Napoleon himself says of her: "She had the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman. Left without a guide or protector, she was obliged to assume the management of affairs—but the burden did not overcome her. She administered everything with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age or sex. Her tenderness was joined with severity. She punished, rewarded all alike; the good, the bad, none escaped her. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all. Ah! what a woman! where look for her equal?"

Signora Letitia was a woman of extraordinary beauty, traces of which remained with her, in spite of the vicissitudes of her life which wore upon her spirit, up to the day of her death.

Napoleon was her second son, born in the midst of camp life, and the trials, privations and dangers incident upon a civil war. During this war the brave lady shared the fortunes of her husband, accompanying him on horseback on his expeditions, and sharing his retreat and its attendant hardships among the mountains. In this manner the mother moulded the character of the future statesman and warrior.

Signora Letitia was left a widow at the age of thirty-four, having been the mother of thirteen children, eight of whom survived their father. "Left a widow at an early age," says Madame Junot, "in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to call up all the energy of her character." The Duchess d'Albrantes says of her: "Her soul beamed in her looks, and it was a soul full of the loftiest sentiments. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity, when elevated to her new situation. She was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior; and at the period of which I speak she was very scrupulous of exacting from everybody what she considered her due. She was a good mother. Her children treated her with every respect, and showed her assiduous attention. Lucien and Joseph were particularly attached to her."

The young widow devoted herself to the care of her family, being reduced, by political events, almost to poverty. Joseph, her eldest son, now nearly eighteen years of age, gave her his assistance. Napoleon was pursuing his military studies in France.

In 1793, there were internal political disturbances in Corsica, and Letitia taking a stand in favor of France against the rebels, found herself in immediate personal danger, from which she only escaped by a detachment of loyal troops escorting her and her family by night to the sea-shore, where they were received on board a French frigate, where she found her two sons, Joseph and Napoleon. An incident which occurred when they were flying from their enemies, illustrates in a fine manner the character of the woman. Turning in their flight, after day had broken, they discovered dense columns of flame rising from the town they had so lately quitted.

"That is your house now burning," said one to Letitia.

"Ah! never mind," she replied, "we will build it up again much better. *Vive la France!*"

France was now in all the turmoil of revolution, and Madame Bonaparte and her family found a dubious haven of safety in Marseilles, where they were glad to receive the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph and Napoleon also contributed to their support from their meagre pay in the military service. Before the close of the year, however, Napoleon was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and was stationed at Nice, when his mother and her family established themselves at the

Chateau Salle, near Antillees, a few miles from Napoleon's headquarters.

Napoleon's marriage with Josephine occurred in 1796, about which time he was appointed to the command of the army of Italy. He at once evinced his filial affection by assigning to his mother a portion of his income, which raised her to a condition of independence and comfort. Louis having entered the army, Jerome was now the only son remaining at home, and her eldest daughter, Eliza, was married in 1797. In 1799, she removed to Paris and took up her abode with Joseph.

When the revolution of the 9th of November (18th Brumaire,) took place, the events of those momentous days greatly concerned Signora Letitia and her family. The Duchess d'Albrantes thus describes a visit to her when the extreme danger was past: "She appeared calm, though far from being easy; for her extreme paleness and the convulsive movement she evinced whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghostly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow, even if the others escaped. This she felt most forcibly. My mother and myself remained with her a part of that tantalizing day, and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's messengers, who were frequently sent to calm her disquiet. The danger to which the Bonaparte family was exposed might have been even imminent on the night of the 18th or 19th. If the Directory and the Councils had triumphed, all Bonaparte's brothers would have followed him to the scaffold; and their friends and partisans would have been exiled, to say the least." But this time of danger passed by and left them untouched.

While Napoleon was at the head of the consular government, his mother lived in the greatest retirement in Paris. She was a woman naturally prudent, and the trials through which she had passed had taught her still farther habits of economy. She had little affection for Josephine, Napoleon's wife, by far preferring the society of the wives of Joseph and Lucien. When the latter son quarrelled with Napoleon, she followed him to Rome, in 1805, much to the chagrin of Napoleon, who accused her of undue partiality to Lucien; to which she answered that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear to her. The truth of this she afterward verified by her devotion to Napoleon himself when he was in misfortune and exile.

When Napoleon became emperor, he gave her the title of *Madame Mère*, equivalent to that of Empress Mother, and settled an income of a million francs (two hundred thousand dollars) upon her. She took up her residence in a fine mansion, but lived plainly and unostentatiously, preferring to let the surplus of her income accumulate against the day of misfortune, which with clear vision she foresaw in the future.

At the political disturbance which, in 1814, sent her son into exile in Elba, she accompanied the Empress Maria Louisa and her court to Blois, and here her prudence and foresight stood her in good stead. By the treaty of Paris of 1814, she was

allowed to retain her title and an annuity of two hundred thousand francs.

After Napoleon returned from Elba, the *Madame Mère* retired to Rome, where she resided until her death. When Napoleon was overthrown at Waterloo, she sent word to him that "her whole fortune was at her son's disposal."

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said of her: "And for me she would, without a murmur, have doomed herself to live on black bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her breast. Pride and noble ambition were not subdued by avarice."

In October, 1818, she addressed the following appeal to the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle:

"Sirs, I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you who are his viceroyants on earth. Reasons of state have their limits, and posterity, which gives immortality, adores above all things the generosity of conquerors."

Madame Bonaparte lived with her brother, Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Falconieri, which was handsomely furnished, and with more attention to comfort than is common in Italy.

She died as she had lived, in the Catholic faith, and was buried at Rome.

We give at the head of this article a representation of Canova's beautiful statue of Madame Bonaparte, now in the Art Gallery of Chatsworth, the elegant residence of the Duke of Devonshire.

JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

BY E. I. N. SAMMLER.

DEVOTION to scientific truth, with a broad and noble utility as its aim, is, as has been well remarked, the highest trait of modern character. As affording in his life and labors a brilliant example of this devotion, we know of few men more worthy of being brought into prominent notice than the one whose name stands at the head of this article. To his bold and original speculations and researches, particularly in the field of agricultural chemistry, the utilitarian science of our day is vastly indebted. The branches of science to which he more especially devoted himself—organic and agricultural chemistry—he found mere infants, as it were; when he rested, at length, from his labors, he might have boasted that, under his tutelage, they had grown up to a full, vigorous and wonderfully fruitful maturity.

Justus von Liebig was born at Darmstadt, in Germany, on the 12th of May, 1803. He received his primary education in the gymnasium of his native town, and, after serving nearly a year as an apothecary's apprentice, in 1819 entered the University of Bonn. Subsequently he went to Erlangen, where, at the age of nineteen, he obtained his doctor's degree. Immediately after graduating he was sent, by the grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt,

to Paris, where he spent two years in the study of chemistry.

In 1824—he was then just twenty-one—the young chemist read a paper before the French Institute on the chemical composition of the fulminates, compounds of a base with the unstable fulminic acid. This paper attracted the attention of Humboldt, who, struck by the rare ability which the writer had displayed in the treatment of a question so intricate, obtained for him an appointment as adjunct professor of chemistry at Giersen. Two years later, he was made titular professor, and immediately proceeded to establish a laboratory for teaching practical chemistry. This was the first establishment of its kind in Germany. It soon became celebrated, and students flocked to it from all parts of Europe, and also from our own side of the Atlantic.

In 1838, Professor Liebig visited England and read, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a paper on lithic acid, announcing the startling discovery by his colleague, Woehler, of a method by which urea might be made artificially. This was, to scientific men, a fact of exceeding interest. The first successful step in a new direction of research—that of chemical synthesis—it was in the nature of an assurance that the composition of those intricate compounds, hitherto thought to be capable of elaboration only under the influence of the mysterious forces of life, would hereafter be better understood. It led also to brilliant anticipations of a time when science would be able to comprehend and to explain the processes going on in living organisms.

The British association was so profoundly and so favorably impressed by this paper, that its author was requested to draw up two reports upon organic chemistry. In conformity with this request, Liebig, in 1840, published his first considerable work—"Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology." This work found many readers in Germany, and an English translation of it was no less widely circulated. Though many of the theories advanced in it have failed to receive general sanction, and some have even been abandoned by their author, it nevertheless contained much profound and original speculation, throwing a flood of new light upon the subjects of which it treats. The impulse it gave to the study of organic chemistry was strong and marked. Modern agricultural chemistry may almost be said to have been created by it. Following it, and continuing the same investigations, came a volume of "Familiar Letters on Chemistry and its Relations to Commerce, Physiology and Agriculture." These letters, as Liebig himself tells us, led to the establishment of new professorships in two celebrated German universities, for the express purpose of facilitating the application of chemical truths to the practical arts of life.

In June, 1842, appeared his second report. It was entitled "Animal Chemistry, or Chemistry in its Application to Physiology and Pathology." Translated into English from the author's manuscript, it reached a third edition in 1846. As in the first report, some theories were advanced which subsequent investigations have not sanctioned.

Great practical good, however, has resulted from it, especially as it speedily led to a better appreciation of the nature and proper application of medicines and food.

Besides the works already mentioned, Professor Liebig wrote many others of more or less importance, mostly bearing upon the practical application of chemistry to agriculture. An indefatigable experimenter, as well as a copious writer, he main-

grand duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. Professorships were offered him in England, at Heidelberg, Vienna and other places. He remained at Giessen, however, till 1852, when he accepted the chair of chemistry in the University of Munich, which he retained till the close of his life. He died at Munich, Bavaria, on the 18th of April, 1873, aged seventy years.

"Baron Liebig," says Professor Youmans, "was,



tained to the close of his life that ardent and enthusiastic spirit of research, which, while it oftentimes may have carried him further than was consonant with cool judgment, nevertheless quite as frequently led up to discoveries of the greatest practical importance.

Many honors were conferred upon Liebig by learned societies, public institutions and individuals. In 1845, he was made a baron by the

in the broadest sense, a philosophical chemist. Since Berzelius, no *savant* has appeared in the chemical field who has achieved so brilliant and conspicuous a position. He had, in an eminent degree, the traits of a successful pioneer in the world of thought. He was a man of impulse, sympathy and enthusiasm, as well as of intellect. Though trained to the strict methods of investigation, and competent to bend his energies to specific

research, yet his manly interest in his fellow-beings, and the welfare and progress of society, determined the course of his studies, and led him constantly to the development of large practical results. When he began with organic chemistry, the mystery of the vital forces reigned supreme, and barred the way to true inductive investigation. So also with agricultural chemistry. Davy had originated the name early in the century, and presented some of its elementary facts; but they did not reach to practical results, and amounted to nothing in their influence upon the public. The work of Liebig was nothing less than to erect both these sciences into recognized branches of study, to direct the scientific thought of his age to these fields of inquiry, and to arouse the interest of the public in their practical applications. This great work it is his lasting honor to have accomplished."

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 1.

I OFTEN stand there. I always liked to loiter on the sites of the old cabin homes of long, long ago. I like to place my feet on the heap of worn hearthstones, and dream among the ruins of the home where once privation came like a prowling wolf showing his teeth. And not a bristling nettle or thistle would I tread down; not one broad leaf of the riotous burdock would I displace; not a clinging lichen would I loosen from the humid stone over which it creeps like a luxuriant embroidery, for Nature, loving mother, tenderly wraps in this beautiful drapery the decay that else would be unsightly. Her touch makes sanctity and beauty.

I know the whole story, and it all came up before me yesterday as I stood on the old hearthstones on the site of the cabin home of Kitty Somers. Poor Kitty! She married Job Somers when she was seventeen years old, and they moved into the little fourteen by sixteen log-cabin down by the creek, on the Gardiner place, the third day after the wedding. How like little beavers did Job and Kitty work, and plan, and manage! They only had three chairs, splint-bottomed, and not a tint of paint about them; but that only gave Kitty a good chance to polish them with soap and white sand. They had no cupboard, or dresser, as they were called in those days; but Job, brave-hearted little husband that he was, owned a good axe, and there was the grand old woods handy to the house, and all out-doors was his workshop. Why, any man with an axe and an augur and plenty of timber, could go to work and make furniture, or a good substitute. Job made a bedstead by boring holes into the log wall of his cabin, fitting poles into them and into outer posts which stood firmly on the puncheon floor, and then weaving strips of bark across for a bed-cord. The shelves of the dresser were made of split clap-boards laid on wooden pins that were driven into holes in the wall. A substitute for chairs were rude little benches three or four feet

long standing on four legs. Glass could not be obtained within forty miles, and window-sash not at all; but greased paper pasted on to the rudely-contrived sash was a very good substitute for glass.

Princess Kitty! she owned a little wheel and a reel—and in those early days a poor woman was regarded as peculiarly fortunate if she was the owner of this valuable acquisition to the humble home. Oh, their prospects were bright! For hadn't they a straw bed, and an iron pot and spider, and a heifer calf? And wasn't the flax crop full of promise? Kitty rubbed her little brown hands together, and thought how rich they were; and in the dim distance she saw Job and herself living on a farm of their own, and eating wheat bread, and owning sheep, and cows, and pigs, and geese.

And so the little pair worked on. The chills shook them, and they drank boneset tea, and looked in each other's eyes, and had faith to believe it was the best medicine in the world. They ate bread made of sick wheat, and turned away from it and partook of the honest little "corn dodgers" that never deceived them. They drank coffee made of browned wheat, and helped themselves bountifully to the stewed pumpkin that occupied its place regularly three times a day on the table. They gathered butternuts and hazelnuts, and dried wild plums, and cherries; and while Job worked in the clearing, and grubbed saplings, and cut down big trees, and burnt brush, Kitty scutched flax, and hatched and spun it, and knit to pay for the weaving of the brown linen webs.

Those were blessed days; and they were happy in the enjoyment of the summers and winters that lengthened out into years.

A baby came to them—a little, golden-haired, blue-eyed daughter—and then their joy seemed complete. But a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was in their sky; Job saw it not; but Kitty's keen eye detected it. Alas, alas, that clouds must come!

Wes Kingsley and Ben Morrison had been friends of Job Somers in his boyhood. They had been working on the canal, and when they came home they brought bad habits with them. Both were addicted to card playing and drinking, and before Job was aware of it his old-time friends had brought him under their influence. From the very first evening when they brought out their cards, Kitty shook her head and said: "Boys, I do not like such amusement; it is not safe. I wish you would not bring cards here. I do not want my husband to touch them."

"No more har-rum in keards than there is in yer windin' that flax o' yourn on the distaff," said Ben Morrison.

"Looks like as if you was afeard to trust your man to play a game," said the other, sneering at her with a wicked look out from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Kitty can trust me; can't you, little wifey?" said Job, patting her under the chin.

"Yes, Job; but then—" and she leaned her face down on the baby's head to hide her emotion.

When they were alone, Job would make good promises, and say he would do anything to please her; but afterwards he grew weary of her importunate entreaties, and many a night the poor wife cried herself to sleep while the three men were boisterous over their cards. 'Squire Gardiner, a shrewd, intelligent New Englander, was often one of the party, and at last it was no uncommon thing for the young wife to be awakened after the hour of midnight by their yells of laughter. Her bed was in the same room, for in those early days a fourteen by sixteen room was considered large enough for one family to live in—eating, sleeping and working in the one apartment.

Mr. Gardiner owned a still-house, and gave employment to poor men who were willing to be his tools. Sometimes in those days men could be found who were anxious and glad to work in a distillery for their boarding and all they could drink. Very precious in the sight of such was the little mug or glass cup tied by a leather string. No dainty satin ribbon ever worn by fair lady was smoother than this same well-worn, oft-handled leather string.

From playing cards, Job Somers went down the next step, which was drinking, and then gradually lower down, until he was considered the best distiller in his township.

And Kitty? No words of hers were of avail when her husband was once in the power of a shrewd man like 'Squire Gardiner. He seemed to delight in annoying Job's wife; a gleam was in his eye, and a smile lurked about his mouth, and when he looked at her the expression of his face, to her, seemed to say, "the tigress!"

So, while Job worked in the still-house down in the hollow, poor Kitty, thin-faced and wild-eyed, spun and wove, and made sheets and table linen and wearing apparel. Job slept at home and ate his three meals a day there, but the beautiful and sacred relation of husband and wife was broken. Kitty, white-faced and still, worked from early dawn until late at night. The sound of the clanging loom could be heard, and the buzzing of the spinning-wheel, while only a quarter of a mile away up rose among the green trees the steamy smoke from the chimney of the seething still-house, where Job, with senses blunted, plodded on mechanically in the employment of a designing man.

Where was the sweet dream of their young wedded years—the hope of owning a home of their own, and with it all the comforts and necessities of life? Gone now, and in its stead was a hopeless, sad out-look upon a desolate waste.

They had three children—two girls and a boy. One day the little girls took the baby out on the green bank above the spring to play, while their mother was warping a web of linen. The warping-bars and the spools of thread so completely filled the cabin that there was no room left for the children in the house. Kitty talked to herself as she worked. Round and round creaked the warping-bars; now Kitty stooped and looped the gathered threads in her hand upon the pins that secured the web; then round and round went the bars, her quick eye following every motion and

every turning spool; then she stood on tiptoe, and picking the threads, now up, now down, from off her deft thumb and fingers, she looped them on the pins of the bars above her head, and, resting her hand on her side wearily, she looked in a dreamy way from the open door.

"I could curse you, 'Squire Gardiner!" she hissed, after a moment's pause, her face lighting up, and her brown eyes glaring and glittering. "You knew better; you wanted to madden me and to ruin my husband and to make a tool of him!" and she cried out and stamped her little bare foot as the object of her wrath was seen, a few rods away in an opening of the wild wood, riding leisurely along on a beautiful horse with waving mane tossing in the summer air.

Just then the two little girls came bounding into the house.

"Where is Harry?" said the mother. "You should not leave him a minute."

"Why, we were playing in the brook, and he was on the grass, and then when we went back he was gone—and—and we thought you had—"

Down dropped the carefully-held flaxen threads, and the mother cried out: "Were you near the spring?"

Not waiting only until the faltering "yes" fell from the child's lips, Kitty flew to the wide-branching beech-tree, from whose gnarled roots purled a beautiful spring. Down the green bank she sprang at a leap, and never, never, from that awful moment until the day of her death, did the scene fade from her sight! The pallid face of her beloved babe, stark and cold, stared with wide-open eyes at her from the pebbly bottom of that treacherous spring. Dead! dead! With a piercing shriek, like unto nothing that the surrounding hills had ever heard or echoed she bent over and lifted the dripping form of her darling from the crystal grave that had snatched him from her in a moment of time. Then clutching the precious form to her warm bosom, she ran down the wild-wood path toward the still-house in the hollow. Her feet flew down the hill, across the ravine, through the nodding brakes, and over the interlacing grape-vines that lay in the well-worn path, then she leaped adown the viny bank and over the stony brook that ran with a pleasant murmur of rippling sounds from under the loud-breathing distillery.

Just as she planted her feet, with a bound, upon the heavy log sill at the door, Job was putting down the little drinking cup and drawing his linen shirt sleeve across his moistened lips in a satisfied manner.

Poor Kitty! with her precious burden hugged closely in her arms, she sank upon the damp, earthen floor—sank down softly, and—most blessed provision of nature—her over-taxed nervous system gave way and she fainted.

The beautiful steed of 'Squire Gardiner was that moment hitched to a stake at the other door of the low, steaming still-house, and tipping his hat back, he entered and was coming around to where Job was when this tragic scene transpired. He saw Kitty sink down with something gathered closely to her bosom—he saw Job throw his arms above

his head, and then groan and press his horny hands over his face, and fall upon his knees.

The dear little baby! its scant linen frock clung closely to its plump form, its waxen hands were outspread, its yellow-white hair washed back from its pretty forehead, and, oh, its beautiful eyes stared wide open with no laughter, or joy, or sparkle in them! It was a sight never to be erased from the memory of those two men.

Job wrung his hands in his distress, and called upon the name of God, and his wails were exceedingly bitter and full of sorrow. They loosed the child from the relaxing arms of the insensible mother, and Mr. Gardiner applied means of restoration, but it was in vain. It was cold in death and gone far out from the reach of all restoratives. When Kitty came to consciousness, she snatched her babe from the hands of the man who had been the means of winning her husband away from the good habits of his young manhood.

"I despise you, sir," she said, with an agony of grief too deep and too bitter for tears or for reason. "Touch not my darling with your polluted hands," and she tore the babe from his arms and gathered it to her breast and crooned soft words of endearment over it. "You poisoned my husband and by your wiles you took him from me, but my babe you shall never touch again! Only for you, and we might have had a home of our own instead of being tools and toys for you. My blessed angel boy! he is beyond the reach of your snares, he is safe—my darling, my darling! mamma's baby once, but an angel now," and she laughed wildly and pressed the tip of her toil-stained forefinger softly in the rare dimples in cheeks and chin, then she rained her eager kisses upon the cold, white face of the babe upon her bosom.

The blacksmith at the corners came along, and wrapping his jacket tenderly around the dead body, carried it softly in his arms back to the house. Job supported his wife and Mr. Gardiner went to tell the neighbors of the sad event. Weeping women came, and they carefully set aside the half-warped web and spools and bars, and by the sweetest and kindest sympathy they strove to soothe the afflicted household.

The white dimity petticoat that Kitty wore on her wedding-day was cut up and made into a shroud for the baby. And the string of beads that Kitty's grandmother had given her, years and years before, she took off and tied round its pretty white neck. It seemed that everything of worldly value she had, she longed to bestow upon the dead baby, so soon to be hidden from her sight in the garden grave that awaited it.

It is not uncommon in seasons of intense grief to see bereft ones turn angrily and with stony face, and reproach God for the sorrow that has come upon them. How often they retort by saying, "He is cruel; He is not kind! I did not deserve this sore chastening. I who have endeavored to keep His law, who have acknowledged Him in everything, I have not merited this bitter woe; it is unjust;" and to such the gracious influences of prayer come not, the heavens are as brass, and the earth an arid desert, and the Father who loveth with a divine love, surpassing all other loves, is

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as one heartless, unloving, cold and cruel. All reproaches, and all bitter thoughts of Kitty turned toward Mr. Gardiner; she could not bear him in her sight. Whenever she thought of her baby, dead, snatched away suddenly and in the bloom of a sweet babyhood, the second thought was one of hatred directed to this man.

He had been the means of luring her husband away from steady habits and good principles, it is true; there are men whose sensibilities are so dull that they see no further good in another only so far as they can make them subservient to their own ends and purposes, and 'Squire Gardiner was one of those. His boyhood's training had been unfortunate, he had been left an orphan at an early age, and had been brought up by a niggardly, grasping, old uncle who cared only for acres and dollars out on interest.

So, the years went on, and the old "grind of toil" was the same. Job went back to his low life in the still-house, after his grief and good promises had faded away, as the morning dew is exhaled. His face grew red and bloated, and his hands unsteady, and his blue eyes, once frank and clear, grew dim, and bleak, and expressionless. How could it be otherwise? What good thoughts could come to him, like visiting angels, when his employment, day after day, was distilling, keeping up the right temperature, trading whisky for grain, compounding messes in the huge tubs, taking care of sacks of corn, measuring and keeping account of gallons, quarts, pints and gills, making sharp bargains with poor men and boys whose desire for the draught was a burning thirst like unto a consuming fire, and in keeping the books, the poor, paltry pages soiled, and stained, and scrawled over by the dry stub of a pen that lay beside the ink-horn on the head of a musty barrel a-near the window-hole. How could the face of Job Somers grow noble, and strong, and beautiful, with only this, the chisel of the destroyer at work upon it day after day and year after year? How could it?

One day, Kitty and her little girls were out gathering berries, when suddenly they came upon 'Squire Gardiner, Job Somers, Morrison and Kingsley, sitting in a shaded ravine, engaged in earnest consultation. The 'squire's hat lay beside him with some papers in it, while a heavy cotton handkerchief was carefully rolled up with something inside.

They all looked startled, but the 'squire pushed his hair back off his fine forehead and spoke as though continuing the conversation; "no, I think it should be seeded down in clover, and then another year it would do if you chose to—" and this was all that Kitty heard.

That night Job left home immediately after supper, and did not return until after the hour of midnight. The next night he said he must work in the still-house, and for her not to sit up and wait for him. He seemed absent-minded and a change had come over him.

At the expiration of six months Job was another man. He drank as usual, in moderation, but he seemed kinder and he began to care more for his appearance, and it was no uncommon thing now for Job to bring home presents of new dresses, a

quarter of tea, a pound of coffee, a paper of pins and things that before they could not afford. When Kitty said: "How can we afford these comforts and luxuries, are your wages so much better?" Job invariably replied, that good times were coming, that poor people ought to have a chance to live. But Kitty was not satisfied. More than once had she seen strange men about, keen-eyed, sharp-looking men, who did not appear like those who toiled in the clearings, or cut roads, or worked in distilleries. Job was oftener at the house of 'Squire Gardiner than usual; he was away from home more than he ever had been before; he was thoughtful, morose, sighed, and drew his hands across his face in an absent way. Somehow Kitty connected all this change and 'Squire Gardiner together—he was her aversion, her fear, her dread.

There was a cave in among the hills on a tract of wild land joining the 'squire's farm. At the time of which we write, it had never been discovered by those residing in the neighborhood, and was known only to four men, and these were the four that Kitty saw sitting in the deep ravine. The cave was in a solitary, wild and romantic spot. Tall trees covered the ground, while underneath the tangled underbrush grew thick and dense. Wild rose bushes, and sweet briars, and tangled vines, seemed to render the nook inaccessible to the foot of man. Grape-vines clambered up the giant oaks, and ran in wild profusion among the topmost branches. A lover of nature in her wildest moods would have been enchanted with the beauty and luxuriance heaped together in such rich exuberance. Who would have dreamed that the scheming, plotting brain of man would so prostitute the charms and secrecy of this secluded spot? Did I say the foot of man had never penetrated these sylvan recesses? By stooping down, and by creeping on one's knees, and by crawling like a snake, an entrance close to the ground had been made into that cave so charmingly hidden by the emerald glories of the summer.

The cave had been cleaned out, and only the rocky sides and floor and the jagged roof overhead were visible. Not a ray of light penetrated. A bear-skin was spread down for the three occupants to sit upon. A smooth plane of rock, green with mosses and lichen, was a resting-place for the elbow of the whispering speaker, and he was 'Squire Gardiner. Job and Morrison, with bated breaths, sat doubled up listening.

"We will have to be devilish careful, boys," said he; "it will be all day with us if the thing's known. Now when I was in Zanesville the other day disposing of some of it, they watched me pretty sharply, and I felt my knees shake under me, but I put on a brave face, and said I'd like to get rid of a little of my loose cash, that it was troublesome and heavy carrying so much of it about me. I pretended that I'd been over the mountains and got it of father. Now Beavers will be here before long, and then we'll try it again. That last run of dollars and half dollars don't quite suit me; they are too yellow; the color is not quite right yet; but Beavers will know how

to arrange it better," and the 'squire leaned back in his small quarters and stroked his beard, and cleared his throat in as quiet a way as possible.

"Well," said Morrison, "I tried one of the dollars 'long side of a rale Simon Pure that little Polly Warrett wears round her neck on a ribbon, and I declare for it if I didn't think it wa'n't quite the right shade o' color—too yellar-like, I thought,"

"Well, for my part," said Job, "I couldn't see a mite o' difference. But I do wish Kitty, my wife, wasn't so oneasy. I'm afraid she will mistrust; an' her conscience is so tender-like, 'specially sence the baby died, that it is no easy matter to pacify her if she sets her mind on a thing."

"Devil take the women! say I," said the 'squire, threading his fingers through his beard in a quick, decided way. "Now my wife has no mind of her own; I can wind her round my hands like you would a hank of fine thread—whatever I think she thinks; whatever I say she says; and whatever I propose she agrees to it. If I were in league with Satan, she'd think it all right, and hurrah for me. That's the kind of a woman! I don't like your snivelling, plous, set-up women, who have wills of their own." Here he stopped short, thinking it proper to conciliate Job, and said: "Guess your wife, Job, is made of finer stuff than mine, though. Mine don't care for posies or pets, or any of these little pretty things, like Madame Kitty does; and somehow I kind of wished she did the other day when I saw your wife training her morning-glory-vines about the door and window, and coaxing the ivy to run up on the end of the house. Such things are kind of good and gentle, and make folks feel better, and the like," and the wily man sighed and pressed his hand on his forehead.

"Time we'd go, aint it?" said Job.

"Yes, s'pose it is," was the 'squire's reply; and then he looked in under some stones to see that the carefully-hidden tools and dies were safely out of sight. "Well, when Beavers comes we'll try it over again then," said he; "and we will meet in the old cabin in the woods, where we'll have a fair chance. I'll let you know more about it; and, boys, when you need any money let me know; but I swear you must be careful; it's a tricky business, and requires a fellow to keep both eyes open."

And so, one at a time, the three men crawled softly out of the hidden cave. The 'squire was the last one to leave it. A thick mat of wild roses grew at the low entrance; they had been laid over to one side; these he replaced as carefully as a tender mother would lightly lay the covering over the cradle of her babe. And in the gathering darkness the men separated and took different directions to their homes.

These were the first counterfeiters in this neighborhood in the far West fifty years ago. To be sure they were not the first in the newly-settled country, because counterfeiting was a regularly-organized business, even before that early date; this was a branch, and these were among the first workers in this iniquitous traffic. It was carried on by shrewd, designing men from the East—men who ranked intellectually far above the majority

of the hardy pioneer settlers. Perhaps it is well that these old woodland haunts are dumb, yet living witnesses of such scenes as would thrill our hearts to-day, and startle us with terror to know that we tread upon ground sacred if not historic.

Beavers came as the squire had anticipated. The fine steed stood at the hitching-post behind the still-house in the hollow, as oft before, and Job was conversing in a low tone of voice with the 'squire, who appeared restless and uneasy, and started at every sound he heard.

"No, it's not an accursed business, either, Somers," said he, laying his hand on Job's shoulder; "just as good men as the sun shines on are engaged in it. Why should you or I toil like slaves when wealth and ease are within our reach? We have just as good a right to live well and easy as Judge Nillson or Captain Hickman, or even Parson Barkdoll—heh?" and he laughed, and let his voice come down to a whisper as he dwelt upon the last name with unctuous emphasis. "Tell you now, Job, we're bound to succeed, and may the Lord of battles help us. Beavers says he has the right stuff now; and he says the last batch was too deuced yellow; but we'll manage them now, halleluia!"

The old cabin in which the five counterfeiters met at midnight stood close to the banks of a clear, swift creek that rushed round curves and over rocks, and the waters broke into eddies and swirls, and the musical sounds were soothing and melodious. I always pause in passing that picturesque place, and I smile in spite of myself as I listen to the dash and ripple, and purl and swash of the beautiful waters.

Job was a little tardy that night, and the other four men were all there before he came. Kingsley and Morrison sat on a log, both poor, dull, kind-hearted men, so unselfish and so true that they made useful tools in the hands of the two leaders in this nefarious game. Beavers and the 'squire stood apart a little from the others.

"Is there any danger whatever to be apprehended, think you, in trying this experiment to-night?" said Beavers. Now I know so little comparatively of chemistry and the compounding of these different things, that I can't say that I am over-anxious to have a hand in it."

"I am not afraid, for my part," was the reply.

"I am sure I can't see that there could be any danger whatever. Putting this other stuff in cannot be dangerous, I am sure."

"We ought to understand more of chemistry and the nature of chemicals," said Beavers, slowly. "We work blindly, and our hands are fettered; but it is too late now to retract, for here comes our other man." And with stealthy step Job came creeping along among the willows and alders as softly as he could.

In less than one hour there was a fire, a dim light, a waiting crucible, and all the necessary materials on hand ready for action. Just before the compounds were put together, Beavers stepped to the door and passed out. The 'squire noticed the movement, and smiled grimly. Then he laid something out on a board that served for a table, said: "Now, boys, in about a half a minute you

add this, shaking it gently all the time—but, jingo! seems to me the air is close in this place," and pushing back his hair he walked to the door and leisurely stepped outside. He did not stop to look up at the stars, or pause to listen to the musical murmur of the winding creek a-near the deserted cabin, but with a step as soft as a fox's he stole round to the side of the house, and, bending down, he peeped through between the old logs where the chinking was out. His eyes were as sharp as steel, and as glittering, and he muttered, "The coward!" thinking of Beavers's fears and his regard for his own safety.

The three men were bending over the crucible. Job was obeying orders; and barely had he poured in the untested compound, when an explosion took place—a puff, a crash, a noise that seemed to fill all space, and then all was dark and still. A groan came from the cabin; another groan from another corner; the sound of a man's feet fleeing from the place, a prolonged "Oh-h-h!" as though wrung from one full of pain and distress, and the 'squire with blanched face and trembling limbs came hurriedly to the assistance of his unfortunate tools. Job's eyes were badly burned, and the other men lay gasping for breath. They had all inhaled the poisonous vapor, and were suffering intensely.

"I had just stepped out, boys; I did not think of this. The Lord knows I'll sorrow over this till the day of my death! Who would have dreamed! It's a horrid bad business, my lads! Why what could have made it!" and such half-incoherent, broken utterances, fell from the lips of the 'squire as he walked from one to another of the scared, suffering men. "Life or death, boys, this thing must be kept quiet; that's the trouble now; if it gets out, the State's Prison is waiting for us all; and I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than go there," said the 'squire, in a low voice.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" groaned the three poor fellows in piteous unison. One of the men could walk; his breathing was impeded, his breast pained him; that was all, he said. The other had to be carried home; and Job, with his burnt eyes and singed, red face, swollen and painful, was an intense sufferer for many long weeks. His wife divined the secret, and only for Job's sake and the fair names of her little daughters she would have had the 'squire arrested immediately on suspicion.

When the neighbors inquired into Job's case, and saw his embarrassment and heard his equivocal answers, they shook their heads and pursed their lips, and gave an extra hitch to their yarn-knit "gallowases," and said: "'Pears like suthin' ort for be done."

'Squire Gardiner saw the sidewise nods of sundry heads, and he began to feel fear of the State's Prison, and one morning it was known far and near that "Old 'Squire Gardiner, he has gone away out to the Maumee country." No one knew just where, but they all knew that his sly move had saved his hair from being shingled by the authorities.

In less than two years he died in that agueish, miasmatic climate, and his last poor home-sick

request was that his emaciated body be taken home for burial. It was brought here in a little, rickety, creaking wagon; and as death makes people kind of heart, forgiving, charitable and loving, so were all of those who came, far and near, to the strange funeral, in the dead of the dreary winter time.

All the old pioneers were laid in the south end of the village grave-yard in those days, and there they dug his grave, and after the frozen clumps were thrown in and rudely heaped up, men turned away with pity in their faces, and said: "Well, I've nothin' agin the 'squire," and they gee-hawed their oxen round among the stumps and logs, and men, women and children piled into the homeward bound sleds, and this was the last on earth of poor, misguided, dwarfed, blighted, lonely, dead 'Squire Gardiner. And all this happened fifty years ago, away back in the far-distant past, and I write this, and the hand that guides the pen and traces the sentences could probably hold all in its palm that to-day remains on earth of this man of evil deeds whose poor life was a bar, and a ban, and a blight upon the lives of others. God pity us all!

Morrison died a year after; the poisonous inhalation was death, a lingering, slow, painless pining away; a shortness of breath—general debility, the doctor called it, a genteel name to speak, and one that was, and is, broad enough to cover a multitude of sins. Poor fellow! At the foot of his grave, on the day of his burial, stood one in whose heart was festering the same secret that his dead associate had carried down into that wild-wood grave before him, Wes Kingsley. An old home-made slouch hat, contrived out of the skin of a raccoon with the ringed tail left on, was pulled down over his pallid forehead, his hands were thrust down deep into the pockets of his breeches, and he stood in a feeble, slinking way, as though his heart was broken and he cared for nothing that this earth held. In less than six months he followed his ill-starred comrade into that unknown land. He was so emaciated when he died that one man carried his body until the straggling procession had passed, single file, down the path that led from his cabin, through the thicket, into the laid road.

Job Somers lasted longer than either of the others. His eyesight was irreparably injured, but Kitty's skilful nursing and tender care were the means of adding more years to his blighted life. Under the influence of religion, Kitty Somers's disposition had grown tender, and serene, and gracious, her quick impulses had mellowed down into a sweet kindness of spirit, and she had grown into a very lovable woman. Before Job died he became an enthusiastic Methodist, and when he went down into the river of death it was not in fear and trembling, but with his soul filled with jubilant rejoicing.

Kitty lived to see the western wilderness blossom like the rose. One day, her grandsons, while out surveying some lands they had purchased, came upon the old cave that had once been the hiding-place of the counterfeiters. Some dies and tools

were found in a tolerable state of preservation, but there was no one left to identify them, or tell whence they came or whose they were. And for Grandmother Kitty's sake no words of suspicion were framed and spoken. Old men and women looked into each other's eyes but said nothing.

Five years ago, I was passing the village grave-yard, where some neighbors were digging the grave of Grandmother Somers. One man was leaning on his shovel idly, and I paused and spoke to him. They were digging it in the south end, where all the graves were made fifty and sixty years ago. The ground was beautiful—save a few hillocks and dimpling hollows, it was as level as a floor, and the long grass looked as though its soft green lengths had been combed out or swept a-down by gently flowing waters.

"How sacred this ground looks!" I said, with reverent admiration.

"An' it's chock full o' graves, too, sis," said the man; "leastaways, the old sexton tells me so," said he, and he shifted his position on the shovel-handle that he might rest the more comfortably.

"Yes, it is like unto a silent city; a city full of sleepers," I said, as my eye ran over the green breadth spread out before me.

Just then the man down in the grave called out in a tone of dismay: "Well! well! well! I declare for it if I haven't struck into another grave!"

I passed hurriedly through the gate and stood there with the men—not one of us saying a word. What sacrilege this was! Who was to blame? While we stood wondering, the old mossy gate creaked on its rusty hinges and the sexton came hobbling in upon his cane and crutch.

He was horrified. "It's my fault, boys; I ought to 'a' knowed that we was ruther a fringin' on old 'Squire Gardiner's grave. But those old, long-ago graves are gone to nothin' a' most, and I've not much to guide me but my mem'ry and it's gittin' treacher'us-like. I do say for it! if yon isn't the last remnants of the 'squire's head, or what was onct his head; and the airth's kind o' crumblin' in, and we'll have to make the best on't we can now."

I sat down on the yellow clay and leaned over and peered down into the depths. Right in the foot of Kitty Somers's grave was the head of 'Squire Gardener's. The skull was a crumbling thing, visible, and while we looked at it, with a little sound like "t-s-h!" it fell into pieces.

"Let me touch it, please," I whispered to the man down in the vault, and silently he laid some of the brown crumbling crust in my open palm. I shuddered, and a chill crept over me, and I caught my breath suddenly as I placed them back in his broad hand.

"Lay them in again, but farder back, so's not to interfere with this grave o' her'n," said the old sexton.

The earth was soft and he shoved them back.

I sat there as if dreaming. I knew the story of Kitty Somers, and I knew of 'Squire Gardiner, and the influence he had had over poor Job in the beginning of his young wedded life, and I knew of the sad lives of those upon whom the baneful power of this one man had fallen fatally. And

this man, shrewd, energetic, bold and brave, born, perhaps, to do good and great things, but wronged in his tender years, robbed of his best and noblest impulses, here he lay—the last of his beautiful forehead despoiled by the mattock's blow, and gathered into strangers' hands, and curiously looked upon by strangers' eyes, and then thrust aside to make room for the feet of a woman whose life he had made cheerless and desolate, whose home he had darkened, whose hopes he had blighted! Was that retribution? or was it mere chance?

I was roused from my dreamy reverie by the old man leaning on the shovel, who said: "Wall

now, sis, 'f you'll git out o' the way we'll finish this ere job."

I sprang from the heap of yellow clay on the edge of the grave, and begging pardon, turned to go away when I heard one of them say: "It's deep enough; jist level it now, and that'll do; 'pears like it inclines to cave in, an' we'd better secure the earth 'fore it does."

Then I walked home as in a dream, and more than once I whispered to myself: "And this is the end of those two! Strange! the head of 'Squire Gardiner moved aside to make room for the feet of Kitty Somers!"

The Story-Teller.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

"DOESN'T amount to a row of pina." And Sandy Spieler snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"Praying, you mean?" said a man who formed one of a group in Spieler's bar-room.

"Yes; doesn't amount to a row of pina. There's no sense in it. Faugh! It isn't the praying that I'm concerned about."

"What then?" queried the other, a man named Joshua Gilbert. He was between forty and fifty years of age, and had a handsome, refined face; but you saw upon it too many of the disfiguring signs that indulgence in drink is sure to leave. And these signs were not alone visible on his face; you saw them everywhere about his shabby-gentle person; in the threadbare though well-brushed coat, noticeably out of fashion; in the shiny, almost napless hat; in the patches and darns with which some careful and loving hand had sought to hide rent and fray in garments which, but for the vice that had broken down his manhood and set him over to unproductive idleness, would long ago have been exchanged for new ones.

"The effect on public sentiment," replied Spieler. "This absurd thing is turning the heads of the people and setting the fanatics on fire. If they'd stick to praying, they might go on amusing themselves as long as they pleased, for all I cared. It isn't God's interference that I'm concerned about; but man's. The Lord doesn't bother Himself about our affairs in anything like the degree your pious frauds endeavor to make the people believe. If He wanted to stop liquor-selling, He'd do it short and sharp, without waiting for some whining hypocrite to get down on his knees and say 'Please, good Lord, shut up the rum-mills.' Bah! It's disgusting!"

"How do you suppose the Lord would go about the work, if He were really to undertake it?"

asked Gilbert. "What would be His short and sharp method?"

"If He can do anything He pleases, He wouldn't be long in finding a way," returned Spieler. "He could shake all our houses down with a special earthquake and not disturb a brick in our neighbors' dwellings. He could break all our kegs and bottles as fast as we filled them. He could paralyze every hand that attempted to pour out a glass of liquor. Oh, as for that, there are a hundred ways of doing the thing if God cared to do it. But He doesn't. The very fact that I'm as free to carry on my business as the baker, the tailor or the minister, is positive proof that God has something of more importance on His hands than meddling with our insignificant affairs. Your canting, psalm-singing Christians belittle their God when they represent Him as taking sides in every miserable crusade their folly or fanaticism prompts them to inaugurate. A pestilent set they are all!"

"Hit the nail on the head there, Sandy!" broke in the clear, strong voice of a man well known in Kedron as Len Spangler. He was tall and muscular, weighing over two hundred. Had a large head, well developed in all the vital and sensual organs, but deficient in the higher and nobler indications of a spiritual and intellectual manhood. His dark skin, black eyes and black beard which covered more than half of his face, indicated a bilious temperament, and gave him a somewhat striking presence. He was one of the men whom a stranger turns to look at in passing, and never forgets. His reputation in Kedron was that of a gambler and horse jockey. He had money, which he sometimes spent freely and with considerable ostentation; and was the owner of several pieces of real estate. Before a railroad connected Kedron with the rest of the world he was chief proprietor in the stage line by which the mails and passengers were conveyed between that town and the State capital, a distance of twenty-seven miles. The railroad, against which he fought hard, broke up his stage line; but, long before the day came for withdrawing his coaches, he had managed, by means of a contract for supplying the road with cross-ties, to make a profit equal to the net earnings of his line for the past five years. So, he was satisfied.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Young men seen often in company with Spangler were not held in high esteem by the better class of citizens in Kedron; and it is but fair to say, that in the atmosphere of his society things pure and good were in great danger of perishing.

"Pestilent!" he added, with an expression of scorn and disgust. "They're —!" We cannot write down the profane words so frequently used in Spangler's vocabulary, and so familiar to those around him as to produce no shock. "A sneaking, whining, cheating set! There's Deacon Strong, with his solemn face and pious whine, for one of 'em. Don't I know all about how he grinds the poor who work for him? Only last week I gave a half-starving woman three dollars to make up her rent—just the sum our saintly Mr. Strong had docked from the wages of her daughter who works in his mill, because, in waiting on her sick mother, she had been half an hour late five or six times in a couple of weeks. Is that Christianity? Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't; I don't pretend to say. But as for Deacon Strong, he's too mean to live; and if I thought there was any virtue in prayer, I'd go into the business just to pray him out of the world."

At this a loud laugh rang through the bar-room, and Spangler, gratified by the response, invited all the company to drink. His invitation was accepted without the slightest sign of hesitation on the part of a single individual. Among those readiest to come forward was Gilbert, whose pecuniary condition was of such a nature as to make free drinks always acceptable. Indeed, it is but truth to say that of the five, ten or fifteen glasses of whisky or beer—the number was variable—with which he steadied his shaky nerves daily, not half were paid for out of his own pocket. He was an educated man, a good talker, and, when not too much in liquor, an agreeable companion. Everybody in Kedron knew him, and almost everybody liked him. With most of the young men who frequented the saloons and bar-rooms among which he made his daily rounds, Gilbert was a favorite, because, having wit and intelligence, he was also good-natured, and as ready to take a joke as to give one. It was a rare thing for a company of men under the influence of liquor to drift into a quarrel when he was about.

Standing near the bar, with his half-emptied glass in his hand, Gilbert had commenced speaking when he noticed a sudden change in the expression of Spangler's face, and heard, at the same moment, the saloon door shut almost noiselessly. Five or six men were in the bar-room, standing in a close group near the counter, each holding a glass of liquor. All had observed the curious change in Spangler's countenance, and turned to see what it meant.

Just inside of the door stood a small, delicately-formed young woman, in the simple attire of a Quaker. Her pure face was calm, but serious, and her manner free from all excitement.

"It's Deborah Norman, as I live!" exclaimed Gilbert, in a low voice.

For a few moments the fair visitor looked from face to face, and then came slowly forward until she reached the centre of the room, where she

paused. Every man was still as if spell-bound, and every eye held by a kind of fascination.

"Friends." A faint smile, like the bloom on fruit, touched the lips of the speaker. "Friends," said Deborah, in tones so sweet and tender that it seemed as if an angel were speaking, "we are all God's children, and He loves us with an equal love. We have all gone very far away from Him, but He is calling us to come back, and stands now waiting with outstretched hands ready to receive us and forgive us, if we will only return to Him. We go back through prayer and good deeds—it is all very easy and simple—go back from a waste and barren wilderness to our Father's house. Will thee not go back, friends?"

There was an earnest appeal in her voice. All was silent as death in the pause that followed.

"Let us ask the good Father to lead us back," said Deborah, slowly kneeling as she spoke.

Heads were bowed, hats removed and faces covered. No company assembled for worship could have been more hushed or solemn.

"Our Father and our Friend." So prayed Deborah Norman, the brave young Quakeress, who, moved by the Spirit of God, as she verily believed—and will any gainsay her faith?—had come into the very stronghold of evil and corrupting influences, trusting that through herself as a human agent, God might be able to get nearer to the men who were doing such dreadful wrong to themselves and their neighbors, and move their hearts to repentance.

"Our Father and our Friend," she prayed, in a voice that stirred strangely the hearts of all who heard her, "we are Thy children and wanderers from the fold of Thy love. We have all sinned and gone astray, and there is no good in us. If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, who shall stand? If Thou hadst left each of us to the devices of our own hearts, we would long ago have made our bed in hell. But Thy love and Thy compassion have failed not, and will never fail. Thou art not angry with us as men are angry; but with a divine pity and patience above all human comprehension, art perpetually seeking to draw us back to the Father's house, from which we wandered so long ago, and to re-instate us in the glorious inheritance that was lost to us through sin.

"O Lord and Saviour, Thy unhappy children, in turning from Thee, have turned from each other. And many—alas, so many!—have sought good to themselves through means that hurt the neighbor. Among these, O Father, is one now in Thy presence, and to whom, moved by an influence we dared not resist, we have come to bear in Thy name our testimony against the evil of his doings. His soul is as precious in Thy sight as any other human soul, and Thy love for him as deep and strong as for saint or angel. In saving others from the ruin his hand scatters abroad—ah, Lord, he does not really know in his heart what he is doing!—Thou art trying with equal love to save him. Give him a clearer sight, and a heart of pity. Take him by the hand, and lead him into another and a better way. And let Thy Spirit touch the hearts of all now in Thy presence. They are Thy children, and every good gift they enjoy

comes from Thy loving hand. The early and the latter rain are Thine; the fruitful fields; the blessing of plenty; and in Thy bounty they are fed and clothed. But these are only Thy poorer gifts. Thy richer blessings wait."

Rising from her knees, her face shining with a spiritual brightness that half-awed those who gazed upon it, Deborah came forward and held out her hand to Spieler. For a moment the saloon-keeper stood irresolute; not from any feeling of opposition but from sheer bewilderment.

The small, white hand with its delicate fingers, closed in a pressure warm and friendly upon that of Spieler, who declared afterward that he felt a thrill run down his arm and over his body as distinct as that given by an electric battery.

"My friend," she said, fixing her large, serious eyes on his face, "think about this matter. It is one of deepest concern. What thee is doing hurts us all. It is not good work, my friend and brother. It is evil work, because it injures thy neighbor. It does not build up nor help anything; but, oh, the sorrow and suffering, the tears and anguish, the crushed hopes and despairing hearts that follow this work, friend Spieler, are beyond the power of any one to describe! Women see and know more about these things than men, because on them the bitterest suffering falls. Thee sees only the gratified face of the man who drinks thy liquor, but not the sorrow of his wife or his mother when he comes home under its influence. Oh, sir, in the name of more than a thousand troubled, sorrowing, heart-breaking women, I beg of thee to shut this door through which so many whom we love and honor enter the way to destruction; and may God bless thee!"

With a gentle grace, Deborah Norman turned away and walked slowly from the bar-room, not once looking back to the group of men, all of whom had treated her with marked respect. Moments passed before any stirred or spoke. The first to move from his position was Gilbert. Dropping into a chair near which he had been standing, he crouched down like one struck with a sudden weakness, his head bent forward, his mouth compressed, and his face troubled. This broke the spell. With an ejaculation too coarse and profane for our pages, yet not meant for disrespect, either toward Deborah or religion, Spangler took two or three long strides down the bar-room, and then came back to where Spieler stood leaning forward on the counter, not having yet changed the attitude assumed when his fair visitor knelt to pray, and drawing himself up to his full height, said, with a half-mocking seriousness, yet in a voice that betrayed the change which had come over his feelings: "Was that all real, Sandy? Was it an angel or a ghost? Did any one look to see if she had wings?"

The smile that Spangler had expected to see break into the faces around upon which he looked, did not come in answer to his light remark.

"Something more than a row of pins, ha, Sandy?" he added, turning back to the saloon-keeper.

"I should think it was!" ejaculated Spieler, taking a deep breath as he spoke.

"A whole paper full!" chuckled Spangler. But his poor effort to make light of the incident was not successful. The manner of Deborah's coming and going gave no room for levity. She had dropped in among them like one from a higher sphere, and the message she brought had been spoken with such impressive tenderness, and such penetrative force, that there was no help for them but to hear and feel. Guard or defence was out of the question. Underlying all the visible action—all they could see and hear, and oppose by counter-action, if they wished to do so—was a force so subtle and powerful that it bore them helplessly away upon its invisible current and left them oppressed by a sense of weakness and defeat.

Of the law of spiritual forces, these men, who had lived only on the lower sensual and corporeal planes of the human mind, knew nothing. What they could see, taste, touch or perceive by the bodily senses they believed in. To them only the tangible was real. They made light of divine things because, in the first place, the precepts of religion condemned the natural and corporeal excesses in which they found pleasure; and in the second place, because the spiritual degree of their minds was in such darkness that it was impossible for them to see spiritual things. They were blind as to the inner sight. If there was an exception, it was in the case of Joshua Gilbert, who had once been a church member, and sincerely in the effort to lead a religious life.

"Do you know that woman?" asked Spieler, addressing Gilbert, who had uttered the name of their late visitor on seeing her enter the saloon.

"It's Deborah Norman," replied Gilbert, raising his head and looking around.

"And who's Deborah Norman?" queried Spieler.

"A young Quakeress who dropped down into Kedron less than a year ago from somewhere," answered Gilbert. "Out of Heaven, maybe," he added, "for there's more of the angel than the woman in her if all's true that I've heard."

"I'd like to have a peep at her shoulders," said Spangler, who, strangely moved as even he had been, could not repress his usual habit of making light of even the most serious things, and getting up a laugh, if possible.

"What for?" asked one of the company.

"To see where the wings were fastened on, ha! ha! ha!"

"Some eyes might discover the place; but yours, never!" returned Gilbert, quite seriously.

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Spangler, trying to appear amused.

"Yes, if you please to have it so."

"Then I'll give it up; for I never guessed a conundrum in my life."

"Not one of that kind I can well believe," remarked Gilbert, with no change in the seriousness of his manner.

"What's the trouble with Len Spangler's eyes?" inquired Spieler.

"Nothing. If he had a look at Deborah Norman's shoulders, he would see them quite as distinctly as you or I. But he'd never find the wings!"

"Nor anybody else, so far as that goes. What's all this silly nonsense about?"

The speaker was a young man named Victor Howe, who, like the rest, had been strongly moved by the appearance of Deborah; but whose admiration for the beautiful girl had been stronger than any feeling stirred by the deeper spiritual influences that for the moment penetrated the consciousness of all while she prayed.

"Nor you, any more than Spangler, I fear," quietly returned Mr. Gilbert.

"My conundrum, ha?" and Howe laughed feebly.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in your philosophy, Victor Howe, or mine, either," said Gilbert. "There are invisible as well as visible forces, and all of us are feeling at this moment the power of something we can neither weigh, measure nor comprehend. I think that Deborah Norman came right down from Heaven, and is one of God's angels sent by the loving Father she talked to us about this evening, to help and comfort all who come into her presence, and to lead back from the dreary desert, in which we have gone so far astray, as many as will take hold of her outreached hand, and go with her to that Father's house.

Gilbert's manner was deeply serious, and as he closed the last sentence his voice broke and trembled. No one spoke for several moments.

"Suppose we have a prayer-meeting," said Spangler, with mock solemnity. He expected some one to join him in breaking up the strong impressions which Deborah's visit had made; but no response came. His levity was felt as a jar and not a relief. It offended instead of amusing.

"What do you know about this lovely Quakeress, Mr. Gilbert?" asked the young man named Howe. "I think I understand all about the wings, come to think it over."

"Wings," said Mr. Gilbert, the old strength and beauty of his fine countenance, now so sadly marred, flushing in and animating every feature, "are the heavenly truths on which souls like hers may rise to communion with God, and on which, bearing down blessings for His far-off and disobedient children, she may return and bring them messages of peace, as she has done for us to-day. An angel of God has been among us, friends; and the sound of her departing wings is yet in our ears. Let us not make light of the heavenly visit. She came to us in love and pity, and has left with us a divine benediction."

"Going to turn preacher!" said Spangler in a low tone to Sandy Spieler. "It beats the dickens! Old Parson Deering isn't a circumstance."

Spicer only gave a little shrug. He had not yet even made an effort to shake off the influence of Deborah Norman's visit, which was something so new and singular that he still felt the pressure of surprise.

"There's more in praying than you thought," remarked Gilbert, addressing the saloon-keeper.

"In that kind of praying there is," he answered.

"Why, it seemed as if she saw God standing right before her in this bar-room. She didn't cry out as some of the preachers do—you can hear them

half over the town sometimes—nor send her voice afar off up into Heaven; but talked to God just as though He were present here among us. You don't know how strangely I felt. And what is more, I can't, somehow, get over it. The place seems to be different from what it was before she knelt in it and turned my bar-room into a house of prayer. You may laugh and make sport as much as you please, Mr. Spangler, but it doesn't alter the case. If you, or any here, are able to shut out the vision of that young girl, kneeling and praying as we all saw her, you can do more than I can. I shall always see her just there!"

In reply to this, Spangler, who was a coarse, vile man, profaning almost everything he touched, and first to throw off every impression of the better influence Deborah Norman had brought down among them, poured out a torrent of oaths, jests and obscenity, and then looked from face to face, waiting for the laughing response he had been used to get after sallies of this kind; but no response came. Every countenance was sober.

"Good-bye, friends!" he cried, mockingly. "If this is a church, I'm off! Where are you going to put the anxious-seat? I'll drop in to-morrow morning to see the mourners and count the converts. Da, da, Parson Gilbert!" And the hardened scoffer went out.

CHAPTER II.

ON retiring from Spieler's saloon, the young Quakeress, on whose usually calm face now rested a flush of excitement, walked away with slow and even steps, turning soon out of the more thronged streets and keeping on until she reached a small and unobtrusive house on the outskirts of the town. Entering, she went up to a room on the second floor, and going in, quietly laid off her bonnet and gray cloak. No excitement was visible in her movements, though the warm flush was still upon her cheeks, and her eyes had an unusual brightness. She wore a plain drab merino dress, and had a narrow linen collar about her neck. Her brown hair was combed back smoothly from her white temples and knotted behind.

Gradually the color faded off from her cheeks, leaving a paleness that contrasted strongly with her dark-chestnut hair and large, spiritual eyes. Her delicate lips betrayed, through their restful quiet, the tokens of trial and pain out of which she had come victorious. After sitting with a wrapt, far-off look in her face, and hands folded and laid in her lap, for over a minute, Deborah Norman knelt by her bed, and laying the palms of her hands together, looked upward, and prayed, silently at first, but soon with an earnestness that went on increasing until her countenance was flushed again, and rippling all over with feeling. After praying, she sat down with the Bible on her knees, and bending over it, one cheek resting on the palm of her right hand, read for nearly a quarter of an hour, only moving when she turned the leaves.

On restoring the Bible to the shelf from which she had taken it, Deborah sat down again, the far-

off, absorbed look still visible. A rap at her door sent a smile to her face.

"Come in," she said, in a voice of sweet invitation.

The door opened, and a woman, past middle life, entered.

"Mrs. Conrad," said Deborah, the smile still playing around her mouth.

"I thought I heard you come in a bit ago, but wasn't sure. You do move about so like one treading on air. Some people that I know stamp their feet as if they meant to shake the house down. I never saw the beat. But you—"

"Has any one been asking for me?" inquired Deborah, interrupting Mrs. Conrad.

"Yes. There's a woman with a new-born baby, down in Coulter's Row, that's very sick, and her little girl was here and said, 'Please wouldn't you come and see her.'"

"What's the woman's name?" asked Deborah.

"Mrs. Pyne; and she lives at No. 8, in the top room, front. Her husband's an awful drunkard, they say."

A shadow came down over Deborah's face. She did not hesitate, but reached for her bonnet and cloak, which were still lying on the bed.

"There's little good to be done when there's a drunken husband around," said Mrs. Conrad. "It's just about as much use as pouring water into a cullender to try to help such people."

"The drunken husband makes the need for help only so much the greater," returned Deborah. And she sighed faintly.

"Oh, dear! But it is so hopeless!" returned Mrs. Conrad.

"For as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," said Deborah, softly. "It is Christ's work, and He will give it a blessing. Even a cup of cold water, if the lips can take no more, may bring a sorely-needed refreshment. It is for us to reach forth a hand, Mrs. Conrad, whenever a cry for help comes to our ears, and leave with God the gift of power to grasp it. No case is too hopeless for Him. He saves, thee knows, to the uttermost."

"Maybe He does; but I never could see that He did much in the way of saving people where liquor was about," replied the woman. "It all goes from bad to worse, and keeps on going, day in and day out to the end."

Deborah sighed again.

"I wonder He doesn't strike some of these rum-sellers dead!" Mrs. Conrad added, with an angry throb in her voice.

"It isn't His way," returned Deborah.

"It would be a better way, I think sometimes, than to let them go on as He does, ruining people, and sending such awful misery among poor women and children. I only wish I had my way of them for about a week. There'd be lively times in this town."

"Thee wouldn't strike them all dead, I hope," said Deborah, in her quiet manner.

"Maybe I'd try smashing up their kegs and bottles, or shaking down their saloons first," replied Mrs. Conrad. "But if that didn't do the business, you may be sure I'd try something else.

Rum-selling would have to cease. Bless your heart, honey! I'd never stop to parley for a minute, but go straight through to the end, breaking things right and left, if need be."

"And do more harm than good," said Deborah. "God is wiser and better than we are, Mrs. Conrad. His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. The weapons with which He fights are not carnal but spiritual."

"Tisn't any use going after a bear with a cambric needle. You want an axe or a good rifle. Carnal men must be fought with carnal weapons. It may be God's way to use only spiritual swords and guns, if there be such things, but when we go into a fight, let us use what we have, say I. Spiritual weapons may be all well enough in a battle with spiritual enemies; but when we come down into the world and fight with the beasts of prey that are among us, we must take natural weapons, and use them with a will. Must cut and slash, and utterly drive them out."

"Easy to say, but hard to do," remarked Deborah. "The fight with evil beasts has been going on for ages—the fight with carnal weapons, I mean—and they are not driven out. On every hand they hurt and destroy the people. Prison and gallows are powerless agencies: force is vain; and why? Because the hearts of the people are not right before God. They trust in themselves and in their own devices; in the arm of flesh and not in the arm Omnipotent. They seek to check the flow of evil through the land by setting up an obstruction here, or digging a channel there, instead of cutting off the stream at its fountain head. How vain is the help of man—how weak the arm of flesh! Our carnal weapons are broken in the conflict, or drop from our palsied hands."

"You talk me all down, Deborah Norman," said Mrs. Conrad. "And maybe you know better than I do. But, if we don't try to help ourselves and fight our own battles, with what face can we go to God and ask Him to help and fight for us? That's my way of putting it, you see."

"I'm not against working and fighting," answered Deborah, "but only against a warfare with Satan, armed with carnal weapons. His seat of power is in the hearts of men; and so long as he holds his sway there, his evil influence will make itself felt in all their lives. He will curse the people in their own acts and deeds. It is in this stronghold of the human heart that we must attack our enemy; and not until he is dislodged will there be peace in the land."

"Coulter's Row" stood in one of the most wretched quarters of the town; a vice and poverty-stricken region, in which every third house was a dram-shop. How the miserable people who lived there could possibly earn enough to support all of these shops and yet keep from nakedness and starvation, is a question in social economy hard to answer. But for stealing, begging, or worse, it could not have been done. From the poor industries of the place; its few looms, shoemakers' benches, tailors' boards, sewing machines, etc., not one dollar's worth of service went back to society for every five that was drawn from the people of Kedron. It was an ulcerous drain upon

society. "Coulter's Row" consisted of ten two-story wooden houses, which had once been pleasant little homes, with gardens in front; but that was many years in the past. Now they were dingy, weather-beaten, and disfigured all over by green and yellow patches of lichen or tufts of moss. Not a single flower, or shrub, or vine, relieved the dirt and dilapidation of the yards in front, all of them gateless, and many with not a paling left in the pretty fences that once enclosed the gardens. Nothing, it seemed, could live there and be pure.

No. 8 was neither better nor worse than its forlorn, comfortless neighbors. A few minutes' walk brought Deborah to the place. A girl not over ten years of age, who had evidently been waiting for her, stood at the door, and as soon as she saw her turn into the street ran forward to meet her. The child's garments were poor and thin, but not so dirty as those of most of the children in the row. Her face, too, was exceptionally clean, and free from the hardness and sensual coarseness so sad to see in nearly all the children's faces in that wretched quarter. She caught hold of one of Deborah's hands, saying: "Oh, come quick, won't you!"

"Is thy mother very sick?" asked Deborah, hurrying forward with the child.

"Yes, ma'am, she's dreadful sick; and the baby cries so."

The feeble wail of an infant fell on Deborah's ears as she passed into No. 8, and set her foot on the creaking stairs. The room to which the child conducted her was in the attic, the roof on one side coming down to within two feet of the floor. It had but a single window, and contained no articles that could be called furniture, except a small pine table, two chairs and a bench. On a dirty mattress in one corner lay a wasted, hollow-eyed woman, vainly trying to hush the cries of a baby only a few hours old. There was a stove in the room, but no fire. The air was damp and chilly. A ragged quilt and a piece of carpet were all the clothing that covered the bed.

Deborah's practiced eyes took in the situation at a glance. Warmth was the first thing needed. She sat down on one of the old chairs, and leaning over the woman, laid her hand softly on her forehead.

"How old is thy baby?" she asked, in her gentle, tender way.

"It was born just before day this morning," replied the woman, faintly.

"The air is chilly. Has thee any wood or coal?"

The woman only shook her head.

"We must have a fire the first thing," said Deborah, and she gave the girl money and sent her out to get the needed fuel. It did not take long to dispel the cold and raise the air to a genial temperature.

Meantime, the visitor had taken the baby from its mother's arms and was trying to hush its feeble cries. She found it without any garment, save a piece of old muslin in which it had been wrapped at birth.

A woman who lived in one of the rooms below

had seen Deborah go up, and, moved as much by the hope of getting interest for herself as by any feeling of pity for her sick neighbor, came in and asked if she could do anything for Mrs. Pyne.

"Thank thee, yes," returned Deborah, drawing her quickly into service; and it was not long before the two women had changed the dreary aspect of things into one of comparative comfort. Two or three more neighbors were brought in, and from one and another some article of clothing was obtained for the baby, and some needed thing for the poor mother, until both were eased from suffering.

After all had been done for present help that lay in her power, Deborah spake thus to the two or three women who were still present:

"Dear friends," she said, "we are all the children of a good and loving Father, and it is because we have gone far away from Him that we are so poor and wretched. He is calling us to come back that He may comfort and bless us. In helping this our sick sister, we have taken one step in the way that leads to our Father's house. Dear friends, let us take a step every day. We shall find it easier than we think. And now let us kneel in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and ask Him to help us to find the way back to our lost home."

She knelt, all the women kneeling with her.

"Dear Saviour," she prayed, speaking in a low, but clear voice, "who didst come into the world to seek and to save that which was lost, and who didst die that we might live, pity us Thy unhappy children, and lead us to Thy fold. We have wandered far away from Thee, and are lost in the wilderness of sin. We are cold, and hungry, and sick. Wild beast have set upon and torn us; serpents have bitten us; we are in suffering and sorrow more than our poor words can tell. Oh, lead us back. Help us; succor us; give us the comforting presence of Thy Holy Spirit. Make us kind and pitiful one to another. Put it into the hearts of those who are neighbors to this our sick sister to be very kind to her, and to minister to her wants as Thou wilt minister to theirs in their time of need."

At this moment the door of the room was thrown open, and a man came shuffling in.

"O John! John!" cried the sick woman.

Deborah had paused at the sudden interruption, but went on. She knew by the tones of Mrs. Pyne's voice that the intruder was her husband.

"And, O Lord, we beseech Thee to touch and soften the heart of this man. Lead him back also. His soul is as precious to Thee as the souls of any of Thy children. For him, as for us, Thou didst suffer and die. He has lost his way in the world. Oh, help him to return to safe and pleasant paths. Give him grace to overcome the enemy that has triumphed over him. Let the love for his poor suffering wife, that was once so strong and tender, return to his heart. Let the love he once bore his children grow quick again. Give him back his manhood, O Lord! And help us all to overcome the sin that doth so easily beset us. In and of ourselves we can do nothing; but in Thy strength we can do all things. We have made this chamber a

place of prayer; we feel Thy presence with us; and we hear Thee saying to us now, as of old, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Every day may voices go up to thee out of this place, and may it be as the gate of Heaven to many souls.

"And, now, let Thy blessing and Thy peace, dear Lord and Saviour, rest upon and abide with us. Amen."

The eyes of the women were wet as they rose from their knees. The husband of Mrs. Pyne stood just inside of the door. He was a tall man, finely formed, and had once been handsome, but now presented a most repulsive aspect. His face was bloated and purple; his eyes inflamed; his lips swollen and crusted with sores. There was a bruised mark on one of his cheeks where, a day or two before, he had struck himself in falling. As for his dirty, tattered garments, they were as miserable and unsightly as his person.

He had not moved since he came in. Deborah, on rising from her knees, turned to Pyne and extended her hand. She saw by the disturbance in his countenance that his feelings were touched.

"We have all gone very far astray, my friend," she said, "but the way of return is still open. Thee and I, and all of us can go back if we will. The Saviour is waiting for us. All day long He stands with outstretched hands, calling upon us to come back to our Father's house, the doors of which stand wide for our reception. The fatted calf is killed; the feast is ready; there will be joy at our return."

A convulsed movement was seen in the man's face, followed by a shiver. Then tears started from his eyes, and a groan fell from his lips.

"God will help thee to be a man again," said Deborah, in a tone of cheer, taking both of Mr. Pyne's hands. "Thee is going to try once more. I see it in thy face. No matter how often thee has tried and failed; try now in the strength of God, and victory is sure."

"I will try, God helping me!" returned the man, while tears rolled down his cheeks. He looked toward his poor wife as he spoke.

"O John! John!" cried the sick woman, rising in bed and holding out her hands. Her face was lighted up and quivering.

Pyne crossed the little room, and standing before her, said, with an earnestness that all felt to be real: "I'll try once more, Lucy. It's awful the way I've been going on."

"There is no help but in God," said Deborah, her voice breaking in sweet and assuring as the voice of an angel. "Don't forget this for one moment. Our strength is weakness; but the strength of God is like that of the everlasting hills. Trusting in Him, we cannot be moved."

"Friends," she added, looking round upon the group of three or four women who were in the room, "I leave our sick sister with thee, and ask of thee, for Christ's sake, to do for her as ye would have others do for thee. A little self-denial and a little care and watchfulness will change all this dearliness into comfort, and God, who has been near to us, will bless thee a hundred fold. Until to-morrow I trust her with thee all, and I

know thee will see that she lacks for nothing thee can give."

Then extending her hand to Mr. Pyne, she said: "Stand fast, in God's strength, my friend. All now depends on thyself. Touch not, taste not, handle not. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

CHAPTER III.

"IT'S easy enough to talk and pray. Words are cheap. Why didn't she do something?" said one of the women, after Deborah Norman had gone.

"She has done something," was answered.

"I'd like to know what, saving the bucket of coal and the fire?"

"She's softened my heart, if nothing else," said the other, putting her apron to her eyes. "It was a shame on us to neglect Mrs. Pyne as we did, when it would have been so easy to join hands and help her."

"That's so," said another of the women. "This young lady is only a stranger; but we were here and knew how it was. I don't see that we've any right to cast stones at other people."

While they were yet talking, a boy came in and said that Mr. Logan, who kept a store in the neighborhood, wanted to see Mr. Pyne. He had a job for him.

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed the women, in cheery voices.

"Miss Norman called and asked if we couldn't give Mr. Pyne a job," said the boy, "and we just wanted some one to fix up the cellar and pile things away. So I've come for him."

On reaching home, Deborah Norman entered in her usually quiet way, and was going up-stairs, when Mrs. Conrad, who had heard the door open and shut, called to her from the sitting-room.

"There's been a gentleman here to see you."

"Who was it?" inquired Deborah.

"He didn't leave his name; but said he would call sometime this afternoon."

"Did he say what he wanted?"

"No."

Deborah stood for a few moments, and then continued on to her room. Shutting the door, she sat down without taking off her bonnet and shawl, and dropping her eyes to the floor, soon became lost in thought. There was apparent now a marked change in the expression of her face. Its soft quiet faded out, the lips were pressed closer together, and something more than the suggestion of troubled lines were impressed on her white forehead. At length the hands which had been lying passively in her lap, drew together and clasped themselves tightly. There came a nervous impulse in the movement that stirred her whole body. But she was still again in a moment. A small pocket testament was lying upon a table near which she sat. Reaching her hand for this, she opened it and let her eyes fall upon one of the pages. The words that presented themselves were these:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

She read them over, and then shut her eyes, leaning back in her chair. The old, sweet peace did not come into her face. After a little while she lifted the book and read again:

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He may give it you. These things I command you, that ye love one another."

She let the book fall slowly into her lap, leaning back in her chair and again closing her eyes. Still, the old peaceful expression did not return. Rising after some minutes had passed, she locked the door of her room, and then knelt to pray, bowing her head until her face was hidden. Silently, for some time, her heart went out to God; but growing more earnest in her supplications, she clothed her thoughts in audible language.

"Thou knowest how weak I am, O Lord," she said, in tones of almost passionate entreaty, "and how hard it is for me to walk in the way of duty and self-denial. Pity and help me! My spirit is willing, but, oh! the flesh fails so often. I have put my hand to the plough, and set its share in the ground of my sinful nature. It is cutting deep furrows; it is breaking and rending. All the green things and pleasant flowers I once loved are falling and disappearing from my sight. The beauty, the sweetness, the satisfaction of my old life, are gone. Instead of the verdure and blossoms that once made everything a delight, my field is bare, and the earth broken. Lord, be near to me now, for I am very weak. I am tempted to look back, to drop my hands and leave my plough in the field. But I know that if I cut the furrows deep, and break up the hard and stony ground of my nature, so that it become good and fruitful soil, that Thou wilt sow it with the seeds of truth, and give me a harvest of righteousness. That I shall become as a garden of God. I lean upon Thee, O Lord. I trust in Thee. Of myself I am nothing, and can do nothing good. But in Thy strength I can do all things."

The conflict was over. Whatever its ground—in some weakness of the flesh or tenderly cherished memory—Deborah had gained a victory, and in like conflicts she had so often gained before. Peace rested on lips and brow, and looked from her eyes serenely. Opening the Testament which she had laid upon the table, she read for a long time, pausing now and then to ponder the sentences, and then reading on again, until she was interrupted by a knock on her door and a call to dinner.

Mrs. Conrad scanned her face very closely as she took her seat at the table.

"How did you find the woman in Coulter's Row?" she asked.

"In a bad way," replied Deborah. But she was more comfortable when I left her."

"Got a new-born baby?"

"Yes."

"Is it going to live?"

"I think so."

"Pity it wouldn't die," said Mrs. Conrad.

"God knows best. He'll do what is right," answered Deborah.

"Won't come to any good. Such children never do. If it grows up, it will be a drunkard, like its father, or maybe something worse—a jail or a gallows bird. There's no good in 'em, and no chance for 'em. It may be wicked in me, Miss Norman, but I always feel glad when I hear that such babies are dead. 'Out of their misery,' I say. 'Gone to Haven, safe and happy.' I don't believe there'd be many of them living if it depended on me. I'd give them my blessing and let them go. You needn't look at me so sober, Miss Norman. I don't mean that I'd murder them. But, if I saw them going, I wouldn't put myself out much to hold them back."

Deborah did not reply.

"That Coulter's Row is a horrid place. I wonder you are not afraid to go there," said Mrs. Conrad.

"I'm never afraid to go where duty calls me," answered Deborah.

"But they're such an awful drunken set, men and women alike. I don't think it's safe for a young woman like you to go all alone in such neighborhoods. I don't, indeed! It isn't respectable, either."

"Wherever God sends me, I must go," said Deborah, smiling back upon Mrs. Conrad's serious face. "He kept Daniel safe in the lion's den, and suffered not even the smell of fire to be on the garments of the Hebrew children."

"Yes; but they didn't go into the den nor the fiery furnace of their own accord, Miss Norman. Please to remember that. They were cast in by God's enemies, because they were faithful to Him, and He was bound to protect them as He did. But it's another thing for us to go jumping into lion's dens and fiery furnaces, and expect God to change the laws of nature. He doesn't work in that manner—at least not now-a-days."

Deborah smiled again, saying that she wasn't afraid of being eaten up by lions or burnt in the fire. If she saw any good to be done, she would try to do it. Bad men and women were human

still, and had souls to be saved. Christ had died for them and made their salvation possible; and she would fall in due honor and service to the Lord if she did not do all in her power to bring home His lost and wandering sheep.

"It's right and Christian for us to do all the good we can," said Mrs. Conrad, in reply. "And what's more, it's our bounden duty. But we must use judgment and prudence; and have some care for ourselves. Now, you go into places and among people where it isn't respectable to be seen, nor safe, neither. You'll get talked about and insulted. I don't see how you can do it! The next thing I expect to hear about you is, that you've gone to praying in taverns like some of the crazy women we read about."

Deborah turned her head aside so that Mrs. Conrad might not see the change in her countenance. A moment afterward she looked at her across the table, and said: "If I believed that by praying in a tavern I could lead the tavern-keeper to give up his business, or one of his customers to quit drinking, would it not be my duty to go there and pray?"

"I don't believe it would have any more effect than pouring water on the sand," rejoined Mrs. Conrad, in considerable excitement.

"No; but suppose I thought differently; was sure my praying there would do good? Would it not then be my duty?"

"No. It isn't any woman's duty to go into vile bar-rooms. 'Tisn't the place for them; and I don't believe any good will ever come of it."

"Good has come of it already," replied Miss Norman. "A great many taverns have been closed; and in some towns not a single one remains open."

"I don't believe the praying did it," said Mrs. Conrad, with a snap in her voice.

"What then?"

"The saloon-keepers got disgusted with the way the women went on, and shut up to get rid of them while the fever lasted. When the fever dies out, as it's certain to do, the taverns will open again. It's just like scaring flies from a piece of meat; as soon as your hand is gone they come swarming back as thick as ever."

"After these has scared the flies off once, does thee let them come back and stay?" asked Deborah, smiling. "Or does thee not keep on scaring them off?"

"Then the praying is to go on forever?" said Mrs. Conrad.

"I don't know how that may be," replied Deborah; "I only asked you a question about the flies."

"Oh, but you're queer, Miss Norman!" exclaimed Mrs. Conrad, "and there's no catching you. But, goodness gracious! don't you go to getting into it if the thing should ever come here—the praying, I mean. It's making light and common of sacred things."

"To pray?" queried Deborah.

"To pray in the streets and public saloons, like Pharisees, to be heard and seen of men, and have it reported in the newspapers," replied Mrs. Conrad.

"But suppose it is done to be heard of God? Sacred things are made light of and common enough in churches sometimes. Ministers in the pulpit don't always pray to God; but, often, pray to be heard of men. Thee knows that as well as I do. Where two or three are met together in My name there am I in the midst of them, are blessed and encouraging words. Not only at Jerusalem and in the mountains of Samaria; not only in the secret chamber and the temple set apart for worship, is our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God present; but in all places where, in humility and sincerity, heart and voice go up to Him. A woman may kneel in a saloon and pray to God as truly and reverently as a minister in his pulpit; nay, more sincerely and reverently than many whose prayers are but vain repetitions, because neither mind nor heart are in them."

"May do and will do are two things, Miss Norman; and in my experience generally stand very far apart. A woman *may* do all this; but *will* she? Not one time in a hundred, let me tell you. Doesn't stand to reason. If it's as much as a body can do to compose her mind in church and keep the world out, how, I should like to know, is she going to do it in a bar-room full of scoffing men; or on the pavement with a crowd around her. It can't be done."

"Men don't generally scoff when prayers are being offered to God," said Deborah. "And so far as I've read about those bands of praying women, the instances are but few in which insult or interruption has been offered. Almost always they have been treated with respect. Of course, all women are not alike guarded in what they do; and all are not alike under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Mere enthusiasm draws many in; and others are drawn in by the magnetism of stronger spirits. In just the degree that this is so is the influence of prayer weakened."

"But, I'd like to know, Miss Norman, what need there is of going into a saloon to pray? God hears as well in one place as in another."

"True; and He is far more desirous of stopping the evil that is in the world than we can possibly be. He doesn't wait for our poor prayers."

"Then why doesn't He do it? That's what I can't understand."

"There are a great many things that we can't understand; and a great many others that would be clearer if we did not reason so narrowly. We are too apt to think of God as a being of infinite power and arbitrary will; and are perpetually wondering why He doesn't do this or that? Why He doesn't establish the good and destroy the evil? But think for a moment, Mrs. Conrad, and thee will see that the seat of all evil is in the heart. What we love, we do. Love is our very life; and our life is evil or good according to the quality of that love or life. God has made us free to act; and if He were to take away our freedom—were to force us to do good or evil—we would at once cease to be human. In other words, the moment God forced us to do good or evil, He would destroy us. And so, thee sees, He can only save the world by leading it back to Himself; and this is slow work; so slow that our human patience grows

faint with hope deferred; but His infinite, divine patience is never weary and never discouraged. He sees the end from the beginning, and His providence wisely ordains the means by which to save a lost and perishing world, without the destruction of a single human soul."

"You don't mean that all are to be finally saved!" exclaimed Mrs. Conrad, with such a look of surprise and rejection on her face that Deborah could not help smiling.

"Yes, if it is possible for God to save them."

"Oh, I don't believe that!" returned Mrs. Conrad, becoming excited. "That universal doctrine is dreadful, and flies right in the face of Scripture. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.' That's Scripture, Miss Norman, and I go by Scripture."

"And this is Scripture also," returned Deborah: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike unto thee."

"Doesn't that say there's a hell?" asked Mrs. Conrad, triumphantly.

"Oh, yes; but it says, too, that God is there; and where He is love and compassion dwell. His saving power is as much in hell as in Heaven; for the marred, perverted and suffering souls that have cast themselves down, are none the less His children, and objects of His tender compassion. He cannot give them the blessedness of Heaven; but He can save them from the deeper ruin and suffering into which, but for His loving restraints, they would plunge."

"Oh, dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Conrad, "that's taking away all the wrath, and punishment, and fiery indignation the Bible tells us God heaps upon the wicked. According to the way you make it out, He's just as much concerned for the wicked in hell as He is for the good in Heaven."

"More concerned about them, I should say; just as thee would be more concerned and pitiful in thy feeling toward a bad son who was suffering for crime in a dreary prison, than toward a good son who was prosperous and happy. He would be no less Thy son because disobedient and evil-minded. Thy love would still go out to him, and thee would yearn over him with a tearful love that could not die. And are we more loving and compassionate than God?"

"Tisn't any use to talk, Miss Norman. You can't make me believe that God is as much concerned for the wicked as He is for the righteous. It doesn't stand to reason. He rewards the good and punishes the evil. The Bible says so in hundreds of places. 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.'"

"Neither punishment nor reward come directly

from God," said Deborah, "but are the inevitable consequences of a breach of His laws in one case, and obedience in the other. The good are happy; the evil unhappy. The nearer we approach to God through keeping His laws, the more peaceful we are, and the deeper our enjoyments; and the farther off we get from God through a rejection of His laws, the more wretched do we become. The good are in Heaven, and the evil in hell, no matter whether they be in this earthly body or not. The love of God and the neighbor makes Heaven in the soul; the love of self and the world, hell."

"Humph! There are lots of people in hell according to that notion," said Mrs. Conrad, with a shrug and a grimace.

"To be in Heaven is to be happy—who are happy?"

A shadow crept over the gentle face of Deborah.

"Do you mean to say that we are in hell now?" came with a sharp, half-indignant interrogation.

"If we lived near to God, the peace of Heaven would be in our souls," said Deborah. "But who has this peace? It is because we live so near to ourselves and so far away from God that we are troubled. And to be far away from God—separated from Him by self-love—is to be in hell. So it is the love, thee sees, that makes our Heaven or hell. God does not turn from us; we turn from God, and go away from Him, and so make our bed in hell. Yes, Mrs. Conrad, we are all in hell, because we are all in self-love. We sink deeper in the degree that we indulge our self-love; and rise toward Heaven in the degree that we deny or repress it. If we refuse to do what is evil, calling upon God for strength to resist when temptations assail us, He will not only give us the power to overcome, but remove our selfish and evil affections, and fill our hearts with love to Himself and love to all human kind. And when our hearts are so filled, we shall be in Heaven and among the angels, though as to our natural lives we are still in this lower world. The only change death can then make, will be to bring us consciously into Heaven."

"Maybe it's all true," returned Mrs. Conrad, "though I don't just get the hang of it. But I can't see what this has to do with praying in taverns; nor why God couldn't put an end to wickedness if He chose."

Deborah's effort to make Mrs. Conrad understand something about the nature of human freedom had failed.

"Thy heart has, many times, been touched and softened by a prayer offered in thy hearing?" said Deborah.

"Yes."

"New thoughts have come into thy mind, and thee has been stirred by new feelings."

"Yes."

"Heaven has seemed nearer to thee. There has felt a new and stronger desire to lead a good life; and thy heart, that was cold a little while before, has burned within thee. Would this have been so if that prayer had been offered in some secret chamber to which thy ear could not penetrate?"

Mrs. Conrad dropped her head in a thought-

ful way. A few pencils of light had come into her mind.

"Now, if thee and I were to kneel here in this room, and ask God to touch the heart of any saloon-keeper in Kedrow, whom we chose to name, and move him to repentance and an abandonment of his dreadful business, does thee think it would have the desired effect?"

"I don't believe it would do a mite of good," returned Mrs. Conrad.

"Now, suppose thee and I were to go into his saloon some day—"

"Oh, dear! Don't suppose anything of the kind with me in it!" exclaimed Mrs. Conrad, lifting her hands.

"Very well, then, suppose I were to go into his saloon some day, and after having a little kind talk with him, were to kneel down and ask God to bring him into a better mind, and soften his heart toward his fellow-men who were suffering so much in consequence of what he was doing. Would not my prayer in this room where he could not hear me, and my prayer in his saloon where he could hear me, have a very different effect upon him?"

"But would not that be praying to him instead of to God?" asked Mrs. Conrad.

"It would be praying to God under conditions that would enable Him to answer the prayer; and all other prayers, however sincerely offered, are of no avail. It would put new thoughts into the man's mind, and enable God, and the angels who minister with men, to bring him back into old and better states of mind; to quicken his conscience, and lead him to repentance. Herein lies the power of praying with men instead of only for them. Most of the men who are engaged in this business stand so far away from God that His better influences cannot reach them. He is not in all their thoughts. They despise and reject Him. They do not attend church; they never hear prayer; they do not read the Bible. Yet, each has a soul to be saved; for each our blessed Lord suffered and died. If we are true servants of our divine Master, shall we not seek to save them also, as well as the perishing ones they are leading astray? Surely, yes! And how can we save them unless we go to them, even as our Lord came to us?"

"Oh, dear! You do twist me up so, Miss Norman!" exclaimed Mrs. Conrad, pushing her chair back from the table. "But you can't make me believe it's right for women to thrust themselves into whisky shops, and go to praying there."

"Not if human souls can be saved thereby?" said Deborah.

"There are plenty of souls to be saved outside of rum-holes," replied Mrs. Conrad. "And as for trying to save rum-sellers, it's my opinion that they're not worth saving. In fact, they deserve scorching; and if I had the say so, they'd all get their deserts. You needn't put on such a face about it. They're the enemies of God and man, as you know; the devil's children and doing the devil's work. I don't believe it's possible to save them. Such men have seared consciences. They have long ago quenched the Spirit: and it has ceased to strive with them."

"I talked with one of these men only yesterday about the evil work he was doing," said Deborah, not appearing to notice the look of surprise that broke into Mrs. Conrad's face. "He did not get angry nor make light of what I said, but listened with respect and attention. And before I left him, I saw tears in his eyes."

"Where did this happen?" demanded Mrs. Conrad. Her nostrils were dilating, and her head thrown back with the air of one ready for a battle.

"I saw him again to-day," continued Deborah, not replying to Mrs. Conrad. "My talk had set him to thinking. We reasoned the matter together; and I was able to show him the darker side of the business in which he was engaged, and to make him feel his personal responsibility as he had never felt it before. Then I prayed with him, and asked God to make his heart as soft and tender as was the heart of his mother when he lay a babe upon her bosom. And as I said this, I heard him sob; and then I knew that he had not quenched the Spirit nor seared his conscience."

"Miss Norman! Have you done that? Have you been praying in a whisky saloon?" cried Mrs. Conrad, in angry astonishment.

"Why not, if by doing so I can lead a saloon-keeper to give up his hurtful trade?" was the calm reply.

A rap at the door prevented any response.

"It's the man who called to see you this morning," said Mrs. Conrad, glancing from the window. "I'll ask him into the parlor."

"Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes," returned Deborah, with a change in her countenance that the other did not notice. She, too, had glanced through the window. As she spoke she rose from the table and went from the room. Her face had become suddenly pale, and there was an unusual disturbance in her manner.

(To be continued.)

PROUD LITTLE POLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SWEET SELF."

I AM Polly—proud little Polly—and I am the heroine of my own story. But I am not by any means the maddening creature who usually inhabits the three-volume novel—who has a snub nose, tawny hair and a world of soul looking out of her big brown eyes—eyes so big that, when any mortal woman is afflicted with the like, she is hardly ever able to procure concave glasses strong enough to enable her to see moderately well—eyes that, in novels, when united to genius, invariably have the effect of a basilisk upon the hero. Neither are my eyes like the eyes of Mr. Swinburne's wonderful heroine, which were

The greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things gray.

No, my eyes are hazel, my hair is auburn, my nose eminently respectable and in stature I am decidedly below the middle height. Figuratively speaking, I am seated in the bosom of my family, the said family consisting of my father, my brother and myself.

The sole remaining author of my being is fast asleep, with a white handkerchief thrown over his

head, which drapery, falling around his thin worn face and meeting the ends of his white whiskers, causes him to look as like an old woman with a white frilled nightcap as it is in the power of mortal man to look. Tom, who is seventeen, and two years my junior, has been home from school for the last year, and is now studying for some examination. He is lying luxuriously on the hearth-rug, a sofa-pillow under his head and a paper of examination questions in his hand. Suddenly looking up, with a puzzled expression upon his dear, ugly, stupid face, he says: "I say, Polly—where is Manila?"

"Don't know," I say, shortly, not liking to be disturbed in the perusal of a pleasant book; "I always thought manilas were cigars."

"Of course they are, but they come from Manila," he remarks, sagely, and with that tone of wisdom which boys invariably use toward their sisters; "however, where is the place itself?"

"Ask your tutor, and don't worry me," I reply. "By the way, Tom, I wish you'd manage—delicately, of course—to present that young man with a comforter; he looked miserable to-day."

"Ah, poor Dynevor! What a lot of money he earns by coaching fellows, and yet he never seems to have a penny."

"Perhaps he has a wife and family," I suggest, laying down my book. I know he has not.

Tom bursts out laughing.

"What! Mr. Dynevor? Why, I believe he lives in one room, and that is over the dairy just as you enter the town. But, Polly, do you know what the fellows say?"

"No—how should I?"

"Well, they say Dynevor wants to marry some girl he's awfully fond of, and is saving up for that."

Suddenly the fire becomes so unbearably warm that I have to get a screen to keep my face from burning.

"How romantic!" I exclaim, yet at the same time feel somehow that I should like to change the conversation.

At this moment a knock is heard at the hall-door. Papa hastily pulls the pocket-handkerchief from off his head and says: "Dear me! dear me! It's not possible I've been asleep?"

"Quite possible, papa dear—pray take another nap. I dare say it is Miss Jones, the dressmaker."

"Oh, for the advent of Miss Jones!" exclaims Tom, fervently. "If it be anybody else, I shall have to rise from my present comfortable but undignified position—and," he continues, pulling the terrier's ears, "your master objects to be disturbed, Whisky."

As he speaks, the door is opened, and the servant appears, saying: "If you please, Mr. Tom, Mr. Dynevor wishes to speak to you in the study."

"All right!" exclaims Tom, rising with alacrity. He is very fond of his tutor, and asks: "Governor, I suppose I may ask Mr. Dynevor to tea?"

"Certainly—to be sure, to be sure, my boy; I like Mr. Dynevor."

Two years before, Mr. Dynevor had come to Idlechester as mathematical teacher to a large collegiate school, all his spare time being fully occu-

pied with tuition. He was a gentlemanly young man, particularly reticent respecting himself. Good-looking, young, talented and kind-hearted, he was idolized by his pupils. I learned all this from Tom, who was never tired of praising his tutor. Occasionally he spent an evening with us, but I sometimes used to fancy he did not care to come, for he always left very early, and seemed odd and embarrassed in his manner as the hour for departure drew near. Whilst Tom is out of the way, and I am engaged in smoothing my "dishevelled hair"—being a heroine, I feel constrained to use that epithet—I may say that papa, Lieutenant Wyvern, is a poor half-pay officer in very delicate health. We sometimes find it hard enough to make both ends meet; few suspect it, though, and many friends say that they would rather spend an evening in our bright, homely little drawing-room than in many a more pretentious-looking one. On this bleak March evening it looks especially cosy and pleasant, and I confess that I feel glad it does, as Mr. Dynevor is here. There are sounds of footsteps in the hall, the drawing-room door is opened, and Tom and his tutor enter.

"Good-evening, Mr. Dynevor," says papa, cheerily but feebly; "sit down near the fire."

"Good-evening, sir. Good-evening, Miss Wyvern;" he bows to me, and then sits down beside papa.

"I say, Polly," says Tom, *sotto voce*, and with a lugubrious aspect, as I am cutting the cake for tea, "Dynevor's going away."

I make no reply, but look across the table to where the tutor sits. Our eyes meet; he must know instinctively that I have heard the news, for he says: "Yes, I am going away in a fortnight, Miss Wyvern. Tom must look out for another tutor."

"May I ask," inquires papa, hesitatingly, "why you are going to leave us, Mr. Dynevor?"

"Oh, there is no secret about the matter," he replies, in a perfectly unembarrassed tone; "I am offered a much higher salary elsewhere—and money is a very great object with me just now."

I think of what Tom has told me, and, with my sex's usual absence of logic, I at once come to the conclusion that the rumor must be true. But of course it is nothing to me; oh, dear no, nothing to me! Why should it be otherwise?

At nine Mr. Dynevor rises to go, and Tom says to me: "Come down to the gate, Polly; it's a lovely night."

"Do—will you?" asks Mr. Dynevor, holding out his hand involuntarily to me for the first time in his life.

I do not pretend to see it, but turn to the sofa and take therefrom a woollen anti-macassar, which I throw shawl-fashion over my shoulders.

As we walk down the moonlight-flooded path, the conversation is confined to generalities. Suddenly Tom exclaims: "O Mr. Dynevor, I have forgotten that Todhunter's Euclid of yours; I'll fetch it in a minute," and off he runs, leaving me standing with Eustace Dynevor under the budding chestnuts.

There is an awkward little pause, and at length I remark originally—being a woman, I am the

first to recover the use of my tongue—"What a beautiful night!"

"Very," is the laconic and equally original response.

"Tom will miss you very much, Mr. Dynevor."
"I have recommended him to try Mr. Barton; he is a good mathematical scholar."

A shiver runs through me; it cannot be from cold, for my cheeks are burning, and my hands are dry and hot. I give a little start, for my companion's hand is on my arm, and to my amazement he is saying: "I may not see you again, Miss Wyvern; so will you now accept my best wishes for your future happiness?"

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," I reply, wondering what he means, and at the same time drawing my arm away; "it is very kind of you. I wish you the same."

"Thank you," he says, shortly. "I was not sure before whether or not it was true."

"What?" I ask, feeling more than ever bewildered.

"Ha!" he ejaculates, with a queer little laugh.

"You are like all young ladies. You think it interesting to plead ignorance and innocence. I had fancied you were different."

My cheeks become hotter and hotter, and I feel my spirit rising. How dared he speak so to me! My pride and the fancied wound to my self-respect overcome even my woman's curiosity to know what on earth he is talking about. Drawing my improvised shawl closer around my small person, I raise my head erect, and reply, haughtily and mendaciously: "I assure you I plead neither ignorance nor innocence—I am perfectly aware of what I am talking about, Mr. Dynevor."

He is unfastening the gate, and says, with his head bent over the latch: "I am rather hurried to-night. May I ask you to tell Tom not to mind about the book? Good-bye—good-bye, Polly."

He looks at me as he concludes.

"He turned, and I saw his face all wet in the sweet moonshine."

Yes, as sure as I am a living woman, there are tears on Eustace Dynevor's face, as, hastily pressing my hand, he leaves me standing at the gate, and walks quickly down the road. His strange words and manner puzzle me not a little as I saunter back to the house, all the while wondering why Tom does not come. I walk back again to the gate, and look down the road, but all is silent. I cannot bear to go in just yet, for my brain is in a whirl. Strange, half-pleasurable, half-painful feelings are curiously striving for the mastery in my breast. Still Tom does not appear. Suddenly, in the distance, I hear a whistle and a shout. My blood runs cold with terror. I have a presentiment that something terrible has happened, and for a moment I cannot stir. The whistle and shout are repeated. I hasten quickly up the path, rush through the open door into the drawing-room, and there, to my horror, I see that the long-impending sword has fallen, and that my poor father's long-threatened attack of paralysis has overtaken him!

Oh, the weary days and nights that follow! None but those who have watched with sensibili-

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ties sharpened by agonized love can realize the misery of watching the hourly decay of the faculties of a loved one. Day after day passes, and morning and evening the doctor's words are: "He may linger on for an indefinite period, but I can give you no hope of his ever ultimately recovering."

"Will he ever properly recover the use of his senses?" I ask one morning, in anguish.

"Probably not," replies the doctor, with professional reserve.

I sink into an arm-chair, and cover my face with my hands.

"My darling, darling father!" I cry—and my long pent-up feelings break from my control, and I sob passionately—"what shall I do without you?"

"I should like to have further advice," says Dr. Holden, who is a youngish man, thick-set, and red-whiskered. He is a declared admirer of mine; but his impertinently familiar manner are simply unbearable to me.

"Very well," I say, raising my tear-stained face, and seeing the doctor standing opposite to me, with his hands behind his back. "Will you kindly arrange about it yourself? Do anything that will effect some good. O papa—my darling, darling father!" And I burst out sobbing again.

"Come, come, now, Miss Polly," he exclaims, putting his arm around me familiarly, "I wish you would try to keep up your spirits—do, my dear, for my sake."

As he speaks he bends down, and his head is on a level with mine. How I hate him, loathe him for his impertinence! My tears have all ceased, and outraged dignity is my predominate feeling. Starting up, I say, coldly: "Dr. Holden, I am not aware that I ever by my manner gave you reason to think you could presume as you have now just done. I consider you owe me an apology."

There is a tap at the door; the servant enters and says my father is awake, and I am required. I leave the room without speaking, and an hour later say to Tom: "Tom, Dr. Holden says he must have further advice about papa."

To my surprise he does not answer, but quietly eats his cold mutton.

"I wish you would see about it after dinner, Tom; perhaps you ought to call on Dr. Holden."

Still no reply.

"Tom, why don't you answer? Will you see about it?"

He lays down his knife and fork, wipes his mouth with his napkin, fidgets a bit, but yet never looks at me or says a word.

"Of course I fancied you were just as anxious about papa as I am," I remark, a little indignantly. "I wish you would take this matter of the doctor's off my hands."

Tom rests his elbow on the table, and, covering his eyes with his hand, says, in a half-choking voice: "Polly, we have no money."

My heart sinks. I had never thought of that, and I cry, despairingly: "Tom, Tom, what shall we do?"

There is a very miserable look on the poor lad's face as he raises his head and looks at me.

"I have only six pounds left, and by right that is not ours."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"If every one had their own, it ought to be in Dynevor's pocket. Polly," he continues, his eyes sparkling, "I love that fellow—do you know what he did to-day?"

"What?"

"He is going away to-morrow, so I went to pay him that five pounds I owed him, and, instead of taking it, he said, 'No, Tom, my boy, I couldn't take it conscientiously. You are all under great expenses; pay me when you are earning for yourself.'"

"And you actually took it!" I exclaim. "You have actually been mean enough to do so!"

"There was no meanness about it," asserts Tom, stoutly; "we want the money desperately. Dynevor is the kindest, truest gentleman I have ever met; had I not thought him so, I could not have accepted the favor. I feel proud that he has trusted me."

I feel alternately hot and cold all over. I do not know whether to be grateful to Mr. Dynevor, and feel glad that it is to him that we are under the compliment, or to resent it as an impertinence. In my heart of hearts I am convinced that it is kindness alone which has actuated him, but my evil spirit of pride rises within me and I say steadily: "Tom, that money must be paid to Mr. Dynevor."

"Then how are we to pay the doctor for papa?" inquires Tom, calmly.

I had forgotten that. Suddenly a thought strikes me; I am on the point of revealing it to Tom, but it at once flashes through my mind that of course he cannot understand why I do not care to feel indebted to Mr. Dynevor. Indeed I am not quite sure myself, except that I have felt latterly rather conscious when in his presence, or on hearing any one talk about him. As I am thus ruminating Tom continues:

"I declare I'm sorry I told you, Polly. Dynevor wanted me to promise that I would not, but I said I always told you everything."

That decides me; evidently Mr. Dynevor wants me for some reason or other to be under an obligation to him.

"Tom, I want to go to Blandminster this afternoon; will you stay with papa until I come back?"

He opens his eyes widely.

"To Blandminster, Polly! Why, I suppose you'll walk the three miles there and back! Let me go—you'll be too tired."

"No, I wish to go myself; I have particular business to attend to."

"Oh, all right; I'll stay with papa. I did intend going to say good-bye to Dynevor, but he said he had an engagement."

After dinner I retire to my own room, and, packing up my gold watch and chain, and a massive gold bracelet—the only valuable piece of jewelry I possess, and which had belonged to my mother—I put on my hat and jacket, and set off for Blandminster. It is a large, old-fashioned cathedral town, with that air of sleepiness and respectability about it seemingly inseparable from

an ecclesiastical city. The beauteous old Gothic cathedral stands at the entrance to the town, and, as I near it, I see a few people straggling in. Looking up at the clock-tower, I notice that it wants but a few minutes to three o'clock. I am passionately fond of cathedral music, and seldom can resist the fascination of staying for service whenever I come to Blandminster. To-day I half hesitate. I feel so miserable that I think the music will do me good; yet at the same time conscience tells me that I ought not to stay away from home longer than I can possibly avoid. Half regretfully I make up my mind not to yield to temptation, when two figures emerge from the cloisters and enter the cathedral. They have not seen me, but I have seen them, and recognize one of them to be Eustace Dynevor; the other, a young girl, is leaning on his arm.

A sharp pang shoots through me, and in that moment the true state of my heart is all revealed to me. I feel jealous, madly jealous of Eustace Dynevor's companion, and, stealthily following them into the cathedral, seat myself behind one of the carved oaken screens, whence I can see them without being seen in return.

The anthem is Elvey's exquisite adaptation of the first eleven verses of the fifty-sixth Psalm. Another time, and the rare, sweet harmony would have thrilled me through and through, have set every nerve a-quivering with intense enjoyment, and I should have left the cathedral better and happier than when I had entered. But to-day I can only see that Eustace Dynevor is watching every look of the girl beside him, with a wondrous tenderness in his manner. I cannot help admitting that she is interesting-looking. Rather tall, slight, with an exquisite complexion, and soft, wavy masses of fair, silky hair, simply brushed back beneath her small black hat, she forms a pleasing contrast to her dark, intellectual-looking companion. They seem so tender, so absorbed in each other—and I am so miserable! I feel a tear stealing down my cheek, and it angers me. Pride comes to the rescue, and I ask why should I care? Why—oh, why? At all events I can bear the sight no longer, and before the conclusion of the service leave the cathedral unobserved.

I succeed in disposing of my watch and chain for eleven pounds; the bracelet I keep, thinking a time may come when my wants may be greater. I feel so glad to know that we shall not be under pecuniary obligation to any one—it galls me so. Honest hard work, privation even, I feel I could endure rather than be indebted to mortal man. As I walk down through the town, I am in constant dread of meeting Eustace Dynevor and his companion. Of course it must be the girl for whom he is saving his money up to enable him to marry. There is no sign of them as I pass the cathedral—no sign of life there save a few school-boys in college caps and lappets playing in the cloisters. The clock chimes the quarter to five, and I hurry on, as I have a walk of an hour and a half before me. I soon find myself upon the silent country road, and, recollecting a short cut across the fields, strike off into a by-path. I walk along for about half a mile, when I see a figure

advancing in the distance. That it is a man is all I can discover, as I am rather short-sighted; but, as he comes nearer, I recognize my tormentor of the morning, Dr. Holden. I wish to bow and pass on, but he stops and says: "This is very late for you to be out by yourself—let me see you home."

"Thank you, I am not afraid, therefore I need not detain you," I reply, coldly.

"Oh, nonsense! I could not think of allowing you to go all that lonely way by yourself," and turning, he walks beside me.

What can I do? By my manner I show him pretty plainly that I consider the polite attention would have been more honored in the breach than in the observance. He does not seem to take any notice, but chats upon indifferent subjects, and presently asks: "How is your father this evening?"

"He was very weak when I left. I had to go to Blandminster on business, or I should not have left him at all. Tom stayed at home."

"Ah, that's right. You mustn't lose all your good looks by being always cooped up in a sick room. Will you take my arm?"

"No, thank you." How my hands tingle to box his ears!

"Dear me! How dignified you are!" he exclaims, familiarly. "I suppose you are vexed with me still."

I make no reply, but walk on in silence.

"Now just think, little Polly," he continues, "you need not try to conceal from me that you are not well off as regards this world's goods—you are not be nicer to be the mistress of my big house? Eh, little Polly?"

I feel maddened. Yet, because he is attending my darling father, I am afraid to insult him by answering him as his impertinent and ill-bred familiarity deserves. By this time we are come to a gate leading into a small wood about half a mile from home. Dr. Holden does not open the gate, but, leaning his arm upon it, says: "Polly, I have to leave you now, for I must go to a patient. But, remember, I'm not going to be put off by those black looks on your little white face. Of course I know it is all acting—a sensible little girl like you would not think of throwing away such a good offer;" and, suddenly stooping down, he consummates his insolence by kissing me on the cheek.

Speechless with indignation and horror, I gaze at him as he turns and retraces his steps along the path we have just come, and, to my unutterable dismay, I see Eustace Dynevor coming toward me. I know he must have witnessed the whole scene, and my heart dies within me—shame, anger, mortification, all welling up in my breast. Dr. Holden nods curtly to him, and then turning a corner is out of sight. Eustace Dynevor soon overtakes me. I think he merely wishes to raise his hat and pass on, but I hold out my hand to him, saying: "Good-evening, Mr. Dynevor; I am glad to have met you." I do not dare to look up, for I know he is steadily looking at me, and my flaming cheeks and quivering, tell-tale mouth are, no doubt, to him indications of confusion at being caught in the midst of a love-scene.

"I consider myself fortunate to have met you, Miss Wyvern, as this is my last evening here."

He speaks so quietly that I feel almost angry with him. But why should he not? I reflect for a moment—did he not look loving and beloved—whilst I—I—well, never mind!

"I wanted to see you," I say, becoming redder and redder, and stopping in the middle of the woodland path,

"Well," he asks, with an air of kindly interest on his face, "what is it? Can I be of any use to you, Miss Wyvern?"

What a strange anomaly a woman is! Just now I feel his kindliness harder to bear than coldness would be.

"Oh, dear, no!" I reply—rather discourteously, I am afraid. "But—but there there was some misunderstanding between my brother and you about money matters."

I feel I am bungling over the business, and look at him—it is some small satisfaction to see that he looks thoroughly uncomfortable.

"No," he says, quickly, "we have arranged all that. Here you are now nearly at your own gate, so I shall say good-bye."

"No—no! Stop!" I exclaim. "I know all about it. We are very much indebted to you, I am sure; nevertheless you must allow me to pay you—I have the money here;" and I pull my purse out of my pocket, at the same time, in my haste, drawing out the bracelet, too, which falls to the ground. He picks it up, and, holding it in his hand, says, quietly: "The matter is entirely between Tom and me. You have nothing whatever to say to it. What a pretty bracelet! A present, I presume?"

But I am determined not to be put off. I ignore his last remark, and exclaim: "You must take your money—I insist upon it."

"I tell you," he repeats, "it is quite between Tom and me. You have nothing whatever to say to it."

"That is an evasion!" I cry, vehemently, while I feel I am fast losing control over myself. "I could not bear the idea of being indebted to you, so I have procured the money. You must take it."

A strange expression comes over his face as he looks down at me. For a minute he does not speak; then, handing me the bracelet, he asks: "Have you the money with you?"

"Yes;" and I open my purse with nervous, trembling fingers. I count five pounds into his broad palm, and then he says—

"I can quite understand your feeling. One only cares to be indebted to those one loves; and no doubt it is a pleasure to you to be indebted to some one else for this rather than to me. Good-bye," and, raising his hat, he walks down the road and is out of sight in a few minutes.

I stand there thinking. Great Heavens! the meaning of his words at once flashes upon me—he thinks I have borrowed the money from Dr. Holden! In an agony I turn back to the woodland path, and walk backward and forward, trying to quiet my distracted nerves. I know instinctively that I have acted indiscreetly and discourteously

in the way in which I have returned the money, but it is all over now and cannot be helped. I know I ought to return to the house, but somehow or other I cannot. The coming shadows are falling thick and fast, and, as I stand at the head of the garden and look toward my home, there seems to be a darker shadow than any of the others brooding over it. My nerves have been wound up to such a pitch that I seem to feel everything with a painful intensity, so much so that, when I meet Tom half-way down the garden walk, and give one look into his white, scared face, I throw myself into his arms, crying: "Tom, Tom, what is it? I know something has happened."

He clasps me closer and closer to him, and says, with a great sob in his voice: "O Polly—little Polly!"

"What is it—what is it?" I almost shriek. "Is papa worse?"

He still holds me in his arms, and says, brokenly: "Polly—Polly darling, there are only you and I now!"

It is all over. A fortnight has passed since our darling father was laid in the little churchyard. Tom and I, and our kind friend Mr. Belton, the solicitor, are looking over our business matters. There is not much to settle, for, after everything is paid, we find we have only been three and four hundred pounds in the world. This Tom insists on being settled on me for my own and sole use, and declares his intention of at once looking out for a situation.

"Tom," I say, "I wish you would take the money, and go on with your examination. I know you have set your heart upon going to Woolwich."

"No, Polly, it must be settled upon you. A man can rough it; but it is not right for a woman to have to face the world, if she has any mankind to look after her."

"Bravo, Tom!" exclaims Mr. Belton. "But recollect, my boy, a few hundred pounds will soon melt away."

"I want Polly to come and live with me. I'll work for her, and be glad to do so."

"I know you would, Tom," I say; "but I could not think of being a burden on you. I'll go out as a governess."

"You shall not!" he exclaims, decidedly. "You must come and live with me, Polly, if we can by any means manage it."

I rebel, but to no purpose. If I will not share his home, Tom threatens to emigrate, and never to write to me—says even that he will go to the bad. Finally he overcomes all my scruples, and we agree to stand by each other at all risks.

Heaven is very good to us. It has taken one home from us, but it soon puts us in the way of getting another. A friend has procured Tom a good situation on a railway in London, and thither we remove one bright May day, leaving, not without many bitter tears, the pleasant home where we were born and had spent our childhood and early youth.

And thus it comes to pass that Tom and I are domesticated in lodgings out near Holloway. The

days feel very long and dreary, and I am sometimes very lonely as I sit over my sewing. We have kept our old piano, and one or two other beloved articles of furniture, and I strive to make our little sitting-room as home-like as I possibly can. We are very poor, and I have to exhaust every economical device to eke out our small income. Quietly and uneventfully the days pass. We know no one, and nobody seems to care to know us. Who ever does care to know the poor? Tom goes out early in the morning, and does not return until seven in the evening, consequently I am very much alone. I feel my spirits sinking because of the loneliness and monotony of my life, but I make an effort to be cheerful, and show the poor, tired, good-hearted fellow a bright face when he returns jaded after his day's work.

But Christmas-time comes round, and Tom does not return so early. They are very busy at the railway-station, and sometimes it is between nine and ten o'clock when he comes home. Nasty, drizzly, miserable weather it is, so unpleasant and uninviting that I do not even care to go out for a walk through the muddy streets. It is just four days before Christmas Day, and I am busied with my small festive preparations. A thick fog is coming on, so that I am obliged to light the lamp, although it is only three o'clock in the afternoon; and, as I go to the window to draw down the blind, I see a cab drive up to the door. "No one for me," I think, with a sigh; "no chance of any one coming to see us!" and I feel my lips quiver, a little as the desolation of our lot seems to flash the more vividly across my mind at this season when everybody seems to be so happy. Tying on a colored calico apron, I sit down to my task of stoning raisins, when there is a tap at the door, and the untidy lodging-house servant inserts her unkempt head, saying: "A gentleman to see you, miss."

"It is the curate," I think; and then add aloud: "Ask him to come in."

Before I have time to take off my huge apron, the visitor enters, and Eustace Dynevor, attired in deep mourning, stands before me. For a minute I am thunderstruck, and cannot say anything. Laying his hat upon the table, he comes over, and, taking my two hands in his, says: "I am delighted to see you again."

"Thank you," I answer, whilst my hands lie nervously in his firm grasp. "How did you learn where we were living?"

He ignores my question, and, still holding my hands in his, inquires: "Are you glad to see me?"

"I am always glad to see an old friend," I reply, evasively.

He drops my hands suddenly.

"I went to Tom's office to-day and saw him, Miss Wyvern"—he looks wistfully at me as he speaks. "My heart was very sore the last time I saw you; I was sure the report that you were engaged to be married to Dr. Holden was true. Tom has told me the truth to-day."

I had told Tom all about the episode with Dr. Holden which Mr. Dynevor had witnessed.

I cannot say anything, but, as I stand there, not daring to look up at Eustace Dynevor, the thought

of what I had witnessed in the old cathedral comes vividly before my mind's eye. He continues: "I have come here to-day to ask you to be my wife; I love you very dearly, and have done so for a long time."

But the fair face of the girl I saw with him in the cathedral rises up before me again, and my woman's pride urges me to say: "Thank you very much for the honor you have done me, Mr. Dynevor, but"—I say the words with an effort—"I may as well tell you the truth. I heard you were going to be married; I saw a lady with you at Blandminster, and—and"—I conclude hastily and ignominiously—"I don't care to share your affections."

He replies, quietly: "I am glad you saw her. She is dead now, Polly," and he again takes my hands. "That was my poor imbecile sister, whom I have been working to support ever since my father died, three years ago. Whilst she lived I did not feel free to marry—I could not afford it; but now, Polly, if you can care for me, will you be my wife? There is no one in the wide world to divide my affection with you."

I hang my head for very shame, and say, diffidently: "I am afraid I am not good enough—I have been so proud and passionate toward you."

"Then the very best thing you can do is to let me take you under my charge, and see if I cannot improve you. Will you?" he asks, seating me on the little horse-hair sofa, and sitting down beside me.

I feel the blood rushing all over my face and neck as he puts his arm around me—yet I cannot answer him. He repeats his question two or three times before I can so far conquer my pride as to say: "I am afraid that, if you take me, I shall be prouder than ever."

When Tom comes home to tea he endeavors to get up an appearance of surprise at seeing Eustace Dynevor seated by our fireside; but the attempt is so transparent that neither of us is deluded into the idea that it is anything more than he was quite prepared for. Ah, it is an evening of evenings, ever to be remembered in my life; and, as Eustace says farewell to me that night, his fond, earnest words sink deep into my heart, and I indeed feel "PROUD LITTLE POLLY!"

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XV.

IT had been a hot, breathless day in June; exceptionally hot, people said, even for that exceptionally hot season. They said, also, that every one was out of town; Linborough, driven by the heat, having fled earlier than usual to the mountains or the sea.

But there was a vast, tolling multitude left, even after "every one" had departed. The densely-crowded streets showed no diminution of their hurrying throngs. One could but wonder still,

standing at the crossings, where the long procession came from which, like Tennyson's brook, seemed to flow on forever. It was only the favored few, after all, who were able to flee from the burden and heat of the day, and find rest in green pastures and beside still waters. "Every one," in Linborough, as in other cities, meant but a very small fragment of the mighty whole.

But now the sun had gone down in a blaze of glory; and to such of the streets as the sea-breeze could reach, it stole with a breath of coolness and healing. For Linborough, herself, is a city by the sea; and she sends her servants, the ships, whither-soever she will, saying to one "go," and he goeth, and to another "come," and he cometh.

The windows of a moderately-sized, comfortably-furnished room in the third story of a house in one of these streets, were thrown open. Also those of a bed-room in the rear. A large chintz-covered arm-chair had been wheeled between them, and in it reclined a lady in a white dressing-gown. She had evidently been very beautiful once; and even now, when care and suffering had left their indelible characters upon her face, it had a delicate, flower-like loveliness about it that won you in spite of yourself. For it was not a noble face. It was rather weak than otherwise. The small mouth quivered helplessly, and the delicate chin gave little promise of strength. The eyes, blue as any forget-me-nots, blue as lapis-lazuli, blue as the sapphire skies of June, had a trick of filling with tears on the smallest provocation; and when she spoke—as she did presently to a little girl, who was hanging out of the window trying to catch a whiff of the salt sea-breeze—her voice, low and sweet as the tinkling of a silver bell, was yet plaintive and querulous.

"Do you see anything of Rose?" she said. "It is strange she does not come back. It is almost time for me to take my drops."

"Oh, no, mamma!" answered little Daisy, glancing up and down the street, however. "It isn't time for her to come yet. You know she did not go out till after sunset, and it is quite a long walk. Shall I get the cordial? Rosy showed me how to fix it."

"How to prepare it, you mean. You are growing careless as to your speech, and forming bad habits, Daisy. But I do not wonder—tossed about as you have been for the last two years. I did not think, once, that my children—"

"There! don't fret about it, mamma, dear," said Daisy, springing to her mother's side, and kissing her forehead. "I will try to speak correctly; but I rather like being tossed about. It is good fun to travel round. Shall I get the drops?"

"Not yet. Fan me, Daisy. It seems to me there is not a breath of air."

"Oh, but it's so much cooler than it was an hour ago!" said the child, cheerily, picking up the fan she had piled half the day. "Seems to me there's a pretty good breeze comes in here between these two windows. A corner room is such a comfort, Rosy says!"

"Where was Rose going? It is not proper for a young girl like her to be in the street alone at this hour. It is growing dark."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Only in here, mamma. It's real light out of doors, and the sky is as red as—as fire!" she added quickly, having been at a loss for a simile. "She was going to see Mr. Stuart about the stocks and things."

"Why, how foolish of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Sterling, putting wearily back one or two golden-brown curls that escaped from beneath her cap of fine old lace. "I should have told her better if she had consulted me. Mr. Stuart will not be in his office at this time of day."

"Oh, she knows that—Rosey does," said Daisy, eagerly. "He—that is—Mr. Stuart—"

"Well—what? Why do you not go on, child?"

The "child" laughed merrily. "I was just thinking," she said, "how pretty you look when the wind the fan makes—so" suiting the action to the word—"blows your hair back. It all goes into little rings like grape-vine tendrils. Mine is just as straight as a shoe-string!" and Daisy ran her fingers scornfully through the heavy black hair that fell like a cloud upon her shoulders. "I wish you would let me put it in a net, mamma, and have it out of the way."

"Never mind about the hair now," observed Mrs. Sterling. "What were you going to say about Mr. Stuart?"

"Oh, yes! I forgot what I was talking about. He told her to come to his house after it got cooler; it would be so hot in the office during business hours. I think it was very kind of him," remarked Daisy, wisely.

"But it does not seem to be quite the thing," said Mrs. Sterling, with a distressed face, speaking to herself rather than to the child. "Rose is so unconventional. She might have sent for Mr. Stuart or—"

"Here she comes!" cried Daisy, with a little impulsive jump up and down. "I hear her coming up-stairs. There, mamma! She's back all right—before dark—and in time to give you the drops and everything! That's good!"

Little optimist that she was, it was hard to find anything, or any train of circumstances, that were not "good" in Daisy's eyes.

It was not a blush rose that came in a moment after, and hardly a white rose, either. The heat, or something else, had driven all the lovely, bright coloring out of Rose Sterling's cheeks, and drawn dark circles about her eyes. She went through into the next room to lay off her bonnet without speaking.

Presently she re-appeared, and took the fan out of Daisy's hand.

"There!" she said. "Let me take the fan. I have made a discovery. Daisy, do you run down-stairs, and through the straight, narrow hall to the right. Open the door at the end, and you will find a plot of grass as big as a pocket-handkerchief, with a fountain the size of a penny trumpet in the middle. But it is better than nothing; and there are two or three well-behaved children playing there. Go and take a good run before you go to bed, Elsie. But be sure not to go into the street."

Daisy bounded away, while her mother looked up anxiously.

"Is it best, Rose? Are you sure they are chil-

dren of nice families? Coming here as strangers, we must be careful what acquaintances we make."

"Oh, they are just the children belonging to the house," Rose answered, with a look in her eyes as if she were thinking of something else. "Daisy is such a dear little thing I am not afraid to trust her; and she must have the fresh air for a few minutes after this hot day, mother dear."

"I know it; but the trouble is she always picks up such queer acquaintances. She will come in, I don't doubt, to tell us what a treasure she has found in the washerwoman's little boy or girl. She makes no proper distinctions."

Rose smiled, remembering that one of the children playing by the fountain was a laughing, bright-eyed fairy she had seen in the laundry the day before. But she said nothing of this. Glancing at a watch that hung by the window, she prepared her mother's cordial, and wheeled her chair still closer to the window.

"Is not that refreshing?" she said. "Mother, I have been to see Mr. Stuart."

"Yes, I know. If you had not gone while I was sleeping, I should have advised you not to go to his house."

"Not to go to his house?" asked Rose. "But why? He told me to; and it is very much nearer than the office."

"Why, Mrs. Stuart has not called upon you; and she must have thought it an odd procedure on your part. You should have waited, as a stranger, to receive her call."

"Oh, my dear mother, it was a mere matter of business!" cried Rose. "Mrs. Stuart is nothing to me, nor I to her. I don't suppose she noticed me any more than if I had been a fly, though she passed through the room once or twice. Mr. Stuart is very courteous and gentlemanly; but I have no idea his wife intends to call on her husband's clients. Where should we receive her if she did?" mentally contrasting the elegantly-appointed house she had just left, with their two small rooms in a second-rate lodging-house.

"Well, I am sure I see no reason why she should not call," said Mrs. Sterling, her eyes filling. "Have we fallen so low that even our lawyer's wife looks down on us? But we are ladies, born and bred, Rose—ladies by divine right. Never forget that, child. The very best blood in the land ran in the veins of your grandmother and your great-grandmother—and in those of generations farther back. And it is equally true of the male line. Little did I dream when I was at your age, of ever seeing a day like this, Rosamond!"

When Mrs. Sterling called her "Rosamond," Rose always knew it was time to change the subject. She was at such times, to her mother, not simple Rose Sterling, but the embodied essence of all the knights and dames of high degree who had so long been dust and ashes. So she said, soothingly, as she removed her mother's slippers, and prepared to give the dainty limbs the nightly rubbing that was so essential to her comfort: "Yes, mamma, I'll remember it all. Your daughters can never forget that they are ladies. But aren't you getting tired, dear? Isn't it time for you to go to bed?"

"You have not told me what Mr. Stuart said, yet," was the answer.

"No more have I," said Rose, lightly, though a swift shadow passed over her face. "But that was because you conjured up the ghost of my great-grandmother, and its mighty presence drove other thoughts out of my head. There is such an incongruity between it and law papers! Let us leave Mr. Stuart till to-morrow, mamma. It is not well to attend to business at this time of night. See! it is almost nine o'clock."

"You had better call Daisy," said Mrs. Sterling, wearily, "and then I will be undressed. I have not a bit of strength, Rose. I do not know what is going to become of me."

"Oh, Daisy and I are going to nurse you up, and you will be well before you know it. This is a sort of reaction after the fatigue of the voyage. Linborough seems to be a pleasant place, mother. We will make ourselves very comfortable after a little."

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "Everything seems so raw and crude, after Paris. I am afraid I shall not like the North, any way; but it would be too dreadful to go back to Charleston with our fallen fortunes. If we could only have poor old Maum Chloe and Alphonse it would be such a blessing."

"Yes," said Rose, with a quick thought of the skilful, tender hands and willing feet that had ministered to her childish wants. "It seems as if we needed them, here among strangers, a great deal more than we did when we had them. But there's no use fretting," she added, brightly, "and here's dear little Daisy, looking as fresh as a dew-drop. Bring the dressing-case, dear, and brush mamma's hair, while I make the bed ready. She is going to sleep like a top to-night."

But Rose did not sleep, though she compelled herself to be quiet, through the long hours of feverish unrest, lest she should disturb her invalid mother, who occupied a single bed in the same room. Daisy slept the sweet, unconscious sleep of childhood, hardly stirring all night long. Rose was thankful, for her sake, even while she almost envied her, listening to her quiet breathings. She, herself, had heard bad news that day; to explain which it is necessary to go back a little.

Mrs. Sterling was the widowed daughter of a Southern gentleman of large wealth and assured position. She was an only daughter; and after the death of her husband, she had returned with Rose and Daisy—the latter a mere babe—to her father's roof. A few still years passed, and then came the bitter, fratricidal strife which neither the North, nor the South, can ever hope to forget. God grant that they may yet be able to forgive—on both sides—heartily and generously!

Her father was an old man then, "well stricken in years," too old and too feeble even for conscription. He was too old, alas! to feel the thrilling of State pride, the glow of eager, martial enthusiasm that might else have upheld and inspired him, as it did so many younger men, in the midst of what seemed almost the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Bloodshed was frightful to him; the war was a haunting, abiding horror. He was

willing to flee to the ends of the earth, if so he could escape it and find rest.

So he gathered up the poor, scattered remnants of his once large fortune, and, with his daughter and her two children—his last remaining son having fallen on the battle-field—he managed to run, the blockade, and fled to Paris.

But the anxiety and fatigue, and the hasty sundering of all old ties, was too much for his waning strength; and he died in a few months. Until the close of the war, Mrs. Sterling and her daughters led a nomadic, yet quiet life, drifting from place to place as circumstances led; while the cruise of oil slowly, but steadily diminished.

Mrs. Sterling had never stood alone, and it was small wonder that now she stared blankly into the future, wondering what was to be done when her funds were all gone. There was still enough to keep them from the immediate fear of want, but little beyond that. She was not the woman who could have commanded fate, even in her best days. Now she was really ill; wasting away, without any apparent disease. Life had been too hard for her—that was all.

But, one day, a memory came to her like a flash of light. She remembered that in the old, prosperous, peaceful days, her father had invested several thousand dollars—twenty thousand, she believed—in copper-mining stocks. He had considered it a dead loss after the war broke out; and never gave it a thought in his consideration of ways and means.

But now that the war was over, was not the matter worth looking into? At all events, she was tired of wandering. She had a longing for home, even though it should be a home at the North. America was her native land, after all. She would sail for Linborough, which she believed to be the head-quarters of the companies in which her father had invested.

In all this, Rose, who was fast growing into womanhood, heartily concurred—and here they were.

The problem that Rose Sterling tried to solve that night was indeed a hard one, and one that might have momentous consequences. How could she tell her poor mother that the hope that had buoyed her up through the tedious, wearisome journey across the Atlantic was a false one? She had sought out Mr. Stuart, whose name Mrs. Sterling remembered as that of a lawyer with whom her father had formerly had dealings, and had placed the investigation of the matter in his hands. She had seen him that evening and he had told her—what? That the title to the stocks was all right; there was no question as to that; but that the companies were declaring no dividends—had, in fact, declared none since the beginning of the war.

And it was to those dividends, past, present and prospective, that her mother looked for the means of livelihood.

Mr. Stuart had seen her trouble. The sweet, transparent face of the young girl was a true interpreter.

"I am very sorry I have no better news for you, my dear Miss Sterling," he said. "The stocks

will, doubtless, be good for something sometime."

"But when?" she asked. "How soon?"

He shook his head. "That is a hard question to answer. The companies are largely involved, and their expenses are heavy. The stockholders do not look for dividends for some years, I understand."

For some years! But that might be too late. Rose played with the fringe of her parasol. At length she looked up.

"I know absolutely nothing about business, Mr. Stuart, and it is very probable that I shall not use business-like phrases. But my grandfather must have bought the stocks—and can they not be sold again? We need to realize something from them at once."

Mr. Stuart ran his fingers through his iron-gray hair, and then stroked his full beard meditatively for a minute or two before he replied.

"It would not be wise to sell at present," he said at last. "In fact, it would be very unwise. If you were to throw the stocks upon the market now, you would not realize one thousand dollars from the whole investment. Whereas, as I said, they will probably be valuable some time. I should earnestly advise you to keep them. A present sale would be ruinous."

Rose bowed herself out. But there were no wings on her feet, as she walked slowly homeward. Her mother had felt quite rich since the thought of the stocks occurred to her, and the petty economies of her daily life had seemed more than ever distasteful. She had always lived, until this trouble came, in a large, free, open-handed way. It seemed ignoble to her to count sixpences and to reckon closely. She hated all scheming and contriving, and the thought of the almighty dollar. She wanted to spend it, rather than to study how to save it. When they left the steamer the other day, if it had not been for Rose's entreaties she would have gone at once to the highest-priced hotel in the city. Why should they scrimp and trouble themselves? There were the stocks, to be sure! And very likely the original investment had doubled by this time. She did not see why they need go to a cheap hotel.

But Rose, young as she was, had more than once proved herself stronger than her mother, and a better manager. Gradually the child had become the financial agent of their little firm. She had learned to step in between her mother and the annoyances, and petty cares, and economies, that were so grievous to her. She loved her with a pitying, protecting love; even while she was herself unconscious how entirely she had ceased to lean upon her. She was proud of her, too, admiring her delicate, fragile loveliness, and the very refinement of ladyhood that hung about her like a faint perfume.

As she walked homeward in the dusk twilight, it seemed to her that all the dead grandfathers and grandmothers thronged about her, holding up warning hands, and oppressing her with the very weight of their long-buried magnificence.

"Oh, dear! if we had never been anybody—that is, anybody in particular—it would be so much

easier!" sighed our Rose. "It is a little too hard to be poor, and yet have to carry the glory of all one's dead and gone ancestors on one's shoulders."

CHAPTER XVI.

SHE fell into a broken sleep toward morning; but when she awoke her thoughts had crystallized. If it were possible to avoid it, she would not tell her mother the true state of the case at present. She would wait until she seemed stronger. Always before, the sea had been Mrs. Sterling's tonic. But this time it had been cruel to her, and tried her sorely. Rose thought she would rally before long, and be better able to hear of the downfall of her hopes. Such concealment would have been impossible in most cases; but in this it would not be so very difficult. The mother did not like to trouble herself with business matters, and she was always glad to drop her burdens. If Rose told her that some delay seemed unavoidable, but that Mr. Stuart thought it would all be right in the end, it would satisfy her, and she would not be likely to ask troublesome questions.

But, meanwhile, something must be done. Rose lay awake in the gray stillness of the dawn, thinking. Their capital had slowly dwindled since her grandfather's death, until now their whole income amounted to less than six hundred dollars a year; enough to keep them from actually starving, of course—but a mere pittance, a beggarly pittance, when Mrs. Sterling's expensive habits were considered. She did not know how to be poor. She had not the slightest idea of the true meaning of the words economy and self-denial in little things. She could be made to understand that certain costly luxuries were entirely out of her reach, but she could not comprehend the fact that there were but one hundred cents in a dollar. Certain things were necessities. She had always had them, and of course she always must have them. Why, how could people exist without dainty toilet appurtenances, delicate perfumes and all choice appliances of personal comfort? One might as well be dead.

She was no epicure; but her appetite was dainty and fastidious. Whatever was placed before her must be of the choicest. If she wanted hot-house grapes, or strawberries out of season, why should she not have them? What was a little fruit, that she must deny herself? If she wanted cream, and wine, and fresh eggs, and the daintiest morsels of meat, how could she get along without them? Surely these things were necessities, not luxuries.

Rose did not say all this deliberately to herself as she lay there with her face turned toward the east, where the sky was flushing in the early dawn. She only felt it, in her inner consciousness. She never reasoned about her mother, or with her. Indeed, she took things for granted very much as Mrs. Sterling herself did. Mother must have certain accustomed comforts. That was settled. The only question was as to the means of getting them. More money must be had—but where was it coming from?

Girls no older than herself earned it—worked,

actually worked, for money. She had seen them in the early morning hours flocking to sewing-rooms, to factories, to shops. But what could *she* do? Teach? Teach what? She spoke French as well as she did English; for when they first went abroad she had had three years in the best Parisian schools. But she doubted whether she could teach it—for she had not studied it with that object in view. Music? She shook her head. Drawing? Painting in water colors? The child went over the whole list, her face growing blanker each moment.

"You don't know enough to teach, Rose Sterling," she said, finally, with a firm compression of her lips. "You know a good many things pretty well; but you don't know anything perfectly. So don't be a humbug, and try to do what you can't do."

She smiled somewhat grimly, thinking of the grandmothers and the great-grandmothers. The miniature of one of them, painted by Malbone early in the century, stood on her mother's dressing-table now, in a little gilded shrine—a dainty creature on whom the winds had never blown too roughly; with powdered hair rolled back from her white forehead, and one long curl falling coquettishly on the ivory neck. She wore a purple velvet bodice, curiously clasped with antique jewels. What had life been to her, Rose wondered? Had it all been as fair and bright as, it seemed to Rose, it must have been with no perplexing money troubles, no anxious questionings such as these that had driven the slumber from her own young eyelids?

"Poor mother!" sighed Rose, at last. "It is so much harder for her than for Daisy and me. We have not lived as long as she has, and we are used to it!"

Rather an enigmatical sentence, I know. But it is just what the girl said. Does it need to be translated to your comprehension?

She had no false pride—and yet—and yet! All the traditions of her family were opposed to the thought of earning money. That is, by its women. The men had gone on adding to their ancestral fortunes in all grand, lordly ways, but no one of them even, had ever earned a dollar by actual work. They had "invested," and "speculated," and sent ships to sea, even as Antonio sent his. Their names, like his, were known "on the Rialto." But of the actual heaviness of the primal curse—if curse it was—they knew absolutely nothing. Was it any wonder that their ghosts seemed to stand in Rose's way, and to make the path harder and darker?

But something must be done, and that immediately. They must not encroach farther upon their small capital, and they could not live on their income.

Just then Mrs. Sterling stirred.

"Rose," she said, softly, "are you awake?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer, as Rose sprang up.

"What will you have, mother?"

"Hand me my rose-cream, please. My lips are parched. And won't you just wet this handkerchief with cologne. Not that. The other flask. I wish we had got more of it in Paris, for I doubt if

we can find as good an article here. You must inquire the next time you go out, dear. Do the shops look as if they were good for anything? Oh, I forgot! Did you get the grapes last night?"

"It was so nearly dark when I left Mr. Stuart's that I did not like to go after them," was the answer. "But here is an orange. Shall I peel it for you?"

Her mother looked at her, as she bent over the bed, arranging the pillows.

"Haven't you slept?" she asked. "You look pale and gray in this light. I hope this climate is not going to ruin your complexion. You must try the rose-cream. And, Rose, you must be careful about your hands. I do not like to see your forefinger pricked like a seamstress'. Yes, I'll have just one little morsel of the orange. There, dear! now go and lie down again, and try to get another nap."

She obeyed. That is, she laid her head upon the pillow again.

Rose-cream, fragrant waters, delicate fruits, dainty complexion, fair, white hands, that, like the lilies of the field, toiled not nor spun! All these stood for so much in her mother's thought of life, and they symbolized more. And she was too frail, and had lived too many years, fair and flower-like as she looked, to learn new ways of thinking and feeling now. She did not like to see Rose's finger pricked like a seamstress'. How would she bear it, then, if Rose should speak of trying to find some real work to do, that would put her in the class of working-women? And the doctor on the steamer had told Rose that Mrs. Sterling required the very tenderest care; that all perplexities and annoyances should be kept away from her, and that she must not be allowed to worry! Would it not be better to sell the stocks even for a thousand dollars, and use the money for her mother's comfort as long as it lasted? But she might live many years—and when the money was gone—what then? No; Mr. Stuart was right. The stocks must not be sold. They might, in time, prove a sure support for her mother's declining years; and they might educate little Daisy.

Mrs. Sterling went to sleep again, and Rose got up, wearied with much thinking. Thinking that, after all, had settled but one question. Whatever she did, she must do without her mother's knowledge. It might be necessary to take Daisy into her confidence; but she knew she could trust her.

It is needless to tell of the weary days that followed. A stranger in a strange place, every door seemed locked. She would have been willing to go into a shop—I am not sure but she would have been willing to go into somebody's kitchen, little as she knew of the culinary art. But how could she? Every day her mother grew feebler and yet more feeble. She could not leave her, even to try to earn the comforts she needed. Could she not get law papers to copy? It was hard to go to Mr. Stuart, but she went.

With the thought of the stately gentleman who had been his client so many years before still vividly impressed upon him, it never occurred to Mr. Stuart that the young lady—his grand-

daughter—wished the copying for herself. *She* belonged to “the class of Vere de Vere.” She had been travelling abroad with her mother; and they had come to Linborough to investigate the affairs of the mining companies. He supposed that she came to him in behalf of some one else—and—he had plenty of *protégés* of his own. There were soldiers’ widows and soldiers’ daughters looking for such work constantly. So he made suave and courteous excuse, and advised her to go to Pleader & Co.

But Pleader & Co.—for she spoke boldly in her own behalf here—desired to see a specimen of her handwriting, and seated her at a desk forthwith.

“She’s a mighty pretty girl,” said some one in a loud aside, adding an oath by way of emphasis.

“Ya-as,” drawled another. “She’s a regular stunner!”

What wonder was it that Rose, after one or two vain attempts to guide the pen they had given her, dropped it in despair? With flaming cheeks and the tread of a Juno she swept out of the office.

As she was going home, however—home meaning their lodgings in E. Street—almost despairing, and wholly disheartened, her eye was caught by a box of artificial flowers in a window. A sudden thought struck her, and she went in.

“Where do you get your flowers, madame?” she asked, without giving herself time to think. “Are they made here?”

“In this country?” with a little toss of the head.

“Ah, no! they are imported. We keep nothing but the real French. Do you wish to order, miss?” and the speaker lifted a cluster of pansies, bending in shape one of the velvet petals.

“Not to-day,” she answered. “But do you happen to have any American flowers in the shop? I should like to see them.”

The shop-woman moved languidly to the lower end of the room, and languidly reached for a box in an out-of-the-way corner.

“That is the best we can do for you,” she said, indifferently. “We never think of showing them.”

The handsomely-dressed young lady who deliberately preferred American flowers to the best imported, could not be worth putting herself out of the way for.

“I do not wish to purchase,” answered Rose, looking up with a bright blush, and a smile that went straight to the woman’s heart. “Do not think me impertinent, but I want to ask you a question or two. May I?”

“Certainly.” What was the young lady driving at?

“What do your imported flowers cost you? What do you have to pay, for instance, for a wreath like this?” and she took up a long, trailing spray of tea-roses with their shaded leaves.

“We are not often asked as plain a question as that,” said the woman, smiling; “and we don’t often answer when we are. But I’m willing to tell you, for I see you are in earnest, and not trying to beat us down.”

For the good of the trade, her next words shall remain unwritten. But Rose heard them.

“I asked,” she said, hesitating a little, as she

toyed with a pond-lily bud, “because I can make flowers myself—real ‘French’ flowers—as good as any here, if not better. I learned in Paris.”

“You don’t say! Well, really! Just as an amusement, I suppose? To my mind, they are ever so much prettier than the wax-flowers young ladies make such a fuss over.”

Rose hesitated a moment, and her color deepened.

“I—I should like to make some for you, if you would let me,” she said. “I would engage that they should cost you no more than these; and it might be a convenience, sometimes, to be able to get what you need at very short notice.”

Mrs. Morrison made no answer, as she carefully re-arranged the box of flowers. She was thinking. She had not much faith in young ladies’ work, done “just for fun,” like their crotchet and embroidery. It didn’t amount to much generally. But then—there was that wreath of blue violets that Miss Blanche Tremaine had set her heart upon for Wednesday night; and she—Mrs. Morrison—knew there were none to be had in the city. And it was going to be such a disappointment to one of her best customers.

“See here!” she said at length, bringing her hand down emphatically. “I’ve a notion to try you. Could you make a wreath of violets like this”—showing a single flower, the only one left in the shop—“say three-quarters of a yard long, and have it done by four o’clock, Wednesday?”

“Yes,” said Rose; “and I should be so glad to do it.”

“Very well, then. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. Such a wreath is wanted for a young lady’s coming-out ball, and I cannot get it in season. You may make one, and, if it suits, I’ll pay you all it’s worth—every cent. But you must not get tired of it, and disappoint us!”

You see she still thought it was a mere whim, a girlish notion on the part of Rose, some frolic or wager she was determined to carry out; and she had not much hope that the flowers would suit.

“Never fear,” Rose answered, with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day. “You shall have your wreath, if I sit up all night to finish it. You do not think me in sober earnest; but I am. I must earn some money, and I want work. If the flowers please you, will you give me more to do?”

“Bless your heart, yes!” said Mrs. Morrison, warmly. “I’d full as lief pay you as those foreign folks. But I shall have to say they’re ‘French’ flowers, or I can’t sell ‘em.”

Rose did not hear the last sentence. She had nodded a swift good-bye, and was out of the shop.

One summer in Paris, a young girl noted for her skill in imitating every flower that grows, and who supported herself by her beautiful handiwork, lived in a room above theirs. She was a pretty, dainty creature, who seemed to have caught a certain airy grace from her own roses and lilies, and the quick sympathies of girlhood drew her and Rose together. Rose used to spend hours in Marie’s chamber, watching her deft fingers as they fluttered among snowy and crimson

and violet petals, by the mere magic of their touch waking them into life and beauty.

"I believe I could do it myself," she said, one day. "It seems easy when you do it."

"Try it, then, ma belle," answered Marie, with a slow smile, as she drew her head critically on one side to mark the shading of an ivy leaf. "Try it. It is truly not so hard when one knows how."

Then the pretty work went on, week after week, until Marie declared she could hardly tell Rose's from her own; and more than once, when she had been overwhelmed with orders, Rose had helped her, and no one had known the difference.

Rose remembered all this, as she hastened homeward, and wondered she had not thought of flower-work before. She had brought with her all the curious, quaint little tools and instruments she had used with Marie, and a quantity of choice material—all she would need for the present.

"And I have Marie's address, and can order more, if I need," she said. "Why, nothing could be better!" Rose felt very happy, very rich that night. Her finger-tips tingled with eagerness to begin their task.

"What in the world are you going to do, Rose?" asked her mother, an hour afterward, as the girl was arranging her materials on a little table.

"Oh, I am going to see if I have forgotten how to make blue violets," she answered. "Marie would be sorry if I should neglect the pretty art she taught me. I wonder where she is to-day!" and asking no more questions, Mrs. Sterling's thoughts wandered away to the Boulevards and Les Champs Elysees.

Rose was out of practice, and the work went slowly at first. But after a while her old deftness returned, and by noon of Wednesday the wreath was finished. She laid it in a little box and took it to Mrs. Morrison. Her cheek flushed and her heart beat painfully as that lady lifted the cover.

"Why, it's lovely!" she cried. "It's just perfect. See here, Marthy! we never had so pretty a wreath of blue flowers in the shop. Blues are hard to find, you know," she added, by way of explanation, and as a half apology for her enthusiasm. "Miss Blanche will be delighted, and I'm real glad you've succeeded so well. But what's the matter? Marthy, get a chair, quick!"

Rose was tired, excited and overwrought. She had slept little for two nights, and she had been haunted, after the first warm glow had passed, by the dread of failure; by the fear that, after all, her work might not "suit." It was small wonder that now, coming out of the hot streets into the shady little shop, and being so suddenly relieved of her anxiety, her head swam, her lips turned white, and she clung to the counter for support.

"Marthy" brought the chair, and Mrs. Morrison a glass of water.

"Here, taste this," she said, removing Rose's hat, "and I'll put some on top of your head. It's the heat, I guess," and she suited the action to the word. "'Tain't a stroke, is it? I'm dreadful afraid of sunstrokes."

But, meanwhile, a few bright drops had forced their way into Rose's eyes, and so relieved in some

degree the pressure on heart and brain. She could smile again.

"It is nothing, thank you," she said, brushing away the tears. "Only I am tired and a little foolish, perhaps. I am not ill in the least, Mrs. Morrison," seeing that lady still looked anxious, partly on Rose's account and partly on her own. It would be awkward to have the young lady faint away, or anything, right there in the shop.

Kind-hearted she was, too, and motherly. She could not help feeling an interest in this young flower-girl, who seemed to have dropped down out of the stars, as she said to herself, "just in time to make Miss Blanche Tremaine's wreath." She was not without her own little morsel of curiosity, either.

"I guess this is about the first money you ever earned, my dear," she said, as she gave her the pay for the flowers. "You don't look much as if you'd been brought up to work for a living."

"But it is not the last I shall earn, I hope and believe," said Rose, evasively. "Which shall I make first, Mrs. Morrison, the orange-blossoms or the forget-me-nots?"

For Mrs. Morrison, fully appreciating the rare beauty and delicacy of her work, had already given her further orders.

"Oh, I don't care; suit yourself. They are both for the same wedding. The bridesmaids are going to wear forget-me-nots, they say."

Rose's heart bounded exultantly as she went home with her first earnings in her pocket. I doubt if the dainty beauty in the gilded shrine had ever felt any richer. There is a pleasant sense of power in knowing one can earn something, even if it be by making muslin roses and velvet pansies. She stopped only long enough to buy a few real, fragrant flowers for her mother's table, and some clusters of white and purple grapes, and hurried on, seeking the shady side of the street.

Daisy met her at the door, holding up her finger. "Hush!" she whispered. "Mamma is asleep yet."

"That's strange," said Rose, softly. "O Daisy, it's so warm out! You don't know anything about it here. Hasn't mother waked since I went away? No? What a quiet little nurse you must have been, Dot."

"She just stirred once, and made a little sound, but when I went to her she was fast asleep again. Tell me about the wreath, Rosy-posy. Did Mrs. Morrison seem to like it?"

For little Daisy had been let into the secret. Her co-operation was needful.

"Yes, she liked it, and paid me for it. See here!" and Rose opened her portemonnaie with a great show of cautiousness. "Aren't we rich?"

Daisy laughed. "I can help you, Rosy. I can wind stems and things, and cut wires, and, by and by, I can make flowers as well as anybody, can't I?"

"Yes, Daisy," taking her on her lap. "But not now. I do believe we can find a wee bit of a house, somewhere, or, maybe, a suite of rooms, and have a real little home of our own. Do our own work, you know—you and I—as Marie did hers, and try to make poor mamma comfortable. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Indeed I would. And then mamma could

unpack all her pretty things. And, Rose, we'd have omelettes and croquettes for breakfast 'most every morning, wouldn't we?"

"You little epicure! Yes, if we can learn how to make them. But you must go to school, Daisy. I think mother would let you go to a public school here. Almost all the children do. How would you like that?"

And thus the sisters chatted on for an hour, until the long, slanting shadows told that the sun was low.

"Now I really must wake mother," said Rose, putting the little girl from her lap. "She will not sleep a wink to-night."

She went into the bed-room.

But why need I go on? You know already the meaning of the cry that startled Daisy in another instant. The fair, sweet, dainty mother had started on the journey each soul must take alone. She had gone where neither human voice nor human touch could wake her.

Do you say there are too many deaths told about, or hinted at, or suggested, in this story?

How can I help it? The issues of life and death are not with me. Human beings die when their time comes, whether story-tellers will it or no.

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"HAPPY New Year!"

A bright face looked into the chamber; a sweet voice rang through it in tones of music.

"Happy New Year, darling!"

And Mr. Ellis stooped to kiss the child. But the kiss he gave was not fervent. It was kind and gentle, but not loving.

A pair of large blue orbs looked up at him in a kind of hurt surprise. Then, as if she felt repelled, the child, after standing for a moment or two in a shy, embarrassed way, went out of the chamber and left her father alone.

Mr. Ellis was less comfortable in mind after she went out than before she came in. A ray of heart-sunshine had swept into the room, and though he had failed to perceive its warmth, it was colder and darker after its withdrawal. He breathed out involuntarily a heavy sigh. It was not a happy new year. In fact, the new years came in always with an added weight of care, annoyance and discouragement for Mr. Ellis, each heavier and more discouraging than the one that preceded.

"Happy New Year!" cried one child after another, as it looked into his room or met him on the stairs. "Happy New Year!" greeted him from many voices.

But it was not a happy new year. Oh, no! Mr. Ellis's new years were no longer happy ones. Why? Let us go back a little.

Just ten years before the time in which he comes before the reader, James Ellis, then a clerk on a salary of one thousand dollars, took to himself a wife; but in doing so, he made one mistake, and that was going in debt for the furniture of his little rented house. For over three years he had been getting a salary of one thousand dollars, and out

of this had saved scarcely enough to buy his wedding suit and the marriage ring. How, on the same income, he was to support a wife, besides himself, and pay the five hundred dollars it cost to furnish his house, was one of the mysteries in finance he had not stopped to solve.

It is no matter of surprise that the first New Year's Day following the marriage of Mr. Ellis was not for him a very happy one. He had a dear little wife, and was very fond of her; and she was good and loving, and as careful as she could be to make home the pleasantest place for him in all the world. But there had been a grave error in the way their new life was begun, and error of any and every kind surely works for all its measure of disquietude, pain or disaster. There is no escape.

The first New Year's Day brought in to Mr. Ellis unsettled accounts for over one hundred and fifty dollars, besides the five hundred dollars he had borrowed from a friend to meet his furniture bills. These accounts came in from the grocer, the dry-goods merchant, the coal-dealer and others, with whom bills had run up that might have been settled with the cash he had let slip through his hands for articles of ornament they did not need, or for various little self-indulgences. If there had been a rigid system of cash down for every article that was purchased, and a just self-denial in the matter of things not actually needful to comfort, that first New Year's Day would have found Mr. Ellis in a far different and happier state of mind.

The true remedy was neither seen nor adopted.

"I must have a larger income," said Mr. Ellis. If he had said, "I must adopt a new system and practise a closer economy," the case would have been more hopeful.

On the next day Mr. Ellis asked to have his salary increased. Business had not been very good for the past season, and there was some demur; but he was a faithful and intelligent clerk, and, in view of this, two hundred dollars were added to his salary—not more, really, than the deficits of the last six months; yet enough to cause our young friend to feel much elated, and to lure him into a freer instead of a closer style of living.

The second New Year's Day brought another day of reckoning. A baby had been born, and with this sunbeam that came brightly into their home, came also added expenses, and consequent increase of debt. The original five hundred dollars borrowed to furnish the house was yet unpaid, and the friend who loaned that sum had grown cold in consequence.

"Happy New Year!" called his sweet little wife, as the sun looked brightly in through their chamber window, awakening her with its kiss.

"Happy New Year!" he answered, trying to throw into his voice the gladness that was not in his heart; for he had been awake for over an hour, thinking of the bills that had been received on the day before, and of others which were to come in—bills that he had no present means of paying.

"I must get more salary," said Mr. Ellis to himself, as he brooded that New Year's Day over his unhappy affairs. He asked for an increase, but was denied.

"I am worth more than twelve hundred a year, and will have it!" was his mental ejaculation. So he set himself to work to find another situation, and after a few months succeeded in obtaining a new place and a salary of two thousand a year.

This good fortune quite set up our young friend. He felt rich; and on the strength of this feeling indulged himself with a new parlor carpet and a set of chairs—on credit.

But the next New Year's Day brought its sure reckoning, and Mr. Ellis found himself further behindhand than when his salary was only one thousand dollars, and deeper in the Slough of Despond.

"This will never do," he said to himself, after brooding all day over his miserable affairs. "I cannot live on two thousand dollars. The case is hopeless."

Then a ray of light shot into his mind. He was a quick, clear-headed accountant, and the suggestion came to him that he might get books to post and accounts to settle, as night work. A sense of relief pervaded his heart as this idea took shape and settled into a purpose. On the very next day he sent an advertisement to one of the papers, and in less than a week had an engagement to post a set of books and get off a balance-sheet, work that would occupy his evenings for at least a month, and for which he was to receive one hundred dollars.

A better day was dawning upon Mr. Ellis—so he thought and felt; and his heart grew light and hopeful. So the day would have been better, if to larger resources had been added economy and self-denial. But this was not the case. He poured more water into his barrel, and the added pressure made the water flow through the unstopped leaks more freely.

It was no better with him when the next New Year's Day came round. And so it went on for ten years; and we find him still as unhappy on New Year's dawn as when it first opened on his married life.

The day came in bright and sunny. As Mr. Ellis took his seat at the breakfast-table, he looked into the faces of five pleasant children, and across at his still young and attractive wife. He ought to be a happy man with treasures like these. But he was not; and the shadows that were on his countenance threw themselves across and around the table, and dimmed the sunshine of young hearts. The children talked gayly at first; but gradually a silence fell upon them. The oldest of them could be seen stealing glances of inquiry at their father's face, and then dropping their eyes thoughtfully. Mrs. Ellis did the same, sighing faintly to herself, and feeling a sense of oppression going down like a heavy hand on her bosom. She knew but too well why there was a cloud on her husband's brow.

"Happy New Year!" said a neighbor, cheerily, to Mr. Ellis, an hour after breakfast, meeting him a little way from his own door.

"I don't see it!" was the reply of our friend, in a half-playful, half-worried manner.

"You ought to see it, then," answered the neighbor. "If you don't, there's something wrong."

"Of course there is. In fact there's always something wrong with me on New Year's Day."

"Bills?" said the neighbor, shrugging his shoulders and arching his eyebrows.

"Bills!" answered Ellis, moodily.

"I thought so," frankly responded the other.

"You did, ha!" His manner a little nettled.

"Of course. What else could mar your happiness to-day—a man with such a dear, good little wife, and so many sweet children as you have?"

"What am I to do?" asked Ellis, breaking down.

"Do? Why have no bills on New Year's Day."

"Easier said than done."

"Of course it is; but that is no reason why it cannot be done."

"I should like to know the remedy," said Ellis.

"It is very simple," said the neighbor.

Ellis looked at him inquiringly.

"Always pay for what you buy at the time you get it."

"Easily enough said; but, suppose you haven't the money in hand?"

"Then don't buy."

"Not bread and meat for your children?"

The neighbor turned and looked at Ellis from head to foot, with an expression of countenance that had in it surprise, reproof and just a little contempt.

"What is your income a year?" he asked, in a quiet, repressed way.

"About two thousand five hundred dollars, take one year with another," was replied.

"Humph! A fair show for bread and meat at least, one would think."

"But bread and meat aren't all," answered Ellis, putting himself on the defensive.

"No; but they represent our necessities, which usually do not cost half as much as our superfluities. Here is where the pinch comes. It is for the things they might do without that men are troubled with bills at New Years."

"Not my case," said Ellis, rallying a little. "I have a grocer's bill and a butcher's bill; a shoe-maker's and a tailor's bill; a doctor's bill and a—"

"But where have your two thousand five hundred dollars gone," interrupted the neighbor, "and these bills not settled before?"

This threw Mr. Ellis's mind into confusion. He could not give a prompt answer to the question.

"How much rent do you pay?" asked the neighbor.

"Six hundred dollars," replied Ellis.

"Can you afford to pay so much?"

"No."

"Then why do you pay it?"

"Because I can't get a house to suit me for any less."

"Suit you!" exclaimed the neighbor, shaking his head. "Ah, my good friend! I see where the trouble lies. It is what suits—what is desired—and not what can be afforded that governs you in expenditure. No man who lives by this rule can hope for anything but the worry and humiliation of debt."

"Which I have to my heart's content," said Ellis, bitterly. "And, struggle as I will, I cannot free myself from its coils."

"Don't say that. You may if you will."

"If you will show me the way out of this dreadful state of affairs, I will hold you as my truest friend."

The neighbor was silent for some moments.

"Are you really in earnest?" he asked at length.

"Never more so in my life," replied Ellis.

"Will you lay before me a full statement of your affairs?"

"Yes."

"And then follow strictly the line of action I demonstrate to your reason as the only one that will lead you out of this labyrinth of trouble in which you are involved?"

"I will."

"Come to my house this evening," said the neighbor. "Bring with you a statement, as near as you can make it out, of all you owe, and the longest time you can get for its full payment. We will then look the matter squarely in the face, and see what can be done."

The list of unsettled accounts brought in by Mr. Ellis was a long and discouraging one, amounting in all to over fifteen hundred dollars.

"I am ashamed to make this exhibition," he said, in a choking voice, and with a look of humiliation.

The neighbor went over the list in a quiet, business way, ticking off various items with his pencil. He then made a list of these items, and, footing up the amount, said: "These are all things that might have been done without, and you see they have cost you over three hundred dollars."

"Yes, I see," answered Ellis, in a subdued voice.

"And I think it may be safely assumed," said the neighbor, "taking your way of doing things, that you have let as much more run through your fingers in expenditures of various kinds not absolutely demanded for health or comfort in your family."

Mr. Ellis assented.

"Here, then, are between six and seven hundred dollars in a single year—nearly half the amount of all you owe. The wonder is, if you have been going on in this loose way for ten years, that you are not three times as much in debt as you are. The remedy is plain. Don't you see it?"

"If I were even with the world, I see how I might not only keep out of debt, but save something every year. But what am I to do with this debt?" asked Ellis, gloomily.

"To keep on in the way you have been going will not help to pay it off."

"No; that is clear enough."

"You have been going in the wrong way, Mr. Ellis," continued the neighbor. "If you keep on in that way, trouble, worry, humiliation and final disaster are sure to come. You must stop, turn around, and go the other way. Every step you take in this new way will lead you toward pecuniary ease and comfort of mind. It will be better with you in three months from to-day, if you have cut down your ordinary expenditures—which may be done—two hundred and fifty dollars, than if you had not cut them down at all. You will not only have lightened the burden of debt just so

much, but have laid the foundation of a new order of things that will lead you to a pleasant and prosperous future."

Mr. Ellis sat in silent thought for a long time. Then, looking up, he said, with a deep sigh: "I shall not have a dollar of ready money to begin with. Everything I can raise will have to be exhausted on these bills, or I shall be tormented out of my life. I must pay a little here and a little there; put this one off with a promise, and that one with a frowning denial. Oh, dear, what a miserable life it is! And I must still keep the grocer's pass-book going, or starve."

"Cash down! It must be cash down!" exclaimed the neighbor. "There is no other hope for you!"

"But where is the cash to come from?"

"Reserve enough from the payment of bills to keep your table and pay your servants' wages. Take your wife fully into your confidence. Lay your affairs all open before her. Put the money needed for expenses into her hands, and ask her to make it go as far as possible. Spend nothing yourself. In fact, don't carry money about you. It is a temptation."

Mr. Ellis drew a long, deep breath.

"If I had a clear one hundred dollars to start with," he said.

The neighbor understood him, and would have cheerfully placed that sum at his disposal; but he did not think it well. It would be best for Mr. Ellis, in the end, if he worked out his own pecuniary salvation.

"To meet difficulties and overcome them," he replied, "gives us discipline and strength. It isn't the hundred dollars you want, but the courage and resolution to turn about squarely and go in a new direction. It will be easier to walk therein than in the old way—a hundred times easier."

And so our friend found it. Let us see how it is with him twelve months afterward.

"Happy New Year!" A bright face looked into the chamber, as it had looked a year ago; a sweet voice rang through it in tones of music.

"Happy New Year, darling!" answered Mr. Ellis, in a cheery voice, not now stooping in a sort of mechanical way to kiss the child, but catching her up in his arms and hugging her tightly.

"Happy New Year!" met him on the stairs and at the breakfast-table; and he flung the greeting back with a heartiness of enjoyment and a lightness of spirit never felt before.

The door-bell rang as he sat at the table. But the sound jarred no nerve, awakened no troubled feeling, brought no image of an unpaid bill. True, there were unpaid bills, but none of recent date; none but what had been adjusted to mutual satisfaction. Their aggregate, instead of being fifteen hundred dollars, was scarcely six hundred, and this sum he expected to wipe off in less than six months.

"Happy New Year!"

How swiftly time flies. Twelve months had come and gone again.

"It is a happy New Year! the happiest I have ever known," responded Mr. Ellis to the New

Year's greeting of his little wife, and he kissed her in a wild, frolicsome way. "I feel like a twelve-year-old boy. Happy New Year, darlings!" catching up his little ones and dancing about the room with them in his arms. "Happy New Year to everybody!"

Not a bill on his table! Not a dollar owed to any one! Mr. Ellis was indeed a happy man.

JANE FIELD'S WORK.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"The task that needs me is the task I need."

JANE FIELD—the heroine of my story—was not a strong-minded woman, nor even a cultivated one. One look at her broad, kindly countenance, full of contentment, and her patient gray eyes, was enough to convince you that she was satisfied with her little world, and had no restless aspirations after change. She had obeyed willingly all her life, first her parents, and afterward even the children, her half-brothers and sisters, had exercised from their very babyhood a lovingly unconscious tyranny over her which Jane truly found pleasant. She would have felt no interest in "spheres" or "missions," if they had been subjects she understood. Yet she did a man's work without opposition, and received a man's wages without demur on the part of her employers. It came about in this way:

Her mother was a pleasant-faced little woman, without a particle of courage or force of will. She married an improvident and unsuccessful man, who died young, leaving her a widow, with one little girl of five years old—Jane herself—and without any visible means of support for either. In this straitened situation, she came to H—to live by her own labor, although she was ill-fitted in any respect to fight the battle of life, nor was she strong enough in soul to do her work willingly for love's sake. In the midst of her hardest difficulties and discouragements she happened, one day, to meet Berke Litchfield, an old lover of hers many years ago, and who was now a strong, sturdy miner, looking fully able to support a dozen or so by his own hands.

She was too much absorbed in her own troubles to remember the old dream. But some lingering fancy from his past youth stirred in the man's heart as he saw the pale, tired little woman going every day about her work with her thin-faced little girl, and at last he offered a home as his wife. Not with any special show of sentiment—Berke was never given to that—but kindly enough.

"Thou knowest, Jennie," he said in his rough, but pleasant voice, "I vowed I would never ask thee a second time, but a bad vow is best broken; and thou art too weak to be left by thyself. I don't like seeing it while I am strong enough for us both."

Mrs. Field looked up with a smile. It would be a pleasant relief, she thought, to be freed from her present anxiety and toilsome labor. Then she looked at Jane, and sighed.

The man understood her glance. He called the child to him, and smoothed her light, tangled hair.

"She shall be my daughter now—will you not,

little one? Jennie, I will take as good care of her as if she were mine in truth."

So they were married, and as Jane grew up, she had the cares of a nurse to five brothers and sisters, all of whom learned quickly enough to run to her patient arms as their never-failing refuge in all kinds of childish trouble or perplexity; and listen for her cheerful voice as the source of most of their little pleasures. But the duty she loved best of all was to render any service to her step-father. Every day at noon she carried his basket of dinner to him in the mines; for they lived very near the Snowfield Coal-Mine, in a little black-looking house, so small that it seemed to be attached to the No. 56 which hung conspicuously over the door. He liked to have her talk to him while he ate. Sometimes she tried to manage his tools, and so her hands became stronger and more expert in their use every day.

About this time, Jimmy, the sixth child, was born, and soon afterward she noticed that he began to look very tired when he came home, and said very little, even to her mother. Also, when he had finished his dinner, and returned to his work, he sometimes seemed unable to find his tools at once, and groped after them like a man feeling his way in the dark. One day, he wearily put his hands over his eyes, as he got up from dinner, and Jane said, softly: "Father, thou'rt downright tired. Let me work awhile."

"Nay, lass, but—I do less and less every day, and get less wages."

"Then rest now, father, and let me work. Thou'st worked many a day for me."

It was the same the next day, and the next, and the one hour's work lengthened into two and three, until the mother began to fret over Jane's long delay at the mine.

Berke Litchfield roused up at that, and—for the first time—spoke roughly to his wife.

"Nay, do thou let that alone. I'll not hear it."

One evening, as Jane was finishing the *whole* afternoon's work, she was surprised by his coming near, in his dazed, uncertain way, and asking, wistfully: "Lass, art thou tired?"

"I could do as much again," she replied, laughing.

"Eh, but thou'rt a powerful lass for thy age." And he said no more until she came to take him home. Then he spoke in a weary, broken-down way, that went to Jane's heart: "It's all up now, my lass. Thou'lt have to take me home for good. I'll never see thy face again, nor little Jimmy's." Then suddenly stretching his powerful limbs, he cried out in a voice hoarse with pain, and unlike his own: "My God! I am blind—and my children—"

"Poor father," said Jane, gently, touching his arm, "but I'll do the work all the same."

"Eh? But thou'rt only a girl. They'll not let thee."

"I'll do a week's work first, and show them I can. They'll be glad enough to have thy place filled now, father."

For it so happened that a strike was imminent at the Snowfield Mine, and Berke Litchfield was one of the few steady men who could always be relied

on by his employers. And so it happened that at a man's wages Jane did a man's work in the mines, and did it well.

A low fever broke out in H—the fourth year after this, and the mother and little Jimmy sickened and died. People wondered what Jane would do now; but Mollie, the oldest of the Litchfield children, was a quiet, steady girl, and could be trusted to take care of Ned and Ellen at home. Robert was already working in the mines, and it was not long before a place was found for Dick, through the kindness of Jane's employers. Her blind step-father never left her.

But Jane did lose her place at last. One day, passing by "No. 56"—it was a pleasant-looking place now, because it was kept so clean, and a few scarlet flowers in bloom made the little window-sill bright all the summer long—passing by there one day, I was surprised to meet Tom Bolton coming out.

Tom was an honest, hard-working young farmer, whose little farm joined mine. I stopped him, and after a little talk about long rains and late seasons, I said, as we walked on: "Why, Tom, I did not know you knew the Litchfields. Jane is a good girl, isn't she?"

Tom's sudden blush and confused answer threw a light over his late visit. I shook hands with him, and congratulated him heartily. Of course I had much to say of Jane's merits.

"Aye, sir," he answered, with a broad smile of satisfaction, "there's such a pleasant, kindly way about her; and then the children do take to her so!"

"How will you manage about them, Tom?" I asked.

"Mrs. Hays" (the employer's wife) "will give Mollie a good place any time she is ready to go. Ellen and Ned will come to us; and the other boys, you know, are at work for themselves, and doing well. They're honest lads, sir."

"But Litchfield himself?" I said.

"The father? Why nothing but death will ever part Jane from him—and good reasons, too—he was a kind friend to her when she was helpless."

"She has fully repaid it since, Tom."

"True, sir; but the more you do for one the more you love him; and 'a good daughter makes a good wife,' as they say, sir. Oh, he's heartily welcome."

And so Jane left the mines.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 1.

I COULDN'T stand it any longer. I knew it would make me sick. I looked across at the deacon, kind of appealingly, and he took the hint and sat over, and I slipped into the seat beside him. Nobody else knew why I moved. The smell of hair restorative in a close church is bad enough, but that 'long side of tobacco smoke made close proximity intolerable.

Now, last fall, at the association, some of the brethren got up resolutions against the use of tobacco—something about requiring them to abandon the use of it altogether. I voted against it. I thought we had no right to dictate to others what they should eat, drink and wear; that if a man chose to wear a filthy wad of tobacco inside of his mouth, it was no concern of ours, no more than if he wore his trousers wrong side behind or his coat wrong end up.

But yesterday, at church, I felt like reconsidering my vote. It did seem too bad that one man's breath should poison the whole inside of a meeting-house; that we should all come in out of the fresh, crisp, bracing airs on this sunny Sabbath day and be met with a nauseating stench.

How a tobacco-chewer or a smoker can unblushingly mingle among cleanly men not given to filthy habits, and come into the presence of women—sensitive, delicate, refined women—is past my comprehension. A man would be hooted at who would sit down among ladies and craunch a raw onion, or eat a smoked herring, or pick the

meat off a mutton bone that was old enough to be buried a week before; and yet none of these are any worse than the breath of the man who chews or smokes tobacco.

We have all seen women riding in carriages while the gentleman accompanying them smoked as vigorously as the chimney of a gas manufactory. We always thought those were the ladies to associate with such gentlemen; that "like loves like."

Just as granny and the deacon and I were starting to church last Sabbath, a newly-wedded pair passed us, tilting along in a new carriage. They looked pretty, bright and cheerful and happy, and were going to make their appearance that day. Positively, her white veil had a real hazy, blue Indian summery look, just because of the cloud of smoke that enveloped the married couple. I laughed at Lily, who stood waiting to wrap us up comfortably.

"Why," said she, "do look at that bride! She must be intensely and blindly married to submit to such treatment. She will be as well smoked as a last year's jowel before they make their appearance, I'm afraid."

This will reach many households just in the nick of time—about the time of butchering. In a well-regulated family in the country a beef will be killed, of course; and some of my readers may not know how to care for the beef, so that the last in the barrel will be as good as the first. You don't want hard, blue, knotty, salty stuff, with all the juices turned to salt, and with no more sustenance in it than there would be in a piece of

corduroy; that is the old, careless, haphazard way that our fathers and grandfathers used to cure their beef.

Now I never tasted better beef than at Dr. Bodkins. He always attends to curing it himself, for he is an epicure in his tastes. This is the way he makes a pickle: Six gallons of water, three pounds of brown sugar, nine pounds of pure salt, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre and one ounce of soda; this for one hundred pounds. These ingredients are to be boiled and skimmed—impurities will rise from the sugar and salt for some time while boiling. We have used a recipe almost like this in the Potts family for years, but the crowning excellence of the cured beef, we missed in not knowing exactly how the doctor did. After his ingredients were all ready to be put together, he paused long enough to put on the finishing touch, which was, to put in the saltpetre alone, let it dissolve, and when the water was boiling dip the beef, piece by piece, into the boiling saltpetre water, and hold it for a few seconds only in the hot bath. This immersion contracts the surface by closing the pores and prevents the juices of the meat from going out into the pickle. Then make the pickle as first directed and, when perfectly cold, pour it on the meat and see that it is kept under by means of boards and weights.

The doctor's beef preserves its color, and cuts almost as juicy as a fresh roast. This amount of pickle is intended for one hundred pounds of beef.

I don't know what I would do if I had not such good neighbors. Now Sister Bodkin never bakes mince or pumpkin pies without sending us some, and if she finds out any new thing which could benefit us in comfort, anything suggestive of economy, anything promotive of happiness or pleasure, she rejoices to let us know of it. How many women there are who will even refuse a new pattern, the knowledge of a new item in cooking, or a share of the abundance of orchard or garden! And yet that woman and I have little spats sometimes, a kind of lover's quarrel—it don't last long and we go on loving each other just the same afterward, for how can we help it.

For instance, Brother Jenkins does not preach at our church any more, we have Brother Burly, of West Virginia, now. Well, after Brother Jenkins left and it was known that Pottsville Church was without a pastor, we were besieged with brethren in quest of a field. As is often the case, one brother liked this one, and another that one, and we were in a fair way of becoming divided. Sister Bodkin and about a dozen others took a violent liking to a long-bearded, lank-jawed, white-eyed old brother, who put the ah! on to the end of half his words.

The day we met to decide this momentous question, I happened to sit beside Sister Bodkin. We all voted. I was so 'fraid' that old grand-daddy-long-legs would receive the most votes that I almost held my breath for fear; but we who voted for Brother Burly had fifty votes, while the others only had twelve.

I was uneasy for fear I did not harbor Christian feelings of kindness to all concerned in this matter.

I kept saying to myself in a low whisper: "Now, Pipsissaway Potts, other people have likes an' dislikes, the same as you have, and it behooves you to cherish love to all your brethren and sisters, and to feel charitable toward them, and to extend good-will to all in case you are disappointed in your choice." I said: "Yea, I will; the Lord helping me I will!"

I nudged Sister Bodkin, and said, in a kind whisper: "I am so glad it is all over, and I hope God's blessing will attend the work of to-day."

"Well, it won't; I say it won't, now; hadn't ought to!" snarled the dear, blessed woman beside me, and with a quick, impatient twitch, she gathered the folds of her alpaca away from mine, wouldn't even let our civil, well-kept alpaca be neighborly and whisper together.

Oh, I felt as if I wanted to howl like a lonesome dog! I kind of choked, and rolled my tongue aimlessly around in my mouth, and plucked at the lilac ribbon about my neck, and then a few tears came rolling down my cheeks. That relieved me and saved a spell of bleeding at the nose. She muttered something in a curt whisper that I did not hear, but the very sound of it hurt like a stinging lash.

Now, you may think that my esteemed friend and neighbor was a very human woman. Granted. But I knew that blessed woman had the spirit of Christ in her heart for all of that, and knowing this, I loved her all the better for her conflict with the devil. I knew she would come out conqueror, and I did not have long to wait for the proof, either.

She always prays for the minister—she never forgets him at a throne of grace. I watched and waited. The first night at prayer-meeting she prayed all around him, prayed for the church, and the deacons, and the youth, and the members of other churches, but not the new pastor. At the next prayer-meeting it was the same, only she came a little nearer to the point. She wept, too—that was a favorable symptom.

On the afternoon before the next prayer-meeting there was a soft tap at my door, and Sister Bodkin came in. She had been crying. She didn't sit down until she had spoken her errand.

"I have done wrong and have cherished unkind thoughts and feelings, Sister Potts, and I want you to forgive me;" and down she sat right on the floor where she was standing and put both thin hands up over her face and cried right out.

"I've been so ashamed and so miserable," she sobbed. "I don't know how I could have acted so; it was unwomanly and showed me to be such a narrow-minded bigot."

She said she didn't see how I could love her, but I told her I knew better than she did herself what kind of a woman she was, and that I knew all the time she would come out the victor in the end.

That night she did not forget to pray for the minister.

Now all this was a secret between us two, and I would not tell it now, only that the incident may benefit others. Half the troubles in families, and churches, and neighborhoods comes from our

talking too much, and making confidants of others, and from being officious and too ready, as Aunt Patty would say, to "impart our knowledge." We spend a great deal of time in talking about the private affairs of our friends—things that are none of our business. How much better not to invite the confidence of indiscreet people, not to listen to their idle talk, but turn the conversation into other channels. Why, half the men who run to the law for redress from fancied wrongs would not do so were they not urged on by the deceitful tongues of those who do not care a straw for them! The more a man dwells upon the injustice of another, the greater seems the wrong he has borne; it grows in magnitude, and he feels himself persecuted, trodden upon, and thinks he has the sympathy of all.

If you know anything evil of another, if you see something in his conduct, say not a word about it. What good will it do you to gossip, or disseminate, or poison others, and prejudice them against him? No two persons can tell the same story alike; and that is where the mischief lies; just the changing of one word, or the emphasis placed on a different word, will put a new face on a story, and alter the whole meaning of it.

Yes, talking too much is the root of all dissatisfaction, sorrow, pain and heart-burning. You will see instances of it in the best families, and among the best friends. How often, when the head of a family dies, in settling the estate all sweet ties are broken, old loves sundered, dear brothers and sisters separated in anger, and left with feelings of animosity rankling in their hearts for all time, and, if traced back, the whole trouble would be found to have originated from too much talk, perhaps from conferring with meddlesome neighbors whose officious relation in the private affairs of others caused all this.

In all cases it is best to keep one's own counsel, to keep matters under one's own control, not to talk too much, and especially of the family affairs of others. If you have troubles, there is One to whom you can lift up your heart at all times, One who will not betray you or lead you to act unwisely or indiscreetly, and whose counsel can be depended upon, trusted implicitly, and in whose goodness and truth your faith need never be shaken or doubting. Go to Him instead of the impetuous, hot-headed neighbor, whose advice would only add fuel to the fire.

I never shall forget my first lesson in this item of mischief-making by meddlesome neighbors. When I was thirteen years old, the first death came to our household—that of a very beautiful little baby-sister only a few weeks old. We children were inconsolable over our loss. It was the first sorrow that our mother ever knew, and her grief was pitiful to witness.

That cold, raw November day, after we came home from the funeral, I gathered up everything that would remind my mother of Rosaline, and put them out of her sight. But there was one thing that I could not bear to burn or bury, and I would never dare to let her see it, and that was the cloths with bran and mustard poultices on them which had been taken off the baby's feet when she

died. Oh! the very imprint of each precious little foot was there—the little dots of toes, and the dear little heels, the tiny length and breadth—that was so much of the wee baby Rosaline! I kept them hid in a hollow maple-tree in the woods above the house, and every day for awhile I would go there and open them gently and cry over them. Sometimes my grief was intolerable, and I would lie among the dead leaves at the gnarled base of the maple and agonize in my lonely child-sorrow. Then I would steal down to the house and look over the little dresses and petticoats, and it did seem to me that I could not live and endure this great woe.

In less than one year our mother's grave was close beside the baby's. We were left very lonely—our father and his five little children. I can see now how and where I did not do my duty as the eldest; but then I did the best I knew in my poor, imperfect way.

A kind old lady, whom we had been taught to call Aunt Polly, lived near us, and she used to show me how to cook, and sew on patches, and sweep, and keep things in tolerable order. A poor family lived near us, and one day Aunt Polly suggested to my grandmother that it would be good economy for me to give all the baby's clothes to the poor neighbor's little one. The bare suggestion was dreadful to me, and I cried, and went to my father and begged of him not to make me do it. He thought it would be advisable to give the clothes away, but said he would not compel me to do so.

I said to my grandmother: "Papa says I may sell butter, and buy that little baby a dress, but he will not make me give away Rosaline's clothes unless I want to."

"They are of no use to you whatever," was her reply; "but do as you please about it."

So I bought a new dress, and cut and made it for the poor woman's baby.

"What do you intend to do with your mother's clothes?" Aunt Polly asked one day, soon after this.

"Oh, we will have them made over for ourselves as soon as we can bear to wear them; we need them badly enough," was my answer.

"Well, I thought you'd better give some of them to your grandmother; it would please her so," was the soft reply.

Oh, I could hardly stand this cold interference—this traffic, it seemed, of the most precious things we held; but I bore it all kindly, and without a hasty word; though I did cry often when I sat alone with my mother's most familiar wearing apparel spread out before me that I could look upon it and seem to see her as she looked in life.

At the request of Aunt Polly, I gave all my mother's lace caps, except one, to our grandmother. This was done kindly and quietly, and to all appearance cheerfully.

One day Aunt Polly took me aside and said: "So you've been abusing me, I hear—been calling me ill names. That is great recompense for all my kindness!"

It was no use for me to say that I had never spoken unkindly of her; that these reports were

idle gossip; that for her care and watchful kindness I was grateful; it did no good whatever. Mrs. So-and-so had told her and had affirmed it to be true; a "certain individual" had told her so, and the poor old lady went off in high dudgeon, leaving me in tears. Three or four days afterward, I was at a wool-picking at my aunt's, and hardly a woman took any notice of me; my grandmother looked down her nose very demurely; my aunts acted as if they wanted to call me Miss Potts every time they addressed me; and old women peered over their glasses at the little girl sitting under the window on a peck measure and scanned her critically. But I played with the babies and the kittens, and had very pleasant times, for all of that.

In the evening, one of the cousins went part of the way home with me, and she told me the whole story. My! how it had grown! It was all over the town—and I hadn't known it—that I had abused my dear old grandmother, and called her ill names; had said very hard things to my father, and threatened of leaving home; had been violently angry, and thrown my mother's clothes out of the house after my grandmother; and had treated Aunt Polly in a way she could never forgive.

Then somebody had added the cruellest stings to this story, now swollen into one of magnitude, and I went home crying, and told my father all about it.

His judgment in matters of this kind is excellent. This was what he said:

"Now don't mind it at all—that is a little experience which is very common and comes in every one's life. People don't mean to lie, child, but they can't tell a story exactly as they hear it; some will magnify, and paint, and put on high colors in spite of themselves; but they don't mean to do it, they incline to be imaginative. No one wants to wrong you. Now don't be silly; just take my advice, and say nothing about this affair, and act as if you had never heard it. Live it down; any one can, by an upright life, live down an idle report that would injure them materially if they tried to follow it up and find out where it started from and settle the whole affair. Life is too valuable to be trifled away chasing after lies. And, then, one should not feel hurt over that which is false—without foundation—if you consider well you will see that it is only your pride of self that is hurt—your poor self-esteem wounded—nothing more."

Why I laughed, red-eyed as I was, to think I had cried over a bit of tattle; and from that day to this, no gossip has given me one minute's pain. People may criticize, and measure me, and put their own construction on what I say, and do, and write, but nothing unkind ever hurts me or makes me feel vindictive.

Now this kind of talk from Deacon Potts to his little Pipsey, long, long ago—ripe fifty talking to tender fifteen from his standpoint; clear-seeing, kindly-disposed, untouched by the frosts of malice, mellowed by the varied experience of a lifetime—how good it was! how valuable! how timely! May my young girl-readers take the homely but

blessed truth of his words to themselves, and may they gain wisdom and profit therefrom, and may it do them good as it did me.

Lily and I went to visit an aunt of ours last fall, out in Indiana. We had a royal visit. One hundred miles we rode in the cars, then twenty-five in a coach, and the rest of the way, five miles, a cousin took us in her carriage. We stayed one week, and it seemed that a Sabbath stillness was about us all the time, away out in the quiet country, far from the busy sounds of buzzing wheels, and axe, and saw, and hammer, and plane; away from the railroads, and telegraph offices, and daily mails, and school bells, and yet the change was delightful. October put on her gay robes of scarlet, and gold, and bronze, and the serene skies were their very bluest, and the airs their balmiest. Our dear relatives visited with us and brought forth their best cheer, and took us abroad in their spring wagons and buggies to see other relatives. It was very enjoyable indeed. I remember one place we went to visit uncles, aunts and cousins, and we had not been there half an hour until I chanced to look out into the kitchen-yard, and there lay two monster shanghais that had just experienced the death of the guillotine. They lay side by side, as though they had loved in their lives and in their deaths were not divided. Great chickens saved for the occasion!

It was there that I learned how to make good gems of Graham flour. Mine were always flinty and not tender like those, but my gems will never be so any more, because I know how to make them now.

To one pint of sour milk take one egg, one spoonful of sugar, well beaten, and one teaspoonful of soda, and good, fresh Graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. To be baked in iron gem pans with a quick, hot fire. They are delicious, light, puffy, tender, and we all know wholesome, because Graham flour is the flour.

Since I wrote last for the magazine, we have been using freely of oatmeal and cracked wheat, and we do most heartily endorse them as wholesome food. I intend to experiment and see if there are not other ways of cooking them. At present we use the oatmeal made into mush or porridge, eaten either hot or cold, with butter and sugar, or with cream and sugar, if preferred. How to cook them? Well, I put a pint of oatmeal to soak in warm water a few hours before cooking it, just water enough to cover it, then pour this mixture into boiling water, a little at a time, with a good pinch of salt, and let it cook slowly the same as a cornmeal hasty pudding, for half an hour or longer. To make a pudding of it, take eggs, milk, sugar, raisins and cinnamon, the same as for other puddings. If a heartier dish is desired than either of the ways mentioned it can be made by cooking it with the water in which meat has been boiled, skimming off the fat, and thus adding the relish of the meat. Or, soup can be made by cooking meat until very tender, removing it from the bones and chopping it up finely and cooking it in with the oatmeal. Oatmeal is the prominent

article of diet among the population of Scotland. The firm muscles, the agility, and the fine open countenances of the Scotch, are enough to convince one that when a nation subsists mainly on a single article, that such an article must contain the elements of nutrition in a remarkable combination. In oatmeal are found the materials for the growth of the muscles, the bones, and the sustenance of the brain and nerves. When eaten by the invalid, it is well to have it thin like gruel, served with sugar and milk, or cream if desirable.

Cracked wheat.—I cook it always one way. It is apt to burn, and for this reason I put it in a little tin pail, and set the pail into a kettle of boiling water; cover closely, and let it boil half or three-quarters of an hour. I soak it previously, the same as oatmeal, and stir the mixture into boiling water.

In a family of little children these two dishes are almost indispensable, and especially where the little ones, through inheritance, will be likely to lose their teeth while young. Sometimes the bony structure of children is little better than chalk. In this case, oatmeal and cracked wheat should be articles of daily food. They should learn to like them, if only from a sense of justice due their mortal frames.

I was mending the cellar-window a few weeks ago; it fell out in a storm, and dropped down the cellar-stairs, and was badly smashed up. My right hand was blistered before I had put in two panes. I know there must be a way of getting old dry putty off the sash without cutting it off with a knife, but I could not remember what it was, and I did not know what book I could refer to that would give me the desired information.

"Now, of course, one's preacher ought to know other things besides how to preach the gospel," I said to myself; and putting on my calash and overskirt—I've got to wearing overskirts, don't you think, girls!—I went down to Pottsville parsonage to ask Brother Burley.

He had on a very long face, and he showed me into his study, and peered over his glasses at me, as much as to say: "Wonder if the critter's going to find fault with my sermons!"

We talked about the weather, and threshing, and the late wind-storm; and when we got through I tipped back my calash, and said distinctly: "Brother Burley, do you know what's good to soften old putty?"

"Were you speaking to me, Sister Potts?" said he, raising his eyebrows, and showing a wonderful array of white in his staring orbs.

I repeated my question, and he told me very plainly that he was not a glazier, but a preacher, and he was sorry that he could not give me the desired information.

Then I laughed at him. I think he is one of the F. F. V.'s in Virginia, and I wanted to plague him, and let him see that here in Pottsville we esteem our pastor as "one of us."

When I started, he put on his hat and walked with me as far as the cabinet shop, and we went in, and I inquired of Mr. Weldon if he knew what would loosen old, dry, hard putty.

"No way only to cut it off with a knife," he said, bluntly, and he made the shavings roll up like little ringlets. "Leastways that's how I allus do it—never hearn tell of any other way."

I knew there was a better way, sure, for in this age of progression there is a handy, easy, labor-saving way of doing all kinds of work. But I came home and mended the cellar-window, and then one of the dining-room windows, and one up-stairs, and almost wore out my poor right hand.

I could not quit thinking about how old, hard putty could be softened; and to-day I found it; and though it may never be of any use to me, it may to others. Wet the dry putty with muriatic acid; that will soften it so it will come out easy. Don't forget it. The first time I go to the druggist's I will buy some, if I never use it.

I have a good many things that I must not forget when I go there; and if these necessary articles are good in Deacon Potts's family, I am sure they are in other families; so I will tell you, and the bill I make out for ourselves will answer for all of us. A bottle of arnica for bruises; a piece of No. 1 court plaster for cuts and abrasions; a pint of linseed oil, in which I will mix as much lime as it will cut—this for burns, the best cure known; a bottle of glycerine for chapped lips and hands, and to soften hard, horny hands; a pint of aqua ammonia, good to clean glass, wood-work, grease-spots on the floor, to dilute in water when washing your face and neck, and to keep one's head clean—good, in fact, for everything; a bar of soap made to scour with instead of sand; a box of initial paper and envelopes; a bottle of oxalic acid to remove stains and iron-rust; and some orris-root for the girls to nibble when they go to singing-school.

There! you buy them, too; all these things are indispensable in a well-brought-up family.

How slow some people are to learn! I am afraid that I have spoiled the costliest dress I ever had, a fine all-wool merino. How hard I worked for that dress, too—boarded a little popinjay of a school-master for three months. I pitted the fellow. I had long wanted a brown merino, and so I concluded to make the exchange—let three months' boarding pay for the pretty dress; that would help the boy and help me. The three months were very long and tedious. I used to grow tired of his stories, the burden of which was "my whiskers," "my curly beard," "when I was a shaving," "'bout the color of my beard," "a heavy beard like mine," and stories all of which brought up against the one theme—"my beard."

Surely, I never looked at the lustrous, heavy folds of that royal old-time merino, without thinking of a rosy, dapper little pedagogue, who sported a long, wavy, goldy-brown beard.

Though I was very careful of my costly dress, by some means I got an occasional drop of grease, or tar, or dinner on it in spite of myself. I didn't want people should know how very careful I was of it when I wore it away from home on special occasions. Last fall I washed it in clean soapsuds, and instead of holding it up to drain, and shaking it and trying to keep every crease out of it, I

wrung it, fearlessly and honestly, as I would wring a table-cloth, and ever since then it is full of very decided wrinkles and creases. I ironed it on the wrong side while it was yet damp, but the mischief was done and I can never make it look well again. It has the appearance of having been slept in and broken and mussed up beyond all renovation whatever.

I tell this bit of experience that other women may profit by it.

I never knew just how to cleanse a new wooden pail until very lately. The new, woody taste is very unpleasant, but can be removed by filling the pail with boiling water, letting it remain in it until cold. Then empty it and dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside well with this solution. After that, scald it with hot water and rinse well with cold.

Sometimes I do think women are angelic, then again, I use an adjective which implies the very opposite; but really there is something in the nature of a good woman that surpasses all other good things in the world. I cannot comprehend the beauty, and goodness, and excellence of many women. I am amazed when I endeavor to do so, and the tears rain down my cheeks for very gladness and gratitude that such truths really do exist. But when women step over all reasonable bounds in their very kindness of spirit and in their marvellous unselfishness, the thing positively becomes funny, and we laugh while we try to admire and—not emulate.

We hardly know what to think of the dear little wife of the Swedish farmer in the far West, who, when one of their horses died, and the team was broken and labor stopped, permitted her husband to hitch her up beside the remaining horse and drive her in the plough. He succeeded in ploughing the field, but—the woman, the poor, unselfish woman died.

A surgeon in a hospital once found a poor wife suffering most intensely from a purple bruise and a sharp pain in her side. She was doubled up and could scarcely speak. She would not tell how the hurt came; he insisted; she prevaricated; and when her suffering forced her to tell, she meekly said, in a soft voice: "*A friend of mine kicked me!*"

And that friend beloved, was her husband.

Now, I am quite sure that this same spirit is in the conduct of every kind woman. I did think that, perhaps, I had a little of it myself, but when I come to analyze, I shake my head and think I do not belong to that class. I always empty the sacks into the flour barrel in the pantry, and I say: "The poor men! it will save them a little;" but, really, after all, I believe I do it because I don't scatter the flour like they do and spill it over the sides of the barrel, and whiten the floor and walls, and disorder things generally. So there is no unselfishness in the deed at all.

I am frequently amazed and distressed when I see delicate, lovable women bearing the loads and burdens that rightfully belong to their sons and husbands, and they do it without any compulsion

whatever. I have known women to pick berries out in the hot sunshine, and sell them for six cents a quart, and take the money to buy pantaloons for a great thick-lipped, broad-shouldered fellow she called her husband; women to pitch hay from the wagon into the mow to the hired man, while "he" lay snoozing in the noon-day heat; women to roll logs while "he" picked brush; the white-browed wife to go out in the equinoctial storm to milk and feed the stock while he trotted the baby, and piped shrilly the cradle-song: "Ding-dong-bell; all is well, all is well."

All these things are common among wives.

Does anybody presume that if I had married Deacon Skiles, I should have settled down into this precious sort of a wife, and have saved the dear old noodle and wore myself out in bondage? Never!

I used to laugh in my sleeve at the babyishness of the husband of my best beloved girl-friend, twenty-five years ago. Before she married him we were very intimate and very dear to each other, and one of the stipulations when I gave my consent to the nuptials was, that whenever I came to her house, or she to ours, we were to sleep together. He consented right rosiily. But whenever the time came and we two were anticipating a visit that would reach beyond the midnight hours, that fellow would begin to have pains in his head—shooting pains—and they increased as the hour of retiring drew nigh; and though she would wet his poor head in vinegar, and make him snuff camphor from the palm of her little hand, and rub his head gently, and rest it against her faithful breast, he would grow worse and worse and go off to his bed groaning with the most excruciating pains. Of course, she who had promised to cleave unto him until "death do us part," could not leave him to suffer alone all through the weary hours of a long night. But afterward her obtuse perceptions grew sharp, and the blessed, double-dealing woman, with a strategy that would have showered the laurels down upon the brow of a general, would let him toss and groan in pain and distress while we would lie and visit, with all the old-time zest of our girlhood, and when I would succumb to weariness and fall asleep, she would go and sleep with him the rest of the night.

I was never jealous of anything or any person except that man. I could have pinched him out of existence, as sportsmen do pigeons, if I had dared to do it; the will was in my heart; the delectable booby who could not gracefully and kindly allow me a little corner in the affections of his wife, a woman whose loving heart was large enough to take in and cherish a multitude of loves and friendships, and then leave him more than he could appreciate.

It's a little thing, but it troubles me, and I have no doubt but other women, mothers especially, have the same feelings that I do on the subject—that is, ruffles, and bias bands, and fluting, and headings, and so much trimmings.

I tell the girls often: "Now make this dress, or overskirt, or polonaise, quite plain; don't spend your time foolishly; let the same hours you would

put upon it be spent in reading useful books, or in study, or even in walking out in the crisp, wholesome, pure air, and treating your lungs to some of the rare breezes on these rugged hill-tops."

They make good promises, and they are good girls, and mean what they say, but before they are aware of it some pretty device suggests itself, and the tempter whispers: "That would be in excellent taste, and not common, either;" and they conclude that, just this once, will not be time wasted unwisely, and they indulge, and time after time they are deluded into the same snare.

For the sake of the women of our land, I do wish this curse of dress could be ameliorated in some way, our growing girls lifted out wholly from its thralldom, and be made to feel and see the emptiness and the wickedness of this great national folly. It comes to the womanhood of to-day like a scourge; it is robbing them of their rightful dues; it is stealing from them that which is of more value than titles, and lands, and deeds, and gold, and jewels. Their precious time is being wasted; their years are dropping away from them and leaving no recompense. Their minds are learning to be content to loiter and doze in the dreamy valleys, instead of aspiring to climb the heights, and grow strong, and stand face to face with the stars, and rejoice in the boon of immortality and the glory and grandeur that circles like

a halo a life true and brave and full of excellence and exaltation.

There is nothing that can so belittle our lives as a love of dress. I could cry out when I see poor girls toiling day after day at any kind of menial drudgery, only so it brings them money to expend for finery. That seems the height of their ambition; and they so enjoy devising how the trimming shall be put on, and whether it had better be this way or that.

How this great scourge called dress is to be brought under subjection, to be held in check, to be managed, no one knows. Women's conventions cannot reach it; the press cannot touch it; reason falls to the ground before its brazen stare of disdain, and argument cowers before its august presence. Where it will end no one knows; its pitiable results every right-thinking woman sees and laments; and its wide sweep all over the length and breadth of our doomed land every one feels and sorrows over.

How can our women become cultured when their thoughts are narrowed down within the small compass left to them? How can our capacity for enjoyment be made greater, when this most enervating toil of body and brain is binding us down so effectually? How can we grow wise, and good, and intellectual, and beautiful, in this narrow range we have chosen? God pity us all!

Religious Reading.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

BY REV. CHAUNCY GILES.

A DOCTRINE that is the measure of a man, must be a doctrine which will help him in his labor. It must be a doctrine which he can carry with him into the field and shop, into the store and office. Man must labor. His necessities require it; the constitution of his physical nature demands it; and his labor is often irksome, exhaustive and oppressive. If his doctrine teaches him that labor is a curse imposed upon him as a punishment, it takes away from him his highest motive, it takes his heart out of it, it paralyzes his arm, and dries up the fountain of his strength. It degrades him from a friend and co-worker with the Lord, going forth on an errand of love to his fellow-man, with a message of joy on his lips and help in his right hand, to a convict condemned to labor for a crime. It scourges him to his reluctant task with the whip of necessity. It degrades him from a free man to a slave. It makes labor disreputable. Hence men seek to avoid it for themselves and to force it upon others, and to accumulate the means of living without it. Hence the laborer is unfaithful; he cheats, he steals, he tries to get the most wages for the least service, just as his employer tries to get the most service for the least wages. This creates a perpetual war between capital and labor, and brings ruin and misery to all.

A true doctrine of man's nature, and of his relation to the Lord and his neighbor, would reverse all this. Labor, when rightly viewed, is not a curse, it is a blessing. It has its source in the divine nature, and its ordination in man's nature. It is a form of love; it is a means of transmitting the divine blessings from man to man. It is pleasing to the Lord. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." It is following our Lord's example. It is helping Him to carry His purposes into effect. The path to Heaven lies through useful work, and the angels walk patiently and tenderly by the side of the honest and unselfish worker through all the dusty paths of life.

If a man's doctrines of Heaven and the Lord, and of his own spiritual nature, teach him that work is noble, and acceptable service and worship when engaged in from right motives, it will help him in every step of his duty. It will give him a new and heavenly motive for his work. It will put love in his heart, and strength in his arm. It will break off the chains of servitude, and make him the Lord's freeman. He will not go crouching and trembling in the presence of pampered idleness. This doctrine of the true and only nobility of use, is the Lord's arm under a man, it is the Lord's strength in him, and that arm will lift his burdens, and make his own hands strong and skilful in his work. That doctrine will be love in his heart, and he will carry its joy and peace into his work. That love will glorify it. He will see

his neighbor's good in forge and furrow. Instead of standing alone, opposed by men and branded with the curse of God, he has all Heaven on his side. He is the Lord's ambassador. He puts his message into wood, and iron and stone. Like Moses, he has the rod of a divine power in his hand, with which he parts seas of difficulty for his fellows on their march from the bondage of Egypt to Canaan, brings water from the rock to quench their thirst, and works wonders for their help. The angels are on his side. The Lord is on his side. The prayer offered in useful deed from love to the neighbor, will be more acceptable to Him than incense swung in golden censurs, and all the pious formalities of a sanctimonious worship. The Lord Himself came down to the manger, and the workshop of the carpenter, to daily association with fishermen and tax-gatherers, to eating with publicans and sinners, and we want a doctrine of the Lord which will take us there, when duty calls, and which will ennoble all useful service for man, whether it is the work of the hand or the foot, the lip or the brain.

We want a doctrine that will measure our natural and sensuous delights, and teach us how to enjoy the comforts and blessings of this life. The Lord loves to see His children happy in this world, and He has made the most ample provision for our happiness. It is not His fault if we turn His blessings into a curse. The Lord does not seek "to take us out of the world, but to keep us from evil." No man can fully understand this world until he can see it from a spiritual point of view. Natural delights are not harmful in themselves. It is their abuse and not their proper use that is evil. When the Church teaches us to look upon them as sinful in themselves and displeasing to the Lord, it not only places them in a false light, but it cuts us off from their real use. We lay the foundation for the whole superstructure of our being through the endless future, in this world. Every spiritual faculty is based upon a natural one; the broader, truer and more systematical the natural, the better the foundation. We ought, therefore, to cultivate every faculty, and not suppress it. We ought to use the world, and not abuse it. A doctrine that teaches us to make a desert of this life, that we may gain a paradise above, prevents us from preparing the ground, and planting seeds at the only time when they can be planted, which are to blossom into beauty and bear fruit unto eternal life. Why should sorrow be any more pleasing to the Lord in this world than the other? In what a strange and perverted light does such a doctrine present the wisdom and goodness of the Lord? Does He plant desires in man which it displeases Him for man to gratify? Does He put the forbidden fruit to our lips, and then curse us if we taste it? That cannot be. There can be no better evidence that the Lord intended to have man enjoy his natural delights—the forms of beauty; the delights of the ear, and taste, and touch, than the fact that He has given us the capacities for such delights, and the means of gratifying them. It is the office of the Church to teach us their true value, and how to get it; how to get the best and the most good out of to-day,

and at the same time make it an instrument and stepping-stone to a higher good to-morrow. John saw the Holy City, coming down from God out of Heaven. Our city must come down into external life; it must direct, control and use all our natural faculties, our physical strength, our natural science, our natural appetites and desires; our wealth of knowledge and money to the attainment of our highest present and eternal good.

A perfect doctrine must be the measure of man in his sorrow as well as in his joy. In the Holy City there is to be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. Do you say that it could not be intended for man in this life then? Why not? The Lord did not form the nerves to be the instruments of torture; He created them to be the inlets of delight. He did not form the eye to be blinded with tears, but to be the light of the body, and to fill the mind with images of the beauty and glory of the material world. A true doctrine will teach us the cause of pain and sorrow; how to bear it when it comes and how to prevent its coming. It will divest life of all false and imaginary fears. It will reveal to us the true cause of all pain and sorrow. A false idea concerning the nature of the Lord, and His relations to men, has been one of the most fruitful sources of human sorrow. Men have been taught to regard the Lord as their enemy, burning with vengeance for a violated law; and that the great obstacle to salvation was the difficulty of gaining His favor. They have been taught that the Lord, who loves them with an infinite and unchanging love, hated them with a cruel hatred. That their best friend was their most cruel enemy. If you could be made to believe and know with infallible certainty that the Lord was on your side, that He looked upon you with infinite tenderness and mercy, and never failed to do all in His power for your highest good, would it not take the sharpest regret from disappointment, and the keenest pang from sorrow? The Lord loves me, you would say, and suffers no shadow of sorrow to come upon me, except for my good. He leads me according to an infinite wisdom, which sees the end from the beginning. How such a confidence would dry your tears, and assuage your pain! How it would help you to bear the burdens and meet the trials of life! There could be no grief beyond its power. Death itself would be robbed of its terrors! The death which is now the great terror of humanity, would be seen to be but an appearance. Regarded from a spiritual point of view, it would be found to be only a step in life.

How much we need such a doctrine. How many hearts are breaking with grief for the loss of loved ones, who have only gone from natural sight to come nearer to their true life! How many eyes are so dimmed with tears for the loss of some natural good, that they cannot see the brighter spiritual blessings the Lord offers them in its place. A doctrine that is the measure of a man must probe to its bottom every sorrow, and supply a balm for every wound.

Good works will never save you, but you can never be saved without them.

Mother's Department.

A MOTHER'S DISCIPLINE.

A SKETCH FROM THE BY-WAYS

BY L— P—.

ONE evening in March, at a late hour, I sat sorting, cutting and sewing a pile of unsightly carpet-rags. This was the last of many burdensome and tedious jobs I had stinted myself to finish during the winter, and here March was at hand, and this distasteful work just fairly commenced. I was weary in body, and worn in spirit, with my early and late toiling, but I resolved that spring should not far advance till my work—at least the heaviest part of it—was off my hands, according to my plans.

The next day, however, my rags were banished to an out-of-the-way place in a promiscuous heap, for Maddie, the oldest of my two little girls, was quite sick, and lay moaning in the arm-chair. My hired help just then got sick, too, and had returned to her home, and I was left alone to attend to my child, whose malady grew more serious hourly, and with a large washing on my hands, which had been put in soak over night.

None, save those who have passed through the ordeal, may know the heart-sinking, the weariness and dreariness of the days and nights that followed, as our little one grew steadily worse, until we thought she was going from us forever. Much sickness prevailing at that season in the community, my good, kind husband, unable to procure other help, took upon himself my care and work, that I might devote myself entirely to Maddie. Thus baby Amy was decoyed from the sick-room, where her prattle could not be endured, to see "pa, pa" peel potatoes, set table and prepare coffee.

But fainter and fainter grew my heart, as day and night our darling sufferer lay battling with the fierce disease, until her body could nowhere bear the softest handling without a cry of pain. I tried to pray, but I only repined. I could not even weep, though my heart seemed crushing beneath the stroke of her anguish. I thought since life was so fraught with sorrow and agony, I could not be thankful for my own, or for my children's; and I once cried: "Since she must suffer thus, oh, end this pain in death, and take my loved one away; but, oh, if possible, 'let this cup pass from me.'"

The disease had reached its climax now, and though I lay by her side trying to soothe her with pet names and endearing words, she heeded it not, for she was delirious, and called pitifully to me: "Mamma, Amy is out in the snow, I must go after her." "Mamma, I can't tie her shoe." "Amy has my dishes." "O mamma, take them away, she will break them!" "See, ma, the horses will kick her." "Do, mamma, give me my doll, Amy is spoiling her."

During these ravings she would frequently attempt to rise, and then fall back with a moan.

Then I remembered, in the heat and hurry of my work, the many burdens I had unconsciously placed upon my little six-years-old Maddie. This was present with her now; and the little incidents, at the time so trifling to me, so grievous to her, came back to me with many self-upbraidings, and her words were stinging arrows to my accusing conscience.

Truly, how many times her playthings had been devoted to the little destructive fingers of her baby sister, that I might, without interruption, compass my self-imposed tasks, and gratify my ambition to accomplish just so much. How many steps she had taken to save time for me and amuse Amy. Had they not both played in a cold room while I was too busy to note the fact, till they returned to me with blue hands and watery eyes, and I knew they were chilled through and through? Had they not, time and again, been turned off with a cold, unsatisfying lunch, instead of a carefully-prepared dinner for childhood's appreciative appetite, that I might gain more opportunity to exhaust my strength and patience over some tedious piece of tucking, ruffling or trimming to adorn their apparel, and make them still more attractive to the eye of pride?

All this, and much more, in that dark hour I saw as exceedingly wrong; and I saw myself, whom I had before thought a tender, loving mother, "weighed in the balance and found wanting." I was a negligent, undutiful mother, unmindful of my child's best interests; and now God, whom I had complained of as "encompassing Himself with a dark cloud, that our prayers should not pass through," seemed speaking to me through these circumstances of my life, and saying to me: "If I spare her, will you do your duty now?" I promised heartily, "I will, I will." More painful to me than the loss of the dear one was the thought of my neglect.

Slowly she began to recover; and the first time she was lifted without that heart-wringing cry, my heart overflowed with joy, my eyes with tears. The first time she knelt with us around the family altar, and the first time she sat in her usual place at the table, the smiles broke on my lips, while tears ran down my face. Oh, we were not sparing of pet names then; and Maddie learned at last how inexpressibly dear she was to us. I had time then to prepare dainty food for her returning appetite. Her toys were no longer subject to the imperious will of her baby sister. Indeed, in many things they seemed to change places; and we might have been in danger of overdoing, had not Amy seemed to realize the situation, and quite naturally fell into our habit of tender concern for "poor sister." I had time now with patience and gentleness to correct the naughty habits formed, to teach Maddie not only a form of prayer, but its meaning. I thought I was the happiest woman in the world when she assumed her usual plays, and the music of her childish glee was unchecked, for it did

not jar on disordered nerves or a discordant spirit.

One time early in her sickness she seemed depressed, and I said: "O darling, mother would let you run and play all you wished if you were only well."

She seemed thoughtful, but very sober, and finally said, while every word was to me a wound long in healing: "I am afraid, ma, you will tell a lie."

"What!" said I, "ma tell a lie! Did my little girl ever know her ma to lie?"

She shook her head, but seemed unable to think I could allow her to run and play as she had often attempted to, noisily.

I was careful to see that my promise was ful-

filled to the letter. But, oh, how many times during her sickness I feared I should never have cause to restrain those little feet, busy hands and that prattling tongue more.

Now, for the sake of my family's comfort and welfare, I live and labor; but not as before. While I have time for every duty, I have none for needless ornament, or unseasonable work at midnight hours or before the dawn of day. If friends come in and find me cutting paper cats, or helping dress the children's dolls, when buttons come off, and strings fail and knot, I am serene, though my morning's work is not yet all done. They are serene and happy, too. Why should they not be so, where loving, cheerful sacrifice is the order of the day, instead of driving care?

The Home Circle.

LICHEN'S NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: How glad I am to be back in my old corner amongst you, and to be able there to wish you a "Happy New Year!" Everything looks so home-like around me. It is so pleasant to see the familiar names of last year's writers, and think that so many of the same eyes will read the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE again. I wonder if all of you readers had a happy New Year, and if any new joys came with its entrance? I wonder how many of you placed wine upon your tables to offer the coming guest, tempting him to spoil the first day of his year with folly and weakness—repaying him for the good wishes he has brought you by an injury which perhaps can never be effaced? Or, how many have tried to use their influence by word or act, when it was practicable or fitting, to strengthen him against the fascinating temptation? Many girls think they have no influence at all, and therefore it is not worth while for them to try to exert any. But only the other day I heard a gentleman say: "The girls have more influence over young men with regard to drinking than any one else can have. If a girl would not go out to a place of entertainment with any young man who she knew had been drinking, nor countenance his taking wine at such places, nor dance with one whom she saw was under its influence, there would not be half so much intemperance as there is now."

It was a quiet, steady, married man who said this; so his words were not spoken out of mere gallantry or compliment to the sweet, timid-looking young girl who was present. It was what he seriously believed from his observation and knowledge of men. And I write it here in the hope that some will be stimulated by it to use whatever influence they may have in a gentle, womanly way upon those with whom they are associated. Who knows how much happier a year they may help to make for some one?

January, 1875! How queer it sounds before we have grown used to it! And what will this New Year be to us? we question eagerly. She holds her hands behind her—all but one—that we may

not see what gifts she brings. Curiously we try to peep behind the curtain in which she envelopes them. Vainly we speculate upon the future, and lay plans, with sure confidence of their being carried out, which may fade into vapor at a breath of adverse wind. But fast as they die we make new ones—airy castles which many of us will never enter, but which delight our eyes and hearts in the contemplation.

No doubt this month will be keenly enjoyed by those who, with youth and health on their side, can don their skates, and skim over the smooth crystal surface of river or pond in that most exhilarating of amusements. Or, when the snow-carpet lies thick over the earth, go speeding over the country, warmly wrapped from the biting cold, in comfortable sleighs, to the music of merry bells and joyous voices. But we superannuated ones, who have colds or asthma, rheumatism or neuralgia—any of those disagreeable ills which degenerated flesh is heir to throughout the winter season—will just draw up around the fire, with shawls around our shoulders, put our feet out toward the pleasant warmth, settle ourselves back in comfortable arm-chairs and read, knit or crochet for our enjoyment. Or have the sofa wheeled up to the warm corner, and, tucked away in shawls, rest in its hospitable arms. When an opening door admits a sudden draught of cold air upon us, or an unusually loud blast whistles around the corner of the house, we draw our wraps closer around us with a shiver, and wish that wintry weather would soon be over.

Yet, it has some few beautiful pictures for us, too, and one of these I must describe. 'Tis something which I saw last January, but its impression can never fade from my memory. We had had a damp, cloudy day, and before dark a cold, drizzling rain fell, which gave place during the night to a sharp north wind. Next morning, when we lifted the curtains upon the outer world, a scene of bewildering beauty met the eye. Diamonds and pearls seemed showered over the earth. The trees, the shrubbery, fences, wood-piles, everything, was dressed in a thin covering of ice, which threw back the morning sunshine in dazzling glory. An uncultivated field near the house had

grown up thickly in tall weeds, the previous summer, and the dead, branchy stalks were still standing. Every one of these little branches was now cased in crystal, and the whole was a smooth sea of glittering glass; and when the breeze shook and bent this strange foliage, it danced and sparkled, the most resplendent sight I ever looked upon.

Not far from a side window of my room stood a little gnarled peach-tree, so unsightly that it came near losing its claim on our indulgence the year before, and was only spared because of a few fine, luscious offerings of fruit, which it still bore on one branch. Now, all the little twigs were hung with ice pendants, and at certain points reflected the sun's rays in most brilliant rainbow colors. Nature, so loving unto the poorest and humblest of her children, had transformed the ugly little tree into a thing of beauty.

It was hard to withdraw my dazzled, half-blinded eyes from this splendid vision, which I knew would so soon fade away. Even by the noon of that short, bright winter day, it was fast melting into invisible moisture, and the rest of a lifetime may not enable me to witness just such another. I never dreamed of anything of the kind half so beautiful as this. It made me think of a story I read when a child, called "The Silver morning and the Golden day." I do not remember much of it distinctly, but the silver morning was something such a scene as this I have described would be before sunrise; and the sun coming out upon it later, made the golden day. The hero of the story was so impressed by the sight, that in after years, when grown to be an artist, he painted the two scenes as companion pictures. It was a pretty story for young folks. I do not know but that it was in the HOME MAGAZINE. If so, many of you may have read it. That was where I found many of the best and prettiest stories read in my early girlhood.

We took the "Home" during some of its first years, and I grew with its growth, and it helped to form my taste in reading—encouraging what was pure and good with true life lessons running through it; and teaching me to reject that which was sensational or that dressed-up vice and weakness under such a garb as to render them not unpleasant. In those times I lived, for awhile, in a little country village, where we were cut off from society and amusements, and where I often felt dissatisfied with my lot. The coming of the magazine each month, was therefore hailed with joy, and the beautiful little gems of thought and lessons of encouragement in meeting life's duties and trials, from the pen of Virginia F. Townsend, and others, were a source of help and strength to me. It is these things which have made me love the book so, and, in addition to its present worth, cause me to be so interested in its prosperity. May it see many more happy New Years, and go on doing good and giving pleasure and instruction to thousands in the rising generation, as well as those who now read its pages.

May I long be able to read, and also to write for it, adding my little mite, it may be, to the enjoyment of others who do not scorn to notice and love so lowly a thing as a

LICHEN.

MY WINDOWS.

THOUGH one of my names is "Daisy," I, too, am, and have been for nearly a decade, a "lichen."

Have the dear readers of the "Home" a place in their hearts for still another? I am sure they have, for *hearts* are not like *houses*; houses will hold no more than they *can*, while hearts know no limits, they can take in and take in, dear one after dear one, and yet always have room for one more! else I should not dare open "my windows" to look out upon you and *your* life and that you, also, may "look out upon life" through them, and sometimes, it may be, get a glimpse of the life within.

From one of my windows I look out upon a high mountain, with only the valley between; and just above its summit I see the clear, blue skies and floating clouds, beautiful fleecy clouds of purest white. Only a little while ago this mountain was covered with the royal robe, magnificent in its rare and gorgeous beauty, which October brings each year and, for very gladness, flings over all nature. Now, all is clothed in the sober garb of November; but "Behold all things are beautiful in their season." To-day, while lying back among my pillows looking from my window out upon the old mountain and the beautiful clouds above it, and watching the beechen-leaves, dry and brown, as they are taken up into the air and swept along by the wind, like flocks of frightened birds, I have been forcibly impressed with the truth of those words. The dense forests of bare, gray trees with which the hills are covered make an admirable background for the dark green of the fir-trees and hemlocks scattered here and there among them, and are not without a loveliness of their own, for the sunshine lies over mountain and glen, lighting up the sombre tints with a soft, silvery radiance beautiful to see. Ah, yes; there is a bright side to every picture, and even the life of us lichens is not without its hours of sunshine, and not without its *usefulness*, we trust. But "the flesh is weak," and, perhaps, to every "lichen" the dark hours come alike, when we are prone to cry out that "our burdens are greater than we can bear." Let us *look up*, and all the shadows will pass away; let us be

"Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills."

"—That He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree."

Let us remember that

"In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!"

Oh, many and many a time have I been blessed by some golden word of WHITTIER'S! Dear poet! may blessings forever rest upon him and crown his life with peace and happiness for the beautiful words of truth, of comfort and cheer, which he has given to weary, trial-burdened hearts!

DAISY.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Nearly all my girls are back again to attend the fall term. Two or three of them are missing, but their places are filled by new ones. One of them, Elsie Mayland, is a shrewd Yankee girl from Massachusetts. She was left an orphan at an early age, and has had to depend on her own exertions to make a living. She has worked in a factory, and in a shoe manufactory, and at making matches, and bottoming chairs, and in a dairy, and is certainly one of the bravest, most energetic girls I ever met. I hope she will infuse some of her energy and enthusiasm into these quiet girls of mine, especially the doll-ones, and the "mamma-girls," and the cry-baby kind, for all of these are found in our Institute.

Professor McWilliams has two new assistants this term—a young man, Mr. Hardy, and a Miss Pendleton. So we expect affairs to move pleasantly and easily, and no one be overworked or bear too heavy a burden.

September 2.—I saw a little thing to-day that was new to me. Sylvia was making a new white skirt, and, as she has to economize, she made it to wear with her best alpaca dress with a train, or with her other ones that are shorter. It is done by running a cord in a shirr in the back part of it, so that it can be let down or drawn up to suit the kind of a dress. I thought it was very good economy. Sylvia says she always puts narrow linen braid round the wide hems of her skirts to prevent them from fraying about the edges, and wearing out soon. She says it will pay for the trouble, when one is repairing an old skirt, to put a new facing about the bottom and edge it with narrow, substantial braid.

Josephine laughed over this pretty bit of woman's ingenuity, and then she told about being at a wedding once where one of the girls was so unfortunate as to get a spatter of coffee on the end of the beautiful pink bow she wore at her neck. At night when they retired, and the hostess showed them to their room, she saw the damaged ribbon, and very kindly suggested an ingenious device for its removal. "Just fringe it out, dear," said she; "let the stained place come in the fringe, and nobody will ever dream that anything has befallen it." She did so, and it saved the ribbon.

One should never wear a ribbon after it begins to show soil or honest usage; they are not pretty after the lustre and the freshness of the fancy store have departed from them. I remember one time I told my George Nelson to call at our pastor's house and bring home my last magazine, if Mrs. Lee was done with it. Now, my dear dead husband was a man of very few words—pleasant, cheerful, but so modest and quiet that he rarely led in a conversation. He called for the magazine, and when he came into the house I observed that he was smiling. I said: "What now, Georgy?"

"O Chatty!" was his reply, "you will hardly believe me, but our minister's wife had on a really soiled, shabby bow of ribbon this morning!"

A large, elegant one in its day, but it had been worn at dinners, and suppers, and parties, until it had outlived its beauty and freshness, and yet she was wearing it right bravely.

"Don't you ever do such things, Chatty; it is so unwomanly, and in such bad taste. Why, I almost feel as though I would never like her so well again!"

September 5.—I was the last one in bed last night. I went up-stairs for a ball of yarn, and in passing through Tудie's room I stopped and sniffed, and found that the air was not as pure as it should be. There was a taint that was not good for the lungs, and on examination I found that the girl had left her stockings lying on the floor spread out. Her little room-mate, Lottie, had—neat little maiden that she was, or orderly, rather—rolled hers up snugly and stuck them into her gaiters. Now there is nothing more untidy than to leave one's hose in their sleeping-room, unless they are perfectly clean. Poor Tудie's feet perspired, and were nearly always cold and clammy, and she should have known enough to put on fresh, dry hose every other morning, at least. So I softly carried them outside the door and left them hanging there. Then I told her what to do the next morning. Wet the end of a crash towel in water in which ammonia had been put, say one teaspoonful of the spirits of ammonia in a quart of water, and with it rub her feet until they were all aglow. Do this morning and evening, and wash them frequently in soap-suds, rubbing the soles well.

The soles of our feet are sluice-ways to carry off the impurities of the system, and the hundreds of minute pores should be kept open and clean that they clog not and shut in this impurity, and thus endanger our health.

It is a careless trick to allow anything in our sleeping-apartments that can vitiate the air we breathe. I do not permit the girls to keep soiled clothing in their rooms, or ripe fruit, or flowers, or anything that can rob their lungs of pure air.

Now, last winter a lady boarded with me who had three large pots of chrysanthemums. She had brought them from the home of her childhood, and she loved them as though they had human sympathies and human feelings. The stifling odor almost made my home seem like a close sepulchre. I had the headache all the time, and a smothery pain in my breast, and, at last, I told her I could not endure it any longer. She very kindly consented to leave them in the wood-shed until the weather became too cold, and then we put them out in the garden.

It may seem like a whim, but, indeed, I have met with people who affect me similarly.

I remember one, a young man who came to learn a trade with my dear, dead husband. I was repelled at the very first sight of Columbus Guttery. His smile was vapid, and he bowed very often, and he stood before the mirror caressing the pinch of a moustache, and he wore great, flaming, gorgeous neck-ties, and the poor fellow tried to put on all the ways of a well-bred gentleman. He had a hard cough, and his health was not good; this should have appealed to my woman's heart,

but it only made him all the more repulsive. I am ashamed to say it, but I grew so that I could not eat at the same table, and afterwhile I could not eat at all, and really my life was becoming a burden, and I found no pleasure in anything.

George Nelson pitied me, like a good husband would, and instead of upbraiding me, he began to lay some plan to get rid of Columbus. It chanced that his father died, very opportunely for us just then, and the young man was called home, and affairs were in such a condition that he could not come back again.

Now I really believe that there are phases in a woman's health and in her peculiar organism that would warrant a physician in saying that a case like this is real—nothing imaginary.

September 6.—Found out something new! Linda, one of the new girls, has a black calico dress like one I used to have, but mine's faded and worn out long ago, while hers is quite as good as new, and not at all faded. They were both bought at Lananhan's new store and are off the same web. But Linda's practical, careful mother knew how to prevent calico from fading, while I did not. She told me all about it, so I could tell the girl-readers of the HOME MAGAZINE.

She wore the dress until it was ready to wash, then dipped it into quite strong salt and water, wet it thoroughly, wrung it out and let it get perfectly dry. The next day it was washed the usual way, and it did not fade at all. This need only be done once before it is washed the first time. Care should be observed in washing all calicoes not to let them remain in the suds any longer than is positively necessary.

She showed me a very pretty purple and white lawn dress, not at all faded, although it had been washed several times. She joined with a couple of other girls in buying the whole web of lawn. They used no precaution whatever in washing, and their dresses faded so nearly white that they were dingy, and they were compelled to bleach them and make white dresses of them. She washed hers in salt and water and set the colors.

But I tell the girls it pays better to purchase the best of material in the first place, and then there is no doubt, or fear, or misgiving whatever. Better to have fewer dresses and let them be good and honest. It takes no longer to make up a number one fabric than it does a poor article, and then it can be depended on afterward. French calicoes, and lawns, and merinos are cheaper in the end. One so dislikes to spend the greater part of two days in making up a ninepence print and then see the colors run, or grow dim, or look tawdry and indicative of sham.

"And here is some more economy, auntie," said Linda, calling me back into her room and pointing to a heap of ruches that lay like a puff of milk-white foam. "Why, when my old grandmother died last spring, she said that I should take all her clothing and effects and use them as far as I could," said the girl, in a low, musical voice. "Now, there were a great many things that I could see no possible way of using, but ma said I could keep them, that sometime they might be an advantage to me, when I needed them most and could not

afford to buy. These ruches were made out of a big piece of dotted bobinet that was meant to make grandma's caps. I cut it in strips, made a little hem and put on a narrow bit of edging, and you see they do up beautifully. This nice dolman cape was made of her well-preserved thibet shawl; I used the same fringe that was on the shawl, and to finish it off with a look of tolerable elegance, I put on this nice bow of rich black ribbon. I never aspired to a silk dress, and when I looked at grandma's, my ambition was not fired at all, but one day Lu Tillotson wore an old one of her mother's, just the plain skirt with a white shirt waist, and then I happened to think how nicely I could wear dear grandma's, and here it is, turned wrong side out, top to the bottom, cut gored and the pieces used to make two rows of trimming clear round the skirt. We turned her alpaca dress and made it over into one almost as good as new, although it had to be made very plain. Her black silk cape and apron made me two little jackets, nice enough to wear over dresses that are beginning to grow shabby about the waists and sleeves. A drab merino dress that was pretty well worn, when ripped apart, washed and pressed, made me this polonaise—all except the bands of trimming, buttons, cord and such fixings. Dear old lady! Sometimes I think I should never have had the opportunity of coming here to school had it not been for her generosity and forethought. She knew I had always desired to come to Millwood Institute, and to board here with you in this nice, cosy nest of a place."

My heart warmed toward the new girl, and I felt from that moment that I should love her. She is so singularly child-like in her pretty little confidences.

We have another dear little tot here who bids fair to crowd our pet, Midget, to one side; but Middy will not object; she knows our hearts are large enough to hold both of them. Her name is Katharine, but I tell the girls it would be a shame to give that royal, stately, queenly name to such a baby-girl; and we did not call her by any title except Sissy for some time. But her soft little cuddling, caressing ways made us all, as of one mind, call her Kitten; so Kitten Carnahan is the family baby for this term. She is only ten years old, and diminutive enough to be only seven. Her health is good, and her course of study will not be severe. I hesitated about taking the little thing when her father drove up that day and stopped, and the tiny creature came slipping out from the heap of yellow straw in the bottom of the wagon, looking like a roguish little mink, her eyes all a-sparkle, her golden curls half over her laughing face, the straw sticking all over her, and her blue-ribboned hat tipped to one side real rakishly. I thought of monkeys, and blue-jays, and everything but a winsome girl-baby destined to be a student.

"I was tryin' to go to sleep when the wagon was a bumpin' along, so I'd feel new when I got here," was her cheery salutation, as I reached up and helped the little creature to flutter out on the ground.

We concluded to take her. She seemed so like

a ray of sunshine that we all loved her dearly from the first minute. But you will all become better acquainted with little Kitty before the year is out.

Evening.—We were discussing "when to make up the beds," this evening. That is a subject that has troubled more than one woman. Lottie says at her home they always make up the bed in the morning before they go down-stairs at all; Tudie says her mother does, too; Sylvia says they always open their beds when they leave them in the morning, throw back the covers, shake up the ticks, or uncover the mattresses, open the windows and lay the pillows in them to air, open the door and draw the bed out from the wall. Then immediately after breakfast they make them. Josephine does the same way, only they let them remain until nearly noon. Well, we discussed this subject freely, and we all agreed that if it were not for the untidy appearance, it would be well to let them be unmade all day. It would certainly be more in accordance with the rules of good health, but what woman would be content to let her rooms appear in such dire disorder all day. She could hardly stand it, if she was even certain that no eyes except her own would witness the confusion.

Now this was a sore subject, for me at least, and for the sake of the coming housekeepers who were inmates of my home, I put on a brave face and told them why I could not let my bed lie scattered about all day exposed to the free and healthful airs—and, perhaps, to somebody's eyes.

When I was a young woman of eighteen, the village physician, a very worthy young man, came to our house to get the size of the rooms, for his father, who was building a new house. Now, he had shown me very particular attention, and I had evidence that he esteemed me as a very worthy girl.

As soon as he made his errand known, my father asked if he wanted a plan of the whole house, or only certain rooms. My heart almost stood still, and the seconds that intervened before he answered, seemed to lengthen out into hours of suspense.

"Only the size of your largest bed-rooms," was his reply.

Now, sister and I occupied the largest and prettiest one in the house. It was very roomy and had three windows in it, well ventilated, and high, and meant to be healthy.

Without one word, father sprang to his feet with alacrity, and opened doors and bowed the young man through one room and on into ours. It was just as we had scratched out in a hurry in the early dawn and left it—a woman's private bed-room—not expecting that any eyes except our own would dare to invade its sacred precincts. He stooped down, took a long tape measure out of his pocket and measured the length, then he turned and measured across, and that measurement took him clear back under the fluffy bed, but he crept under right manfully, noted down the figures, giving the size, in his pass-book, thanked father and went home.

Sister and I both cried bitter tears. Little things like this mortify a woman more than matters of vast importance, sometimes, and I believe neither

of us will ever be reconciled to the unfortunate occurrence.

Since then we throw open our windows and open our beds when we rise and let them lie only until the kitchen work is finished after breakfast. It is well to be on the safe side, for one does not know what minute sickness or accident may call into use the bed-room, and, say what you please about it, a woman is very sensitive about such things.

So we concluded, much as we would like to turn the inside of our sleeping apartments open to the healing, purifying rays of the sun, and the free, fresh airs of heaven, that perhaps it were better to leave them "all tossed up" only until after the breakfast work was done. This will answer very well if the beds are sunned out-doors once a week, and the room ventilated by open windows every day.

There is no room in a house that needs to be kept perfectly clean so scrupulously as one's sleeping-apartment. During sleep the body is throwing off, in insensible perspiration, all the time, that which is poisonous to the lungs, and which vitiates the air. Everything in the room absorbs this impurity, and we should keep no garments hanging on the walls, and if the room is carpeted, it should be cleaned frequently.

We sat and talked until the katydid-music was filling the air like tinkling little bells, and the owl that nightly hoots from the eaves of the wood-shed had taken up his doleful song. While we listened, the silver cornet band from the village halted in the street opposite our house, and the sweetly plaintive air of Pleyel's Hymn floated on the evening breeze and came to us like a blessing, soothing, and soft, and full of the spirit of melody.

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

HEAR the story of the bells,
The New Year's bells!

Hark, how their music sways and swells
From out the old belfry, dark and high,
Now down through the valley, now up to the sky,
Swinging and climbing,
And ringing and chiming;
And this is the story their melody tells,
In quaintest, softest rhyming.

"Listen, children to our chimes,
Our merry chimes!

We will ring in your ears some pleasant rhymes,
Of a New Year fresh from the land of light,
Laden with treasures rich and bright,
Winning and willing,
And singing and smiling,
And scattering his gifts for the coming times,
With looks of arch beguiling!"

Listen, children, to his song,
His merry song!

"Have good cheer, friends, it will not be long
Ere the sleet and the ice and the shrouding snow,
Will melt in the spring-time warmth and glow;
And winging and springing,
And singing and clinging,
The roses, and birds, and streamlets flow
Your New Year's joys are bringing!

ORGAN PASTIME.

Andantino.

HARVEST HYMN.

ARRANGED BY SEP. WINNER.

No. 1.



ECHO SONG.

Con talle.

No. 2.



Evenings with the Poets.

WELL AGAIN.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE child lay sick on her tiresome bed;
Her face was whitened and drawn with pain—
And her mother sorrowed, and sadly said,
While tears fell fast on the golden head:
“Ah, me, will she ever be well again?”

The bird outside on the window-sill
Sung loud a joyful and merry strain;
He pecked at the glass with his yellow bill—
He danced and warbled with glad good will,
“Come out of doors and be well again!”

The bee plunged in at the open door,
And bumped his forehead against the pane—
Bright were the golden rings he wore—
He buzzed on the ceiling, the wall, the floor,
And said, “Come out and be well again!”

The breeze came in at the lifted sash,
Full of the strength of the sweet salt main;
It told of the brook's soft purl and plash,
Of new-fledged birds in the roadside ash,
And whispered, “Come and be well again!”

The flowers leaned from their crystal vase,
They were brought by her mates from dell and plain;
They kissed and fondled her fevered face,
They beckoned and nodded with wooing grace,
And said, “Arise, and be well again!”

The rain came out of its cloud, and beat
With dripping fingers against the pane;
And “Come!” it gurgled, “the air is sweet,
There are grassy pools for your burning feet—
Come out of doors and be well again!”

She writhed and moaned in her fever-toss,
And mocking visions beset her brain;
She dreamed of showers, and cool moist moss,
Of clear waves, foaming the ledge across,
To turn the mill-wheel with might and main.

“Give me your bloom, O flowers, said she;
“Give me your fresh, sweet breath, O rain;
Give me your vigor, O tireless bee;
Give me your life, O wind of the sea,
That I may be strong and well again!”

And long ere the forest nuts were browned,
When fields were rich with the rustling grain,
And early apples grew red and round,
Out with the reapers, alert and sound,
The little maiden was well again!

Portland Transcript.

PAGE IMPLORA.

SOAQUIN MILLER IN “THE OVERLAND.”

BETTER it were to sit still by the sea,
Loving somebody and satisfied—
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days—
Than wander and wander in all these ways,
Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,
Be it never so simple. The humbler the home,
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part,
Love and be loved, with all your heart,

Drink sweet waters and dream in a spell,
Share your delights and divide your tears;
Love and be loved in the old east way,
Ere men new madness and came to roam
From the west to the east, and the whole world
wide;
When they lived where their fathers lived and
died—
Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
Better, indeed, for a man's own good—
That he should sit down where he was born;
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
White sea border or great black wood,
Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun—
Than wander the world as I have done,
Breaking the heart into bits of clay,
And leaving it scattered on every hand.

OH, PLEDGE ME NOT WITH WINE!

OH, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shrink from its ruddy glow;
And white and cold a deathly fear
Drops into my heart like snow.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
Through its mist of rosy foam
I count the beats of a breaking heart;
I see a desolate home.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shiver with icy dread;
Each drop to me is a tear of blood
That sorrowful eyes have shed.

Oh, pledge me not! though the wine is bright
As the crystal light that flows
Through the sunset's cloudy gates of fire,
Or the morning's veins of rose.

Put down the cup! it is brimmed with blood
Crushed throbbing from hearts like mine!
For hope, for peace, for dear love's sake,
Oh, pledge me not with wine!

“IN DUE SEASON.”

YE who sow with anxious yearning
Till the tiny leaflets peep,
Waiting, watching, patience learning,
“If ye faint not, ye shall reap.”

Though the harvest long delaying
Cause you, sorrowing, to weep,
Still believe this faithful saying—
“If ye faint not, ye shall reap.”

Ground now dead and barren seeming,
Blooming shall awake from sleep,
For the promise rises beaming—
“If he faint not, ye shall reap.”

Seeds of truth around you flinging,
On fair mead and rugged steep,
In your ears one truth be ringing—
“If ye faint not, ye shall reap.”

Fearless tread the path of duty,
Joy shall cause your hearts to leap,
When from fields of Golden beauty,
“If ye faint not, ye shall reap.”

Housekeepers' Department.

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:—Will you permit me to say a few words to Pipesey. I am one of your subscribers, and like the magazine very much.

DEAR PIPESEY! although I am a stranger to you, you are not to me, for you visit me every month. You tell us so many things that are good that I would like to return the compliment; so I will tell you my way of washing flannel. I have been a housekeeper over twenty years, and washing flannel so that it would not shrink has been one of the most difficult things I had to manage. After trying a great many ways, I think the following the best. Take soft water, just warm enough to be pleasant to the hand; put in soap quite liberally, enough to make a stiff suds so the dirt will not kill the foam; then wet the goods, piece by piece, as you want to wash them, using only the hands, and wash them by pulling and squeezing—never rub them. After washing them enough, take water the same warmth as the suds and use one or two, as needed, to rinse them in. I have tried this three winters and am satisfied it will not fall if tried according to directions.

That you may still visit us is the wish of

PANSY.

RECIPES.

PORTSLADE APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and core half a dozen good apples, and boil them in as little water as will cook them; reduce the fruit to a pulp, add the juice of one lemon and about a quarter of its grated rind, and half a teaspoonful of fresh powdered ginger. Next, make a mixture of four well-beaten eggs with a quarter of a pound of butter, warmed to fluidity, and six ounces of bread-crumbs; moist sugar to taste—say four ounces—and a good dash of nutmeg. Lastly, blend all together, and put into a dish which has been buttered, and spread over with bread crumbs; then bake for one hour. To serve, turn out of the dish and dust with white sugar.

EGGS DRESSED SPANISH FASHION.—In a frying-pan toss a slice of rich bacon for the sake of the fat it will render; take away the bacon; mix a teaspoonful of honey with the bacon fat; break into it a dozen new-laid eggs, and do them slowly; take them up with a skimmer, place them in a dish, and almost musk them with pickled red and green capsicums, sliced.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Peel, core and boil the apples—Spitzenbergs are the best—with only sufficient water to keep them from burning; beat them to a pulp; to

every pound allow three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar; dip the lumps into water, put these into a saucepan and boil until the syrup is thick and can be well skimmed; add this syrup to the apple, with half a teaspoonful of minced lemon-peel to each pound, and stir over a quick fire till the apple ceases to stick to the bottom of the pan. Dip jelly moulds into water, and lay in the bottoms, as they are inverted, a few strips of citron and some blanched almonds; then pour in the marmalade, and when cold it will turn out easily.

TO BONE A TURKEY OR FOWL WITHOUT OPENING IT.—After the fowl has been drawn and singed, wipe it inside and out with a clean cloth, but do not wash it. Take off the head, cut through the skin all round the first joint of the legs, and pull them from the fowl, to draw out the large tendons. Raise the flesh first from the lower part of the backbone, and a little also from the end of the breastbone, if necessary; work the knife gradually to the socket of the thigh; with the point of the knife detach the joint from it, take the end of the bone firmly in the fingers, and cut the flesh clean from it down to the next joint, round which pass the point of the knife carefully, and when the skin is loosened from it in every part, cut round the next bone, keeping the edge of the knife close to it, until the whole of the leg is done. Remove the bones of the other leg in the same manner; then detach the flesh from the back and breastbone sufficiently to enable you to reach the upper joints of the wings; proceed with these as with the legs, but be especially careful not to pierce the skin of the second joint: it is usual to leave the pinions unboned, in order to give more easily its natural form to the fowl when it is dressed. The merrythought and neckbones may now easily be cut away, the back and side-bones taken out without being divided, and the breastbone separated carefully from the flesh (which, as the work progresses, must be turned back from the bones upon the fowl, until it is completely inside out.) After the one remaining bone is removed, draw the wings and legs back to their proper form, and turn the fowl right side outwards.

A turkey is boned exactly in the same manner; but as it requires a very large proportion of forcemeat to fill it entirely, the legs and wings are sometimes drawn into the body, to diminish the expense of this. If very securely trussed, and sewn, the bird may be either boiled, or stewed in rich gravy, as well as roasted, after being boned and forced; but it must be most gently cooled, or it may burst.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

IT is fairly decided that felt is to be the most fashionable, or, at least, the most commonly-worn material for bonnets and hats this winter. These felt hats will, in fact, work an entire revolution in millinery. The only wonder is that, cheap, comfortable and pretty as they undoubtedly are, they have not been thought of and adopted long ago. They are of all shapes and styles, though the prevailing modes are soft, with high crowns with tolerably broad brims, which, being without wire, are turned up or turned down, as the caprice of the wearer dictates, and fastened with bows of ribbon, or velvet, or aligrettes of feathers and jet, or by a bright-colored bird's wing.

Flowers are not so much seen this season, as they do not seem to go well with felt, but plumes of any de-

scription and color are worn. These hats are bound around the edge with velvet, and have bias folds of velvet around the crown.

There is great variety in the styles of wearing the hair. Ladies with abundance of hair discard false braids entirely, and gather all the hair, save a single tress on each side of the forehead, into a mass, fastened together low behind, where it is tied in a short, thick loop. For the street this loop is braided, as the loose hair would soon be disheveled if worn in the open air. The tresses in front are brought in large, soft waves across the forehead, and fastened behind by a short strap made of the ends of the tress. This style is most becoming for ladies who have the low, broad, Greek forehead.

Ladies who have not much hair of their own retain

high coiffures. Finger-puffs are massed over the top and back of the head, and soft loops are added behind, so that while the coiffure towers high above the head, it is also low behind.

Ladies whose hair grows thickly about the ear and neck, display its luxuriance by combing it straight upward to a mass of soft puffs or crown braids, over which droop two small, short, feathery curls.

The headdress, whether it be a cluster of flowers or downy marabout feathers with a heron's feather wigrette in the centre, is now set directly on top, on the left side, or quite in front, but not low behind.

The chataleine braid and the low plaited Catogan loop are worn in the street. A crown braid is worn with the chataleine, a bow of ribbon or of twilled bias silk ties the Catogan. A fillet of black velvet studded with jet beads is a simple and pretty ornament when worn around massive braids.

There is about to be a change in collars. The day of the ruff is fast going by, and the plain standing collar is about to be installed in its place. These collars are of various styles. Some of them are straight, stiff

bands. Then there is the standing collar with points turned over in front, and the standing, flaring collar, running down to a point in front. Then there is the collar so rounded that it flares at the back, turned in front with two long, narrow revers, and a collar presenting a similar appearance on the bosom, but plaited instead of flared at the back.

Of jackets, the cuirass is the most in favor. It is a round basque, fitting the figure as closely as it can without straining, and coming smoothly over the hips a quarter of a yard. A cord or piping edges it, and when ball fringe is placed on the skirt it is added to the cuirass.

Cloaks of heavy, rich material, such as beaver cloth and imitation seal-skin, will be cut this winter in the shape of long, loose sacques, single-breasted, closing snugly up to the throat, and shaped but slightly, or not at all, to the figure at the back. The richer cloaks of metalasé silk and velvet will be trimmed with velvet or fur. Cloth garments will be heavily braided and beaded, or bordered with narrow bands of fur.

New Publications.

The Mistress of the Manse. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A new poem by the author of "Bitter Sweet" is sure to find a large and appreciative audience among the refined and cultivated. This one is a love-romance, in which the author shadows forth his idea of the true relation of married partners. It contains many passages of exquisite beauty, in which he touches the springs of human feeling, and reveals his loving sympathy with nature.

For Better or Worse. A Book for some Men and all Women. By Jennie Cunningham Croly (Jennie June.) Boston: Lee & Shepard. A good book, and one that, if read carefully by young men and women before marriage, would save many from unhappy unions. Mrs. Croly writes sensibly, and evidently from wide observation and careful thought. Her book is full of wise suggestions and admonitions; and is especially to be commended to those who are not harmonious in their wedded lives. Not a few of these might be helped to a knowledge of the difficulties in their special cases, and be enabled to see how they were to be lessened, or removed altogether. We make a single extract.

"There is another temptation which this age opposes to the duty of the wife, and which is even more dangerous than prosperity, because subtler, and presented under a variety of seducing and attractive forms, and that is **INDIVIDUALISM**. To women it puts on the guise of an angel unlocking the gates of Paradise, and is the herald of a gospel so sweet and entrancing, that they yield without opposition to its fascinations, until they find themselves sailing out of the smooth waters into a troubled sea, full of difficulties and conflicts, and hiding beneath its treacherous surface a still deeper blackness and darkness.

"It sets itself from the beginning in active opposition to all unity and harmony between husband and wife, to all subordination of individual desire to the interests of the family. It says to the wife: Why should you be the mere echo of your husband? Why should your gifts and graces be absorbed in the drudgery of the household and the care of children? Your first duty and last duty is to yourself, and no other has any right to interfere with it; if you feel that this is your highest, and truest, and best representative work, why then do it; but if you feel that you can do something else better, why then, in God's name, do that.

"Does it not sound plausible? Would it not be likely to lead, I will not say *mislead*, any young and inexperienced woman, conscious of some power, but ignorant of the laws which govern her own being and control her relations with the world about her?

"By the estimate which the world puts upon that which is known and recognized, is she not justified in seeking personal fame, personal honor, personal recog-

nition? Is she not justified in sacrificing to these, if it is necessary, family ties, family affections and family interests? She has not yet learned the very unsatisfactory nature of public reputation, and how utterly worthless it becomes when obtained at the sacrifice of known duty.

"I do not blame women for desiring personal reputation; I would certainly not prevent, but would rather help them to achieve it; but I would have them put it upon higher ground than the low one of self, that of duty to the family, or to humanity; and they will soon discover that we give to the world the best that is in us, by doing the duty that lies nearest to us, and that it is best to do it because it is duty, and not because it will bring us fame, or honor, or even honest recognition.

"It is not the mere ambitious desire for personal reputation, however, which presents individualism in its worst aspect; it is the baleful influence, the pernicious tendency of the doctrines, and the destructive moral and social ideas to which it leads. In spirit it is directly opposed to our highest moral conceptions—that of subordination of the individual will to the general good.

"It puts self, and the lowest instincts, before the convictions of honor and duty. It tramples upon whatever stands in the way of personal gratification, and, in fine, makes of the individual a new golden calf, which it sets upon a pedestal, and calls upon woman to fall down and worship it.

"Why should not they do so, they already ask, as well as men? I answer, because if they are the real possessors of the moral power attributed to them by men, of that fine and subtle moral and spiritual force which it is the dream of all good men and women will sometime be formulated into an active and all-pervading agency, and brought to bear upon the selfish and brutalizing tendencies of every-day life, then they ought to be superior to selfish and merely personal considerations. They should be able to say to men: It is not out of your selfishness, your individualism, your political preferment—always built upon the bodies of prostrate rivals—or your personal successes, at the expense of costly tears, that you get your chief pleasure and satisfaction; it is in your homes, your families, your children; in something which you have done to mitigate pain, to create new sources of enjoyments, and add to the real wealth and happiness of the world—it is these that you prefer to think of, and to rest upon, as the material for a desirable and hopeful immortality.

"It is, therefore, in these acts of beneficence, not in those of selfishness, that we wish to imitate you, and not so much imitate as work with you. We do not wish to make another great, assertive, belligerent *I* in the world, to oppose itself to your *I*, but we ask, for the good of the world at large, that the office of the woman may be respected as well as that of the man, and that the bombastic *I* may be resolved into an harmonious *We*."

The Medical Use of Alcohol; and Stimulants for Women. By James Edmunds, M. D. New York: Na-

tional Temperance Society and Publication House. This little volume contains the three addresses delivered in New York City by Dr. James Edmunds, the eminent English physician, on "The Medical Use of Alcohol," on "Stimulants for Women," and on "The Dietetic Use of Alcohol." The clear, practical, common sense way in which these subjects are treated, give to the utterances of Dr. Edmunds great force and value. The book should be widely circulated and carefully read. From the lecture on "Stimulants for Women," we take the following startling and important declarations. The doctor said:

"A very large majority of the ladies of my own acquaintance on the other side, who are fair samples perhaps of the ladies living in London society, have acquired the habit of using wine, table-beer, stout, and frequently whisky and brandy, to a large extent, I think, owing to the mistakes on the part of my own profession, in the advice which they have given. The result is that the babies of the present generation are never sober from the earliest period of their existence until they have been weaned! This is a shocking statement for me to make, but I should not be doing my duty here unless I were to make it as broadly and strongly as that. It is a simple fact. The mother's blood, practically, is entirely in common with that of the child. You know perfectly that, if a mother takes even an ordinary dose of castor-oil, it will very often affect the baby more than it does the mother; that one has to be exceedingly careful in prescribing for mothers simply on this ground. Now, what does that simple fact with which all you mothers are familiar show? Why, it shows this—that the soothed condition of the body, after the mother has taken half a pint of beer, is really the first stage of drunkenness in that child! When I hear a mother telling me that whenever she takes a little whisky and water or brandy and water because the child is fractious, and she finds that her milk agrees with it better, I am obliged to ask her if she knows what she is doing? If she knows that she is simply making herself the medium of distilling into her babe's system almost the whole of that spirit which she takes into her own, and whether she is aware that that soothed condition of the child is really the first stage of drunkenness? The fact is, the baby is only the infinitely more sensitive extension of the mother's system; and it is more likely than any other part of the mother's system to receive the things which are injurious that are taken through the medium of the mother's diet. Bear that in mind when you are told to take wine, or beer, or brandy; understand that you are merely distilling that wine, spirit and beer into your child's frame; that the very mould which that child is to preserve for the rest of its life is being constructed out of blood that is alcoholized—out of a condition of the system in which intoxication is the real substantial element for the first twelve months of its growth!"

One is surprised by a statement like this. Whether or not the effect of stimulants on the nursing child be as great as here represented, any one can see that it must be very serious, and tend to the production in after-life of that craving for intoxicants which is the curse of our people in all conditions of society. Doubtless many a mother has, in the way here shown, foredoomed her child to drunkenness.

Homes, and How to Make Them. By E. C. Gardener. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. We all have to live in houses, and may of us try to build them. Yet the ignorance which is prevalent on the important subject of architecture is attested to by the numerous abortions found the length and breadth of our country, and called houses. The style in which this book is written is a little tedious, it being in the form of a correspondence, and much matter irrelevant to the subject is consequently brought in; but the hints and directions it gives are practical and wise. Every one who contemplates building a house will do well to give this volume a careful reading.

Strength and Beauty. Discussions for Young Men. By Mark Hopkins, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This volume contains a series of lectures on important religious topics. These lectures are deep and earnest in their thought, and vigorous in their expression, and will attract the attention of many readers.

Camilla: A Tale of a Violin. Being the artist life of Camilla Ureo. By Charles Barnard. Boston: Loring. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates. Every one in the least interested in the struggles and successes of genius, will read this book with ardent attention. It is a touching story, and reads more like a romance than like a history of a veritable life.

The Mysterious Island. By Jules Verne. New York: Scribner & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a genuine romance, full of the most intense interest, which every one who ever reads fiction at all, will delight in. Jules Verne stands at the very head of his school as a writer of probable impossibilities. The story is handsomely illustrated by numerous engravings.

What Might have been Expected. By Frank R. Stockton, author of "Roundabout Rambles," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a lively story for boys and girls, written in an entertaining style, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound.

Brave and Bold; or, The Story of a Factory Boy. By Horatio Alger. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is one of those juvenile books, which, at the same time they interest their boyish readers, encourage them in noble and brave actions. This book will undoubtedly have a great success.

The Puddleford Papers; or, Humors of the West. By H. H. Riley. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. Books descriptive of western life are now quite common, and always meet popular approval. This book is full of life and fun, its descriptions of people and events a little overdrawn, perhaps, yet with a certain crude likeness to the reality. While it will obtain no lasting place in American literature, it will probably attract a wide circle of readers.

The Child of the Tide. By Mrs. Ednah D. Chinee, author of "Sally Wilburns, the Mountain Girl," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a pleasant story, by an author who has already attained considerable reputation as a writer of semi-juvenile books; it is liberally illustrated and handsomely bound, and is in every way a beautiful and appropriate book for the holidays.

The Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams. A Temperance Tale. By Julia McNair Wright. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. For sale in Philadelphia by Garrigues Bros., 608 Arch Street.

Esther Maxwell's Mistake. A Story founded on Fact. By the author of "Andrew Douglas," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. For sale in Philadelphia by Garrigues Bros.

These are two excellent temperance stories written by well-known authors. They should be extensively circulated, and we recommend them especially to the consideration of those who are purposing buying books during the holidays.

Portrait Authors. Worcester, Mass.: West & Lee. This is a new and very entertaining game, which combines instruction with amusement. Price 50 cents.

The Game of American History; or, Portraits of the Revolution. Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley & Co.

Figuro. Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley & Co.

Corona; or, the Game of the Banner and Crown. Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley & Co.

We have here a very fine collection of games for the amusement of young people and social gatherings generally. They are, comparatively speaking, new, and not only their novelty, but their excellence, will please those for whom they are intended.

Scribner's Monthly. An Illustrated Magazine for the People. Conducted by J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner & Co. We have been favored by the publishers with the two handsomely-bound volumes of this admirable magazine, the popularity of which has been steadily increasing for years. Dr. Holland gives to its conduct the best efforts of a mind rich in culture, observation and experience, and his fine taste and discrimination are seen everywhere in its pages. Its high moral tone, its fearless condemnation of social wrongs and its sympathy with all that is pure and good in humanity should give it the widest circulation among the people.

St. Nicholas. Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Vol. I. New York: Scribner & Co. The first volume of St. Nicholas, rich in its external beauties of red and gold, and running over with good things from author

and artist, is the largest and most attractive gift book of the season for our young folks. Speaking of this elegant volume, Charles Dudley Warner, the author of "My Summer in a Garden," says: "I have watched the magazine every month of its existence, and have seen its beauties of pen and pencil unfold, and I am surprised now that it becomes a book—and as handsome a book as St. Nicholas himself can hope to find on Christmas—by the variety and wealth of its contents. Never before, I think, has so much literary and artistic talent co-operated in the service of children, and I will not resist the impulse to say that it is the best magazine for children of all ages I have ever seen; it is even more entertaining for grown people than some of the quarterlies."

All of which is true to the letter. If you want to give your children a real pleasure get this first volume of St. Nicholas.

Editor's Department.

The Home Magazine for 1875.

IN this, the opening number for the new year, we can do little more than refer to our Prospectus, in which will be found an announcement of the various literary attractions that are to give value and interest to the **HOME MAGAZINE**. Its growing popularity, and the high regard in which it is held everywhere in families of taste and intelligence, is not only deeply gratifying, but acts as a natural stimulus to new efforts in order to make it still more acceptable. As will be seen, our programme for the coming year is rich with a promise of good things; and we need hardly refer to the past as an assurance that all we have here promised will be more than fulfilled.

This Number

IS crowded with articles of rare interest; but even replete with excellence as it is, we have had to omit several Departments for lack of space, and to pass over to future numbers many attractive papers designed for this. But all in good time. The number is so rich and enjoyable, that readers will have the double satisfaction of delight in the present, and a sure anticipation of as good, if not better things to come.

We refer with pride and pleasure to the high artistic character of the illustrations with which we open the year. In this we now stand side by side with the best illustrated magazines of the country.

The Drinking Usages of Society.

THE *Portland Transcript* has some sound and sober remarks on the duties of good citizenship in regard to the evil of intemperance. We give them below, and commend them earnestly to the consideration of all who have not yet made up their minds to stand squarely on temperance principles. The lines are being more and more clearly drawn every day, and public sentiment is fast taking shape on this momentous question. Good citizens cannot encourage an evil which, more than all others, is, at this day, working disaster to modern society; and those who so encourage drinking must take their places on the wrong side, and share in the disgrace that surely attaches to people who do not care who is hurt so they enjoy themselves:

"Every friend of his kind and lover of good order and morality, must rejoice that the temperance movement in this city has reached the drinking classes, and that many are nightly seen signing the pledge and resolving, with God's help, to live hereafter sober lives. The ravages of intemperance, spite of all laws and moral influences, are so great and so fearful in their character that it is

the highest interest of the whole community to encourage and promote every effort looking toward the saving of the inebriate and the abolition of the drinking customs of society.

"Every man owes the temperance movement at least the benefit of his own example. When earnest men and women are laboring to banish this great scourge from among us, a decent regard for propriety, as well as for the good of society, demands that the social glass should be banished from both public and private entertainments. It may not be too much to say that the fountain head of the stream of intemperance which desolates all classes is found in the drinking customs of the higher orders of society. The wine-glass is the forerunner of the rum-jug. That which is fashionable in good society will be imitated by the lower classes. Wine-drinking in high life sustains and sanctions rum-drinking in low life. A heavy responsibility therefore rests upon those who place intoxicating liquors on their tables or introduce them at public entertainments. Scenes like those witnessed at a recent supper given to citizens from abroad are deplorable in every aspect, and call for the severe condemnation of the public.

"A prolific source of intemperance, growing out of these drinking customs of society, is the habit of 'treating,' or inviting friends and acquaintances to drink intoxicating liquors at all hours, without rhyme or reason. Of all senseless customs which have obtained a foothold in civilized society, this is the most indefensible and absurd. Friend meets friend, and immediately there is an invitation to drink, not because either party is thirsty, or has any real desire for beverage at that particular time, but because it is the custom, the thing to do. Why not, every time you meet a friend, treat him to a new hat or a pair of boots? It would be a much more sensible custom, for the articles given might be turned to use, while the glass of liquor is not only useless but absolutely injurious. Neither civility nor friendship demands that any one should endanger health, and run the risk of contracting a habit fatal alike to body and soul. Every man who respects himself, and has the good of society at heart, will discountenance the senseless habit of stand-up drinks by refraining from treating and declining to be treated."

Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia.

A CENTURY After; or, Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and its Surroundings," is the title of an elegantly illustrated work now in preparation, and soon to be issued in numbers. It is under the artistic supervision of Mr. J. W. Lauderbach, whose exquisite skill in wood-cutting has placed him at the head of his profession. The first numbers will appear sometime next spring. Size, quarto, on heavy, tinted paper. Each number will contain fifteen or more engravings, many of them full-page. The pictures will all be new, and illustrate in a style never surpassed, if equalled, objects of interest in and around the city. They will be from the pencils of Thomas

Moran, I. D. Woodward, James Hamilton, E. B. Bessel, F. B. Schell and W. L. Sheppard. Some of the best examples of Pennsylvania scenery will also be included. It is designed to make this the most elegant work ever issued from the press of Philadelphia, and one in which every Philadelphian must feel an especial pride. It will be included in fifteen numbers, at fifty cents each, and be published by Messrs. Allen, Lane & Scott, of this city.

"Stepping-Stones."

OUR frontispiece this month is from a fine picture by William Frederick Yeames, a Russian by birth, but identified through long residence and education with English art, and an associate of the Royal Academy. Among his pictures which have attracted marked attention are, "The Meeting of Sir Thomas More with his Daughter, after his Sentence of Death;" "Queen Elizabeth Receiving the French Ambassadors after the News of Massacre of St. Bartholomew;" "The Sonetto;" "The Toilette;" "Love's Young Dream;" "The Path of Roses;" "The Alarming Footsteps," etc., etc. Of the "Stepping-Stones," the *London Art Journal* says:

"In 1865, he sent to the French Gallery, Pall Mall, the 'Stepping-Stones.' The subject is as humorous as it is original. A lady of mediæval times is crossing a narrow stream carefully and adroitly, on some large blocks of stone, which serve as a kind of bridge connecting a mansion with the town; in her hand she carries a pet lap-dog in somewhat awkward fashion, and the little animal turns up its eyes to her in a most ludicrous way, as if praying to be released. The maiden's train is daintily upheld by a rather ancient serving-man, who performs the duty with a serio-comic expression both of face and figure. The scene is of Flemish character, and the two personages are admirably drawn; while the picture, viewed simply as an example of painting, shows many excellent qualities."

"Rachel Dilloway's Son."

MRS. DORR'S fine story, the interest of which deepens with every chapter, runs over into this year, and will be continued for several months. New subscribers who begin with January can, if they desire it, obtain the preceding portion of the story at a trifling cost, as we shall print separately the first fourteen chapters, in order to supply those who may wish to have this serial from the commencement. On receipt of fifteen cents, that portion of the story running from July to December, neatly printed and stitched in a cover, will be sent my mail.

Our Premium Pictures.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. The Interrupted Reader. | 4. The Wreath of Immortelles. |
| 2. The Lion in Love. | 5. Peace be unto this House. |
| 3. Bed-Time. | 6. The Christian Graces. |
| | 7. The Angel of Peace. |

Every subscriber to "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE" for 1875 will have the right to order one of these large, beautiful Steel Engravings free.

If no choice is made "THE INTERRUPTED READER" will be sent.

If more than one picture is wanted, our subscribers—none others—can have them for 50 cents each, on receipt of which they will be promptly sent by mail, carefully put up on strong rollers. Engravings of like character and quality with these, do not sell at the picture stores for less than \$5.00; and none of the above subjects are to be had from picture dealers for less than \$6.00, and some of them for not less than \$15.00.

Our subscribers will see, therefore, that we offer them a rare opportunity to supply themselves with first-class engravings at a trifling cost.

Wood Engravings for Sale.

We have for sale a large number of fine wood-cuts and electrotypes suitable for book and newspaper illustration. They embrace every variety of subjects, and will be sold on very reasonable terms. Specimen books can be seen at our office, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street. As we design closing out our entire stock, those wishing to purchase had better make early application in order to secure a choice of subjects.

Publishers' Department.

NEW AND LARGER-FACED TYPE.

In order to meet the expressed wish of a large number of our readers, we print the HOME MAGAZINE on a bolder-faced type, which will be found much pleasanter to the eye. We are able to do this without any material reduction of the reading matter.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE HOME MAGAZINE.

If we were to publish a tithe of the warmly-expressed letters of commendation that flow in upon us, we could fill pages of our magazine. They come from all parts of the country, and are filled with the heartiest expressions of delight and approval. The press, too, has laid us under countless obligations for its strong words of approval. We will be pardoned for copying from a paper in Tennessee, the *Manchester Democrat*, the following testimony to the value of our periodical as a magazine for the people. Our warmest thanks are due the editor:

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—Having received the November number of this excellent magazine, we are reminded of a purpose we have had in view for some time to notice it more fully, and we do so the more freely inasmuch as we do not receive the magazine in exchange, but have taken it and read it for years at the regular subscription price. Our better half, whom we consider a good judge, says it is the best magazine published in the United States of which she has any knowledge. In our humble judgment, the encomium, in one respect, is fully merited, for, during the twenty years we have been reading it (we began with its first number), we have never noticed a single sentence that did not breathe the spirit of the purest Christian morality. Its defense of the temperance cause alone has endeared it to many a heart suffering from the evils of intemperance.

"We advise every lady reader of the *Democrat*, if she wants good and pure and wholesome reading matter for the long winter nights, to become a subscriber. She may be sure she will get something worth the money she expends, and something worth more than money in the shape of encouragement, instruction and pleasure from its pages. We shall soon be renewing our subscription for the coming year, and will gladly add new names for the list at Manchester. Every subscriber gets a premium of a fine picture with the magazine; but the beautiful pictures wrought for the eye of mind and heart within its pages are premiums which we value much more highly, albeit the first are always acceptable. We cannot too highly commend the HOME MAGAZINE to a reading public, and especially to the mothers of our land."

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE HOME MAGAZINE is not the rival or the competitor of any other magazine, but stands alone in its peculiar sphere, character and work, and addresses itself to men and women of taste, culture and common-sense; to those who have true and right purposes in life, and some interest in humanity; to those who read for mental gain and recreation rather than for mere amusement. It goes into homes of the people as a companion and friend, interested in all that interest them, and ready to help, comfort, amuse, cheer, instruct or delight every one from the youngest to the oldest.

It is the great "HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE OF THE PEOPLE," so recognized and acknowledged all over the land; and to bring it up more and more perfectly to this ideal will be the untiring effort of its publishers and editors.

MR. ARTHUR'S NEW BOOKS BY MAIL.

WOMAN TO THE RESCUE. A Story of the "New Crusade," \$1.25.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50 the three volumes will be sent.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.**"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.**

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Butterick's patterns are now acknowledged to be the most practical and reliable that are issued, and enable any lady to be not only her own dressmaker, but to appear as well and tastefully dressed as any of her neighbors.

See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
Half " " " "	- - - - -	50
Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	35
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.		

COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$150
" Half " " " "	- - - - -	90
" Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	50
Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.		
Inside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$125
" Half " " " "	- - - - -	75
" Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	45
Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.		

For yearly, half-yearly or quarterly advertisements, a liberal discount is made.

MILLIKEN & SPENCER, 117 Hanover Street, Boston, are the general canvassing agents of the HOME MAGAZINE. Applications from persons who wish to canvass for our Magazine in any part of the United States must be sent to them. They are prepared to offer very liberal terms.



Address, **JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.**

\$5 & \$20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address **Geo. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.**

ASTOUNDING!

\$18 in value for \$3! or \$33 in value for \$4.50!

And just what you want most. The Best Magazine and the Best Landscape Parlor Pictures in America, quite equal to oil paintings worth \$500. Pictures that combine the

**MARVELOUS IN BEAUTY, EXTRAORDINARY IN SIZE,
RICH IN SENTIMENT, ELEGANCE IN STYLE,
and SUPERB IN ARTISTIC MERIT.**

The truly beautiful and Justly celebrated oil chromos
"THE CAPTIVE CHILD,"

AND
"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

By **JEROME THOMPSON**, size 17 by 26 inches.

The choice of either of these two valuable pictures given as a premium to all \$3 Yearly Subscribers to DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY, a magazine that combines the essentials of all others, or both Chromos for \$1.50 extra, making \$4.50 for the magazine for one year and two splendid \$15 oil chromos.

Postage on the chromos 10 cents extra each, or, when mounted on canvas and a stretcher like an oil painting, 50 cents each extra, which includes transportation.

Address,

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
17 E. 14th St., NEW YORK.**

And please remember these are the largest, best and most popular oil chromos ever published for \$15 each.

Do not fail to send immediately and get one or both of these magnificent pictures.

Send for circular giving full particulars.

Ladies at Home

And Men who have other business, wanted as agents. Novel plans, pleasant work, good PAY. Send 3-cent stamp for particulars. **THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, 39-41 Park Place, New York.**



1875. DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR 1875. Always Fresh and Reliable. Contains descriptive and priced lists of Vegetable, Flower and Grass Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Novelties and every **Garden Requisite.** Beautifully illustrated. Mailed free. Address, **HENRY A. DREER, Philadelphia, Pa.**

ENGLISH CHANNEL **PRETTY FEET** should be shod in **ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes.** All ladies insist on having them. They show a dark line around the sole near the edge. They never wear ragged. They wear longer, and cost no more.



Do Your Own **PRINTING FITS** From \$1 up Catalogue Free
Family Printer for Cards & Circulars \$10.50. Pearl Press for all job work \$25 to \$155. **GOLDING & CO., 14 Kilby St. Boston.**

MISFIT CARPETS.

**All sizes, English Brussels, Three-ply Ingrain, very cheap, at the old place,
112 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.**

SKIN DISEASES.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

CERTIFICATES.

The following, from among a host of similar Testimonials of the extraordinary virtues of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, are selected for their brevity.

Cure of Salt-Rheum.

Dr. GOURAUD:—Dear Sir,—I was for several weeks sorely afflicted with Salt-Rheum on my hands and fingers. Your Medicated Soap was recommended to me. I bought a cake, wetted it, and rubbed it on my hands several times a day, and before the cake was used up my hands were free from any disfigurements, and the cuticle all smooth and white. I had tried several remedies previously. You are welcome to print this testimonial to the worth of your Soap.

Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON,
84 Nassau Street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

Dr. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir,—I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion. SOLELY FROM THE USE of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment half a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

Wishing you success and a long life, I remain your friend,

J. C. STROUP,
No. 65 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Stroup is a highly respected and well-known citizen of Pittsburgh, and trustworthy.

Dr. GOURAUD'S SOAP is also a sovereign remedy for SCALD HEADS, SCALP DISEASES, MOTH PATCHES, SALT-RHEUM, RINGWORM, WORMS IN THE SKIN, and all SKIN BLEMISHES. Warranted, or no pay taken. 50 cents a cake. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S Old Established Depot, 48 BOND STREET, New York, and Drugists. Beware of imitations.

Gouraud's Soap.

We observe that Carleton & Hovey, of this City, (Lowell, Mass.,) advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say, from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

Mr. Crampton, proprietor of the Golden Rule, Lowell, says, while his son was in the country he was terribly burned. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

Ask the following well-known persons in the Nation; Major-General SANDFORD; Colonel DU SOLLE, Editor; Capt. RYDNER, Ex-U. S. Marshal; FRANK QUEEN, Editor; RICHARD GRANT WHITE; R. S. MCKENZIE, Editor; and a host of other celebrities.

PREPARED BY DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 BOND STREET, New York, formerly of Walker Street, and late of 458 Broadway. Established 31 years.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER needs no advertising; the demand for this admirable Cosmetic exceeds the Doctor's ability to supply promptly his customers.

Dr. GOURAUD is constantly receiving orders from all parts of the Union for one and two cakes of soap, requesting to forward by mail, forgetting that all mail matter must be prepaid. The postage on the Soap is 25 cents.

Wholesale Agents in Philadelphia:
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch Street.
FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., N. W. corner of Tenth and Market Streets.

[ESTABLISHED 1801.]

THE EVENING POST.

An Independent Journal,

PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK

Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

Complete in all its Departments of News and Criticism.

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One year.....\$12 00

SEMI-WEEKLY.

Single copy, one year.....\$3 00

Five copies, one year.....12 50

Ten copies, one year.....22 00

WEEKLY.

Single copy, one year.....\$1 50

Five copies, one year.....7 00

Ten copies, one year.....12 50

Twenty copies, one year.....22 00

POSTAGE.

After January 1, 1875, the Publishers will pay the postage.

The above rates are as low as those of any first-class newspaper published.

We will send the DAILY one month for \$1.00, the WEEKLY for two months for 25 cents, or the SEMI-WEEKLY for two months for 50 cents.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS SENT FREE.

POSTMASTERS and others desiring to act as agents will be furnished with Show Bills and further terms by applying to us.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Persons desiring to order other periodicals will find it to their advantage to send their subscriptions through this office. Either of the following publications will be supplied, in connection with the EVENING POST, on receipt of the sum named in addition to the regular rates given above.

These periodicals will be sent from the offices of the respective publishers, postage paid.

MONTHLIES.

Atlantic.....	\$3 25
Harper's.....	3 25
Scribner's.....	3 25
Lippincott's.....	3 00
Galaxy.....	3 00
Old and New.....	3 00
Eclectic.....	4 00
Arthur's Home Magazine.....	2 00
Agriculturist.....	1 10
St. Nicholas.....	2 50
Popular Science Monthly.....	4 00
New York Medical Journal.....	3 25

WEEKLIES.

Harper's Weekly.....	\$3 25
Harper's Bazar.....	3 25
Appleton's Journal.....	3 25
Living Age.....	6 75
Advance.....	2 50

Persons wishing to order more than one of the above-named papers or magazines, or any others not included in this list, are invited to send for terms.

Address

WILLIAM C. BRYANT & CO.,
NEW YORK.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



3654

Front View.

LADIES' DEMI-POLO-NAISE, WITH BASQUE BACK.

No. 3654.—To make the stylish garment represented for a lady of medium size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Any selection from the variety of fabrics now in vogue would be appropriate made up in this style. Heavy camel's-hair or light diagonal would be very stylish with trimmings of braid, bands of silk or velvet, or jetted embroidery. Sashes of ribbon may be substituted for those represented, with an attractive and dressy result. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 25 cents.



3654

Back View.

3657

Front View.

LADIES' CLOAK. (Known in Paris as the ALBANAISE.)

No. 3657.—The pattern to this pretty and stylish garment is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as represented for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



3657

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.



3659

Front View.

No. 3659.—The pattern to this pretty and stylish basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The trimming represented is the new material called *maileassé*, but the same effect can be produced by bands of quilted silk. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3659

Back View.

3669

Front View.

3669

Back View.

3665

Front View.

3665

Back View.

GIRLS' PALETOT.

No. 3669.—The pattern to this pretty jacket is in 7 sizes for girls from 4 to 10 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a girl 7 years old, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.

GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 3665.—To make the pretty jacket illustrated for a girl of 6 years, 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 3668.—The pattern to the charming suit illustrated is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl 4 years old, 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Although feather trimming is employed to complete this garment, borderings of fur, fringe, silk or velvet would be quite as appropriate.



3668

Front View.

3668

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3663.—These engravings represent a very stylish over-skirt made up of gros-grain silk. The trimmings are especially adapted to the outline of the skirt, and consist of a velvet band pointed on its upper edge under fancy buttons, together with a fall of heavy silk fringe. Cashmere with embroidery or jetted lace would form a stylish combination. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3663

Front View.

3663

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3660.—The pattern to the novel garment illustrated, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the over-skirt represented for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. The novel formation of this skirt causes the drapery to fit the figure closely, while its square and stylish outline remains undisturbed. A sash of the material ties it to position, but one of silk or velvet can be chosen if preferred. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3660

Front View.

3660

Back View.



3651
Front View.

**MISSES' WALKING
SKIRT, WITH AN
OVER-SKIRT AT-
TACHED TO THE
FRONT.**

No. 3651.—The skirt represented combines the characteristics of the two garments signified by its name. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires 7 yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make it up for a miss of 10 years. Price, 25 cents



3651
Back View.



3667
Front View.



3667
Back View.

BOYS' BELTED JACKET.

No. 3667.—The pattern to the garment represented is in 4 sizes for boys from 4 to 7 years of age. To make the jacket for a boy 5 years old, 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3656
Front View.



3656
Back View.

GIRLS' NORFOLK JACKET.

No. 3656.—The pretty waist represented unites the characteristics of the blouse and basque in one garment. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. To make the jacket for a girl 4 years old, 2½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3652
Front View.



3652
Back View.

CHILD'S BLOUSE DRESS.

No. 3652.—These engravings represent a very stylish suit for a child. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, 4½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3666
Front View.



3666
Back View.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS.

No. 3666.—This natty little pattern is in 7 sizes for boys from 4 to 10 years of age; 1½ yard of material, 27 inches wide, are requisite to make the pants for a boy 9 years old. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

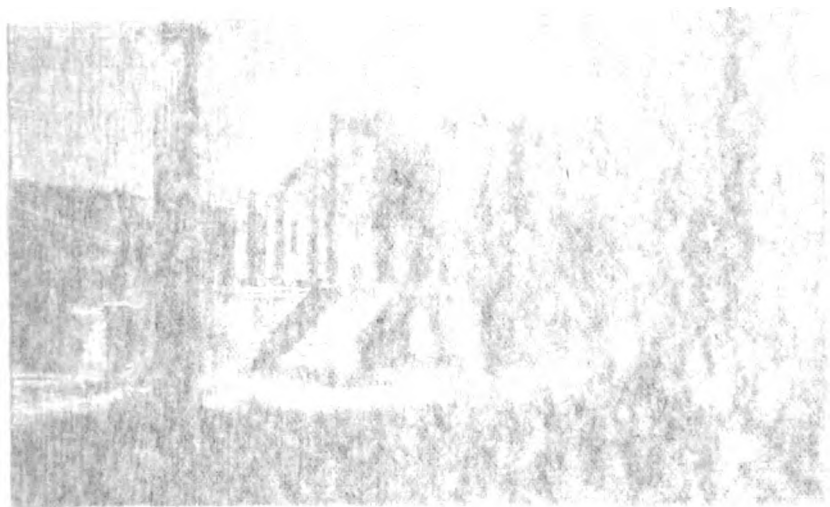
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T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 & 811 Chestnut St., Phila.



WAITING.--Page 184.

ARTHUR'S



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In this neighborhood was Avernus, the mouth of Hell, over which no bird could complete its flight, but dropped into its depths, overcome by back in a deep bay, where stands Baiae and its warm baths, useful both for purposes of pleasure and for the cure of diseases. The Lucrine Lake.



WAITING.--Page 184.

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TEMPLE OF ISIS, POMPEII.

POMPEII.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THERE is no historic record of any eruption of Vesuvius before the Christian era. Yet the myths of the ancients bore testimony to its activity at some remote date. The shores of the Bay of Naples were called the Phlegra or Phlegreæ Campi (Burnt Fields), from the traces of igneous action everywhere visible. The earth was riven and scorched, and bore traces of volcanic action. Here was located the famous battle between the giants and the gods, assisted by Hercules, in which the former were cast down and destroyed by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. And these scorching thunderbolts had burnt and blackened the earth, and left their traces in molten stone, lava and ashes.

In this neighborhood was Avernus, the mouth of Hell, over which no bird could complete its flight, but dropped into its depths, overcome by

the sulphurous exhalations. Avernus is the Greek form of the name, signifying birdless, and referring to the same supposed deadly character, while its dreary and terror-striking appearance was certainly suggestive of the idea that it might be the opening to the nether world. The superstition of the middle ages transferred the mouth of hell from Avernus to the crater of Vesuvius, and numerous are the stories which are recorded by eye-witness to the descent of the wicked dead to the infernal regions through this yawning pit, in support of the idea.

Strabo, who wrote some part of his work, at least, in the reign of Tiberius, about the commencement of our era, thus describes the Phlegrean Fields:

"After doubling Midenum, next comes a lake, (now Mau Morto,) beyond which the coast falls back in a deep bay, where stands Bais and its warm baths, useful both for purposes of pleasure and for the cure of diseases. The Lucrine Lake

(75)

borders upon Baïæ; within it is Lake Avernus. Here our ancestors placed the scene of Homer's Neknia; and here, they say, was an oracle, where answers were returned by the dead, to which Ulysses came. Avernus is a deep hollow, with a narrow entrance, in size and shape well suited for a harbor, but incapacitated for that purpose by the shallow Lucrine Lake, which lies before it. It is enclosed by steep ridges, which overhang it everywhere, except at the entrance, now highly cultivated, but formerly enclosed by a savage, trackless forest of large trees, which threw a superstitious gloom over the hollow. The inhabitants further fabled that the birds which flew over it fell down into the water, destroyed by the rising exhalations, as in other places of this sort, which the Greeks call Plutonia, or places sacred to Pluto; and imagined that Avernus was a Plutonian, and the abode where the Cimmerians were said to dwell. Here is a fountain of fresh water by the sea; but all persons abstain from it, believing it to be the Styx; and somewhere near was the oracle. Here, also, as they thought was Pyriphlegethon (Pyriphlegethon, burning with fire; one of the three rivers which encompassed hell), judging from the hot springs near Lake Acherusia. The Lucrine Lake in breadth reaches to Baïæ, being separated from the sea by a mound, about a mile long, and wide enough for a broad carriage road, said to have been made by Hercules as he was driving Geryon's oxen. Next to Baïæ come the shores and city of Dichæarchia, formerly a part of the Cumæans, placed on a hill. Next to Dichæarchia is Neapolis; next to Neapolis, Herculaneum, standing on a promontory remarkably open to the south-west wind, which makes it unusually healthy. This city, and its next neighbor, Pompeii, on the River Sarnus, were originally held by the Oscî, then by the Tyrrhenians and Pelasgians, then by the Samnites who, in their turn, were expelled by the Romans. Above these places rises Vesuvius, well cultivated and inhabited all round, except its top, which is for the most part level, and entirely barren, ashy to the view, displaying cavernous hollows in cinereous rocks, which look as if they had been eaten in the fire, so that we may suppose this spot to have been a volcano formerly, with burning craters, now extinguished for want of fuel."

Thus it will be seen that eighteen hundred years ago Pompeii sat in calm security before the sea at the foot of Vesuvius, a burned out volcano, whose sides were covered with vines and trees. No one remembered when this volcano had been in activity; no one ever expected to see it rouse to action.

Pompeii was not a large city, as it had only about thirty thousand inhabitants; but it was a favorite residence of many wealthy Romans, and was a busy, bustling town, with shops, manufactories, public baths, temples and theatres. Cicero speaks of his country property at Pompeii. Its houses were not magnificent in size, but many of them were beautiful with inlaid floors, marble columns, and with walls painted in brilliant colors. These houses were ornamented with pictures, statuary, beautiful vases and many curious and

costly things, showing their inmates to have been people of wealth and cultivated taste.

The streets of the city were very narrow, with pavements raised high above the roadway, which in a rain-storm must have become a foaming torrent of water. That this was the fact is testified to by the stepping-stones, placed on a level with the pavement, which cross the streets in some places. These streets were roughly formed, some of them too narrow for any vehicle whatever; others bear the traces of the heavy wheels of the clumsy ox-carts which the farmers used. Over the broader roadways, probably, dashed the gay chariots of the wealthy.

There had been a high wall about Pompeii to protect it from invading armies, but the wall was already crumbling into ruins, and the principal use it was then put to was that of a public promenade, while its eight or nine gates were no longer closed.

Away from the city stretched a pleasant country, made beautiful by green orchards and vineyards. To the west rolled the waters of the beautiful bay, now known as the Bay of Naples, embraced by the nearly surrounding land.

Thus the people of Pompeii lived happily and quietly in their beautiful city, buying and selling, going to the temples and the theatres, and holding elections, very much as we do now.

More than one hundred years before the time of which I write, there had been an earthquake, which had overthrown many of the public buildings, and greatly frightened the people. Several of the temples had toppled down; so also had the colonnade of the Forum, the great Basilica and the theatres, and many houses and trucks. Nearly every family fled from the place, taking with them their furniture and their statuary; and it was some time before the Senate decided that the city might with safety be re-peopled and rebuilt. But no further subterranean disturbances occurring, the people gradually returned, and the injured or demolished buildings were restored or rebuilt. This earthquake was a serious injury to the city in an architectural point of view, for many of the restorations were cheap and in bad taste. The injured columns were plastered up with stucco, and Ionic shafts received Corinthian capitals.

On the evening of the 23d of August, in the year 79, while many Pompeians were attending one of the theatres, and the rest engaged in their usual business, Vesuvius suddenly sent forth a volume of fire and smoke. The ground shook, and strange noises were heard in it, while peal on peal of thunder crashed down. The air grew thick with dust. It came down like rain, rushing, spinning, whirling, and blinding all in the streets. It was evening, and when the wind lifted the cloud of dust for a moment, then the bright flames of the burning mountain would kindle the darkness. The people in the theatre were filled with consternation. They rushed out and sought their homes to find shelter from the storm of dust and ashes. Vain hope! Next came mingling with the ashes a shower of light stones all ablaze—a snow of fire, which kept falling, falling, all the miserable night through. The houses blazed, the burning sheet

of flame blocked up the streets, the air was heavy and hot with ashes, smoke and burning cinders. The people rushed hither and thither for safety. Those in the city ran wildly toward the country to escape from the burning buildings, only to meet the country people pressing toward the city, hoping to find shelter and protection from the perils of the night. Some stopped to seize their jewels and money; others gathered together their families; while still others thought only of their own safety.

Dion Cassius, who wrote a century after the event, thus describes it:

"Thus day was turned into night, and light into darkness, and some thought the giants were rising again (for many phantoms of them were seen in the smoke, and a blast, as if of trumpets, was heard), while others believed that the earth was to

tinguished, to the earth, the earth to rise to the sky."

Pliny, the younger, describes at length the terrible scenes. Though the event seems to have come upon the city with terrible suddenness after nightfall, yet from his account it seems that Vesuvius gave warnings of the approaching catastrophe earlier in the day. Pliny writes to Tacitus:

"On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him (his uncle) to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. It was not at that distance discernable from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterward to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of



STREET IN POMPEII.

return to chaos, or to be consumed by fire. Therefore men fled, some from the houses out into the ways, others that were without, into their houses; some quitted the land for the sea, some the sea for the land, being confounded in mind, and thinking every place at a distance safer than where they were. Meanwhile, an inexpressible quantity of dust was blown out, and filled land, sea and air; which did much other mischief to men, fields and cattle, and destroyed all the birds and fishes, and, besides, buried two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the population was sitting in the theatre. For this dust was so abundant that it reached Africa, Syria and Egypt, and filled the air above Rome, and overclouded the sun, which caused much fear for many days, men neither knowing nor being able to conjecture what had happened. But they thought that everything was to be thrown into confusion, the sun to fall, ex-

branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air, that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upward, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

Again he says, describing subsequent events: "The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a

long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger."

The following is an extract from his description of the flight of himself and his mother:

"The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices. One lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together."

No doubt many escaped out of the reach of the volcano, but how many perished will never be known. Death overtook some in their dwellings, and they died clasping those whom they best loved. Others died on the streets, beaten down and smothered by the constant and terrible rain of ashes and cinders. Some were crushed beneath falling roofs, while some were suffocated in the very act of trying to gather together their valuables. Oh, it was a terrible hour! No wonder they thought the end of the world had come!

They could scarcely tell when morning dawned, for black darkness filled the air. The crowds were still pressing in the street. Men, women and children shrieked and screamed, and called upon one another in their terror and agony. Still the ashes kept falling, until the ground was covered as with a deep snow, and the weak were crushed and buried beneath them. The sea rose, and then rushed back from the shore, and was violently agitated. Vesuvius kept pouring forth its column of flame and smoke, until the light could be seen far away, and smoke and ashes obscured the daylight at Rome, and even drifted to the shores of Africa.

The buildings were consumed by the flames, and their roofs and walls crumbled, and the ashes and cinders descended upon them, and sifted into all the rooms and crevices, and wrapped themselves about every article of furniture, and rose higher and higher, until everything was covered. The narrow streets were filled, and all the shrieking, terror-stricken, rushing, running, writhing crowd became silent and motionless, and wrapped in a gray-white pall. Still the ashes came down. They filled the rooms of the houses to the very highest point, and then joined with the ashes which filled the streets, and everything was covered over. No trace of houses remained, not even a dome or a spire, or the unfallen fragment of a wall. The city was dead and buried, and grayish-white ashes spread in an unbroken surface

over its tomb—dead and buried, and its grave only to tell where it once was.

But as we sometimes see a grave in an old churchyard sink down to a level with the rest of the ground, the stone which marked it crumbled away, the grass and weeds grow over it, and at last all traces of it disappear, so gradually the gray-white ground began to grow green with grass. Trees sprang up over it, their seeds probably borne thither by the winds. Then, as the years passed away, and the terrible horror of the first remembrance of the occurrence was beginning to be somewhat lessened, the peasants planted vineyards and fig and olive orchards above the place where the old city once stood.

Still, time passed on. Mount Vesuvius again and again sent forth fire and smoke from her new crater within her old one; more ashes sifted through the air, and descended upon the surrounding plains, and streams of melted lava poured down the mountain sides. The whole face of the country became changed, and men gradually forgot the spot where Pompeii had once stood. After more than sixteen hundred years, when the people of the world had forgotten everything about Pompeii except its name and its destruction, some vine-dressers, while working in a vineyard, struck their spades upon some old walls, and, their curiosity excited, they kept on digging until they had unearthed some statues. This clearing was made in 1748, and since then there has been nearly constant work in digging out the ruins of the buried city. It is not, however, until within the last fifteen years that the labor has been pursued with system and energy. Now about one-third of it is cleared of rubbish, and the traveller who visits the spot may walk the streets of Pompeii, treading the very pavement the Pompeians did. He may enter their homes, which are more or less injured by the fires which burned their roofs and doors; but he may see the pictures upon the walls, and he will be shown, if not at Pompeii itself, then at the Pompeian museum at Naples, vases, cups, candlesticks, statuary, jewelry, and many other things which have been discovered buried in ashes.

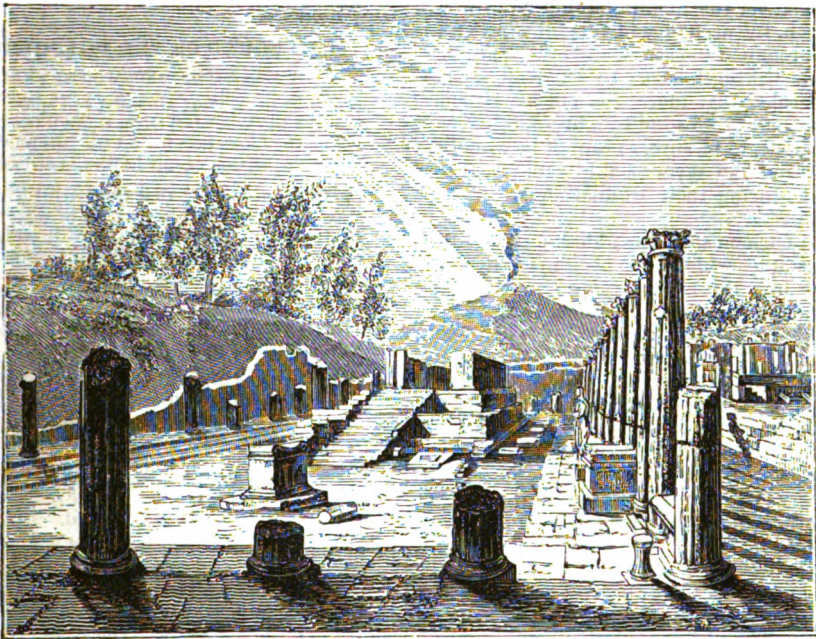
The mode by which the present excavations of Pompeii are conducted is thus described by an eye-witness:

"The ground being bought, and the vegetation removed, the work begins. The earth at the summit of the hill is taken off and carried away on a railroad, which descends from the middle of Pompeii by a slope that saves all expense of machinery and fuel, to a considerable distance beyond the amphitheatre and the city. In this way the most serious question of all, to wit, that of clearing away the dirt, is solved. Formerly the ruins were covered in with it, and subsequently it was heaped up in a huge hillock, but now it helps to construct the very railroad that carries it away, and will, one day, tip it into the sea. Nothing can present a livelier scene than the excavation of these ruins. Men diligently dig away at the earth, and beves of young girls run to and fro without cessation, with baskets in their hands, filling their baskets with soil, ashes and *lapillo*, hoisting them on their

heads, by the help of the men, with a single, quick, sharp motion, and thereupon setting off again, in groups that incessantly replace each other, toward the railway, passing and repassing their returning companions. Very picturesque in their ragged gowns of brilliant colors, they walk swiftly with lengthy strides, their long skirts defining the movements of their naked limbs, and fluttering in the wind behind them, while their arms, with gestures like those of classic urn bearers, sustain the heavy load that rests upon their heads without making them even stoop."

In the cleared portion of the city is the triangular Forum. Eight Ionic columns adorned its entrance, and sustained a portico of the purest elegance, from which ran two long, slender colonnades widening apart from each other, and forming an acute angle. They are still surmounted with their

doubt that of Venus, as Venus was the patroness of Pompeii. The ruins of this temple are very fine. There is a spacious enclosure, or peribolus, framing a portico of forty-eight columns—of which many are still standing—surrounding the podium where rose the temple. In front of the entrance, at the foot of the steps that ascend to the podium, rises the altar, seemingly destined for simple offerings of fruit, cakes and incense, which were consecrated to Venus. The steps that scaled the basement story were thirteen—an odd number—so that in ascending the first step with the right foot the level of the sanctuary was also reached with the right foot. The temple was entirely surrounded with open columns with Corinthian capitals. The portico opened broadly, and a mosaic of marbles, pleasingly adjusted, formed the pavement of the goddess' retreat, of which the



TEMPLE OF VENUS, POMPEII.

architrave, which they lightly supported. The Temple of Esculapius, besides its altar, has retained a very odd capital, Corinthian if you will, but on which cabbage-leaves, instead of the acanthus, are seen enveloping a head of Neptune. The Temple of Fortune is greatly dilapidated. The Temple of Isis, still standing, is more curious than handsome. It shows that the Egyptian goddess was venerated at Pompeii, but it tells us nothing about antique art. It is entered at the side, by a sort of corridor leading into the sacred enclosure. The temple is on the right; the columns enclose it; a vaulted niche is hollowed out beneath the altar, where it served as a hiding-place for the priests—at least so say the romance writers. On an altar in this temple were found some remnant of sacrifices, showing that Isis was the only divinity invoked at the moment of the eruption.

The most important temple in Pompeii was no

paints walls represented simple panels, separated here and there by plain pilasters.

There was a larger and a lesser theatre in Pompeii. These have been more or less cleared of their rubbish, and the stages, the places for the orchestra, and the seats for the audience, are found more or less intact. The latter are divided by railings into three compartments. The first of these, being nearest the stage, and containing all the best seats, was reserved for the magistrates and other eminent persons. The second division was for quiet, respectable private citizens. The last and highest—the remotest from the stage—was for the rabble and—women!

The private dwellings display much magnificence. They not infrequently include two open courts, around which the various apartments were placed. These courts were frequently paved with a kind of cement, in which were ranged small

cubes of marble, of glass, of calcareous stone and of colored enamel, forming squares or stripes, or tracing regular designs, meandering lines and arabesques, until the divided pebbles at length completely covered the reddish basis, and became mosaics. The house of the Faun at Pompeii, which is the most richly paved of all, was a museum of mosaics. "The ancients put their feet where we put our hands," says an Englishman, who writes but the simple truth. The finest tables in the palaces at Naples were cut from the pavements in the houses at Pompeii.

A bakery has been unearthed in Pompeii where the whole process of bread-making is discovered. There are the rude mills, made of an upper and a nether stone, once put together in the shape of an hour-glass. In an adjoining room—most probably a stable—was found the bones of the mule who turned these stones. There were the troughs which served for the manipulation of the bread, and the oven, the arch of which is intact, with the cavity that retained the ashes, and other paraphernalia of the baking-house. In an oven, so hermetically sealed that there was not a particle of ashes in it, there were found eighty-one loaves, a little over-done, to be sure, as cannot be wondered at, considering the severe baking they had, but whole, and bearing their original shape—a shape still seen in Sicily.

The most curious and the saddest sight of all, is that of the statues which have been made by pouring plaster into the moulds found in the ashes where human beings had once been, but of whom nothing now remained but skeletons. The ashes, drifting and sifting around the lifeless bodies while they were still perfect, and hardening in that shape, furnish perfect casts, which, filled with plaster, produce the exact likeness of those who perished so fearfully long ago—their faces and attitudes, the clothes they had on, and the jewels they wore. Some of these figures appear stretched out in the calm of resignation; others are fearfully contorted in the agony of pain; still others are in the act of searching for their jewels, or of clasping to them their dearest ones.

A visit to this buried city must be one full of sad interest. The visitor is carried back eighteen hundred years, and finds the people and their belongings just as they existed then. He may even read upon the walls the names of the different candidates for office to be voted for at a coming election.

The work of digging and clearing out this buried city is still going on. Curious as it may seem, after remaining perfect under their covering of ashes for so many years, many of the articles, upon being brought to the light and air, soon crumble away and perish, and the pictures upon the walls lose their bright colors, and fade into dimness.

THE best way to keep out wicked thoughts, is always to be employed in good ones; let your thoughts be where your happiness is; and let your heart be where your thoughts are; so, though your habitation is on earth, your conversation will be in Heaven.

THE DRACHENFELS.

THE Drachenfels, or "Dragon Rock," which overlooks the little village of Koeingswinter on the Rhine, is a spur of the Siebengebirge, or "Seven Mountains," which were the scene of the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Germany. It takes its name from an old Pagan legend, which relates that it was once the abode of a horrible dragon, breathing fire and smoke, to whom the people offered human victims. It came to pass that a young girl, who had been taken captive, was offered to the dragon. Now it happened that Christianity was beginning to gain ground among the people, and that this maiden was a convert. So, when the dragon rushed at her, she held up a crucifix, which so surprised and terrified the beast that he threw himself over the precipice and was drowned in the river. Præd has given us this legend in his easy and graceful verse. We copy it entire.

THE LEGEND OF THE DRACHENFELS.

BY WINTHBOP MACKWORTH PRÆD.

"Death be her doom! we must not spare,
Though the voice be sweet, though the face be fair,
When the looks deride and the lips blaspheme
The Serpent-God of our hallowed stream.

"Death be her doom! that the fearful King
May joy in the gift his votaries bring;
And smile on the valley, and smile on the rock,
To freshen the vine, and to fatten the flock.

"Death be her doom! ere the pitiless One
Leap from his rest at set of sun;
Seek from his crag his wonted prey,
And punish in wrath our long delay!"

It was a gray-haired Chief that said
The words of fate, the words of fear;
A battered casque was on his head,
And in his grasp a broken spear:
It was a captive maid that met,
Sedate, serene, the stern command.
Around her neck her beads were set,
An Ivory cross was in her hand.

"Lead me away! I am weak and young,
Captive the fierce and the proud among;
But I will pray an humble prayer,
That the feeble to strike may be firm to bear.

"Lead me away! the voice may fall,
And the lips grow white, and the cheeks turn pale;
Yet will ye know that naught but sin
Chafes or changes the soul within.

"Lead me away! oh, dear to mine eyes
Are the flowery fields, and the sunny skies;
But I cannot turn from the Cross divine
To bend my knee at an idol's shrine."

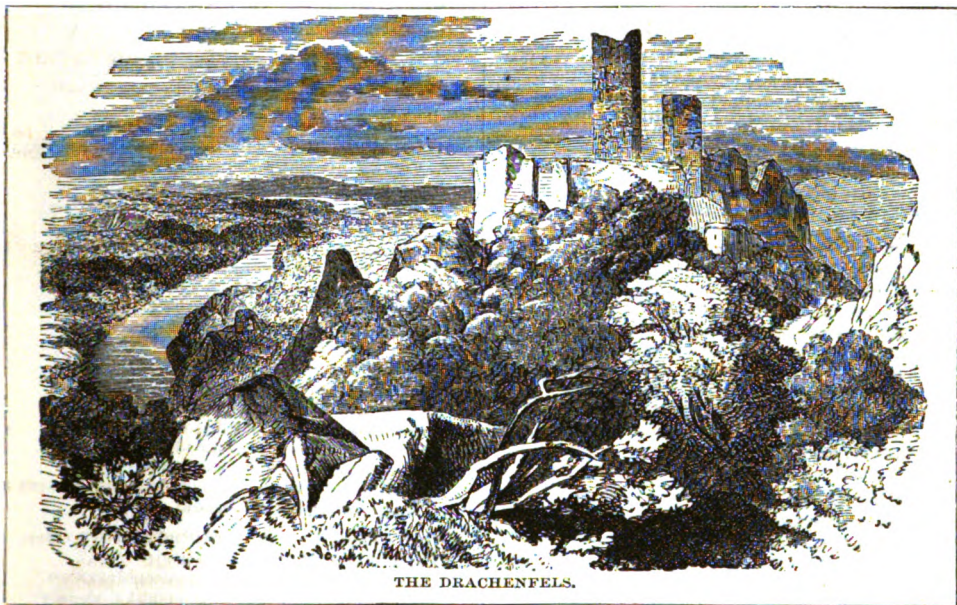
They clothe her in such rich array
As a bride prepares for her bridal day;
Around her forehead, that shines so bright,
They wreath a wreath of roses white,
And set on her neck a golden chain—
Spoil of her sire in combat slain.

Over her head her doom is said;
And with folded arms, and measured tread,
In long procession, dark and slow,
Up the terrible hill they go,
Hymning their hymn, and crying their cry
To him, their Demon Deity.—

Mary, Mother! sain and save!
The maiden kneels at the Dragon's cave!

Alas! 'tis frightful to behold
 That thing of Nature's softest mould,
 In whose slight shape and delicate hue
 Life's loveliness beams fresh and new,
 Bound on the bleak hill's topmost height,
 To die, and by such death, to-night!
 But yester-eve, when the red sun
 His race of grateful toil had run,
 And over earth the moon's soft rays
 Lit up the hour of prayer and praise,
 She bowed within the pleasant shade
 By her own fragrant jasmine made;
 And while her clear and thrilling tone
 Asked blessing from her Maker's throne,
 Heard the notes echoed to her ear
 From lips that were to her most dear.
 Her sire, her kindred, round her knelt;
 And the young Priestess knew and felt
 That deeper love than that of men
 Was in their natural temple then.
 That love—is now its radiance chill?
 Fear not; it guides, it guards her still!

The crowd departed; and alone
 She kneeled upon the rugged stone.
 Alas! it was a dismal pause,
 When the wild rabble's fierce applause
 Died slowly on the answering air;
 And, in the still and mute profound,
 She started even at the sound
 Of the half-thought, half-spoken prayer
 Her heart and lip had scarcely power
 To feel or frame in that dark hour.
 Fearful, yet blameless—for her birth
 Had been of Nature's common earth,
 And she was nursed, in happier hours,
 By Nature's common suns and showers:
 And when one moment whirls away
 What'e'r we know or trust to-day,
 And opens that eternal book
 On which we long, and dread to look,
 In that quick change of sphere and scope—
 That rushing of the spirit's wings,
 From all we have to all we hope,
 From mortal to immortal things—



THE DRACHENFELS.

The temper of our stoutest mail
 In battle's fiery shock may fail;
 The trustiest anchor may betray
 Our vessel in the treacherous spray;
 The dearest friend we ever knew
 In our worst need may prove untrue:
 But come what may of doubt or dread
 About our lonely path or bed,
 On tented field, or stormy wave,
 In dungeon-cell, or mountain cave,
 In want, in pain, in death—where'er
 One meek heart prays, God's love is there!

The crowd departed: her wandering eye
 Followed their steps, as they left her to die.
 Down the steep and stern descent,
 Strangely mingled, the Heathen went—
 Palstied dotard, and beardless boy,
 Sharers to-night in their savage joy—
 Hoary priest, and warrior grim,
 Shaking the lance, and chanting the hymn;
 And ever and anxiously looking back,
 To watch if yet, on his slimy track
 He rolled him forth, that ghastly guest,
 To taste of the banquet he loved the best.

Though madly on the giddy brink
 Despair may jest, and Guilt dissemble—
 White Innocence awhile will shrink,
 And Piety be proud to tremble!

But quickly from her brow and cheek
 The flush of human terror faded,
 And she aroused, the maiden meek,
 Her fainting spirit, self-upbraided,
 And felt her secret soul renewed
 In that her solemn solitude.
 Unwonted strength to her was given
 To bear the rod and drink the cup;
 Her pulse beat calmer, and to Heaven
 Her voice in firmer tone went up:
 And as upon her gentle heart
 The dew of holy peace descended,
 She saw her last sunlight depart
 With awe and hope so sweetly blended
 Into a deep and tranquil sense
 Of unpresuming confidence,
 That if the blinded tribes, whose breath
 Had doomed her to such dole and death,
 Could but have caught one bright brief glance
 Of that ungrrieving countenance,

And marked the light of glory shed
Already o'er her sinless head,
The tears with which her eyes were full—
Tears not of anguish—and the smile
Of new-born rapture, which the while
As with a lustrous veil arrayed
Her brow, her cheek, her lip, and made
Her beauty more than beautiful—
Oh, would they not have longed to share
Her torture—yea! her transport, there?

"Father, my sins are very great;
Thou readest them, whate'er they be:
But penitence is all too late;
And unprepared I come to Thee,
Uncleansed, unblest, unshriven!

"Yet Thou, in whose all-searching sight
No human thing is undetected—
Thou, who art merciful in might,
Father, Thou wilt forgive Thy child—
Father, Thou hast forgiven!

"Thy will, not hers, be done to-day!
If in this hour, and on this spot,
Her soul indeed must pass away
Among fierce men who know Thee not—
Thine is the breath Thou gavest!

"Or if Thou wilt put forth Thine hand
And shield her from the jaws of flame,
That she may live to teach the land
Whose people hath not heard Thy name—
Thine be the life Thou savest!"

So spoke the blessed maid; and now
Crossing her hands upon her breast,
With quiet eye, and placid brow,
Awaited the destroying pest;
Not like a thing of sense and life
Soul-harassed in such bitter strife,
But tranquil, as a shape of stone,
Upraised in ages long bygone,
To mark where, closed her toilsome race,
Some sainted sister sleeps in grace.
Such might she seem: about her grew
Sweet wild-flowers, sweet of scent and hue;
And she had placed, with pious care,
Her Crucifix before her there,
That her last look and thought might be
Of Christ, and of the Holy Tree.

And now, methinks, at what my lay
Of this poor maid hath yet to say,
Will Wit assume a scornful look,
And Wisdom con a grave rebuke.
I heed them not; full oft their lies
In such time-honored histories,
Hived through long ages in the store
Of the rude peasant's nursery lore,
A pathos of a deeper ruth,
A moral of a purer truth,
Than aught we study in the page
Of lofty bard or learned sage;
Therefore, my gentle Muse, prolong
In faith thy legendary song.

The day was gone, but it was not night:—
Whither so suddenly fled the light?
Nature seemed sick with a sore disease;
Over her hills and streams and trees
Unnatural darkness fell;
The earth and the heaven, the river and shore,
In the lurid mist were seen no more;
And the voice of the mountain monster rose
As he lifted him up from his noontide repose,
First in a hiss, and then in a cry,
And then in a yell that shook the sky:—
The eagle from high fell down to die

At the sound of that mighty yell:—
From his wide jaws broke, as in wrath he woke,
Scalding torrents of sulphurous smoke;
And crackling coals, in mad ascent,

As from a red volcano went,
And flames, like the flames of hell!
But his scream of fury waxed more shrill,
When, on the peak of the blasted Hill,
He saw his victim bound.
Forth the Devourer, scale by scale,
Unveiled the folds of his steel-proof mail,
Stretching his throat, and stretching his tail,
And hither and thither rolling him o'er,
Till he covered fourscore feet and four
Of the wearied and wailing ground:
And at last he raised from his stony bed
The horrors of his speckled head;
Up like a comet the meteor went,
And seemed to shake the firmament,
And batter heaven's own walls!
For many a long mile, well I ween,
The fires that shot from those eyes were seen;
The Burschen of Bonn, if Bonn had been,
Would have shuddered in their halls.
Woe for the Virgin!—bootless here
Were glistening shield and whistling spear
Such battle to abide;
The mightiest engines that ever the trade
Of human homicide hath made,
Warwolf, ballist, and catapult,
Would like a strippling's wand insult
That adamant hide.

Woe for the Virgin!—
Lo! what spell
Hath scattered the darkness, and silenced the yell,
And quenched those fiery showers?—
Why turns the serpent from his prey?
The Cross hath barred his terrible way,
The Cross among the flowers.
As an eagle pierced on his cloudy throne,
As a column sent from its base of stone,
Backward the stricken monster dropped;
Never he stayed, and never he stopped,
Till deep in the gushing tide he sank,
And buried lay beneath the stream,
Passing away like a loathsome dream.
Well may you guess how either bank
As with an earthquake shook;
The mountains rocked from brow to base;
The river boiled with a hideous din
As the burning mass fell heavily in;
And the wide, wide Rhine, for a moment's space,
Was scorched into a brook.

Night passed, ere the multitude dared to creep,
Huddled together, up the steep;
They came to the stone; in speechless awe
They fell on their face at the sight they saw:
The maiden was free from hurt or harm,
But the iron had passed from her neck and arm,
And the glittering links of the broken chain
Lay scattered about like drops of rain.

And deem ye that the rescued child
To her father-land would come—
That the remnant of her kindred smiled
Around her in her home,
And that she lived in love of earth,
Among earth's hopes and fears,
And gave God thanks for the daily birth
Of blessings in after-years?
Holy and happy, she turned not away
From the task her Saviour set that day;
What was her kindred, her home, to her?
She had been Heaven's own messenger!

Short time went by from that dread hour
Of manifested wrath and power,
Ere from the cliff a rising shrine
Looked down upon the rolling Rhine.
Duly the virgin Priestess there
Led day by day the hymn and prayer;
And the dark Heathen round her pressed
To know their Maker, and be blessed.



THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

A LL blue and pearl are summer skies;
 With gentle breathings moves the air;
 On meadows green the sunlight lies;
 Ah, all the world is wondrous fair!
 Aye, earth with Heaven seems to blend;
 All charms to such a day belong;
 The flowers their tints and fragrance lend,
 And sweet birds lend their gushing song.

Thus softly glide these golden hours,
 While Katy reads her open book,
 And decks her flowing locks with flowers,

When Mary comes with roguish look,
 Her hand behind her held, and cries,
 "Come, guess what I have brought you, dear."
 Kate's eyes light up with pleased surprise,
 She might but will not guess, I fear.

Behold, a letter, dainty, small!
 The blushes spring to Katy's cheek;
 That blush to Mary tells it all;
 She smiles, but does not pause to speak.
 Ah, Kate, you thought the day was fair;
 But such a glow now flashes o'er
 The earth and sky, and fills the air,
 It must have been most dark before!

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

I HAD come, at the request of my friend Marion Dawson, to spend with her the month preceding her marriage, and during my stay the house had been in a constant commotion with the wedding preparations. Dress, in its various forms, had been the main theme of conversation, and to a looker-on it would have seemed that the chief importance of the event lay in the grand pageant by which it was to be celebrated. But sometimes I could see that Marion was wearied by it, and I suspected that she would have preferred being married in the quiet fashion of forty years ago. But, however that might have been, she had made up her mind to the display that her parents and sisters wished, and submitted, with little remonstrance, to the purchasing of white satin and Brussels lace, and the issuing of six hundred invitations.

The week before the wedding there was a lull in the preparations. All was done that could be until the last day or two, and comparative quiet descended upon the family. As the cards were out, Marion could not show herself in public; and so it happened that one evening her mother and sisters were away, and she and I were left in quiet possession of the library. We had enjoyed for an hour a chat like those of former days, when the door-bell rang, and some one inquired for Marion. She went to see what was wanted, and in a few minutes returned, saying: "The veil has been sent home. Let us go up-stairs and look at it before the girls come."

I followed her willingly, and watched her as she arranged it in graceful folds over the gleaming satin. She had objected to buying it, preferring simple tulle to this costly film of mist, but she could not repress an exclamation of admiration as she saw its beauty.

"Cousin Annie must come and see it," she said, darting from the room; and in a moment I heard the wheels of the invalid's chair as Marion rolled it quickly through the hall.

Ten years before, Annie Dawson had been one of the gayest and brightest of girls, but a fall upon a slippery side-walk had crippled her for life, and now she only left her rolling-chair to be lifted to and from the bed, or, on rare occasions, to be carried down-stairs in the stalwart arms of Marion's brother. But her room was the brightest in the house, with the windows filled with tropical plants, the piano strewn with music, and the table covered with books and periodicals. And the sunshine that came in at the south windows was not as bright as that which shone from her happy, contented face. All the family went to her for counsel and comfort, and her room was regarded almost as a sanctuary, across the threshold of which no unkind thought or evil feeling might be carried. It was natural that Marion should hasten to bring her to join in our admiration of the beautiful veil; and as she lifted it in her thin fingers, and talked of its fineness and delicacy, there was no shadow upon her brow to show that she remembered the day, nine years before, when she slipped a spark-

ling ring from her finger and returned it to the giver, with a message releasing him from any obligation to fulfill to the helpless invalid the troth he had plighted to the blooming, healthy girl.

"Annie," said Marion presently, "I wonder if you cannot tell us something about this lace before the others come? I have heard so much nonsense lately that a little sense would be a pleasant relief. You know, Susie, that Annie is a sort of walking encyclopædia for the family. We go to her for instruction on all sorts of topics."

"A rolling encyclopædia, you mean," said Annie, smiling. "They all come to me, Miss Susie, to ask about anything that interests them, because if I do not know about it I have plenty of leisure to study up the subject for them. Yes, Marion, I can tell you something about your veil, for as soon as I heard that you had decided to have it, I began reading everything I could find about lace, both for my own instruction and yours, for I was sure some of you would ask me about it. Isn't it odd that these old patterns are still retained in lace-making?"

"Is this old?" asked Marion.

"Certainly," replied her cousin. "The makers say that they have tried in vain to alter the old designs, or substitute new ones, for the antique figures sell the best. Probably some of those that we see now were practised near the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century by the nuns in making genuine old point lace."

"What had the nuns to do with such vanities?" said I.

"A great deal," she replied. "When the monks were beguiling their idle hours by illuminating manuscripts, and carving elaborate designs in wood, stone and metal, the nuns were amusing themselves with the no less artistic work of manufacturing point lace. The taste and skill that they showed in forming and working out their designs were surprising. They did not attempt to imitate natural objects, but threw out free and graceful forms, guided only by their own fancy; and, as I said, their old patterns are still preserved in spite of modern efforts. The figures were cut in linen, over which a fairy-like web was woven with the needle, so skilfully as to entirely conceal the foundation. They were then joined by threads worked over very fine yarn."

"Is that the way that lace is made now?" asked Marion.

"Somewhat," she replied. "I do not know whether the figures are still cut out of linen, but in the finest varieties they are made separately. There is as much division of labor in making lace as silk or calico. First, there is the spinning of the thread, a work too delicate to be trusted to machinery. The very finest is made in Brussels, in underground cellars, because the light and dryness of the air above the surface would make it brittle. The work is unhealthy, for it confines the spinner to a dark, damp room, and requires great care and attention, and consequently it commands high prices. The thread is carefully watched as it comes from the distaff, being held against a dark blue background, that any unevenness may be

the more readily noticed. At every imperfection it is broken, the fragments being saved for other uses. The regular list of the Brabant spinners contains thread valued according to its fineness at from sixty to fifteen hundred francs per pound; but a pound of spun flax has been known to bring ten thousand francs."

"Two thousand dollars!" I cried.

"It seems almost incredible," she went on; "but it is the worth of the labor, not of the material. You know that iron may be made more valuable than gold, weight for weight."

"I should not think that a fabric made of such delicate threads would be durable," said Marion.

"Nor should I," replied Annie; "but there are still to be found, in choice collections, specimens of that made by the nuns nearly, or quite, four hundred years ago. It cannot be of more recent date, for the art of making genuine old point was lost about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and has never been recovered. That made since then is cheaper and less artistic, the designs being mainly copies of those of the older period."

"Do you know who invented lace?" I asked. "Did it originate with the nuns of the Middle Ages?"

"No," she answered; "it did not; but no one knows who invented it. The garments of the women of ancient Greece are represented as trimmed with something of the kind; and it seems to have been known to the Romans, for the name comes from a Latin word, meaning hem or fringe. It is said to have been introduced into France by one of her queens from Venice, where the art of making it had long been practised. Ten years before the discovery of America, an act of the British Parliament forbade the importing of thread, silk or gold lace, showing that the native manufacture of it was then of sufficient importance for it to be thought best to protect it from foreign competition."

"The people of the Low Countries have always been the most successful in making it, haven't they?" said I.

"Yes," she answered. "It may be called the national occupation of the women, and that is, probably, the reason why special branches of it are so localized. The women carry on the work at their homes, in the intervals of their household cares, many of them living and dying in the houses where they were born, and teaching the designs with which they are familiar to their children and grandchildren. Thus particular stitches become peculiar to certain places and take their names from them. Thus we hear of *point de Malines* or Mechlin lace, of *point de Valenciennes* or Valenciennes lace and *point de Bruxelles* or Brussels lace, like this veil of yours."

"But why *point*?" said Marion. "I cannot understand why that name is applied to so many varieties of lace. I do not see its appropriateness."

"Don't you?" said Annie. "Then I must try to show it to you. The word '*point*' in the phraseology of needlework means simply stitch, so when we speak of *point de Malines* or *de Bruxelles* we mean simply lace worked with the stitch peculiar to Mechlin or Brussels. However, in England,

the term '*point*' is applied especially to a rich old lace formerly much worn, but now reserved almost exclusively for court costumes."

"I suppose," said Marion, "that the makers of one kind of lace do not understand the manufacture of others?"

"Not generally," replied Annie. "Indeed, in the most elaborate varieties the different parts are assigned to workers each of whom understands only her own portion. There must have been at least four or five sets of needlewomen engaged upon this veil of yours."

"What was the first step after the spinning of the thread?" asked Marion.

"The making of the flowers or ground, either might have been done first or they might have been done at the same time."

"I don't see any flowers," said I.

"It is the name by which these figures are called, although they certainly bear little resemblance to the blossoms of any plant known to us. The technical terms used in lace-making, as in many other arts, would fill a small dictionary. In the Low Countries they were, of course, originally Flemish, but as French is now much spoken there they have been translated in that language. The workers of the figures or flowers are called *Platteuses*, and those who make the ground *Drocheleuses*. The *Striguses* attach the flowers to the ground and the *Faiseuses de point à l'aiguille* work them together."

"I should think," said I, "that such delicate work would be so confining as to be very unhealthy."

"It is not," she answered. "Comparatively few of the workers devote their whole time to it, and they often sit in the doorways and gardens, for, as they have only their pillows and thread to carry, they can easily move from place to place. In most of the towns where lace-making is largely carried on there are particular localities where the workers centre. In these spots there is generally a wide street or open square where they bring their chairs and pillows, enjoy the air and sunshine and visit together while they weave their threads to and fro forming the meshes of their bone-lace."

"There is another term I do not understand," said Marion. "Why do they call it bone-lace?"

"Probably because when the pillows were first introduced pieces of bone were used, instead of brass pins, in fastening the threads."

"Then pillows have not always been used in the manufacture?" said I.

"No. They were first employed in Saxony about the middle of the sixteenth century. Probably their origin was gradual. Most likely some one discovered that the figures which had been worked separately could be more smoothly fastened together if tightly pinned to some firm substance. Then the threads would naturally be twisted around the pins when not in use, to prevent their ravelling, and then was, probably, discovered the mesh now made in such enormous quantities by machinery, and called bobbin-net."

"Has not the making of lace by machinery seriously injured the hand-trade?" I asked.

"In some places," was the reply. "In England

it has greatly. In most of that made there the ground, at least, is woven by machinery, but among the wealthy classes all over the world hand lace retains its precedence. Admirable as are the French imitations, the difference in price between them and the real article is seventy-five per cent. From Saxony two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of the handmade is exported yearly. In France the manufacture is carried on with great rapidity, mostly at Chantilly, Bayeau and Caen. At the last two places over fifty thousand women are thus employed. All the French hand lace is made with bobbins except that manufactured at Alençon, where the needle is used. Have you seen any notice of the lace dress ordered by the Empress Eugénie that was at the Vienna Exposition?"

"No," said Marion. "What of it?"

tion's veil, and our chat upon lace was ended, although it was plain that Cousin Annie knew much more than she had told.

POTTERY IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

BY MARY ELIZA ROGERS. (LONDON ART JOURNAL.)

AT an early hour on the morning of May the 29th, 1867, during my last visit to Beirût, I started from the new and comfortable Greek hotel, which is close to the seashore at the western extremity of the town, to walk to the potteries. Hassan, my brother's faithful Kurdish kawass, led the way along the tortuous and uneven road at the edge of the low cliff. Just below us on the right, wherever the sandy earth had drifted into the fissures and hollows of the rocks, saffron and other amphibious flowers flourished,



Fig. 1.—THE WORKSHOP.

"It seems that the art of making the real, antique point de Venise had been lost, and four years before the fall of the empire, the empress gave the Compagnie des Indes *carte blanche* to make her a dress in this mesh. They spared no pains to reproduce it, and succeeded in making the most beautiful specimen of the kind of lace that had been manufactured in a century. But when it was finished, Eugénie was an exile in England and Paris was in the hands of the Germans. She wrote to them that she would still take the dress if they would lose by keeping it, but they would not consent to her doing so, and sent it to the Vienna Exhibition."

"There come the girls!" cried Marion, and as she spoke we heard merry voices and laughter in the hall below, and in a moment they came hurrying into the room, eager to see and admire Ma-

while over the lower rocks, which were black and slippery with seaweed, the bright blue sea, fringed with foam, splashed gently.

The rude path became more indirect and irregular as we advanced, sometimes leading us over steep places and then sinking abruptly almost to the level of the sea. Hassan, wishing to find an easier and shorter route to the potteries, guided me to a mulberry-orchard; then we waded through drifting mounds of red sand till we came to an orange-garden, with clusters of fig-trees and a few palm-trees near. Thence we made our way through sandy lanes hedged with prickly pear (the *Cactus Opuntia*). We had wandered far from the shore and had quite lost our way, when some women who were gleaned in a field directed us to the potteries; but they marvelled greatly at my desire to visit such a place, and they said, "Whence

do you come?" When I told them that I came from England, they were still more astonished, and one old woman who walked with me across the stubble-field said, "Did you come all the way from your country to see our potters make clay-pots, which are sold for a few paras, and broken daily?" I think that her idea of my extraordinary want of sense was confirmed when she saw me pick up, as treasures, a few pieces of iridescent glass and some fragments of very hard ancient pottery, with turquoise-colored blue glaze on it, which is not now produced in Syria. Presently we approached the shore again, and soon came in



Figs. 2 and 3.—BEIRÛT WATER-COOLERS.

sight of the potteries—a group of houses and furnaces at the extremity of a rocky and sandy headland. Mounds of sand and finely sifted gray earth stood outside the houses, and excavations were made in the rocks for the clay pits. The furnaces were almost concealed by large stacks of fragrant pine branches, the chief fuel used in the ovens of Beirût and its suburbs.

A little boy who, at my request, brought me a clay-cup full of sweet water, told me that he would show me where the best water-jars were made. He led me to the workshop of his father. It was formed of roughly hewn stone, built up without mortar or plaster of any kind; the interstices were filled up with small stones. The roof was made of pine-planks and beams, supported by the stems of pine-trees. The planks over the wide doorway were upheld in the middle by a pine-post, with a block of stone for a capital. The floor was of red sand, mixed with clay. A man was at work at a wooden bench, and my little guide approached him, saying, "Oh, my father, a lady from England has come to see the work of your hands!" The potter did not speak or look up from his work until he had completed the jar which he was making, then he welcomed me courteously, and quickly resumed his work.

He was seated on a narrow, rudely-fixed tilted plank, and he pressed his right foot firmly on a foot-rest, while by a regular backward movement of his left foot he turned a wheel, which set in motion a smaller wheel above. On the bench before him there were many masses of measured clay; these, one after the other, he quickly transformed into jars. He threw the clay on to the revolving disc, drew it up rapidly in spiral form, then compressed it, hollowing it out with his fist,

and gradually drew it up smoothly in the required form; then he finished off the bottom of the jar, which was uppermost.

Boys were bringing fresh supplies of clay, and carrying the newly-made jars to the shadiest corner of the shop. Jars which had been made many hours earlier were standing outside the door and along the edge of the cliff, drying in the sun. A low platform in the middle of the shop was covered with small jars, to which the necks had been recently added.

I seated myself on a wooden bench to rest and to sketch the pleasant scene (Fig. 1). I wish that I could reproduce it here in its true colors, with the bright blue of the sea and of the sky, and the gray, purple-shadowed mountains of the Kesrouan, on the opposite side of the beautiful Bay of Beirût, appearing through the wide open doors and windows. The pleasant shade of the workshop, "with its clay population all in rows" upon the light red floor, the faded indigo-blue gown of the potter, his red leather girdle and red tarbush with its purple tassel, produced altogether a most effective picture; and my young guide unconsciously made a good foreground to it, by bringing several jars of various forms and placing them upon the bench before me, to show me what his father could do. The jar with the twisted handles was made in imitation of Smyrna pottery; the other jars are especially characteristic of Beirût work. The engraved lines on the mouldings of these are precisely similar to the marks on some of the ancient pottery exhumed at the Troad by Dr. Schleimann, and which were mistaken at first for cuniform characters. Figs. 2 and 3 represent



Fig. 4.
WATER-COOLER, LATAKIA.



Fig. 5.
GLAZED JAR, LATAKIA.

the most usual form of the water-jars made at Ras Beirût. I visited one of the furnaces and a shop built on the western side of the cliff, where an artist was engraving the jars. We returned to the hotel by a direct route through lanes and stubble-fields, guided by boys who were leading donkeys laden with water-jars.

There is, in the thirty-eighth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, such an excellent description of a Syrian potter, that I venture to insert it here, with the introduction to it, as the Apocrypha is not always easily accessible.

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by oppor-

tunity of leisure. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough? He giveth his mind to make furrows. So every carpenter and work master that laboreth night and day: and they that cut and grave seals and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery and watch to finish a work. The smith also sitting by the anvil and considering the iron work, the vapor of the fire wasteth his flesh and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace: the noise of the anvil and the hammer is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work and watcheth to polish it perfectly.

"30. So doth the potter sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet, who is always carefully set at his work: and maketh all his work by number.

"31. He fashioneth the clay with his arm and boweth down his strength before his feet; he applieth himself to lead it over; and he is diligent to make clean the furnace.



Fig. 6.—THE AITHÉ PUZZLE-JAR.

"All these trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited, and they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down. They shall not sit on the judge's seat; but they will maintain the state of the world—their desire is in the work of their craft."

The reference to the glazed surface of pottery, produced by the application of lead, is especially interesting, as lead and silice are still the chief ingredients universally used for coating pottery. Unfortunately the art of glazing pottery is declining in Syria, and in some of the potteries it is quite abandoned. At Latakia it is, however, practised

very successfully. I never visited the potteries there, but I have seen many excellent specimens of the skill of the potters of that district—the ancient Laodicea. (Figs. 4 and 5.)

At the village of Aithé, in the Lebanon, exactly half way between Damascus and Deir el Kamar, in a direct line, there is a pottery of very early origin, and here also the art of glazing survives.

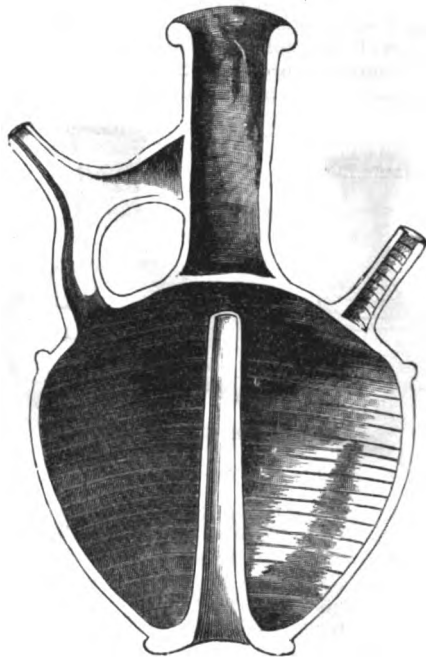


Fig. 7.—SECTION OF PUZZLE-JAR.

All the potters of Aithé are Christians. I have seen many examples of their work, both glazed and unglazed; but the most curious specimen was a green glazed puzzle-jar, which Mohammed, my brother's Indian kawass, one day brought in triumph to the consulate to show to me. I very gladly made two careful drawings of it, which I showed to Mohammed when I returned the jar to him. These drawings pleased him so much that he insisted on my keeping the jar, and it is before me now (see Fig. 6). It is exactly twelve inches in height, and is ornamented with rings of clay, several of which are movable: they are threaded on loops of clay, five being fixed round the neck and five on the body of the jar, which is encircled by small protuberances of clay. The green glaze on this jar is very irregularly distributed; in several places it does not hide the red clay of which the jar is composed, and over some parts it has been allowed to flow so thickly that the green tint is exceedingly dark, almost black in patches, and very iridescent. Where the coat of glaze is thin the color is pale green; but these accidents produce an excellent effect.

To show the peculiar construction of this jar, I have drawn an imaginary section of it (see Fig. 7). The diaphragm at the base of the neck is not pierced, and what appears to be the spout has no opening into the body of the jar, which must be

filled from the bottom. The easiest way to do this is to dip it, to the depth of not less than seven inches, into water, which will then rise up the central tube and overflow into the body of the jar. It is poured out from the short tube projecting from the clumsy-looking hollow handle.

Jars which are intended to contain only dry stores, such as wheat, rice, beans, onions, etc., are made in every district; and although they are always of good design, they are rudely wrought of clay mixed with chopped straw, and sometimes only baked by the heat of the sun.

Jars intended to hold oil, butter, wine, etc., are made of hard pottery, and are always carefully glazed inside, and sometimes outside also.

The large jars in the store-room of my brother's



Fig. 8.—THE INSCRIBED WATER-COOLER.

house at Damascus used always to remind me of "Ali Babi and the Forty Thieves." Many of them were more than four feet in height, and made of red clay splashed with red, brown and yellow glaze outside, but uniformly glazed within. Some of these jars had four handles, others only two. The smaller jars were of a yellowish gray color, and well glazed inside.

One of the most carefully-made Syrian water-coolers I ever saw was given to me a short time ago by a Greek merchant who had received it from northern Syria, but he could not tell me at what pottery it was made. It is of quite modern workmanship. It is eleven inches in height. The clay is of a pale gray tint, and the surface, which is very smooth, is ornamented with a fanciful tracery in dark chocolate color. Solomon's seal appears

upon it in eighteen places, and an Arabic love-song encircles it (see Fig. 8). The quatrain is the bitter complaint of a lover who has been encouraged to boldness, and then suddenly repulsed. With the assistance of a Syrian friend I have made a free translation of this thoroughly Oriental composition, which reminds me of some of the verses in the Song of Solomon:

"A gentle gazelle offered drink unto me from its lips, a sweet juice, a sweet wine, that made sweet unto me all the bitters of life: Enticingly turning it offered the chalice which urged me to seek for the wine that is lawful.

"By Zemzem the cup brimming over with nectarous lip-juice for me, banished fears, lured me on till I closely approached; then to my grief it upstart—and stood—in watchful, resentful, defiance."

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN was erected at Rome in the middle of the forum named after the same emperor; but the other buildings of this forum—the palace, gymnasium, library, temples, arches, porticoes, statues, etc.—have all been thrown down, leaving the column alone standing in its original position. It was erected by the Senate and people of Rome in commemoration of the victories obtained by the Emperor Trajan in his two expeditions against the Dacians; in the first of which he compelled them to sue for peace, and in the second conquered them entirely.

There does not, probably, exist any monument in the world more precious or more exquisite in its proportions than Trajan's Column, nor one that has rendered more capital service. It is of pure Carrara marble. The shaft is about ninety-seven English feet, by twelve diameter at the base, and ten below the capital, which, like the shaft, is Doric, and composed of a single block of stone. The statue is composed of thirty-three enormous blocks of marble, of which eight compose the base, twenty-three the shaft, one the capital, and one the pedestal supporting the [statue]. Every stone is hollowed in the middle, so as to consist, in fact, of a mere ring; and a central vertical aperture is thus formed, which is occupied by a spiral staircase from the bottom to the top. The column was anciently surmounted by a statue of the emperor, and later by a figure of the apostle St. Paul. The head of the original figure supported a golden ball, which is now preserved in the capital, and which is said to have contained the ashes of the emperor.

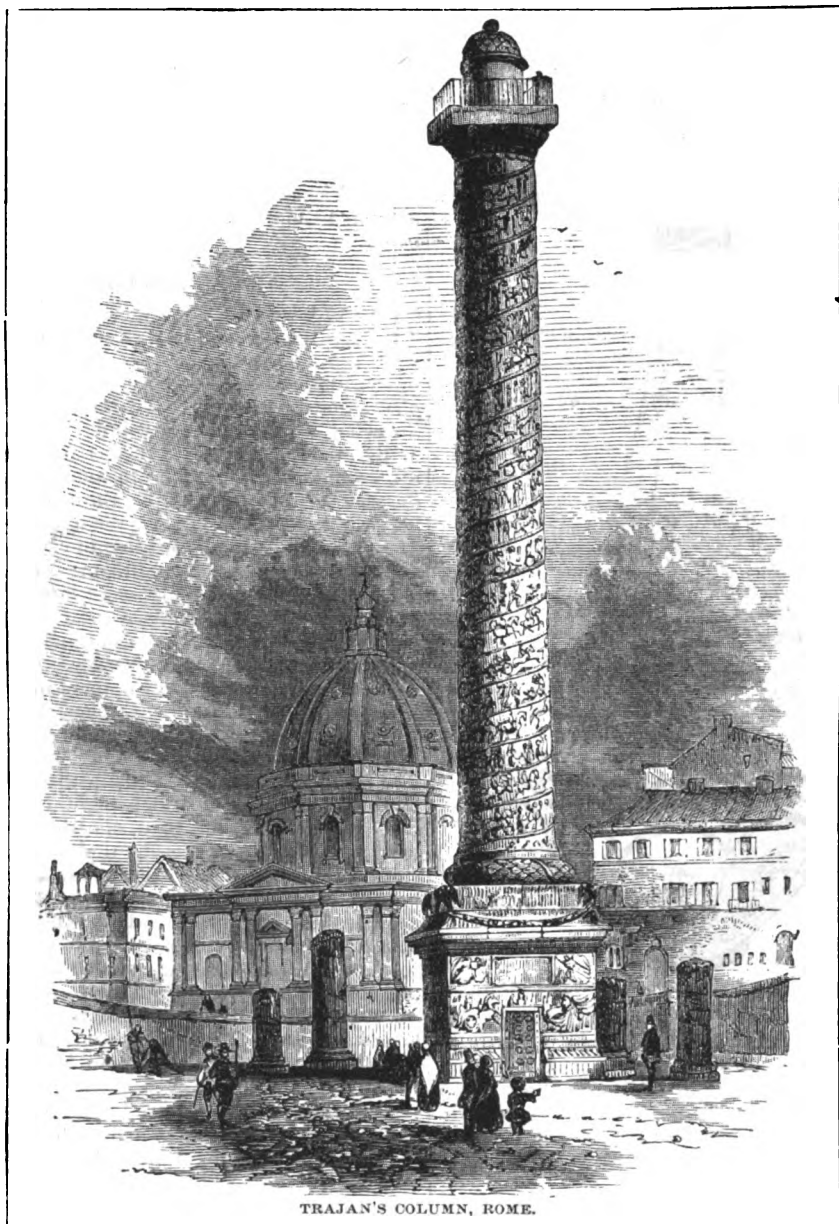
A very remarkable feature in this column is the mode in which it is decorated. There is a series of bas-reliefs running round the column in an ascending spiral ribbon, which makes twenty revolutions or turns of the spiral before reaching the top. On this is represented the chief incidents in the Dacian victories of Trajan, together with the two triumphal processions by which they were celebrated. The bas-reliefs represent the arms, the accoutrements, the engines of war, the dwellings of the barbarians; we discern the breed of the warriors and their horses; we look upon the ships of the time, canoes and quinqueremes;

women of all ranks, priests of all theologies, sieges and assaults. Such are the merits of this sculptured host, that Polydore of Caravaggio, Gulio Romano, Michael Angelo and all the artists of the Renaissance have drawn thence models of style and picturesque strategy. The figures are not fewer than between two and three thousand,

PALERMO, AND THE CAVE OF SANTA ROSALIA.

BY C.

PALERMO is the capital of Sicily, which is the largest island in the Mediterranean, and was annexed to the kingdom of Italy after the victories of Garibaldi had liberated it from the



TRAJAN'S COLUMN, ROME.

the figure of Trajan himself occurring as many as fifty times. In the lower part of the shaft the figures are each about two feet in height; but as they ascend, and are farther removed from the eye, their dimensions are enlarged, and they are more deeply worked, till at the top they become nearly double the size of those below.

tyranny of the Bourbons, in 1861. Palermo is a fortified city, built in the form of an amphitheatre, and facing the sea. It is defended by the strong fort of Castellamare. In ancient times it was a place of considerable importance, and was taken by the Romans two hundred and fifty years B. C. Since which time it has been ruled by the Saracens,

the Normans and the court of Naples. The city has many beautiful fountains, and its handsome edifices are numerous and ornamental. A cathedral, which was built in the tenth century, contains many fine monuments in porphyry. Here are magnificent churches, and a royal palace. The university has a library of forty thousand volumes. The botanic garden is extensive and valuable, and there are many learned societies and benevolent institutions.

On the west of Palermo, near the summit of Monte Pellegrino, there is a natural grotto of considerable extent, which is dear and sacred to all the inhabitants of the island. This cave is called Santa Rosalia; it has been enclosed by a curious church, and crossing which, a low, narrow vault is entered under the rocks—cold and gloomy, where silence is never broken except by the low whisperings of the devotees, or the echoes of the service in the church. Nearly at the extremity of the cavern there is a statue of a beautiful young girl in a reclining posture, with her half-closed eyes fixed on a cross, which is dimly seen by the light of some small silver lamps. The delicate beauty and youth of the countenance with its expression of simplicity, resignation and devotion, are quite captivating, and almost excuse the idolatry of which the statue is the object. The head and hands are of the finest Parian marble; the rest of the figure is of bronze gilt, appearing as if covered with a robe of gold. The devotion of many successive ages has adorned it with many valuable jewels. This statue represents Santa Rosalia, the patroness saint of Palermo, who is believed to have lived and died in this place.

According to the legend, this beautiful virgin was niece to King William the Good, a Norman prince, who reigned in Sicily, and who was succeeded by his son, William the Bad, under whose rule the island became the scene of civil wars and all kinds of iniquities. From her infancy, the young princess had been religious, and when she was sixteen, seeing the wickedness of the world, she retired to the solitary mountains. It was in 1159, when she disappeared, and the people thought she had been taken up to heaven, thinking her soul too pure, and her body too beautiful, to remain in this world. Nothing more was heard of her till her bones were found, nearly five hundred years after, on the spot where the statue now reposes. A miracle was, of course, connected with their discovery. In 1624, Palermo was visited by a dreadful plague, which no human means could moderate; when a holy man had a vision, and told the people, that the saint's bones were lying unhonored in a cave near the top of Monte Pellegrino, that if they were taken up with due reverence, and carried in procession round the walls of the city three times, the plague would immediately cease. This was done as the priest directed, and the people were cured. Then the fair Rosalia was made tutelar saint of Palermo. The bones, preserved in a silver box, curiously made and enriched with jewels, were deposited in the ancient cathedral of the city. A fine road was made to the holy grotto, terraces rising above each other, over the rugged heights and precipices of the mountain.

The church was built, and a house for a few priests, who are obliged to be constantly on the spot to celebrate mass, show the cave and receive the offerings of pilgrims. The view from the church is extensive, diversified, sublime and beautiful.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

CHARLES READE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

WHATEVER may be thought of the genius of the author whose name heads this article, there can be no question as to the freshness and vigor of his style, and his success in a certain field of fiction that might aptly be termed "blue-book light literature." "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," and "Put Yourself in His Place," will illustrate what we mean. All three books have for their main purpose the discussion of social and legal grievances, and yet so deftly are the dry facts and tedious details interwoven with the story that we are carried along by the charm of its narration and swallow, unwittingly, the bitter dose concealed by the honey.

Mr. Reade himself frankly, and perhaps a little ostentatiously, explains his method of work to us in the last sentence of "Put Yourself in His Place." "I have taken a few undeniable truths out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until fiction—which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest and greatest of all the arts—comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones live."

Now, although there is a touch of Mr. Reade's inordinate self-conceit in this, it is nevertheless true that he has converted what, in other hands, would have been but a string of dry tracts or sermons, into novels that fairly glow with power and passion. There is seldom a dull page in his books, and so rapidly are the scenes shifted and the incidents piled one upon another, that once commenced the reader is sure to finish them. With the true instinct of the story-teller, everything is subordinated to the interest of the plot, even the purpose that underlies it, a purpose that has always been good and true to our thinking, notwithstanding "Griffith Gaunt" and "A Terrible Temptation." So exuberant, however, is Mr. Reade's invention, and so startling and dramatic the effects he produces, that nothing save the vitality breathing through his works and animating their most trivial characters and incidents, redeems them from the charge of sensationalism. Both his admirers and detractors are agreed that he frequently violates the rules of art and introduces glaring improbabilities, but the former contend that his grand and realistic powers of description make what would seem absurd in the hands of a less skilful narrator natural and lifelike in his. For he knows just what words to use to bring the thing itself before you, whether it be a storm at sea or a lady's dress, and thus it is that his pictures, how-

ever highly colored, attract and hold the attention where others, whose tints and contrasts they resemble, simply disgust.

His last story, "A Simpleton," is a striking instance, both of his peculiar style and method, and the effective way in which he accumulates and gives an air of reality to the most surprising incidents and situations. The heroine, whom all of his readers will recognize at once, is pretty and impulsive, artful and inconsistent, as usual, the prototype of "Grace" and "Helen" and numberless others, though she is known this time as "Rosa" and the "Simpleton." She is true to his ideal of woman, an ideal invested with certain feline characteristics, with little understanding but great capacity for affection, charming and lovable, yet at the same time false and treacherous. The "giddy brain," "narrow mind" and "trivial heart," are brought into the foreground a little more prominently than those of the heroines who preceded her, but they are still the same, only intensified, and one may well wonder whether Mr. Reade has never met a truthful, guileless, high-souled woman, that he finds it so impossible to conceive one. His estimate is as unjust as it is degrading, and what makes his portraits the more vexatious is, that they possess a certain truth and fidelity to nature, and show up in a strong light various foibles and frailties, distinctively feminine. Of these he has been a close observer, and doubtless records faithfully what he has himself seen and experienced; but there are depths in the feminine soul that he has not sounded, and reserves of power that would overthrow all his previous theories, if once understood.

How he can write that woman is incapable of long-sustained effort, or continuous labor, is a mystery, with the example of Mrs. Lewes before him in his own special field of work, whose brain products are as superior to his as his to those of the merest literary tyro. It is true, as he says, that the world has never had a "Bacon," a "Newton" or a "Handella," but in lieu thereof might we not cite Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Somerville and hosts of others, who have won distinction in pursuits that are popularly regarded as needing not only masculine strength of intellect, but lifelong patience and perseverance? Whatever Mr. Reade may think to the contrary, a "long, steady struggle" is no more impossible to a woman than to a man, given the same motives to spur her on and the same end to be attained. To talk of rivalry between the sexes, however, is absurd, for they are as different in mental as in physical characteristics, and whether or not this very difference does not promote the growth of distinctive virtues and vices is a subject that will bear investigation. Mr. Reade touches upon it incidentally, but nowhere in the true spirit of inquiry, and glaring as is his misconception of woman's intellectual strength, it is more than equalled by the injustice he does her morally when he brings forward as his highest type of womanly goodness, innocence and purity, such a creation as Rosa Staines.

But what would you have? cries one; Rosa Staines is real flesh and blood, and in spite of her

frivolity and affectation, amuses us more than a grand, heroic, impossible ideal. All the same, your liking for her is mingled with a sort of contempt, and should you analyze her character the feeling awakened would be one of pity rather than admiration. To be sure, suffering develops her into something nobler than an empty-headed doll, but she still retains those distinctive traits that in Mr. Reade's eyes are essentially feminine, and though piquant and lovable, is as far as ever from being the real honest, open-hearted, straightforward and truthful wife that Christopher deserves.

But, says another, Rosa Staines was only drawn as the type of a class, and was never meant to represent Mr. Reade's ideal of perfect womanhood. Perhaps not, yet her resemblance to his other heroines is remarkable, and it is certainly evident that he considers truth and simplicity almost, if not quite, feminine impossibilities.

With the development of Rosa's character, however, he has taken more pains than is usual, even with him, and the course adopted is at once novel and alarming. She is first cured by the hero (who, as usual, possesses wonderful scientific knowledge,) of consumption, brought on by tight lacing, and then marries him. Their means are limited, and she immediately enters upon a general course of deceit and falsehood to conceal her wasteful style of housekeeping and extravagance in dress, until her husband is so greatly in debt as to be compelled to eke out his professional income (he is a physician,) by driving a cab at night. This latter employment he keeps a secret from her, but is finally recognized while engaged in it, notwithstanding a partial disguise, by her dearest friend. Then comes an explanation, and Rosa is enlightened as to the cause of those mysterious absences that had so excited her jealousy. But, unfortunately, the friend expatiates too warmly on the merits of Rosa's husband, and her jealousy, allayed in one direction, is aroused in another, and she suspects the friend herself of disloyalty.

In the meantime, the hero saves the lives of two patients by most remarkable remedies, applied in a most remarkable way, and then, not finding his practice sufficiently lucrative, concludes to accompany a third on a sea-voyage. Nothing happens to him afterward except that he falls overboard and is reported in England as drowned; is rescued by means of a raft, manned by a corpse, from whose body he takes a belt containing precious stones and annexes it to his own; comes as near starving as he did drowning; and when finally picked up loses his mind and memory and all recollection of his wife. But, to counterbalance this misfortune, he falls into the hands of one of the patients spoken of before whose life he had so miraculously saved, and is nursed back to health, if not to reason, by the patient's sister. As time passes on he recalls various portions of the past, but not his matrimonial experiences, and finally becomes sane enough to make quite a fortune in the diamond fields of Australia. Then the mists clear away from his brain altogether, he remembers wife, home and England, and entrusts a letter for Rosa and a diamond of immense size and value to his mining partner. Now this partner is Rosa's

rejected suitor, but the poor hero is ignorant of that fact until informed of it by the traitor's wife. Both then make the horrifying discovery that the villain has embarked for England with the jewel and letter. How they follow, and arrive just in time to prevent the marriage of Rosa to the villain; how the villain is thrown out of the window by the enraged hero and maimed for life; and how Rosa's "giddy brain" is "enlightened," her "narrow mind widened," and her "trivial heart improved" by these various trials and incidents, we leave the reader to find out for himself. It is certainly alarming, as we said at first, if a "simpleton" can only be developed into a "helpmeet" by such processes as these. For surely not every husband would be willing to be nearly drowned and starved, and then lose his senses for over a year, just to finish his wife's education.

Mr. Reade, in a preface to the work, makes known to us the sources from whence it was derived, and ends with a hope that his aim is "too clear to need explanation." We are therefore either forced to confess ourselves ignorant as to what that aim can be beyond amusement, or else conclude that it is to teach us the only true method of woman's development. Jestings aside, however, the ingenuity with which he has worked up his materials is truly admirable, and the story, though inferior in our estimation to some of his others, is remarkably entertaining. It is not so good as "Christie Johnstone," or either of his "blue-book" novels (we wish Mr. Reade would confine himself more exclusively to that branch of fiction, for he has written nothing since "Put Yourself in His Place" that would compare with it), but is marked, nevertheless, by the same breezy freshness and absence of cant that distinguish its predecessors. If only Mr. Reade were not quite so conscious of the good points he makes, and would be a little less sparing of capitals, and italics, and exclamation points, we should be grateful, and the typography would certainly present as fair an appearance. We should like it, too, if he would occasionally give us a new character, for we are thoroughly well acquainted with the old set—the stock hero and heroine; their kind-hearted but rough and eccentric friend, known sometimes as Dr. Sampson, again as Dr. Amboyne, or Uncle Philip; the uneducated but muscular and affectionate specimen of womanhood, called Phebe in his last work, and something else in his others; the white-livered sneak that plays the rôle of villain, etc., etc. To be sure, we don't remember having met Lady Cecilia before; yet really she seems more of a caricature than anything else, and notwithstanding her good heart, fails to touch our sympathies.

Mr. Reade wields a vigorous pen, and portrays faithfully certain phases of life and human nature, but he lacks imagination, and that penetrative insight into the springs of thought and action, as necessary to a novelist as a poet. He has not given us a single figure destined to be immortal; yet no one can tell a story better, or group incidents and situations more effectively. Some of his paragraphs are like pictures; others again are epigrammatic and full of shrewd sense; a few are

overstrained and charged with egotism. He delights in casting his ideas into an original and somewhat eccentric mould, and excites our amusement by the skill and deliberation with which he disentangles the narrative from a perfect labyrinth of plots and mysteries. But the "great novelist," Mr. Whipple tells us, must be a "poet, philosopher and man of the world, fused into one." He must "understand man as well as men, the elements of human nature as well as the laws of their combinations;" must possess the "most extensive practical knowledge of society, the most universal sympathies with his kind, and a nature at once shrewd and impassioned, observant and creative." That Mr. Reade lacks most, if not all, these essentials, we think is apparent; but nevertheless, as the result of thought and observation, his works rank high above the ephemeral trash of the day, and deserve a niche by themselves.

FIFTY YEARS AGO;

OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 2.

I WAS hundreds of miles away from home, and very, very lonely. I hardly hoped to ever look upon the dear faces of my family again. Thinking and fearing this, I often put my veil over my head and walked off briskly in any direction that my aimless steps led me. There was one lonely, dreamy, quiet place that I often frequented—a grassy lane past a farm-house; on either side was a tumble-down stone fence, ivies and wild morning-glories and sweet briars twined in and out and over the picturesque walls of gray and mossy stone. Across the stone fences were old orchards, full of thickly-set trees, some straight as pines, and others bent over and grown crooked and knobby and full of great protuberances that looked like huge joints. I used to wander through those orchards, and watch the robins in their clumsy nests, listen to the trill of the orioles, and rejoice in the placid beauty of the pairs of doves whose nests were in the peach-trees and on the apricot trained against the wall. Then I used to drink from the wayside well, whose old-time sweep was fastened at one corner of the low-roofed stoop in front of the kitchen.

I smile now, after the lapse of years, and think that I loved to loiter about the wayside well and quaff its crystal water, only because of the pastoral poetry of that pretty place. The old oaken bucket was a poem itself, as it came dripping and overflowing its brim from among the green, plump ferns and the feathery maiden's hair that were swept aside in the upward passage.

At length I became acquainted with the inmates of that cosy country home, and I often sat on the cool, vine-covered porch, and talked with Aunt Mary while she plied her knitting-needles. Aunt Mary was the grandmother, and she lived with her son Levi and his wife Patience—or rather they lived with her, for she was a widow, and the old farm was hers—the farm on which she was born, and, as the only child, inherited from her father.

Everybody knew the "old Pettingill farm," as it was called.

One day, the old lady came out into the orchard, with a little pail on her arm, in search of "cookin' apples," and she came suddenly upon me and found me sitting down in a secluded corner with some letters in my lap, crying. I was troubled and sorrowing and, added to this, were all the pains of home-sickness. As soon as I saw her, I cried aloud; I could afford to do it, for was she not a woman, with a woman's tender, sympathizing heart?

"Laws, child, don't take on so! that's a dear, now—so there now—there now!" said she, dropping her pail and bending over me with every token of the kindest, motherly affection.

"But my troubles are more than I can bear," I cried, reaching up my hands pitifully.

"Oh, no! oh, no! don't say so, child; the Lord gives us strength to bear all our sorrows, if we only have faith and trust Him."

With a gentle, caressing touch she smoothed my hair softly, all the while saying those little snatches of comfort that grandmotherly women know so well how to say.

"Did you ever have any trouble?" I said, in a low voice, as I leaned forward, soothed by her sweet ministration.

"Trouble, child!" said she; "the Lord knows that my troubles have been given me in full measure, shook down, and heaped up, and runnin' over; poured out as with a hand that spared not, nor gave grudgingly. And here; right there, where you see yon heap of old hath-stones with the nettles growin' in among 'em so viciously, there was where I lived when my sorrows wrapped me about so powerfully. Troubles! Lord have mercy! I should think I had seen 'em, child! W'y, I've laid all night on the hard puncheon floor and rassed with my grief, and cried aloud, and begged o' the Lord to deliver me from them! I used to wish that I could only die and take my little nursin' baby 'long with me to that rest that comes with death and the grave."

"Tell me all," said I, "maybe it will do me good and help me to be patient and hopeful."

We sat in the old orchard while she told the story. I shall never forget that day. The song of the harvester among the ripened grain came to us from the field beyond the farm-house. The bees hummed and droned among the flowers; the butterflies flitted on gay wings; the swallows darted in and out from under the dusty eaves and from the holes in the peaked gables of the old barn under the giant maples; the doves sang mournfully from the apple-trees, and the robins trilled and warbled from the top of an old drooping elm that stood a-near the site of the cabin home of long ago. A tangled mesh of the brier-rose lay in a fragrant heap where once had been the garden; a thistle stood all a-bristle where once had bloomed a thrifty lilac, and the old-time path that had led to the spring was marked now only by a border of that noisome plant of vigorous growth that the children of now-a-days call "butter and eggs." How mournful to witness all this defacement and cruel obliteration of what was once beautiful and

attractive! And this was the story, this the sorrow that life had held for Mary Pettingill:

She married Henry Pettingill when she was barely sixteen years of age. He was very kind and affectionate, and never a cloud came into her sky until her baby, Levi, was three years old. About that time a very beautiful young widow, sparkling with attractions, came to live with her sister, who was a near neighbor of the Pettingills. In those days quilting-bees, and pumpkin-parings, and log-rollings, and raisings, and corn-huskings, and dancing frolics were in vogue. Not a week passed, even in those sparse settlements, in which some of these social gatherings were not held. They made friends where else people would have remained strangers; they brought together neighbors in one common interest, and often cemented bonds that remained unbroken through all time.

One day, there was a quilting-bee at Jonas Hoskins's house. Now the Hoskins were near neighbors of the Pettingills, they lived over beyond the big woods about three miles east, on the hill above the Tilton still-house.

All the women in the neighborhood were invited to come in the morning and stay all day, while the men were to come in the afternoon and roll logs on the five-acre lot back of the house. Among the women invited was the young widow, Salome Chester. Oh, she was a beauty! Small, and spry, and quick-witted, with the strangest, prettiest black eyes and abundant, wavy black hair, rosy cheeks that were dotted with winsome dimples whenever she laughed, teeth as white as pearls, and a step as springy as a kitten's. Her clothes, too, were finer than any of the poor, toiling women in that new settlement could afford. They wore dresses of yellow and white check linen. That they spun and wove themselves, with the exception of a calico dress that they had brought with them to the "new country."

That evening, when the men came in to supper, they, good souls, were quite captivated by the little witch in fluttering ribbons. She knew just what to do, and it seemed that she could be in half a dozen places at one time. She could pass the big dish of wild honey, fill cups with the delicious rye coffee, "cheep!" to the toddling babies, and fry buckwheat cakes on two hot griddles, and keep the supply ahead for the long table full of hungry men, while the other women were slipping around slicing venison, carving wild turkeys, and seeing that the "other potatoes" were cooking. Wonderful how easy it came to Mrs. Salome Chester to do whatever work came to her hands. Old Mr. Camden said she "took to work as naterally as a duck took to water." That night, the little widow eclipsed all the other women in the dance. In the Virginia reel she seemed more like a winged fairy than a poor, dependent, young widow.

There was Bacon, whose wife was called a good dancer, but he had no inclination to dance with his wife for a partner, that evening, no one would do but Salome Chester. Bacon was from Virginia, and wore a long hunting-shirt of linsey, with a collar cut so that the points came down on

to his shoulders. There were slits in the sides of the shirt, and it was trimmed all around with narrow, green, woollen fringe. None of the other men wore quite such a finished or fanciful garment; they wore roundabouts, or the loose, roomy, comfortable wamus made of linsey, a home-spun material of cotton warp and woollen filling, or wool.

It was long after midnight before the frolic was over, the tallow-dips extinguished, the embers buried, and the little, disordered cabin dark and quiet.

And so for months and months were like scenes of gayety enacted.

In those days it was common for the mother to make a kettle of meal mush and stand it in a warm corner, put a crock of milk on the table, with tin cups and pewter spoons, for the children's suppers, give them their orders about behaving themselves, about burying the fire in the ashes, and then mount on an old horse behind her husband, and start off on a brisk gallop through the woods, five or seven miles away, to a dance.

What finely-developed, rosy, buxom, healthy wives our grandmothers were! And no wonder.

After awhile it was whispered that the young widow was not a safe woman, that the new neighborhood in the West were better without her. But then when traced back, the insinuation came from Susie Marshall, and they all knew that Susie always was jealous of every woman that Tom Marshall ever smiled upon, and so they laughed at her weakness, and only pitied her.

Henry Pettingill always spoke in praise of that "smart little creetur," and his wife sanctioned every word that he said. Salome came and visited Mary frequently, and she was always welcome, and Mary was always learning something new. Salome told her how to fix crabapples to keep all winter; how to preserve wild plums and wild cherries in honey; how to color black, and brown, and yellow, a new and an easier way; how to fix stalks of the golden rod, so that she would have something ornamental to stand beside the little mirror all through the gloomy days of winter; and how to make pantalettes the way they did in York State; and she initiated her into the mysteries of the oak-leaf pattern, and the pretty new kind of netting to put around stand-cloths and bureau-spreads. Why, such an ingenious little woman was worth her weight in gold in any new neighborhood. All the babies loved her, and two of the babies' mothers had named her little ones after her.

One day Mary Pettingill was taken suddenly ill—stricken down with pleurisy—and some one had to care for the duties of the household. Who shall we get? was a question easily answered, for in less than two hours' time the bay mare stood tied to the rail fence, her flanks flecked with foam; and inside the little cabin home the quick step of Salome Chester flitted hither and thither, while her soft touch and her gentle voice brought ease from pain and a sense of contentment to the invalid on the low bed back in the recess. But while she lay there her eyes were opened, and the newness of sight alarmed and saddened her almost

beyond the utterance of speech. At first she thought what she saw was only the effects of a disordered imagination. She asked herself if it were jealousy that filled her breast, when one day, as the wind blew back the strip of curtain that hung beside her bed, she saw her husband dallying with one of Salome's curls—saw the lustrous, heavy curl lying in his broad palm, and, while he bent over it admiringly, touched it to his lips? Why did she shrink, unless the fires of jealousy were burning in her bosom? she asked herself. Oh, of all women she would dread most to be like Tom Marshall's wife—the fun and jeer of the whole settlement. Wasn't her Henry faithful, and kind, and loving? And wasn't he the father of her babe, the choice of her girlhood, and the pride of her heart? Couldn't a man touch to his lips a shining curl of hair just as purely and rightfully as he'd touch a velvet rose to his cheek? Shouldn't her husband, Henry Pettingill, have the same privilege of loving and admiring all beautiful things the same as she had? Of course. And turning her face to the wall, she closed her eyes, and counted all the precious blessings that were hers in this life.

The next evening there was to be preaching at Simpkins's School-house. It was rarely that a Methodist itinerant preacher came that way, but when one did he always stopped at Brother Simpkins's, and he sent his boys around among the neighbors to inform them that there would be preaching at his house, or sometimes at the log school-house at the forks of the Vernon Road.

Mary saw that Salome would like to go to hear the new preacher; and Henry remarked that he did wish Mary was well, he would hitch up the oxen and they would drive over. She said it seemed a pity, just because she was sick, they should both be debarred the pleasure of going to meeting, and that if they fixed everything comfortable and safe, she could stay alone with baby Levi that length of time.

They both mounted the little bay and rode off. How long the time did seem till nine o'clock! The fire in the wide fireplace burned briskly, and threw dancing shadows all around. She lay and watched the drooping feathers and the asparagus that airily surrounded the broad, white face of the little old buckeye clock high up on the wall. Then she watched the long, tedious swing, swing, back and forth, of the pendulum, until, in a feverish nightmare, the heavy gray weights looked in the dimness like two big, dull eyes watching her unblinkingly. She looked away; and again and again she counted the shells of the bird-eggs that were strung on a thread and drawn across the top of the little mirror—one blue, one white, one blue, one white; then she looked at the snow-white little towel of fine huck-a-buck that was starched stiffly, ironed into diamond checks, and tacked on the wall under the mirror.

The clock struck nine—ten—eleven—the baby slept soundly, and his fat little arms lay outside the blue and green coverlet. He was the very picture of rosy health and beauty—his cheeks were a-bloom with the roses of sweet babyhood—but, oh, those two heavy, leaden weights, how they

stared at her from the wall! how like devilish eyes they were! how they frightened and chilled her! and that old pendulum, how it did measure off the moments—moments of time that were passing away forever and forever! How strange a thing time did seem just then! How like an ocean with a wide, wide expanse stretching away far around her, and she, like a lone little atom, seemed to be drifting on the broad bosom of that immense ocean, alone, not even her baby was with her.

The fire grew dim, the white ashes crept over the red coals, the face of the clock looked in the gray dimness like a leering, staring white face up on the cabin wall—it struck twelve—the moments went on—the white clock face looked now like the face of one dead, one who had died a violent and a horrible death. She screamed, the baby woke and clutched tightly his mother's neck; in her moment of frightful delirium she thought the fearful face on the wall belonged to a stalwart form, and that it had come down and was clutching its talony fingers tightly around her throat. She knew no more. When she woke to consciousness, the sun was shining into the cabin—the long rays streamed in from the eastern hills and fell across her bed. Some of her neighbors were ministering to her. Levi sat on his father's knee, and Salome Chester was arranging some wild-wood flowers in a little jar that stood on a shelf under the long, narrow window. Mary rubbed her eyes and marvelled at the strangeness of everything that surrounded her. She thought she was aroused from a terrible dream. A suspicion of the truth lingered with her, but she forbore to ask any questions. Salome stayed two weeks longer, and then Mary, in a feeble way, resumed her usual duties. If she had any remote thought of her husband's unfaithfulness, she banished it as unbecoming a wife and mother.

About this time an itinerant preacher called there for dinner. He was a godly man, and he improved the opportunity of speaking to his entertainers on the subject of their soul's salvation. Mary had given this solemn and important theme but little earnest thought. From this time she was thoroughly awakened to a sense of her duty and her need. Henry gave but little heed to the kindly-spoken words of the earnest wayfaring man of God.

After this, Mary found a delight in reading and meditating—she was never lonely, never afraid or weak and cowardly. Henry would be absent half the night at a dance in the settlement, while his wife remained at home from choice.

One night, as she sat reading, there was a shuffling step at the door, then a gentle rap.

"Who is there?" she spoke, kindly.

"Only Johnny," was the laughing reply, as the door opened and Johnny Appleseed entered with a sack on his back.

Everybody in the West knew and welcomed to their homes, at any hour of the day or night, Uncle Johnny, as he was familiarly called. His right name was John Chapman, but he was better known as Johnny Applesseed. He was an eccentric old man, but very kind, and tender-hearted,

and good. He always carried in his bosom a well-worn testament and a book or two setting forth the principles of the beautiful religion that he daily lived.

Mary welcomed the poor old man, and gave him something to eat, then he read to her and talked until bed-time. He called her Mary, even as a tender father would address his daughter. When the hour for retiring came, she asked him to occupy the spare bed in the low loft, but he said, "My habits are not changed; you know I always sleep on the floor." Then he laid the sack of dry apple-seeds down beside the wide stone jamb, flattened it out smoothly and made a little hollow in it for his head, spread down beside it a ragged old coat to make a resting-place for his shoulders, and with a pleasant chuckle of satisfaction he lay down and soon slept the sleep of the weary good man, at peace with all the world, and cherishing only good will toward all of God's creatures.

Johnny Chapman was the pioneer nurseryman of the West. Much of the good he did lives after him. From my window I can count no less than six, and almost seven, orchards that were in good bearing condition fifty and fifty-five years ago. Only for the unselfish sacrifices made by this old man in those early days did this valuable heritage come down to ours and us. He frequently travelled fifty miles on foot with a sack of seeds on his shoulder.

In the morning, after Johnny left their cabin, Henry took his axe and went out to the clearing. He was dull-eyed and not refreshed after the rude gayety of the previous night. He had only gone as far as the spring, when he returned and said he believed he would leave his flannel wamus and let her sew on a couple of buttons and mend the ripped lining in the sleeve—that every time he put it on, his fingers were quite sure to catch in the rip.

Mary set back the little wheel against the wall, and went to the dresser and took down a box that contained the buttons. Henry put on an old roundabout, and started again to the clearing.

She sewed on the missing buttons, turned the sleeve, and mended the rip in the lining, and daigned a tear in the edge of the facing, all the time humming the same hymn that the Methodist preacher had sung the day that he tarried with them. Then she held up the renovated garment and saw no other need of repairs.

"Ah, the pockets," said she, to herself; "it is strange if there are no rips or no holes in them," and she thrust her hand first into one, then into the other, finding no mending to be done; then she remembered the little side-pocket on the left, inside, the one meant to carry his handkerchief in. Thrusting her hand into it, she drew out the gay, nine-pence, red-and-yellow cotton, and with it came a small, folded note, directed in a neat, feminine hand.

Without a second thought, she opened it. It was signed "S. C.," and bore no date. Was it jealousy that swept over her, like an overwhelming tide, then? What was it that made her eyes gleam and glow, and her breath like a suffocating, choking blast from a furnace? What made her

heart stand still, and her red lips part as though she would fain cry for help but that the power of speech had deserted her?

From that note she learned that her husband was no more the faithful husband that he had been; that a guilty love existed between himself and the little widow, Salome Chester; that they met frequently, and delighted in each other's society; that their stolen interviews were unknown to any living person, and that they did not intend any ostacle should stand between them.

This was a severe blow for the poor wife. She rose, staggering, and, like a dazed creature, groped blindly for the ladder that stood in the corner. Wearily she climbed up its few rounds, and crawled into the low, dark loft overhead. Then she felt secure. She lay down and clasped her hands, and called upon God to have mercy on her in her hour of midnight darkness. In her agony she thought of suicide; she thought of the rosy baby asleep in his rude cradle below; she clenched her little brown hands until the print of the nails indented the flesh—and, oh, how she did despise the craven creature who had stolen away the love of her young husband! She thought of the pleasant home that had been theirs before this dazzling enchantress had come between her and the choice of her girlhood. She cried out aloud the dear names of father and mother, but only two heaped-up graves in the village burying-ground remained to tell of them—they were gone beyond the agonized cry of distress that came from the breaking heart of their beloved daughter. Then she remembered that other wives had borne the same sorrow, and had grown nobler and truer, and had been lifted up to beautiful heights through this fiery trial, this sore discipline. How her arms outreached in sympathy toward all wives ruthlessly robbed of their one treasure!

I think there is no sorrow that can come to a wife so bitter, so poignant as this. My tenderest sympathy reaches out most lovingly to those who bear this cross. I believe that hundreds of agonizing wives commit suicide under similar circumstances, and the friends, through the ever-ready press, herald the calamity as "aberration of mind."

Mary grew passive, but under the apparent calm of her strange white face wild schemes warred with each other. "She has robbed me of the love of my husband," she said, with shut teeth and gleaming eyes. One hour she would resolve to go to Salome and appeal to her with all a woman's trust and faith, ask her to go away where he would never look upon her fair, fascinating face again; then she would wish, with the fierceness of a lioness robbed of her one whelp, that she could take her false life; then again she would lie down with her tear-wet face on the hard, rough, puncheon floor, or with her pallid cheek pressed roughly upon the stony ground, and weep as though the hard floor or cold earth was the tender, restful bosom of the sainted mother gone. How often the little baby would peep up playfully, but with a mystified expression, into her dewy eyes, and say: "Oo cry! oo cry! No-no!" and then try to gather up the scant corner of his little bib apron to wipe

away the tears. How he would kiss and kiss his mother, and try to make her laugh. This was the one sole comfort left to the stricken wife.

How beautiful and how precious is the love of a sinless little child! How it comforts and blesses a mother bowed down with a burden of sorrow!

But the end was nigh—nearer than she dreamed. One morning when she woke, the pillow beside her was undented by the touch of a sleeper. Her husband had gone to see a neighbor the day before, and had not expected to arrive at home before midnight. When she opened the door in the morning, a slip of paper was fastened to the latch-string. In a few words he told her the story of his shame and of her desertion; said he had made a mistake when he married her; that since then he had met the only one he ever loved. He said that pursuit was useless, and when a sufficient length of time had expired, he would marry Salome Chester; and he advised Mary to marry another whenever she was convinced that a new affection had taken possession of her heart.

Mary wept and wailed as she read this; but what was it when compared with the postscript in the hurried scrawl. His love for another she could tolerate, and, if it was conducive to his future happiness, could forgive; but the heartlessness of that postscript—which was, that his baby-boy, Levi, should be given to Mr. Simpkins, and should be the adopted son of that worthy man.

Perhaps it was well for Mary that this postscript was a part of the letter, because it counteracted the effects of her desertion and of the alienation of her husband's affection.

What unmitigated cruelty! How base the heart of the misguided man who could tear this last solace from the closest twining tendrils of a devoted mother-love!

"Let any demon dare to snatch my darling from me!" said the mother, flying to the bedside, and hugging to her bosom the sleeping child.

She neither fainted nor fell; nor did she wail out in bitterness, as she had before. That cruel postscript acted like a bracing tonic. The husband was henceforth dead; all love for him had fallen to the ground; like an idol made of crumbling clay was the idol she had worshipped, but would worship no more forever. One thought and one burning desire took possession of her heart, and that was to stand face to face before the guilty pair, and denounce them with a scathing denunciation.

Neighbors and friends gathered around Mary, and not one kept back the meed of sympathy that filled their hearts to the utmost. Men clenched their brawny hands into fists that suggested knot-mauls, and they gesticulated freely with them. Kind women buried their crying faces in their linen aprons and wept aloud, while they clung to the lone wife and proffered aid, and condolence, and friendship. Mr. Simpkins said, "Let us pray," and the noisy group knelt beside the four rude chairs, and the handy little benches, and the bedside, and the "chist," while the good man prayed as fervently as though he were in the centre of a glorious love-feast. Strong men shouted amen vociferously when Brother Simpkins besought that the direct vengeance of the Almighty

might follow the guilty pair who had laid waste and desecrated this once pleasant home. He prayed that no hour of peace should ever come a-nigh them, and that the ghost of the deserted wife and babe might haunt the pillow of the unfeeling father even all the way down to the grave. Mr. Simpkins was as indignant over the last will and testament of Henry Pettingill as was the injured wife and mother. He said he would watch over them like an elder brother, and that they could always depend on his strong arm for protection.

And now comes in a strange part of the story. We wish this feature were not in it, but we want to tell it as it really is. Women do get queer ideas into their heads, sometimes, and Mary had one, and it was the overwhelming desire to stand face to face with Henry Pettingill and Salome Chester. She told her secret to no one—she would not have dared to betray these wild fancies of hers. They might have deemed her demented and have dealt with her accordingly.

It was the opinion of all that the young widow had probably returned to the home of her former wedded life and would pretend that she was married in the West, or, probably she was. Mary decided on her strange plan, which was to rent her farm, leave her child in good hands and start off on foot and alone to the State of New York, see them, and then return the same way she went.

This was a perilous undertaking fifty years ago. Now, a ten-years-old girl can go a journey of three or four hundred miles with safety, but in those early days it was full of privation and danger, and the way was hedged in by perils.

A woman, too! But Mary had calculated all this in the wakeful hours of the long, lonely nights, in which no slumberous touch pressed on her eyelids—in vigilant nights had she planned with all the shrewdness and strategy of a keen, clear-headed, cool general. The way seemed so open, the long stretch of miles, and miles, were nothing; her sharp perceptions took in and measured all things: trials she knew she must encounter; dangers she must face; privations she must endure; jeers and rebuffs, and mayhap violence, would meet her where she expected and hoped for the very reverse.

But she felt as though her will could overcome any obstacle, that nothing would be too great for her to bear, if the precious recompense could only be hers. If she could only stand before that man who had so cruelly wronged her, and who would, in heaping up the full measure of his iniquities, have added the last bitterness, that of wrenching from her arms and from her lacerated heart her darling, her only solace, her sweetest treasure! If she could be permitted to look into his eyes and the eyes of his partner in guilt, and talk to them out of the fullness and the bitterness of her soul, she could then, though broken-down, and foot-sore, and weary, most cheerfully retrace her steps homeward to such peace and happiness as this world would give her.

Her decision was taken, and the day fixed upon, and her arrangements nearly completed. Her farm was leased; her baby left, as though for a

little visit, with the Simpkins family, and her attire was ready to be donned.

It was no travelling suit of linen, or poplin, or of serge with the comfortable and pretty accompaniments of now-a-days, but instead it was a man's clumsily-made coat, and trousers, and vest, of common gray jeans, and a slouch white-wool hat and hickory cane. She sighed as she put it on, one early morning, and fitted the hat on over her short, brown hair. The little mirror gave back the face and form of a fair young man of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, one who looked unsophisticated and unused to the ways of the busy world. But there must have been a determined expression in that steel-gray eye. I thought so, at least, as I gazed into it that long-ago summer day as I sat before Mary Pettingill beside the old stone wall in the orchard.

That long journey, nearly all the way on foot, was a wearisome, tedious, tiresome work, although she averaged ten miles a day. People, generally, were kind to her. Sometimes a man would overtake her, riding along in a wagon, and would hail out: "Jump in 'n' ride, comrade;" and often, in a jolly, clever way, some generous-hearted fellow slap her on the shoulder after the hail-fellow-well-met style, but she never so far forgot her purpose as to let any trepidation betray her secret.

One time, as she sat in a bar-room, she overheard two men talking about "that youngster" as being "kind o' softly-like."

When she arrived at her destination in New York, she met with the one disappointment that she feared might be hers—Salome had lived there once, it was there her husband, Chester, had died, but after she left for the West, they had known no more about her. All inquiry and search were unavailing, all her great efforts were fruitless, and she had nothing to do but to return as she had come.

This was almost more than she could bear. How earnestly she had longed for this one object; how fervently she had hoped to enjoy this revenge; how she would have esteemed this most satisfactory result, but what more could she do now?

So, with a heavy heart she retraced her steps homeward, and on her return she averaged twelve miles a day. The longing desire to see her baby quickened her steps, and the old sadness lost its sting and the old sorrow its bitterness in the sweet thought of folding to her bosom her treasure. All the lost love for a recreant husband came back to her tripled and quadrupled into a love for her boy, the babe who would grow up to a beautiful and noble manhood, and on whose strong arm she would lean—her comfort, and blessing, and protector.

So she slipped back again into the old groove. Times in the new settlement were marked by progress; a church was built, a school-house, neighbors lived nearer to each other; afterwards they came to have, through the exertions of good Brother Simpkins, regular preaching, and soon a respectable membership, and finally an organized church.

Mary heard the "old, old story," it sank into her

heart, and she felt that of all women she most needed the Friend who is above all others, whose love is more than the love of husband, or father, or son. Her boy grew, and was full of the sweetest promise. He was kind, obedient, upright and consistent in all his conduct. He regarded his mother as but little lower than the angels.

The beautiful years went on. They were marked by no sorrows or disasters, and marred by no signs of displeasure. The little log-cabin gave way, and for many years stood back, draped by interlacing grape-vines, while a more comfortable and pretentious dwelling stood in front, surrounded by a neat fence. Johnny Appleseed gave the lad free permission to go to his nearest nursery, in the edge of a bloomy bit of prairie a few miles distant, and select all the young trees he wanted. Johnny generally took a man's note when he was not able to pay down, but he took no note from the lad or his mother. Perhaps the reason was, once when the chill November winds were blowing pitilessly, Johnny came to Mary Pettingill's clad very scantily, and, without a word, she had brought forth the wedding-coat of her amply dead husband, and made him put it on and wear it and keep it. This may have been the reason. But before the shortest days of the following February came round, Johnny had met with a fellow traveller in greater need than himself, and had most cheerfully re-given away the coat. That was the way he always did.

The beautiful years went on. The boy Levi grew up into a handsome youth. None of the evil ways of the world touched him, or, if they did, they sullied not the beauty and integrity of his excellent character.

One day, when Levi was about twenty years of age, a gossip old man, a neighbor, who had always known the Pettingills, told the boy the whole story of his father's shame, not omitting any of the painful particulars—told him even of his father desiring Brother Simpkins to take him, the baby, from the arms of his mother, and adopt him as his own son.

The young man was indignant beyond utterance, and hastened to his mother with the intelligence.

When she told him gently that this was true, he made no reply for a moment, the muscles in his face worked, his lips were white and compressed, and when he spoke, the few words he said were: "Mother, I wish I could do something that would be returning good for evil—do him a great kindness that he would never cease to feel, and never forget all through the rest of his life—do it to that man who is my father." He leaned his head on his hand, and the dripping tears fell through his fingers.

She caught her breath. She had never thought of this man who had so darkened her young married life—never thought of him in such a kindly way as had her son.

"I do forgive him, child," she said; "but, oh! I never could treat him kindly; the very thought of his touch repulses me, the thought of his voice chills instead of thrilling me with pleasure. Yet I am glad that you can feel charitably toward

him, even though he did desert you, and seek by his latest word to tear you from me."

And there they sat, the mother and the son, in the flickering light of the wood-fire, and talked freely on this hitherto silent subject. He asked many questions, and she answered promptly and truly. Their intercourse was very pleasant, indeed it was more like the sweet friendship existing between a sister and brother, than like the tie that is between a mother and her son.

Circumstances all seemed to combine together to bring about the half-reconciliation that the young man proposed when he first heard of the fate of his father. It seemed that he was to be submitted to the test. An old man from the State of New York came to visit a family who lived near the Pettingills. He had known people of the same name years before in his own neighborhood; the man had lost one arm, and had been otherwise unfortunate; his wife was queer, and kind of crazy, and none of their children were sound in mind or body.

Not a word was said, but the mother and son exchanged quick glances that meant as much as though they were clothed in speech.

After that, in a careless, chatty way, one time when they were alone with the elderly visitor, they inquired more particularly about the Pettingills in the State of New York. The age of the man and woman seemed to be about the same as of those in whom they were so peculiarly interested.

In the following autumn, Levi started off one day in a little, light, one-horse wagon. When he parted with his mother, he said: "Now, mother, are you perfectly willing that I should do this to gratify my curiosity? I feel as if I would like to look upon my father's face."

"Very willing," was her reply. "But come back to me soon, my child, and let us both keep this matter entirely between ourselves."

A little box of provision was in under the seat, and the back part of the wagon was covered with hay, under which was feed for the horse.

Levi jogged along slowly on his journey that he might look at the country leisurely. When he came into that part of the State of New York in which his informant resided, he inquired for the name of Pettingill. No one knew of that name. At last an old lady from a village five miles distant, said there was a very poor, distressed family named Pettingill who once lived over on the hill road, eight or ten miles from them.

Without manifesting any unusual interest, Levi drove down into the old lady's neighborhood the next day, and there, after much inquiry, learned that the family had been taken to the almshouse about two years previous.

Was it possible that this could be his father and his family! At any rate, he would visit the poor-house under pretence of wishing to adopt a boy ten or twelve years old. What mingled feelings and emotions thronged his mind as he hitched his horse at the bars before the dilapidated and for-bidding county almshouse.

Levi was a man of fine personal appearance, and looked like the gentleman that he was.

The urbane proprietor escorted him through the different departments. Alas, alas! it seemed that the fervent, earnest, angry prayer of Brother Simpkins, in the deserted household, long years before, on that well-remembered occasion, was fulfilled to the very letter!

In a cell, behind cold iron grating, was the wreck of the wily widow, Salome Chester. She was haggard beyond description. Her hair was cut short and stood bristling all over her head. Her hands were like talons. One loose garment, the hem of which was frayed and fringed into hanging tatters, half covered her emaciated form. Her teeth were few and jagged; her eyes, wild, and dark, and devilish, glared out from cavernous sockets. She sat on the ground eating wheaten grits, from an old tin pan, with her skinny fingers; a tin cup half full of buttermilk stood beside her.

She had inherited insanity from her mother, and would never recover. Near her, in another cell, was her son, a youth of twenty or twenty-five years of age. He had been an inmate of the almshouse for more than a dozen years. He was harmless, generally, but when the fits of frenzy or madness came upon him, he was dangerous, and for this reason they kept him confined all the time. He had some pieces of old cloth, and was busy cutting out and making what he called mittens, although they bore no resemblance to mittens, whatever. The thumbs were cut out and sewed on, and some of them were half as large as the mittens themselves.

"Well, Henry, you are still busy, I see," said the proprietor, in a cheerful voice.

"Yaas," was the drawling reply. "I'm allus to work; I'm never glum. I want to git my stent done afore dark."

"Henry!" That was the name of the father—Levi's father—and he shrank back as he thought of it, and knew that the same blood, the blood of the Pettingills, was alike flowing in their veins. And this sprawling idiot, who had reached the full stature of manhood, was his brother—the son of the same father! But while he was repelled, he pitied.

A large, sleepy-eyed girl lay on a cot-bed playing with a button and a string. Her laugh was frequent, and no more like real human laughter than the braying of an ass. She could not talk, instead she made a noise: "Jubba-jubba-jah! jubba-jubba-jah!" and seemed to need nothing else to amuse her. She was a pitiable object. Her hair was cut short, her mouth large, nose flat, and her narrow forehead receding painfully.

Another girl was intelligent enough to assist in the almshouse kitchen, if some one kept strict watch over her.

At last they entered the large room set apart for the old, and crippled, and invalids.

An old man with rather good features and with long, white hair hanging down to his neck, sat in a rickety chair with his feet laid up on a stool. He had only one arm. Rheumatism had drawn his limbs until they were twisted out of every degree of shapeliness. He had long been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism. He looked up an instant and then looked down again at the cloths which wrapped his limbs.

Levi knew by the description that this man was his father. He longed to hear his voice, and, putting on an air of indifference, he kindly, but carelessly, said: "You are afflicted by a painful disease, sir."

"Yes, it is almost more than I can—more than I can—can," was the reply, in a voice that had once been strong and full, but was now cracked and whining.

"Would you be glad to get away from here?" asked Levi, looking down at the broken and bowed form before him.

"Oh, sir, I would, I would!" was the childish, 'plaining answer, and he looked up eagerly and inquiringly.

"It must be a lonely, sad life," said Levi, walking away and turning his attention to another inmate who was even in a worse condition than his father.

Levi talked alone with the proprietor, and the conference ended with the promise of having the old man's clothes clean and ready by the morrow, when he was to be removed. All this was to be kept from the knowledge of the poor inmate.

That night, after Levi had retired, he had leisure to think over what he had done, and for an instant he was startled at the step he had taken.

What would his mother say? Would it be right to carry home with him this imbecile old man who had once so shamefully and heartlessly wronged that gentle wife and mother? Would it be right to shelter that hoary old head under the same roof?

He tossed in bed uneasily, but after midnight he fell asleep, and in his dreams a vision came to him, his mother. With a benignity of countenance that was radiant and beautiful beyond all expression, she smiled on Levi and acquiesced with his decision. That dream satisfied him.

The next day, he drove over to the almshouse. He stood before the feeble old man, and in a low, but distinct, voice said: "I come for you; I am going to take you away from here, and give you a home while you live. Do you know who I am? can you surmise who would come and take you from this poor bondage?"

Henry Pettingill, the broken, shattered, trembling, old man, looked up and a blank expression crept over his twitching, pallid face, his eyes stared, and he swung his head with a see-saw motion as he whined out, in a dazed way: "Are you—are you? oh, I don't remember—that must have been a long, long time ago, wasn't it? Let me think—did you fetch us here that snowy day, when they put the quilts all over my head to keep—to keep—was that the time? and they told us—they told us they were takin' us to a better house! Ah, yes, I mind! you drove the horses, and you cracked the whip at them, ha, ha! ha, ha! Well, we will go and ride again, will we? ha, ha, ha! Yes, we will ride, ha, ha! thankee, sir, yee, ha, ha!"

It was very, very sad. An old bed was laid in the little spring wagon and a comfortable place made for the decrepid old man.

We can imagine the feelings that stirred the very fountains of his soul, as Levi drove down the lane

that led from the door of the poor-house out into the state road. The proprietor opened the bars to let him drive through. The men shook hands. Tears were in their eyes, for both appreciated this scene in the sad drama of an ill-starred life—a life misguided, full of errors, blighted, and, as an unerring result, a failure. One wrong step will blight a whole life.

"Am I going home with you—eh?" laughed the old man, peeping up at Levi from his wrappings down in the wagon.

Levi nodded his head.

It was a long journey, and his charge grew very tired and restless sometimes. After a night's rest, he was recuperated, and would sing as they drove slowly along under arching oaks and through beautiful stretches of wildwood. He would amuse himself an hour at a time singing the words: "The rat ran up the wall; the rat ran down the wall; the rat ran in the hole."

It was night when they reached the pleasant home of the Pettingills. The firelight was flickering fitfully, and throwing up glancing lights on the walls and against the white-curtained windows. The old man was asleep when the little wagon halted at the gate. Levi softly climbed out and tapped on the window-panes at his mother's bed-room.

"Mother, I've come back," he said, brokenly.

"My dear son, my dear son," she answered, in tones full of emotion.

"Well," he said; and that one word contained a volume. He paused.

"Is it well with you, Levi, my son?" said the mother.

He held her in his arms while he told her the strange result of his visit.

"Mother, he is here now; he is out in the wagon at the gate. Can you blame me? Can you bear all this? Is it wrong that we—you and I—whom he deserted long, long ago, should return good for that great evil? I wanted to do this, mother. I felt brave and strong, and was glad to do it. I was proud to gather up the remnants of his tattered life and try to make peace and good come out of the poor fragments. Say you are willing, mother!"

But the limp figure had slid down out of his arms and fallen at his feet; even while he spoke his words fell upon deaf ears.

The distorted old form of his father was borne into the house and cared for comfortably. Mary Pettingill's husband was dead to her when he gave up her love for that of another; and she seemed to look upon this man, this diseased, ailing, pining, trembling pauper, even as she would look upon any of God's miserable creatures. To her he was as dead as though he had been buried thirty years before; her love for him was dead, her tenderness, her pity, her interest, all gone, but the one feeling of Christian charity. And though she cared for and ministered to his physical wants and necessities, it was mechanically done. No emotion stirred her pulses, no warmth gladdened her heart; she was repulsed even to loathing, only for the sake of the sweet revenge that came to her and to her boy. She could even sit at the same fireside and be warmed by the

same ruddy glow, but he was no more to her than the cat lying on the rug or the dog beside the door. How fearfully had been answered the gushing and wrathful petition of the irate Brother Simpkins! Desolation had marked the path of the doomed man.

They lived thus two years, then the days of Henry Pettingill were numbered. One night he was taken violently ill, and when the disease assumed another form, lo, the shadows that had darkened his sky were gone! Like a pearly blossom that opened to the revivifying power of the blessed sunshine, the intellect cleared and shone out, and he was clothed in his right mind.

No womanly woman, under these circumstances even, could accept a perfect reconciliation. But Levi and his father talked together, and the noble son accepted of his meek petition for entire forgiveness. He told Levi that the anguish of the accursed had been with him in all the years since he had left his wife and baby and united his fortunes with those of a cruel, heartless and designing woman. He said no earthly punishment could have been harder to endure. He died calmly, peacefully.

The sun was just setting, and its golden beams fell aslant from the western hill-tops, and shone in upon the face of the man whose sin-stained soul had gone to Him who gave it. The little room was still, and no one was in it then, and as Mary Pettingill softly passed the door she looked in. The face was glorified in the halo of soft sunlight. For a moment she thought of the Henry of her youthful years, and with stealthy step she stole in and softly kissed the face of the sleeper. Only for a moment, though, did the old-time tenderness warm her bosom. The sun went down as she stood there, and with its last rays departed the blessed influence that had guided her faltering steps to that bedside—that moment came up vividly the memory of Salome Chester, and the kisses that she, the syren, had laid upon the face wrongfully, wickedly, and hers by no right given of God or man.

When the morrow's sunset came again, the little procession was winding its way down to the churchyard. A beautiful spreading beech-tree stood a little distance from the other graves, and under this was the sleeping-place designated and chosen by the lonely old man. Mary was not among those who surrounded the grave, but leaning against a native pine at the other side of the yard, a woman's figure was seen draped in black and closely veiled. She was standing there like a form in statuary when the procession slowly turned away and scattered in the directions of their several homes. When the gray twilight wrapped the earth in its gathering folds, the woman sadly walked to the newly-made grave, and stood in meditation many minutes. Then she turned and went away.

This was the story. I wish I could have told it in her own peculiarly vigorous style, and with the pathos with which it came to me. In a ten miles' ride across the beautiful country with Levi, I had an opportunity to learn all the particulars of this painful page of his life-history. He told it freely,

and frankly answered the many questions I asked him.

Oh, these old cabin hearthstones! what stories do cluster about them. Every one has its tale—some tragic, some terrible and full of sorrow, and some calm and peaceful and full of a restful satisfaction! Why sit down and write strange, wild, unreal things, drawn from a morbid imagination, when tales o'ertrue and full of interest, and full of comfort and sympathy, and allied to the trials and sorrows and scenes of our own daily lives, lie all about us waiting to be told! Better to gather up these scattering threads and weave them into a web—not such as we behold glittering in our dreams, but such as we see clearly in every day that comes to us between the familiar bindings of sunrise and sunset.

PAPER IN JAPAN.

WHEN a people contrive to make saucepans, fine pocket-handkerchiefs and sailors' waterproof overcoats out of paper, they may be considered as having pretty thoroughly mastered a useful art; and this is demonstrated by the above articles of Japanese manufacture, with the additional little circumstance that the saucepans are generally used over charcoal fires.

According to their own account, these ancient islanders wrote upon silk faced with linen, and also used very thin wood-shavings for the same purpose, until nearly the close of the third Christian era. About A. D. 280, paper was first imported from the Corea, and, superseding the home-made fabrics, monopolized the market until the year A. D. 610, when the king of the Corea sent two priests to Japan to establish the manufacture. This paper was easily torn, and liable to be destroyed by worms, and, besides, did not take the ink well. These manifold disadvantages attracted the attention of Taishi, the son of the reigning Mikado, who substituted, as material, the bark of a species of paper-mulberry, which is still extensively cultivated for the purpose. By Taishi's orders the tree was planted throughout the country, the method of manufacture publicly taught, and thus the industry was commenced which has since so prosperously continued.

At the present time two hundred and sixty-three sorts of paper are manufactured in Yeddo. In regard to this immense number of styles, the national love for formalities must be considered; as, for instance, in addition to the usual varieties to which we are accustomed as appropriate for deeds, public documents, letters, notes, etc., the Japanese list mention four distinct kinds intended to be exclusively used for poetry and songs. There are also kinds enumerated as employed for umbrellas, hats, lanterns and waterproof clothing, one being described as serving for candlewick and pocket-handkerchiefs, while another is intended for handkerchiefs only, and a third is used for dressing dolls. Special kinds are prepared exclusively as wrappings for the several styles of religious, civic or social gifts.

The excellence in the manufacture is due, in a

great degree, to the fact that Japan furnishes a number of trees and shrubs with a fibrous bark particularly adapted as a material for paper, and several plants of which the roots, seed or sap yield a natural size for the surface of the sheet.

The species of mulberry first used in the seventh century is still regarded as containing the best fibre, and it is extensively cultivated. The plants are annually cut down to the root until the fifth year, when, by this treatment, the wood has become dense and strong. The branches are then cut into lengths of about one yard, and steamed in a straw vessel over a boiler. As soon as the bark begins to separate from the wood, it is stripped off by the hand, the wood itself being preserved for fuel. The bark is then hoisted upon poles to dry, by exposure to the air, and when dry it is separated into bundles weighing about thirty-two pounds each. The dry bark is then immersed in running water for twelve hours, after which the outer husk or bark is scraped off to serve as the material for an inferior kind of paper. The remaining or inner portion is again washed in running water, and, after pressure under the heavy stones, the fibre is boiled with ashes. After another washing, it is well pounded, and then moulded into balls. These balls are next thrown into a wooden trough, and mixed with a pulp, together with a paste made from the root of the tororo, a shrub somewhat resembling the cotton plant. A portion of this pulp is next placed in a frame consisting of an inner and an outer portion with a false bottom of plaited bamboo. A dexterous and peculiar jerk from the skilled operator sets the pulp in the frame, and it is then so placed as to permit the water to drain off. The sheet of paper is lifted from the frame with a piece of bamboo, and laid with a brush on a drying-board, the side adhering to the board forming the face of the paper.

The paper "warranted to wash" is made with another kind of paste; and in the oil paper for waterproof clothes a glue is used made from young fern shoots stained with the expressed juice of unripe persimmons. Colors are applied in powder mixed with bean paste.

Several of the trees and plants used in the manufacture of paper are described as being the object of careful cultivation, especially in the manuring and preparation of the soil.

IMMODERATE pleasures shorten men's days more than the best medicaments can prolong them. The poor are seldomer sick for the want of food than the rich are by the excess of it. Meats that are too relishing, and which create an immoderate appetite, are rather a poison than a nutriment. Medicines in themselves are really mischievous, and destructive of nature, and ought only to be used on pressing occasions; but the grand medicine, which is always useful, is sobriety, temperance in pleasure, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise; in this the blood is sweetened and in good temperament, and all superfluous humors are dissipated.

The Story-Teller.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DOER.
CHAPTER XVII.

WHEELS within wheels, pulleys, and axles, and bands, and levers. Did you ever watch some complicated piece of machinery, and notice the marvellous precision with which each separate part does its own work, and, at just the right instant, steps into its own place? There is nothing wanting, and nothing superfluous. Each part acts upon some other part, and all combine to make one grand, harmonious whole.

Human life, alas! is not always grand, nor always harmonious; but it is wonderfully complex. It, too, has its wheels within wheels. Effect follows cause, doubtless, by as regular a sequence as any that governs the course of inanimate nature; and the influence of one star upon another is not more sure and steady than the influence of other souls upon our souls, other lives upon our lives.

But what would become of us all if we fully realized this?—if we had the power to read the end from the beginning? What if by some occult divination, or even by some strange thrill running down to our finger-tips, we could know whenever in the street, in the market-place, in the temples of our God, or in festal halls, we pass those whose destinies are, sometime, to be so closely interwoven with our own, that they cannot be separated without destroying the whole fabric of our lives? What if we knew this? Could we bear it? Or even those who in some strange, incomprehensible way are to affect our lives for good or ill, even though their fate and ours may be utterly distinct? Mystics and poets tell us of those whose natures are so keenly strung that they tremble and turn pale, whenever a foot falls upon the spot of ground that shall one day be their grave. But to meet one's own ghost in the way—and to know it—would not that be worse?

They who hold in their hands the threads of each other's fates, come together so strangely from the farthest parts of the earth, from distant seas and opposing continents. But they pass each other without recognition, till the hour strikes.

Not many months ago, two who loved each other well, went down to their death in the restless, heaving sea, clasped in each other's arms. To think that they once met as strangers; that they were introduced in the ordinary, commonplace fashion; that he led her to the dance, or took her out to dinner, with all the orthodox prettinesses of speech, as he had taken others before her; that they looked quietly in each other's faces, and chatted idly at intervals during weeks and

months, undreaming that they were aught to each other! What if one had told them then, that, after a few years of eventful life together, they were to pass beyond the veil at the same instant, companions and lovers even unto the bitter end?

Yet it is well—and ignorance is better than knowledge. Sleep on, O faithful hearts, whose cradle is the rolling deep—sleep on, and take your rest, lulled by the eternal anthem of the sea!

What set me off upon this train of thought? Why, just this: I was thinking of Rose Sterling and Roy Dilloway, and of how they met fate blindly, as the rest of us do. For it is not best to attempt any thin disguises. I am here to tell you the story of Rachel Dilloway and her son; and you know as well as I do, that I would not have gone out of my way to make you acquainted with Rose Sterling, if she had not had something to do with that story. So why should we make a poor pretense of supposing that she has not?

It was on commencement-day that Mrs. Sterling died; the commencement-day that was the beginning of Roy's last year of college life—his senior year. This was the year, too, that brought to him the certain indescribable, intangible, impalpable something, that stamps upon the youth the seal of manhood. Hitherto he had been a boy—eager, enthusiastic, full of abounding life, and in many respects mature beyond his years—but still a boy. He was not a saintly boy, either; sainthood, if it ever comes rightly, being the fruit and crown of long years of saintly living. He had been in more than one of those perilous and momentous escapades, vulgarly known as "scrapes." He had hazed and been hazed. He had been caught out in study hours, and had been demerited; and there is even a tradition that the length of his legs, and his own smothered laughter, betrayed him once on a time, when he despairingly thrust himself under a fellow-student's bed in a vain attempt to evade the awful eye of a tutor. In short, he had carried himself as many others of our young collegians do, who are equally far from being supremely good or really bad. He had spent more money, sometimes, than was for his own advantage; and he had often been unwise.

But he had never run in debt, he had never got drunk—even at society meeting—he had never compromised his own honor or his own purity. If he had less of the negative innocence of ignorance than when he entered college, he had won the positive strength that grows out of temptations resisted.

Rachel had not given him a great amount of good advice when she sent him to Linborough. She did not believe in preaching—especially to boys. But she put her arms around his neck, as she left him in the room she had taken such delight in fitting up for him, and said, looking into his full, dark eyes: "Roy, you are all I have. I shall not lose my true, pure, manly son by sending him to college, shall I? Don't forget God or

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your mother; and remember, always, if you are false to one you are false to both."

He promised silently as he pressed his quivering lips to hers—and he kept his word. He was no prig, and he was singularly free from all cant phrases and modes of speech, as well as from stereotyped, cantish ideas; so free from them, indeed, that he scarcely understood them in others. Most of his religious thought—which had never been in any degree forced—had reached him through the clear, undistorted medium of Rachel's sweet, limpid common sense. She had created no false conscience for him; she had never thrown the taint of sin over his innocent pleasures; she had raised no bugbears to scare him; she had built up no high mountains between him and God. She had made no mystery of right living and right thinking. There had been very little of what is popularly called "religious conversation" at Dilloway House. That is, religious conversation of a set purpose. Rachel spoke of God and Christ just as she spoke of other friends; quietly, simply, not altering the tone of her voice, or the expression of her face. The result was, that Roy's frankness was sometimes almost appalling to boys who had been differently educated.

"No," he said, to some proposition that was made to him during his freshman year. "Of course, I do not presume to decide for the rest of you. But it would not be right for me—or I should not feel that it was right—and I can't join you."

"Why, we're not church-members, any of us!" exclaimed one of the group gathered in his room. "If we were, it might be another thing. Come on, Dill! Don't be squeamish."

"Not church-members?" said Roy. "What difference does that make? Do you mean to say that only church-members need be loyal to their own convictions of what is right and manly? In or out of the church, we all have consciences, haven't we? I want to keep on good terms with mine—for it is God's gift," he added, reverently.

"Oh! If you are going to put it that way! I—I didn't know you were religious, Dilloway, or I shouldn't have asked you. I beg your pardon," and the speaker turned to leave the room.

But Roy held out his hand, with a frank smile. "I beg *your* pardon," he said, "if I have seemed to put on airs. I don't quite understand what you mean by being 'religious.' Certainly, I don't consider myself very good. But that's no reason why I should be deliberately bad, is it? How am I ever going to grow any better, if I choose the wrong way with my eyes wide open? Say, fellows, tell me that."

The "fellows" looked at each other askance. At last one of them answered, blowing a cloud of smoke from his meerschaum.

"I supposed the way to grow better was to be converted and get religion, by and by. Sometime or other, you know," he added, apologetically. "But I say, Dilloway, I believe you've been and done it on the sly; and it isn't quite fair on the rest of us, is it, now? We thought you were one of us."

"Why, so I am! so I want to be!" cried Roy,

eagerly. "I'm not what you call 'pious.' I'm just as full of fun, and like it just as well, as the rest of you. But we all want to do what is right, when we know it, don't we?"

"You don't know anything about it, Dill," remarked one young philosopher, who sat on the table, striking his boot-heels together with a resounding thump. "You're not orthodox, young man. You *can't* want to do right unless you've been converted, because the human heart is 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' don't you know? I've been told so a thousand times."

"No, I don't know," said Roy, sturdily. "I do not believe I am desperately wicked, boys, and it would be a lie if I should say I did. And I won't tell a lie for the sake of being what you call orthodox. I haven't been 'converted'—not to my knowledge; but I would rather do right than wrong, any day; and I believe the rest of you would, too; only you are not willing to own it, lest some one should think you are making pretensions to superior goodness. There are fellows in this college who are going to the bad, for that very reason."

"What is it to be 'converted,' any way?" asked a little fellow in the corner, tossing his Xenophon into the air, and catching it as it turned a somersault.

The question carried Roy away back into his childhood. His face flushed, and his lip quivered with strong emotion. Suddenly he remembered a long-forgotten conversation with his mother—a conversation that carried with it a new meaning now. The room was still as death.

"Let him tell us what he thinks about it," said some one, softly, nodding toward Roy.

He hesitated for a moment, pinching the cover of a book, nervously, and trying to swallow the lump in his throat. Then he said: "I remember asking my mother that very question when I was about twelve years old; and, if you like, I will tell you just what she said."

They nodded eager assent, every face wearing a lifted look that showed it at its best. Do you think young college "fellows" are only interested in dogs and horses, good wines and ballet-dancers?

"Some one had told me," said Roy, "that a boy of my own age down in the village—Woodleigh, you know—had been 'converted.' It was a new word to me, and I hurried up the hill to ask my mother the questions I had been afraid to ask of others. 'Johnny Blaine has been converted,' I exclaimed, rushing into the room where she sat. 'What have they done to him, mother? What is it to be converted?'"

A little ripple of laughter ran through the room.

"You must have been a precious innocent, for a twelve-year-old," said he of the meerschaum. "Guess you didn't go to prayer-meeting as much as I did, when I was a baby."

"I had never been in my life," answered Roy, simply. "Mother did not speak for a minute or two. I can see just how she looked," he went on, dreamily, "and I can read her face now as I did not then. She did not quite know what it was best to say to me, and she was a little afraid of saying the wrong thing. At last she took me on her

lap—I was but a wee chap then, boys—and I remember just what she said.”

“Tell us, tell us!” cried the chorus.

Unconsciously the young speaker’s voice took a deeper and more reverent tone as he obeyed.

“‘My son,’ she said, ‘I do not know just what the person meant who told you that Johnny Blaine had been converted. But there comes a time in the lives of almost all persons, when they must deliberately choose one of two paths to walk in. They must choose for themselves whether they will go toward God, or away from Him—whether they will give Him love, or indifference, if not hatred. To convert means to turn; and I suppose Johnny Blaine has turned into the right way—the path that leads toward God.’”

Roy’s voice quavered and broke. He remembered something more that he did not care to tell. He remembered how he had buried his face in his mother’s bosom, and whispered that if that was being converted, then he guessed he was converted long ago!—and how she had held him close to her heart and kissed him over and over again. He did not tell the boys this. It was too sacred.

“I had forgotten this entirely,” he continued, after a minute, “until our talk called it up. It’s strange how things will slip out of our minds.”

The young faces turned toward him were thoughtful and earnest.

“It seems very simple,” said one, with a half laugh. “For my part, I have always mentally confounded the two words ‘conversion’ and ‘convulsion.’ Sound a good deal alike when you speak ‘em quick, don’t they, boys? Heigho! We had better not go down to Snedecor’s to-night, had we, fellows? It’s getting late. I’m off. Good-night, Dill.”

Roy was right. The natural bent of his character was toward good, rather than evil. Vice, especially all low vice, repelled him. No hereditary taint weakened or defiled him. Full of fun and frolic, and overflowing with healthy life and spirits, his instincts were yet pure, his impulses noble. It would have been easier for him to cut off his right hand, than to suffer it to do a mean or a dishonorable thing.

His uncle Robert left him, in a great degree, to himself in all that touched his outer life, during those first years in college.

“It is better so,” he had said to Rachel. “The boy must stand or fall for himself, or his college life will be of little use to him. It will harm him, both with the officers and his fellow-students, if I interfere ever so slightly. He must make his own way.”

But, as has been said before, it was not until his senior year that he fairly crossed the border-land that lies between youth and manhood. Then suddenly he awoke to the consciousness that life was something more than an earnest playground. Very earnest it had been to him, and its games had been all-absorbing. Its triumphs, its championships, its rivalries, its victories, and its defeats, had been eager and vital. They had seemed to him as real as life itself. Now, suddenly, as one wakes from a dream, his eyes were opened, and he saw that they were mere types and shadows—forerunners

of the king whose chariot-wheels thundered not afar off.

Nay, not suddenly, though it seemed so. Nature’s processes are slow and silent, even while she abounds in seeming surprises. The garden bursts into vivid bloom and beauty, it may be, in a single week. But the work has been going on, out of our sight, through all the long, still, winter months. Under the snow the heart of the violet beats; and under the black mould the stately lily makes itself ready to receive the kisses of the sun.

And just so it was with Roy. The glory of young manhood, its loftier purposes, its higher aims, its more earnest thinking and doing, its stronger clasp of whatever is real and true, seemed to come to him suddenly. But all the sweet, strong, pure influences that had surrounded him even from his birth—ay, and before it—had been working and waiting for that hour. It was not sudden change; it was natural development, under favorable auspices.

Life had a new meaning. Books had found a soul. Nature spoke a language audible and clear. Sunrise and moonrise, starlight and dewfall, the voice of many waters, and the purple splendor of the hills, each had a secret for his ear; each told him something he had never known before of the mysteries of his own being, and of its mighty Author. “God said let there be light and there was light.” It was no miracle beyond the daily miracle of growth.

So the year went on for him—a year of hard work and earnest thinking.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT went on for Rose Sterling, also—after awhile. When she came out of the bed-room that night, it seemed to her that everything was at a standstill. The world had come to an end. With *that*, which but two hours before had spoken, and smiled, and loved, and suffered, to which she had ministered with such tireless hands, and for which she had been willing to labor unceasingly, now lying behind the half-opened door, silent, breathless, cold, and still, how could life go on? It was all a bewilderment. When it was such a short step between the Here and the Beyond—what did it all matter? What did anything matter? Mother was dead!

She knew that for a certainty. She had seen death before, and she could not fail to recognize its presence now. But after the first cry that had startled little Daisy, she made no further noise or outcry. She did not call any one, at first, even. She had been so in the habit for months, of doing everything for her mother herself, that to give her over into the hands of others seemed strange and unnatural. But she was faint, cold, trembling from head to foot. She must sit down for a minute.

She went into the outer room, drawing the door partly shut behind her. Daisy clung to her in a storm of frightened sobbings. She sat down in the little rocking-chair, and took the child in her arms. They had sat just so, in the very same position, twenty minutes before; but with what a

difference! She wanted to say something to Daisy—to comfort her—to quiet her. But she could not speak. Her brain was in a whirl; her tongue would not do her bidding.

Clearer thoughts came to her at last, and she knew that something must be done. She must call some one. So she took Daisy and went downstairs.

They were very kind—the people in the house; and the boarders did everything that could be done. They were extremely sorry for the two young sisters, so suddenly and so terribly bereaved. But they could not understand Rose. She was so quiet. If she had really loved her mother very much, how could she bear it so?

They did not know that, underlying all the sense of loss and bereavement, all the pain of parting, all the shrinking from the yet unmeasured loneliness, there was a sense of rest, of relief. Rose had so dreaded long years of poverty, of a hard, narrow, scrimped life for her mother. She and Daisy could bear anything. They were young. They were strong. But, ah! the poor, frail mother! how could she ever endure what might be in store for her?

And now God had taken care of it all! He had taken her swiftly, painlessly, without even a moment of doubt or dread, into the arms of His own infinite love. Rose felt as if there was nothing left to fear. It was so much easier to yield her mother up to Him, than to see her live a life of unaccustomed toil and privation.

I think little Daisy felt something of all this, young as she was. Children have more far-sight, as well as more insight, than we give them credit for. At any rate, she had Rose left; and Rose was her strong tower.

Just before the hour for the funeral, they two went into the room where their mother lay, for the last, long, lingering look.

Her face was supremely beautiful in its calm repose. Something of fretfulness, something of ignoble discontent, had marred it during these later days. But that had all passed now, and her daughters saw her with her youth restored, and the scars and stains of her forty years effaced forever. There was no pettiness in the uplifting of the placid brow; no disquiet in the curve of the marble lips. All was grand, fair, and noble. The proudest of her proud race might have been glad to claim kindred with her in that hour.

"You will never grow old, mother dear!" whispered Rose, as she stooped over her to arrange one long, golden-brown curl that fell upon the pillow. "I am glad of that!"

When all was over, Rose was ill for a week. Then she got up, to look about her, and to see what was to be done.

She wanted a home—a little home for her and Daisy. She was tired of great boarding-houses, where people just stayed. She wanted to begin to live. But her landlady was not anxious to lose boarders who paid promptly every Saturday night; and the other people happened to be strangers and pilgrims like herself. Perhaps Mr. Stuart might be able to assist her.

But, dear me! that gentleman's ideas were alto-

gether too magnificent. He suggested nothing that was not beyond her means. Then she went to Mrs. Morrison, who was still waiting patiently for the orange-blossoms and forget-me-nots. Could it be possible it was not yet a fortnight, since she had taken the order with such happy thankfulness?

Mrs. Morrison considered for a minute, with her finger on her lip.

"Marthy," she said at length, "don't you suppose your Aunt Jane could spare the linter to her house, out on the Doncaster Road?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Martha. "It wouldn't do any harm to ask her."

"The—what?" asked Rose, timidly.

"'Linter,' I said," laughed Mrs. Morrison. "A lean-to, or sort of wing to the cottage. I guess you ain't used to Yankees. It's a real pretty place, and Aunt Jane's a nice old lady. There's three rooms and a pantry. It's just out of the city, but the horse cars run right by the door. I'll go out with you this afternoon, if you've a mind to try it."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried Rose; a very blush rose for delight. "I'll go and get Daisy, and be back in half an hour."

"It'll be the very place for them, if Aunt Jane will let them have it," said Mrs. Morrison, confidentially, to Martha, as the latter brought her bonnet. "I would not like to think of them, living all by themselves, the poor young things! Aunt Jane is as good as gold, if you only get on the right side of her."

Which they did. In two days more they were at the cottage, waiting for the drayman to bring their trunks.

Aunt Jane was—as Mrs. Morrison had informed Rose—a "widow woman" of sixty-five, or thereabouts. Her two sons were seafaring men; and during their frequent voyages, which were not always short ones, the house was only too quiet. She was glad to rent the "linter" to the motherless children, in whom a whispered word or two from Mrs. Morrison interested her at once.

"Take your things right off now, and make yourselves at home," she said, bustling about in hospitable fashion. "I've had your part all cleaned, nice as a new pin, and when the man comes I'll help you get settled. But you must stay with me to-night. What was you calculating to do about furniture? Hain't got much, I suppose?"

"None at all," answered Rose. "Ah! here come the trunks!"

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!" counted Aunt Jane. "My! but there's a lot of them! Good-sized ones, too."

"We furnished our own rooms for awhile, in Paris," said Rose, smiling. "And our bedding and linen is packed in one of the largest trunks. There is a little silver, too—not much; but all Daisy and I will need. I did not want to do anything about furniture until we saw just what was necessary."

They were busy unstrapping the trunks—most of which had never been unlocked since they left Paris. Memories crowded upon Rose thick and fast, but she put them resolutely back.

"Here's the key to this one; they're all numbered. Mayn't I open it, Rose?" cried Daisy. "I'll be ever so careful."

"Yes. But don't meddle too much. I think your wax dolly is in there. Lift the things carefully."

"Oh! oh! oh!" piped the clear little voice ecstatically, a few moments after.

"What is it, pussy? Have you found Natalie?"

"No. I don't believe she's here. But here's the little china *tête-à-tête* set, somebody gave mamma one Christmas—don't you remember? It never was used in the world, but it is so pretty! Wouldn't it just do for you and me, Rosy? Come and take it out, quick! I'm afraid I shall break the handles off, or something!"

"Your sister is busy. Let me do it," said Aunt Jane, who had a fondness for pretty things herself, and yet was not without her due share of curiosity. She had seen already that the seven large trunks held much that, to her eyes, seemed rich and rare; and with the thrift and frugality of a true New-England woman, she wondered how people who were poor, and had to work for a living, happened to have so much "finery."

"Guess their mother wa'n't much of a manager," she thought to herself. "But, poor things, they're not to blame for that, and it will only make it all the harder for 'em."

The little tea-set, looking dainty and Frenchy enough, with its delicate black etchings on a pearl-white ground, and its two or three narrow bands of gold, stood, presently, on Aunt Jane's round, claw-footed table, without break or blemish.

"It's just lovely!" Daisy declared, folding her hands with a little sigh of content.

Rose was passing from trunk to trunk, lifting up corners of things here and there.

"What are you looking for?" asked Daisy.

"Why don't you take everything right out?"

"I am trying to find out what there is here. It is so long since these trunks were packed, Daisy! Some of them many months ago. When we know what we have, we shall know what we have still to get."

"Seems to me," said Aunt Jane, drily, "you've got pretty much everything—except what you really need. To be sure, there's piles of that linen, enough to last for years. But it's most too fine to use every day. And it's just so with that beautiful chiny."

"Oh, we'll take good care of it—Daisy and I," said Rose, "and it's best to make the most of what we have, Aunt Jane. Some things we must buy, and some things we must do without, for the present. Now let's hold a council of war."

"The reason that these rooms in the linter ain't furnished," observed Aunt Jane, "is, that when my niece, Jane Mari, got married last fall, I let her have every living thing there was in 'em. And they hain't been used sence. But I tell you what, girls! There are lots and lots of old traps up garret; and if you can find any things there that you think can be furnished up, and made to look kind o' decent, you can use 'em and welcome. I'd as lief you'd have 'em as not."

They flew up the narrow stairs, fleet and eager-

eyed. To make something out of nothing—that would be beautiful!

"Don't thank me till you've looked," said the old lady, in response to Rose's warmly-expressed gratitude and Daisy's kiss. "Maybe you won't find a thing you can use."

But Rose was quick to discern possibilities. Her eyes brightened. The girl was a real home-maker. She was in her element now.

"Why, we can do beautifully, Aunt Jane," she cried, "if we may use these things. Would you mind if the posts of this bedstead were sawed off, to make it a little lower, so that Daisy wouldn't need a ladder to climb into bed with?"

"Not a mite, dear!" laughed Aunt Jane. "Fix 'em just as you've a mind to. There's that old lounge. It's real shabby, but—"

"I can cover it," said Rose, "and this chair, too, and here's a table, and—"

Well, the result of it all was that before the week closed, the "linter" was as pretty and cosey a little home as one need care to see.

Do you care to know how it looked on the outside? It was a low, rambling brown house, toward which the city had been slowly creeping for years, until now it had nearly reached it. It stood well back from what had once been the road. Now it was the "street," with a plank sidewalk and tall lamp-posts. The "linter" ran out toward the south, with a narrow porch half hidden by a luxuriant hop-vine, running its whole length. Between it and the door-yard fence, lay Aunt Jane's flower garden, all aglow in these mid-summer days with marigolds, and phloxes, and great tiger-lilies, flaming with barbaric splendor. There were beds of verbenas, and portulacca, too, and a hedge of sweet peas that filled the air with their delicate fragrance.

The door from the shaded porch opens directly into the little parlor. That is a pity, Aunt Jane says; but it does not matter now, and in cold weather they must use *her* door. Shall we go in?

Ah! is it not pretty? But you would hardly believe how little it all cost. The walls happen, fortunately, to be a soft tint of gray; the gray that harmonizes equally well with pink or blue. In the middle of the floor there is about three yards square of gray carpet—ingrain, and pretty well worn at that; but you would hardly know it, so deftly has it been matched and put together. Around it there is a border of gray and blue, and a mat of the same lies before the open fire-place. The border Rose bought, as she did the chintz with which she has covered the lounge and a chair or two. It is striped, blue and white; and the white stripe is sprinkled with delicate pink rose-buds. There is only one window, and that has a lambrequin of the chintz, bordered with a little frill; and the full muslin curtain is made out of an old dress skirt.

On the square of carpet there is a little red pine table, with square, slender legs. The cover which falls nearly to the floor, however, hiding all its ugliness, is a gray travelling shawl with a blue border. There are books on the table, and a pretty work-basket, and an easel with a lovely *Mater-Dolorosa*; and in a slender glass vase there are

sweet peas and mignonette. On the mantel there are a pair of graceful bronzes—and the gilded shrine with the miniature of the dainty beauty with the powdered hair. Over it hangs a small copy of the central figure in Murillo's "Assumption." There are two or three other pictures on the wall; but all are so small that they were brought across the sea in a trunk; and some brackets and other ornaments are scattered here and there.

Such a tiny place as the bed-room is, with a bit of straw matting on the floor, and the little white bed in the corner! And the kitchen is hardly larger.

"But it is larger than Marie's," said Daisy, with a satisfied air. "And she had only two rooms, while we have three."

"Besides a pantry!" added Rose. "Marie would think us very aristocratic, Daisy. And there's the clothespress up-stairs that Aunt Jane lets us use—"

"And the cupboard!" cried Daisy. "That's best of all; for we couldn't put our beautiful china right into the pantry, along with all our cooking-dishes and things—could we Rose?"

Rose laughed. Daisy's "all" sounded very magnificent.

Was there no thought given to the poor mother during all these days? There was not an hour in which Rose did not think of her. But she must take care of Daisy now, and she had no time for the mere luxury of woe. Yet in the minutest ordering of the life that was to be, she remembered Mrs. Sterling's fastidious tastes, her delicate fancies, and tried to defer to them. Just as far as it was possible, the home she made for herself and Daisy should be such as would have pleased her mother. Even if she could have bought more, she would have used the fragile china and the fine linen, because to Mrs. Sterling an elegantly appointed table seemed a requisite of refined ladyhood.

Do you ask why they did not go back to Charleston? Because not one of their kindred was left. Rose felt, as her mother had felt before her, that if she must begin life on a new footing, she would rather do it among strangers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE life on a new footing had fairly begun now; a strange, quiet, circumscribed life for Rose Sterling, when one considered what her antecedents had been, but by no means a hard or unhappy one. I do not know that I am sorry it was necessary for her to do something to help support herself and Daisy; because earnest, regular work, with some positive end in view, is without doubt necessary to the entire physical and spiritual health of all human beings. The race will be better and happier when women, as well as men, fully realize this. But I am glad—are not you?—that the child, in her sweet, dainty girlhood, was able to find work that was as fresh and dainty as herself—work that she could do in the cloister-like seclusion of her own home. "Let women be ship-carpenters if they will," said the clarion voice of

Margaret Fuller, speaking brave, strong words for the disenthralment of her sex from the servitude of custom. But for my part I cannot help being just a little bit glad, after all, that they won't—many of them! There is plenty of womanly work that has been waiting through all the centuries—waiting for women to take hold of it; work that shall make the world happier and better, and altogether a more comfortable place to be in, when the waiting, empty hands shall find it.

Not making artificial flowers. Do not understand me to say that our little Rose was conscious of having any "mission" whatever. She had need to earn money, to make life easy and pleasant for herself and for Daisy, and in order to give to the latter some of the advantages she had herself enjoyed in more prosperous days; and she was glad, as I doubt not you and I are, that she could earn it in so pleasant a way. She had no grand ideas about human progress, or the advancement of the race. But she wanted to make her flowers just as perfect as they could be made. And is it not something to put one's own thought of beauty, or grace, or delicacy, even into a muslin rose, or a spray of velvet verdure?

There was always money in the little purse, beyond what was actually needed for the day's necessities. And by degrees, one fair lady after another learned that there was a young girl out on the Doncaster Road, who made such lovely flowers—"just exquisite, you know—like the real French, only better than most we see in this country." One by one they sought her out when some sudden emergency arose, bringing with it the need of some peculiar tint or hue, and they always went away puzzled. More than one who entered the little parlor with a gracious, patronizing air, left it in a maze of wonder. This Miss Sterling was not to be patronized, or condescended to. Who could she be? and what brought her here?

Doubtless, the bronzes and the rare pictures, as well as Rose's pretty French dresses, and two or three bits of choice, but unobtrusive, jewelry that she habitually wore, had something to do with this. Her wardrobe had been well supplied, for Mrs. Sterling had always had her own way in that matter; and that lady never bought anything that was not of the best. The two girls wore now, what they had worn in Paris. They had not put on black garments—a fact which had cost Rose something of a struggle.

"But we cannot afford, Daisy," she said, with a sigh, "to throw aside all we have, and buy such mourning as mother would wish us to wear, if we wore any. Shabby black was an abomination in her eyes. We will go on wearing the very things she chose for us, and love her and think of her all the same. That is the best way, I am sure."

To all of which Daisy loyally assented. She went to school now—going in the horse-cars every morning with her little lunch-basket. They passed directly by the door; and duly as quarter to nine came, whoever was in the cars saw two young girls waiting in the little porch under the delicate, lightly-tossing wreaths of the hop-vine. They were singularly contrasted. One—the elder—had hair of reddish gold, that, guiltless of crimp-

ing-pins, rolled back from her pure white forehead in a profusion of tiny waves, and was gathered at the back of the small, well-shaped head in one heavy coil. Her eyes were very dark, almost black, large and liquid. Her cheek was pale when she was in repose, but the slightest emotion made the swift color come and go, like the changes of a summer cloud.

The younger had a round, pliant little figure; hair as black as night, which was tied back, usually with a blue riband, and fell below her waist; eyes that, it seemed, should have belonged to her sister; for they were as purely blue and bright as any sapphires, while her complexion was almost that of a brunette. Yet she was a pretty child—as light-hearted and joyous as a bird, with something piquant and striking in the very poise of her head. One who looked at her once, was quite sure to look again.

Every morning, as I said, the two waited in the porch for the cars to come along; and then Rose went down to the gate with Daisy, watched her as she got on board, and nodded a smiling good-bye to her. It was an attractive picture; the vine-covered porch; the door open, perhaps, into the little blue and gray room behind it; the gay flower-garden, bright with autumnal blooms; the slight, graceful maiden with the shining hair, and the pretty child with her smiling face and breezy, piquant freshness. Regular passengers began to look out for it in a quiet, indifferent sort of way; and to be disappointed—some of them—if they failed to see it.

Linborough College was farther out—on the Doncaster Road.

Regular passengers began to watch for this picture so unconsciously made by the two sisters, who, without a thought of others' observation, were simply going about their daily business. So did some who were *not* "regulars." Roy knew very well which was the most desirable side of the car; and he never went to the city in the morning, without wondering if the little girl with the lunch-basket would appear—and if the young lady would come out to see her off.

"There's such a nice, beautiful boy in the car two or three times a week, Rosy," said Daisy one evening late in November. "Sometimes he is going up, and sometimes coming down; but he always sits on this side. You can see him, if you look."

"Is there?" asked Rose, lifting her eyebrows a little as she bent her wires. "I hope you don't talk to him, Daisy. You know what mother always taught us; and you are such a little girl, that I shall be worried about you if you have anything to do with strangers—especially with beautiful boys," she added, with a grave, unsmiling mouth, but a sudden gleam of fun in her dark eyes.

"I'm 'most twelve years old," said Daisy, tossing back her hair. "There! I've learned my lesson. Let me fix the wires while you do something else—oh! I don't talk to him, Rosy-posy, nor he to me. Only—once—the other day—I forgot to tell you—it rained when I got off at Lee Street, and he held his umbrella over me. Since then he lifts his

hat every time he sees me, and of course I bow to him. He almost always goes down Friday morning, and if you look to-morrow I think you'll see him."

"Well, I'll look, if you think it would be a pleasure to me," answered Rose, her eyes and thoughts intent upon the lilies of the valley she was making. "I want you to be polite and civil to all, Dot. But you must be quiet, and let strangers alone. Will you remember?"

"Yes. But I don't feel as if he was quite a stranger, when he was so kind the other day. You'd think he was nice yourself, Rosy, if he should hold his umbrella over your head, and save your new hat!"

Rose smiled, and changed the subject. It seemed to be growing unprofitable.

"He *was* in the car this morning," cried Daisy, the next afternoon, as she came in fresh and jubilant. "Did you see him, Rosy?"

"No, I did not see any boy."

"Why, you must be blind as a bat! He sat right on this side. I don't see how you could help seeing him."

"Neither do I. But I did not. Now lay the table, Dot, and we'll have dinner. I have made one of Marie's nice little soups; and Aunt Jane put her head in at the door to tell me to prepare nothing else, for she was keeping something hot for you in her oven. Suppose you were to go and see what it is?"

Away Daisy darted, and presently returned with a roasted chicken on a little white platter.

"Aunt Jane is so kind. See here, Rose! Doesn't it smell deliciously? Seems to me everybody is good to us. That boy left the car before I did this morning, and as he passed out, he smiled at me and dropped this in my lap. It got all faded, and I put it in my pocket;" and from the depths she drew out a crushed and withered tube-rose, with a circle of blue violets and some geranium leaves.

"It is very fragrant yet," said Rose, quietly, but with a slight look of uneasiness about her eyes. She did not wish to put fancies into Daisy's head, nor to startle her into awkward self-consciousness. Yet in her heart of hearts, she wished "that boy," of whose very name she was ignorant, would be a little less attentive. She felt so young herself, to be the guide and protector of this little sister! She determined to keep watch, however, and catch a glimpse of his face if she could. She could judge somewhat from that, as to what manner of "boy" he might be.

But several weeks passed, during which she heard nothing more about him. He seemed to have slipped from Daisy's mind, if not from her sight; until one night the child suddenly declared that "that boy" must have gone away, for she had not seen him in the cars for ever and ever so long. Whereat Rose inwardly rejoiced.

One bright, cold morning in December, Rose stood by the glowing fire in their little parlor, tying a crimson scarf about Daisy's throat.

"You must wrap up well to-day, Dot, for it's bitter cold," she said. "There comes the car. Here is your muff, and your basket. And don't forget to go into Mrs. Morrison's, and get the box

of flowers for me. It will save me a journey, and I'm very busy just now."

"I know it, Rosy! you work all the time. I wish—"

"Never mind, dearie! Hurry now, or you'll be too late."

They kissed each other, and Rose stood at the window to watch the child as she made her little signal, and the car stopped. The porch was too cold now.

Then she went back to the fire, and stood for many minutes gazing into the flames, and—thinking. It was as Daisy had said. She worked all the time; and yet the overplus in the little purse grew each week smaller and smaller. Winter had brought additional expenses of its own; and it had been necessary to buy some warmer clothing. French wrappings were not heavy enough for a New-England winter, and the pretty undergarments had proved altogether too light. And as the days and years went on, matters would grow worse rather than better. Clothes would not last forever; and as Daisy grew older, it would cost them more to live.

She put her hand to her forehead with a weary sigh, and for almost the first time, a shade of despondency stole over the sweet young face. How long could she live this kind of life, and not be dwarfed by it? She had no time for reading; she saw no society; she was forgetting all her music, to which she had given much attention in the old, careless days; and even if she had the leisure she could not practice, for want of a piano. She painted in water colors, and her brush was a delight to her. But she had hardly touched it since she came back to America. She was losing her hold upon everything, she thought, sadly, and how would it be with Daisy? Could she give her nothing but the commonest sort of an education?

"I must try something else," she said to herself, at last, as she went back to her work. "Flower-making, like literature, is 'a good staff, but a poor crutch.' My hard and steady work ought to bring me more money—and it shall! I feel as if I were turning into an artificial flower myself—soul and body."

The bright morning was soon merged in a cloudy noon; and long before it was time for Daisy to come home, Rose was looking anxiously out into a whirling, driving, furious snow-storm.

"I am so sorry I told her to go to Mrs. Morrison's," she exclaimed—to Miss Sterling, of course; for who else was there to speak to? And the poor child could not be expected to hold her tongue all day long, could she? And Miss Sterling replied: "Yes; it is a great pity; she will have enough to do to manage herself and her muff and her basket, even without the addition of a stiff, square, paste-board box, that must not be crushed, or maltreated!"

But it could not be helped now. The short December day grew dark, and the storm grew wilder every moment. Rose stirred the fire, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney, and then took her station at the window.

Meanwhile Daisy had been to Mrs. Morrison's after the box; and laden with that, her books, her

muff, and her basket, was waiting at the Lee-Street crossing, under the shelter of an open porch, for the up car. Presently she saw it coming, and rushed out. But in the blinding storm the driver neither saw nor heard her. The car rolled on, and the bewildered child looked to the right and left for succor, and found none.

It was very hard to keep the tears back. What should she do? It would be a full hour before the next car would go up; and she remembered having heard a man who was passing say that they would take the horses off early to-night, for the track was almost blocked up, and there would be no travel. What if this was the last car? How should she get home? And, oh! what would Rose say?

She crept back to her shelter again. It was growing darker and darker. Mrs. Morrison's? But that was half a mile away, and Daisy doubted if she had not closed the shop, and gone home. There would be no call for flowers on such a night. Suddenly she sprang forward with a glad cry.

"Oh!" came faintly through the storm, and reached the ear of a pedestrian well muffled in furs.

The young man turned round. What child was out in this tempest? A little figure stood motionless in the dark shadow of the porch, and burst into tears as he approached.

"Why, is it you?" he asked, stooping down and taking the cold, trembling hands in his—for she had piled all her belongings on a bench beside her. "Did you miss the car, dear? So did I, and isn't it lucky? for I was just on my way to the livery-stable for a horse and sleigh, and I will take you home in a trice. Shall I leave you here just a minute? or will you go with me?"

And right then and there, with the fierce snow-flakes blinding her, and the wind roaring in her ears, Daisy, remembering all Rose's cautions, and thinking she saw a straight path out of all dilemmas, looked up, and said, between choking sobs: "If you—would—only—tell me what your name is, sir! Sister Rose says I must not talk to people I don't know. My name is Daisy Sterling!"

The young man laughed outright—for one instant. Then a grave tenderness stole into his voice; and, if it had not been for the snow-flakes, one might have seen a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he answered, lifting his cap for an instant as respectfully as if he had stood before a queen: "Your Sister Rose is quite right. My name is Royal Dilloway. If you will let me take you home, I will take as good care of you as if you were my own little sister."

It was all right now, and Daisy, brushing off the last remnant of a tear, thankfully signified her readiness to accept his escort.

The stable was just round the corner, and as the child did not like to be left alone, Roy hastily gathered up box, basket and books, and taking her hand, hurried her to a place of shelter.

"It seems to me, Miss Daisy," he said, as they rushed along, "that you carry a good deal of baggage for one small school-girl."

"Yes," she laughed. "It makes me think of

the old woman's 'Great box, little box, bandbox and bundle.' But it is not all mine. I am carrying that great box for Rose. She—"

She stopped suddenly; probably with an instinctive feeling that her sister would not care to have her affairs discussed with this stranger. Roy wished she might have completed the sentence; but he was too much of a gentleman to make any attempt to draw her out.

Rose saw the car coming with a certain feeling of relief; and threw a shawl over her head that she might be ready to run out and open the gate for Daisy. She could scarcely believe her senses when it passed without stopping. Such a thing had never occurred before since Daisy began to go to school. The child had never failed to be on time. Had Mrs. Morrison kept her, fearing the roads would be blocked up? Or had she missed the car? And, if so, what would she do in this driving storm?

And—hardest question of all—how could she reach her or help her? Where was she at that moment?

She went into Aunt Jane's part of the house for a word of comfort or a timely suggestion. But none came. Aunt Jane was as helpless as herself. There was no man within reach who could be sent in pursuit of the laggard.

It grew darker and darker. Rose, standing at the window with a pale, anxious face, could but just see the dark outline of the garden fence a few inches above the drifts.

"I can't bear this," she said to Aunt Jane. "I must go out and do something, or find somebody. What if the child, missing the car, has started to walk home?"

Aunt Jane demurred seriously; but Rose began to put on her wrappings in nervous haste. She seemed to hear Daisy's voice in every moan of the wailing wind.

The old lady was looking out of the window even while she was trying to dissuade Rose from her mad undertaking. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Why—what upon air! Who in the world can be coming here in all this storm? I hope Jerusha's child ain't worse—but I shouldn't wonder one mite if they'd sent after me."

A sleigh had stopped at the gate. Some one had leaped out into a drift that came far above his knees. He bent over the sleigh and picked up a large bundle of—something.

"Why, I do verily believe!" exclaimed Aunt Jane again, hurrying back into her own part of the house. But what she believed no mortal ever knew; for Rose threw one swift glance out of the window, and rushed to the door, her face all aglow with sudden joy.

"Here I am, Rosy-posy, all safe and sound," cried a child's glad voice. "Were you frightened almost to death about me?"

Daisy, muffled from head to foot in the folds of a fur-lined cloak, had just been set down in the porch; and the gentleman to whom said garment belonged, was unfastening the clasp that confined it about her throat.

"There!" he said, shaking the snow from it as he threw it over his own shoulders. "Run in to

the fire, quick, before you freeze to death!" And before Rose had gathered her senses together enough to enable her to speak, he had lifted his cap, bowed, regained the sleigh, seemingly in two bounds, and the eager horses were dashing onward through the snow.

"O Daisy, darling!" cried Rose, half-laughing, half-crying, as she closed the door, and drew her into the warm, bright room of which Roy had caught one swift glance as he stood there "out in the cold." "What was the matter? How did it happen?"

Daisy told her story rapidly, in her own nonchalant way, ending with: "If he hadn't come along just then, I don't know what I should have done, Rosy."

"He was very kind," said Rose; "and I was so bewildered that I did not even thank him."

"There!" cried Daisy, triumphantly, "I told you you would think he was nice, if you could only see him. Didn't I say he was a beautiful boy?"

"Say—what?" asked Rose fairly aghast with astonishment. "You surely don't mean that this—"

"Is that boy?" interrupted Daisy, as she complacently proceeded to warm her toes. "Why, yes, I do. I supposed you knew."

"O Daisy! Daisy! what a child you are! The person who brought you home to-night is not a boy. He is a young man—and a very gentlemanly one, too. What made you talk about him as if he were a little boy?"

"I didn't!" retorted Daisy, indignantly. "I did not say he was 'little'—nor a word about his size any way."

"Well—but—talking about 'that boy' all the time," said Rose, with an impatient emphasis on the unlucky words, "I thought he was about your age, or a little older. I did not suppose you were talking about a *man*. I think you might have known better, Daisy!"

"How was I to tell?" asked the child, with an injured air. "How is anybody expected to know when boys leave off being boys, and begin to be men? Girls put on long dresses and do up their hair—and then they're young ladies; but boys—they dress just like men from the beginning. I couldn't tell!" and the indignant little speaker vented her mortification in a fierce thrust of the poker into the bed of glowing coals.

"Well," said Rose, severely, "I think if I were speaking of a person nearly six feet high, and well proportioned, who wore a moustache, and carried himself like a prince, I should call him a man, and not a boy. But, O Daisy, how foolish we are to quarrel about this! Come and get your supper, darling. It is all ready."

(To be continued.)

MEN in the vigor of their health and age should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation and the worthiest of actions, either in public or private stations, that they may have something agreeable left, in the way of pleasant and grateful remembrances, to feed on when they are old.

THE STORY OF RENNY.

BY G. DE B.

HE was such a mite of a fellow, scarcely came up to my waist when he stood on tip-toe. I saw him first in the horse-car. He sat opposite me, and I was attracted by his tiny size. He had on a dark blue cloth suit with black velvet leggings, a little felt hat with a long feather, and round his neck he wore a wide watered ribbon on which hung a little silver hunting-horn.

As soon as I saw him I thought, "He has just stepped off a fairy opera stage, and he is playing *Rigoletto*," for he was not little because he was a *baby*, but from accident, and, like *Rigoletto*, he had a large hump on his little back that made my heart heavy to look at.

At last he seemed to notice my evident look of curiosity, and his face flushed as he turned away. I was pained to think I had unintentionally wounded his feelings, and therefore changed my seat and went over beside him.

"Will you let me see that pretty little horn?" I asked, as a sort of explanation for my curious gaze.

Without answering, he unfastened the little toy and handed it to me.

"Is it to call anything with?" I continued. "Boys sometimes have pet dogs that answer to a whistle—is yours a dog?"

He still made me no reply, when the lady who was with him leaned over and said to me: "Renny will not speak to strangers—the whistle is to summon his nurse."

I fastened back the little horn upon its ribbon and whispered to him lowly as I secured it: "I wish Renny would speak to me. I like little boys, and I can tell stories!"

He looked up in my face then. His eyes were brown and beautiful, with only a little gleam of *temper* in them to mar their loveliness.

"What kind o' stories?" he asked, in a deep, low bass—*if any one can imagine such a kind of a voice in a mite of a boy.*

"Any kind—what kind do you like?" I answered, pleased to receive a reply.

"I like wicked ones—where all the big, strong boys are beaten and pounded, and the little girls pinched and hurt." And the brown eyes looked wicked enough to *mean it!*

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry," I replied. "I thought, maybe, you would like some about little boys with big hearts, boys who do great deeds, although they may have little means of doing, and do them in little ways."

His eyes flashed. "There never was any *such kind!*"

"Oh, yes, Renny, I know some—you see, if the *heart* and the *soul* are noble and great, it don't matter how small the *body* is."

He seemed to ponder over my words, then asked, abruptly: "Do you like little fellows?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; I love all boys, little ones and big ones, and I like to tell them stories."

"Will you come to my house and tell me one, then, 'bout some little fellow?"

"I will; where do you live?" I answered, gladly.

He whispered to the lady beside him, and she immediately handed me a card, saying, with a smile: "You have accomplished a wonderful thing, although you may not know it—Renny never speaks to a stranger, and he has asked me to give you his mother's card. I am sure both Mr. and Mrs. Moulton will be happy to see any one toward whom Renny appears so friendly," and she handed me the card and address.

I thanked her, and left the car, telling Renny I would surely see him in a few days.

According to my promise, not long after, I called at the address, which I found to be a large, handsome residence on — Street. Upon asking for Mrs. Moulton, I was shown into an elegantly-furnished reception-room, where I stated the reason for my peculiar call to a very beautiful and fashionably-dressed lady.

"Yes," she said, "Renny had spoken of the strange lady he met in the car," she was very happy to see me, and hoped I would have no trouble with the child. He was such a strange child—horrid temper—perfectly fearful at times—she really did not know what would become of him—I was very kind, indeed, to come and tell him stories, and she was sure Mr. Moulton would be very grateful to any one who would amuse or interest Renny.

I asked her where I should find her little boy, and was shown up-stairs into a large sitting-room, or nursery, where a fearful racket appeared to be going on. I knocked, but receiving no answer, entered, and beheld Renny in a perfect fury of rage, throwing down chairs, dancing up and down, pounding on the table with his little fists, and looking the incarnation of wicked temper. Two little girls stood at some little distance, white with fear, and the nurse was barricaded behind a chair, afraid as well. When Renny looked up and saw me in the door, he ceased his tantrums, and looked a trifle disconcerted—not ashamed, however—for there was a bravado of temper still in the rear.

"Well, Renny," said I, pleasantly, "what shall my first story be about?" and without appearing to notice the commotion I had interrupted, I walked over, picked up a chair and seated myself. The nurse took this opportunity to make her escape with her little charges.

"'Bout devils!" answered Renny, in his deep tones, and looking at me defiantly with his flashing eyes.

"Well, come over here beside me, and I will tell you one." He walked slowly up to the lounge near by and threw himself down, looking at me curiously now. I began: "I will tell you about a horrid little demon, Renny, who goes prowling round the whole wide world. He is of different colors. Scarlet, and crimson, and white. He carries a loom with him with which he weaves webs. He is a sly little demon, and watches his chances for fresh new spots whereon to set up his loom, and he always picks out little tender places on which to start the weaving of his web. At first he spins a slender thread, then, if he be not checked, he makes the little thread to grow larger

and it becomes a cord, and stronger and it becomes a rope, and stouter still and it forms a chain which it is impossible to break or hold in check, but which will, instead, grasp in *its* strong bands the victim, and hold him slave and prisoner, and oftentimes, O Renny, this strong, stout chain will lead the victim to some *murderous* act, and then the little thread which, *unchecked*, has grown so strong, will be the rope which hangs!"

Renny listened attentively with open eyes, then he asked, in a husky tone: "Did you ever see this devil?"

"Yes, Renny, I have seen him."

"He is different colored?"

"Yes; he is scarlet in rage and fury, he is criminal in ungovernable impatience, and he is deadly white in relentless, unforgiving, wicked Temper!"

"Can any one break through the web?"

"At first, when he weaves, the thread is light and fine, and it is possible to let him weave it no *stronger*, and even if it becomes a cord or rope, it need but hold together firmly *weak* places—it is only when the cord becomes a chain and *unmanageable*, that the little demon becomes master and leads one wicked ways. O Renny, Temper is a good soldier, under the generalship of Control, but when it breaks ranks, it rushes madly on, and leads through many a weary path to oftentimes a bitter goal!"

Renny was thoughtful for a few minutes, then he asked, looking up, earnestly: "How's a fellow going to begin to break their temper?"

"You need not break it, dear—only hold it in check; have a masterful control over it. Think how foolish and little it is for a man—you will be a man some day, you know—to lose all dignity and force of character by some fiery exhibition of temper. Why the Indians, though they be savages, never display ungovernable temper—and how we admire and respect the grave stoical demeanor and carriage of the "red man of the forest."

"Do you think I will ever grow to be a man?" and the brown eyes looked up at me wistfully.

"I hope so, Renny, and a great and good one, too. I think you have a good foundation upon which to build a fine character—and, therefore, you must to cultivate the *best* in you, and control the worst."

He stood up now and cried, half-bitterly, half-pathetically: "I, a great man! with this hump! Pahaw—what's the use o' trying?"

"There is always 'use,' Renny, in trying to be good. When I come to see you again, I will tell you of some men who have carried great minds and noble hearts in as frail and tender bodies as yours—and, Renny, remember, besides, there is always *something* to be glad of and thankful for. The blind people can *hear*, the dumb ones can *see*, and the crippled and lame may have both sight and hearing to be grateful for. Be thankful and content with the mercies you have, and though you may be little and frail, let your goodness grow large, and strive to be great in your mental and moral stature.

The little frail body threw itself down now, in a passion of tears, on the lounge.

"Why, Renny—don't, dear!" I cried, bending over him, and pained to see his uncontrollable emotion. "Think over all I have said; try to hold the little demon I have told you about in subjection; strive to be strong in your many good qualities, and I am sure you will be both good and great when a man."

He would not look up nor answer me, but lay there, with great sobs convulsing the little frame. I kissed the brown head of soft curls good-bye, and whispering I would soon come again, left him.

Upon making my next call, I was received by Mr. Moulton, who I found to be a grave, kindly-cold gentleman. He thanked me for the interest I had shown in his boy, who, though rarely speaking to strangers, had displayed a warm liking for me.

"He is a very peculiar child," said Mr. Moulton, "and one whom no one appears to quite understand. His mother died when he was but a baby, and until within the last few years he has had none but nurses to see to him. Mrs. Moulton is very much attached to him, of course, but her own little girls require the most of her attention, and as Renny is not fond of little girls, and will have no boy playmates—they are so 'rough and strong,' he says—he is consequently left very much to himself. He is my only son. He is very dear to me—and, madam, I thank you most heartily for the warm, kind interest you have shown for my poor boy."

I read it all. Poor Renny! He was a little waif even in the midst of this large, luxurious home. All the best in him was being dwarfed and crippled by the selfishness with which his little life had come in contact, since his mother died! His worst passions were constantly aroused. He was envious and jealous of those little girls—his sisters—who had come, he thought, to usurp his place in his father's heart, as their mother had his own dear mother. He saw other boys strong and stout of limb, who would bravely fight their way outside, while he was obliged to sit at home and brood over his sorrows and his wrongs. Poor little mite! How my heart ached for him—for I could see there was some right on his side. Then I determined I would comfort and cheer him, if I could. I would strive to bring out his best, and destroy his worst. I would try to show him to be good was to be happy; and if, perchance, any little seed I might drop should sprout and grow upward, I should feel I had obeyed the will of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me also."

Renny was waiting for me in the large room where I had found him before. He was alone, and his face brightened with a smile when he saw me, and he came gladly forward to relieve me of my furs and wrappings.

"What are you reading, to-day?" I asked, picking up the volume that had fallen from his lap as he rose. "Æsop's Fable's," I read. "Why, Renny, this is one of the very men I was going to tell you about to-day."

"Is it—what did he do?" asked Renny, eagerly.

"He wrote all these beautiful stories, each one

with a fine moral, teaching us patience, humility and virtue, and also showing us the many little weaknesses to which all human nature is prone. It is a philosophic work as well as an entertaining one; and, Renny, although this man had a great mind—he was—little—like you.”

“Like me!”

“Yes, so we are told; and he was a slave beside, and cruelly treated by a hard master. But, though he was a *slave*, he had the *master* mind, and he has left behind him, in his works, a name, while that of his owner is forgotten! There have been more men than he, Renny,” continued I, waxing warm, as I saw the interest that lighted up his pale face. “Men who have been small of stature, but large of heart and mind and spirit. The poet Pope was one of these. His genius was great, though the lamp that held the fire was small and misshapen. And there was a great artist, too, who, without arms or hands, has painted himself a great name in grand pictures. And Richard III. of England, you know, was little, but he was brave of spirit. And even St. Paul, we have reason to believe, had some physical defect, for you know he speaks of the “thorn in the flesh” with which he suffered; and see, Renny, what a life his was. And there have been men and women in the lower ranks who have carried a burden on their backs, while their hearts and their lives have been noble and large with the *good* in them.”

“But I can’t ever do any of these; I can’t ever be great!” cried Renny, and the voice was tremulous.

“Ah, Renny, who knows but you may. Try, at least; and if you cannot be great, you can be good, that is within any one’s power.”

“Who cares if I am?”

“Who cares? Why every one will who knows you—your papa, whose *only son* you are, you know; your mamma, your little sisters, and I. Don’t you want that *I* should care a little, Renny?”

He did not answer me. Then he looked up, with a little gleam in his eyes, and replied: “My papa likes little girls best, and *my* mamma is in Heaven!”

“Your papa loves *all* of his children, Renny,” answered I; “but I think his only son is very dear to him; and your mamma in Heaven, I think, will be happier even there, to know her little boy is trying to be good, so as he may come to her there some day.”

The nurse just then came in with the two little girls of whom Renny appeared so jealous. He looked disturbed and angry at their intrusion.

“Will you tell me the names of your little sisters?” I asked.

“No,” he replied, curtly, and walked away from my side.

I put my things on quietly, and, after kissing the little ones, who looked at me curiously, I turned to Renny, who stood with his back toward me, in the bay window.

“Good-bye, Renny; when shall I come again?” I said, putting out my hand.

He made no answer, but appeared to be struggling with the little crimson demon.

I stooped down, asking: “Won’t you kiss me good-bye?”

Then he looked up, and answered my first question in a defiant sort of tone: “Their names are Bessie and Katie; they are ‘good’ children; everybody likes them best; and I s’pose *you* will, too!”

“No, Renny, *not* best—if you try to be good, too,” I whispered, as I bade him good-bye again.

I soon grew to look forward with great pleasure to my little weekly visits to Renny, and he welcomed me always with a bright, happy smile. He was an intelligent, apt scholar, and a very bright boy; but I discovered had, evidently, before my acquaintance met with no one who took any interest in him, save as a deformed, ugly boy; consequently he was fast becoming no more. The best in us all needs a help and a recognition that shall keep us high, the base and worst in us is so apt to triumph otherwise.

Renny’s father loved him, but he did not know him; his mother dressed him beautifully, and kept him warm and well fed; but the heart of the child was hidden from both.

I was glad to see him improve under the little sermons I preached him, always with a different text that should interest and amuse; but I strove to make every sermon illustrate the text that to be good was to be great, and that little men could be noble men!

One of the first proofs that my influence was at work, was the disappearance of the little silver horn from off Renny’s neck. I had missed it for some time before I spoke; then one day I said, laughingly: “And, oh, where is your horn, my Little Boy Blue?”

He flushed, and answered me: “I have lain it away with some bad habits. I speak and call to the servants now when I want them.”

“O Renny,” I cried, “that is good—that is noble! See, you are growing great already; even a little thing tells; it is as though some harsh master had thrown aside his haughty, cruel, overbearing manner, and decided to be a generous, kind man to those beneath him.”

He smiled with pleasure at my warm praise—praise is so sweet; and *merited* praise is always just!

“And, Renny,” continued I, “will you give me the little horn? It was that which first attracted me toward you; it was that which opened our acquaintance; and it is that which has opened your eyes to *one* of your bad habits, at least. Let me have it for a souvenir?”

He brought it to me; and then for the first time in all our long acquaintance he lifted up his lips and kissed me of his *own accord*! It was the sign and the seal of our friendship. And though Renny is a man now—a good one in his character, a great one in his noble, generous deeds—I still wear the little silver horn he gave me as a trophy over which I may feel justly proud, for Renny’s papa says I made his “bad boy a good man,” and Mrs. Moulton says I “tamed a savage.”

The story of Renny is the story of many another child who may be even now spoiling an otherwise fine character by the bad passions of envy and

jealousy and also by the uncontrol of that little demon, Temper, who goes prowling around for a spot to weave his webs in little children's natures. Let each one recollect, then, that the little, slender thread may be held in check, but that the *chain* can never be broken, but may lead to prison cells and gallows! And may every little one remember, too, that however plain, or homely, or disfigured he may be, that the light of a fine, noble character within may illuminate and make lovely and beautiful, or a talent applied or a genius nurtured transform into great and famous!

DEBORAH NORMAN;* HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was not to make alterations in her dress that Deborah Norman had gone to her room, but to gain time in which to compose and fortify herself for a meeting that she would have gladly avoided. After closing the door of her chamber, she knelt and remained in silent prayer for over the space of a minute. On rising, her lips had a firmer set, and her eyes were calmer and deeper. There was no sign of weakness or irresolution in her face or manner. She was resting in God and on her convictions of right and duty. Many times had her heart sunk in her bosom as she thought of this lion, which, sooner or later, she knew would stand in her way. But now that the encounter was at hand, courage and strength had been given and she was not afraid.

"Philip," she said in a calm voice as she entered the little parlor where the visitor had been restlessly awaiting her. He caught her hand with a nervous pressure; but she let hers lie passive, and this for but a moment or two ere it was withdrawn from his clasp.

The person who stood, flushed and agitated, before Deborah was a handsome young man somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years of age. Strength and self-reliance were in his face, but his mouth had some hard and sinister lines that marred the excellence of a countenance in which you saw much to attract, and something to repel.

"Philip! And is that all? Only Philip!" The young man caught back the hand she had withdrawn, and looked down into her face with eyes full of a tender passion.

But she gently disengaged it again, and stood quiet and irresponsible.

"Deborah! What does this mean?" There came a glow into the man's dark eyes, and a thrill of anger into his voice.

"It means, Philip," she answered, not losing a chord in the even tones of her voice, "just what I told thee at our last meeting. Our feet are set in different ways; how then can we walk together?"

"Fickle—changeable—false! Must I say this of Deborah Norman?" exclaimed the young man in momentary loss of self-control.

The small head was drawn quickly back; the soft lips shut tightly and marred by an expression of pain; the eyes set wide open and flashing. But this was for only the briefest interval of time. The flush and excitement died out as quickly as they had come, and left the face of Deborah very pale and calm.

"I thank thee for the words, Philip Cheston!" she said, "I can now talk to thee with the needed plainness. Sit down."

She spoke with a strength of will that gave power to her words. The young man sunk into a chair.

"Not so, Philip," she continued keeping her steady eyes upon him. "I have not changed. As Philip Cheston was five years ago, I loved him. But the Philip Cheston of to-day is another man. His feet and mine are set in different ways, and we cannot walk together."

"A mere fancy, born of thy too ideal life, Deborah," replied the young man. "How have I changed? In what am I different from the Philip Cheston thee loved five years ago? I am older, more in earnest, and more thoroughly absorbed in my business, as every man who hopes for success in life should be; but in all else I am the same."

"Not so—thy ends and aspirations are not the same; and these make the man," replied Deborah. "I loved thee for what thee was inwardly and not for thy person alone, Philip. For the noble ends thee had; for the pure spirit that ruled thee; for the love of God and humanity that was in thy soul. And when I saw a shadow fall upon these, and thy heart turn to mean and sordid things, I felt as if night were closing about me. Then I knew that our ways must part, and that I should have to walk alone!"

"Mean and sordid! And this from thee! O Deborah! Deborah!" Cheston's manner was greatly disturbed.

"Look into thy heart, Philip, and answer to thyself and to God. Is it now as it was five years ago? Are thy ends the same? Is thy ideal of life what it then was? Art thou growing inwardly purer, nobler, less selfish, and more earnest in thy desire to serve humanity?"

"The dreams of that pleasant time were very sweet and pure, Deborah," Cheston replied, with some bitterness in his voice. "But in the earnest and absorbing work men have to do in the world if they would achieve success, such dreams are never realized. The real life we have to encounter, and the ideal life our fancies paint as we stand on the verge of manhood, are different altogether."

"There is only one true ideal of life," returned Deborah, "and that is to be found in the words of our Lord: 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

"A thing literally impossible," said the young man.

"O Philip! Philip! This from thee!" There was a quiver of pain in Deborah's voice. "I did not think thee had wandered so far away."

"Away from what?" The young man spoke with some irritation.

"From the path that leads heavenward."

A slight curve of the lips betrayed a feeling of contempt in the heart of Cheston.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"There is only one way to Heaven, Philip," said Deborah, speaking with much seriousness, "and the gate of entrance is through neighborly love. It is a strait gate; and the way narrow; but it leadeth into life."

"Doubtless thee is right," answered Cheston, with a sudden change of manner, as if moved by some better impulse. "The world is a hard, selfish place, Deborah, in which every man must stand alone, and rise, if he rise at all, through his own unaided efforts."

"But, in rising, he need not hinder nor pull down another man, Philip. Nay, ought he not, rather, to help the weak, sometimes, trusting in God to make good any little loss that may seem to be occasioned thereby? The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. He can set up whom He will—cause this to increase, and that to fail. Men make a very sad mistake when they leave God out of their calculations, as some do. They might as well ignore the law of gravitation, and jump from a tower, trusting for a safe descent. This was all very plain to thy mind once, Philip. I grieve to know thee has lost thy clearer vision."

"Where all men seek their own; where every man is for himself; what chance is there for one who tries to work by the golden rule?" he answered, fretfully.

"O Philip! Philip!" Once more there was a quiver of pain in Deborah's voice. "What chance for one who is just and merciful in his dealings with his fellow-men? For one who will not take the gains of wrong or oppression? For one who will not build at the cost of his neighbor?"

"A man need not cheat nor steal," said Cheston. "But he's got to take care of himself, and make the best of the chances that come in his way. If every man looked out for himself and made the most of his opportunities, we should have a different state of things in the world. Our neighbors would attend to their own affairs and not leave others to make good their defects."

The shadows that lay on Deborah's countenance deepened as Philip Cheston spoke. There was a sorrowful look in her eyes. The young man saw that he had not helped his case; yet was he unable to discern in what he had failed, so dull were his perceptions. Nothing was plainer to him than that men should be self-helpful, and not in any way dependent on their neighbors. He had a feeling of contempt for weaknesses and thriftlessness; and in his heart despised the poor—regarding all poverty as the outgrowth of vice or idleness. Nay, had he possessed the adequate degree of introspection, he would have seen that he despised or thought meanly of all men but himself. For him the sun shone, the rain fell and the earth gave its increase; and what of God's bounty he saw in the possession of other men seemed but robbery of himself.

Long ago, Deborah had looked deep enough into the mind of Philip Cheston to see its intensely selfish quality; but she had trusted in the power of higher and purer things to lift him out of its narrow and hardening influence, and had fondly imagined that she would be able to lead him to the paths wherein her own feet were set. Before she

knew him thoroughly, she had loved him. He was her ideal man, and she invested him with all the perfections she saw in a true and Christ-like manhood. Her complete illusion did not last a very long time. That closer view which is obtained through the more intimate relations of an accepted lover, revealed elements of character which threw a shadow over the brightness of her life. Still, love was deep and strong; and its first impulse was an effort to lift him to the level of her ideal. For a time he seemed to be rising. For a time she was able to inspire him with a measure of her deep interest in humanity, and to draw him into some active work. But, almost from the first, she saw that he lacked heart in any noble cause.

A man's thoughts take shape from what he desires. It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. And so, we need listen for but a little while to another's speech ere the drift of his ruling impulses is perceived. Deborah was, naturally, a close observer. Her insight was clear and deep. It was impossible for her to hold intimate relations with any one, without knowing something of the motive-power that impelled him.

For a time after the ungarded speech of Philip Cheston began to show the real things upon which he was setting his heart, Deborah sought to awaken in his mind nobler desires. At first he was irresponsible; but soon began treating with levity what to her was of deep and solemn interest. Argument and opposition followed; and in his fervor of speech, Cheston often betrayed an irreverent spirit that not only grieved her beyond measure, but put an intervening space between them, which widened day by day.

Early in life, Deborah had learned self-discipline. For truth, or what she believed to be the truth, she was loyal as a martyr, and could not have been turned from it though fire and faggot stood in her way. And they stood, really, in her way now. There is a fire into which, if we be not false to truth and duty, some of our dearest hopes and sweetest natural affections must be cast. It is a fire that consumes swiftly; but can no more touch the real human life than the common fire in which only the visible and mortal perish. Out of it the soul comes purified, and rises into regions of celestial peace.

It was not without a shudder of fear—not without anguish and shrinking—that Deborah Norman walked with steady feet to the stake where the love which had become almost a part of her life was to be burned to ashes. Not with any sudden resolution, nor in a moment of enthusiasm, was this done; but after years of waiting, and hoping, and effort to lead the man who had won her love back into the ways from which his feet had gone. When, at last, she saw that his life was becoming more and more lost in worldliness and self-seeking, and that an internal union between them was impossible, she accepted the issue and met the fiery ordeal.

But Philip Cheston was of another mind. His love for Deborah was that of an intensely selfish man who desires some precious and costly thing for the good he expects to gain. Not for the blessing

he might give, but for the blessing he hoped to receive, did Philip love and seek to win the pure and pious maiden. Her refusal to accept a marriage to which she had never formally pledged herself, only quickened the ardor of his love, and made him the more determined to possess her as his own. He believed in the power of a resolute will, and thought all women weak in the direction of their sentiments. He knew that Deborah loved him, and trusted in the influence of her heart over any of the superfine notions, as he called them, which had found entrance into her busy brain. He had only to continue the siege upon her affections to make an ultimate conquest sure.

But Cheston found himself in error. Month after month the siege was prolonged, but there came no signs of capitulation. Not a stone was loosened in her tower of strength; not an impression made upon its walls.

"Our feet are set in different ways, Philip, and we cannot walk together." So she had answered him one evening, when, with more than his usual impassioned earnestness, he had urged his suit. "It is now over two years since our paths began to diverge, and we are getting farther and farther apart every day. Do not shut thy eyes any longer to this truth. There is a steadily widening gulf between us, which nothing, I fear, can bridge. I am giving myself to the work of helping and saving others, while thee looks down upon and despises others in comparison with thyself. Thou art making mammon thy God."

"A false accusation!" exclaimed Cheston, stung by this last sentence.

"We worship what the heart is set upon," answered Deborah, calmly, "and make that our God. Thy heart is set on money."

The strong, flashing eyes of the young man fell beneath her steady gaze.

"Only fools despise money," he returned, with a hard rattle in his voice.

"It is one thing to despise money, and another thing to accept it as a good gift and use it aright," said Deborah, in reply. "But," she added, her manner changing, "we will not talk any more. Thee sets thyself farther and farther away from me with every word."

They parted coldly, and did not meet again for over a year. At Cheston's next call, he was told that Deborah had dropped out of sight, and gone no one knew whither. How they met after that long interval we have seen. In nothing, as to quality, had either changed; and they stood farther away from each other than at any time before. Every sentence uttered by Philip only revealed to Deborah new evidences of a rank growth in worldliness that was fast absorbing all the life-forces of his nature. He was more passionate in his efforts to win her love; but she missed the old tenderness. He showed greater strength and force of character; but it was harder and more self-asserting. His presence hurt her pure and sensitive soul. To all he urged upon her, she had but one reply.

"I say it again, Philip—our feet are set in different paths. How, then, can we walk together? It is impossible."

And every time she thus answered him he felt the distance between them growing greater. It was well, perhaps, that, in his excitement at finding all his efforts to change the mind of Deborah unavailing, he betrayed more of his real self than appeared in guarded moments. If any latent weakness remained with Deborah, this had the effect to extinguish it, and set her free from any influence he might still have had over her.

They parted—she pale and calm; he chafed and turbulent as an impeded stream—she with a gentle admonition; he with a passionate charge of fickleness and want of heart, flung out madly through quivering lips.

CHAPTER V.

DEBORAH would have been less than a woman had she come out of this trial untouched by pain or weakness. Philip saw only her pale, calm face, and saintly eyes that looked into his steadily to the last moment; but she veiled her heart so that he could not see how faint and full of suffering it was. The heat of his anger as he turned from her made his step firm; and pride, though wounded by rejection, gave to his bearing a statelier air than usual. She went like a stricken thing to her chamber, and sunk upon her bed in utter exhaustion. To be so denounced and cruelly assailed by the man whose loving words had once been sweet to her ears, was hard to bear; and though it pushed him still farther away, and made the intervening gulf impassable, the process was full of bitterness for her gentle spirit.

It was like the shutting of a cloister gate upon some world-sick soul whose last dear hope had died. There was nothing to lean upon but God; and even He seemed afar off now, because her eyes were dim-sighted, and her heart too weak to lift itself toward Him.

Mrs. Conrad saw nothing more of Deborah that day. When supper was ready in the evening, she called her, but Deborah excused herself, saying that she did not wish any supper. The kind-hearted woman was troubled at this, and insisted on bringing a cup of tea, which Deborah received at the door, quietly thanking Mrs. Conrad, but not inviting her to enter. She came down as usual on the next morning, looking a little paler than on the day before, but with no other sign of the trial through which she had passed. As she was about leaving the house soon after breakfast for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Pyne in Coulter's Row, a lady past middle life, plainly dressed, and with signs of long and wearing trouble on her countenance, met her at the door.

"Are you Miss Norman?" she asked, on seeing Deborah.

"That is my name. Is there anything I can do for thee?" replied Deborah, a smile of encouragement resting on her lips.

Then turning back, she invited the woman to enter. On being seated in Mrs. Conrad's little parlor, Deborah said in her sweet, winning way: "And now what can I do for thee?"

"Oh, so much, I hope!" exclaimed the woman, clasping her hands together, while an eager light

flashed over her face. "I know all about what happened at Sandy Spieler's saloon, yesterday. It was so brave! God bless you for it!" And with a quick movement she caught one of Deborah's hands and kissed it. The act, so unexpected, sent a warm flush to the maiden's cheeks.

"Good has come of it already," the woman continued. "God has answered your prayer, and sent conviction and repentance to one heart at least—the heart of my husband!" Her voice broke into a sob on the last word, while tears ran over her cheeks. "He used to be a good, religious man," she went on, recovering herself, "and we were happy and well-to-do in the world. But, drink got the better of him in time. He was one of those who would take a little, thinking it good for him, and having no thought of danger. I saw when the appetite began to grow, and tried to hold him back; but it angered him whenever I spoke about it, and so I had to keep silent. I need not tell how it went on, getting worse and worse as the sorrowful years went by, until he ceased to care for anything but the gratification of his thirst for liquor.

"He was at Spieler's when God guided you, a tender lamb, into what seemed a den of wolves; and when you prayed, arrows of conviction entered his soul. Old feelings came back upon him. The Spirit of God had power to move his heart and fill it with penitence. He came home all broken down, and said he was going to try once more to get free from the horrible pit into which he had fallen. But, oh, dear, Miss Norman! it will be of no use if he trusts in himself alone. He knows that, as well as I do; but he's a backslider from the church, and seems afraid to go to God."

"Afraid of God!" said Deborah, in a tone of surprise. "Though all men turn from us, yet will He not! Ah, no; let him go in humble trust to the Lord, and he will find loving hands outstretched to receive him."

"I know! I know! But he is in such darkness. O Miss Norman! won't you come and see him? It will help him so much. It may save him!" And the trembling woman grasped the hand of Deborah and looked imploringly into her face.

In a small, meagrely furnished, but clean and tidy room, sat Joshua Gilbert, whom the reader will remember as one of the inmates of Spieler's saloon when the young Quakeress dropped in among them, bringing with her the pure airs of the higher region in which she dwelt. His elbows rested on a table, and the palms of his hands were held tightly against his temples. His face had a look of distress. A Bible and hymn-book were upon the table, the former lying open. A sound of feet on the stairs caused him to raise himself quickly and lean forward in a listening attitude. The door opened, and he saw the serene countenance of Deborah Norman. It was to him like the countenance of an angel. Light came suddenly into his dreary face, playing about his lips and shining from his eyes.

She came forward in her gentle way, and reaching forth one of her hands, said: "God help and comfort thee, my friend."

Gilbert rose, his face strongly agitated, and stood mute before the maiden.

"He is nearer to us in our sorrows than in our joys; nearer in our conscious weakness than when we feel strong and self-sufficient," she added; "and always very near to help us in every good resolution."

The wife of Mr. Gilbert, who had come in with Deborah, now reached a chair, and as she took it Gilbert dropped back again into the seat from which he had just risen. The light that had come into his face still shone there; but he was trembling under the rush and pressure of new feelings.

"In all our troubles and trials," said Deborah, "we may go to our Heavenly Father and be sure of receiving help and comfort. In our acknowledged weakness, His strength becomes manifest. Shall we go to Him now?"

She made a movement to kneel. Gilbert dropped from his chair and almost crouched upon the floor in an attitude of deepest humiliation. His wife knelt by his side and laid her hand upon him. Then the voice of Deborah came out in low, tender cadences, and she seemed like one speaking face to face with a loving friend who was wise to know and strong to help in every human need.

"Pity and help our weak and wandering brother," she said, "who, like the prodigal son, now turns his face toward his Father's house with tears and longings. Give him strength to come back; and put into his heart assurances of Thy favor. Oh, let him see Thee, while he is yet afar off, standing with outstretched arms and countenance full of love and forgiveness."

When they had arose from their knees, Deborah said, with that confidence of tone and manner which carries assurance: "It will not be hard for thee to lead the new life upon which thee has now entered, friend Gilbert. God will give all needed strength if thee will go to Him."

"But I have gone to Him, oh, so many times!" was answered, "and begged, with tears of sorrow, for strength to stand. And yet, I have fallen again and again. My good resolutions have been like flax in the fire."

"Because thee trusted in thyself and not in God," returned Deborah. "His strength, when given and received, never fails."

"I don't know how that may be," said Gilbert, his voice falling to a tone of weakness and despondency. "No one ever prayed more sincerely for help than I have prayed, times without number. And yet all has been of no avail. It has seemed as if God did not care for me any longer; as if, having so often broken my promises, and brought dishonor upon His name, He had cast me off as a son of perdition."

"Thee dishonors God more by such a thought than by any sin thee has ever committed," replied Deborah. "Thee cannot take thyself out of the circle of God's love. Thy sin may be an offence to His divine purity; but thy soul never ceases to be precious in His sight. Thee cannot get so low down in the pit of a defiling sensuality, nor so far off in the wilderness of sin, as to be out of the reach of His love and power. But thee will never be delivered from the pit unless thee grasp the

hand that is reached down to thee, and hold it in utter despair of thy own strength; and thee will never find thy way back from the wilderness unless thee walk in the path of daily self-denial and perpetual trust in God. It does not do to pray and then go off guard. We must watch and pray. It is not by prayer that we overcome. Prayer and trust in God are the means by which we get strength to overcome. God cannot save us unless we try to save ourselves. Salvation is our own work, which must be wrought out, as the apostle says, with fear and trembling; but the power to work is the gift of God. I think thee must have prayed in thy closet, believing that in answer to thy prayer, which was earnest and sincere, God would keep thee free from temptation, and defend thee from all that would hurt thy soul."

"God knows how earnestly I have so prayed, hundreds of times!" exclaimed Gilbert.

"And yet thee was not kept firm in the hour of temptation; and thee was not defended when the enemy rushed in upon thee," said Deborah.

"No—no—no!" he answered, shaking his head mournfully. There was something helpless and despairing in his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on the maiden's face.

"But God is true," Deborah spoke in a clear, strong voice. "And His Word is full of promises to deliver those who call upon Him in the day of trouble. Did thee always call upon Him and trust in Him in the day when thee stood face to face with this great enemy that is seeking to destroy thy soul? Think! Or did thee forget God and parley with the enemy? Did thee put thyself in battle array against him, and then look to God for divine aid, using it as it was given; or did thee match thy own poor strength with the powers of hell? The difference lies just there, my friend. No wonder thee has fallen so many times, if thee went into battle in thy own strength."

"What, then, must I do? How shall I get the needed strength? I have prayed and wrestled with God, oh, so often! I have implored Him to save me from this great evil; but all has been fruitless."

"Thee must keep off the enemy's ground," said Deborah. "This is thy first great duty. Thee must not lead thyself into temptation, as so many do—as thee has done, I fear, again and again. If thee tempts the tempter he will surely overmaster thee. Thy second duty is to stand fast and firm when the enemy comes upon thy ground, looking to God for strength. Do not parley nor be afraid. With all Heaven on thy side, ready to help, victory is in thy hands. Thee may stand as immovable as the mountains, if thee will."

The confidence with which Deborah spoke had the effect to lift Mr. Gilbert out of his weak dependency; and her practical way of stating the case as between him and God, enabled him to see how strength could be given and received.

"If," she said, "thee would have Heaven and its saving influences on thy side, thee must be obedient to the laws of Heaven. And what does the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before Him?

This is the sum of all religion; and here lies thy panoply of strength. If thee weaken by any self-indulgence thy power to serve others in some useful employment, then thee is unjust to thy neighbor, and unmerciful to those who are near and dear and dependent upon thee. And thee cannot walk humbly before God if thee prefer thyself and the gratification of thy appetites to the good of others—for humility would make thee regard others more than thyself.

"Now, does thee not see that for thee to touch drink is to sin against thy neighbor, and that in doing so thee takes thyself out of the protecting sphere of Heaven, and sets thyself among the influences that arise from beneath? That, in doing so, thee is neither just, nor merciful, nor humble; and do not, therefore, walk with God, in whom alone is strength and safety? Thee must feel that to touch or taste the poison that inflames thy blood and dethrones thy reason, is a sin against God; and when thee has the smallest desire to commit this sin, thee must set thyself against it on the instant, and in conscious weakness look up to God for strength to resist. But do not make the mistake of some, who pray for strength, yet fail to use the gift as if it were their own. God does not fight for us, but in us. He has given us a will-power that we can exercise in freedom; taking strength for action from Heaven or hell, just as we choose. Take from Heaven, my friend, and thou art safe."

"God helping me, I will!" Gilbert returned, in a steady voice.

"No fear about His help," answered Deborah, "if thee will but use the strength He is ever ready to give. And if thee will think of thy real enemies as having a personality—as evil spirits watching at the gates of thy soul, and ever ready to rush in through the smallest unguarded opening—thee will have a truer sense of thy danger and thy duty. A sword is often spoken of in the Bible, and in such connection as to give it a spiritual meaning—as something in the mind by which the soul fights against its enemies. Paul speaks of the Sword of the Spirit, which he calls the Word of God. Now, the Word of God is divine truth. And we may call any truth which we take from the Bible, and use in defending ourselves under the malignant assaults of evil spirits, a sword. A man tempted to defraud his neighbor in some business transaction, feels himself almost powerless to resist, though conscience tells him it is wrong. Evil spirits hold his thoughts to the gain he desires, and press him to consummate the wrong. He is, of himself, weak as a bending rush under the pressure of their influence. Without help from Heaven, he must fall. What can he do? How shall he defend himself and get the victory? He must draw the Sword of the Spirit, and cry unto God. Let him take from the armory of God this divine precept—drawing it forth as a sword—'Thou shalt not steal;' and let it even go out of his mouth, flashing in vocal utterance. And if he do this, turning his thought to God, and asking for help in the conflict, victory will be sure. As in this temptation, so in all others. By the Sword of the Spirit he shall surely conquer. And why?

Think for a moment, and thee will see the reason. God is present in His Holy Word; and evil spirits flee from His presence. If, therefore, His words abide in us we shall dwell in safety."

Then Deborah prayed again for the humbled and penitent man, asking God to strengthen all his good purposes and to lead him back to the old paths from which his feet had strayed.

All this sank very deeply into the heart and conscience of Joshua Gilbert. A new influence, more powerful than any he had ever felt before, was pressing upon and controlling him. It seemed as if God had sent an angel from Heaven to help and to save him. Old hopes revived and visions of a new and better future made his heart swell with glad anticipations. A great peace fell upon his soul.

"Will you not come again?" he asked, tears filling his eyes as he caught the hands of Deborah, when she was going away. "I am very weak and afraid! Oh, if I could have you near me always!"

"Thee may have One stronger than I am always near thee, if thee will," she replied. "One who sticketh closer than a brother. He will not leave thee nor forsake thee. But, remember, that He cannot keep thee from going away from Him. Herein lieth thy great peril. Take hold of His hand and clasp it tightly. Let His words be in thy heart. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life; and if the spirit and life of our blessed Lord and Saviour be in us, giving light to the understanding and obedience to the heart, no evil can come near enough to do us harm."

"I know, I know," replied Mr. Gilbert. "But I have been in darkness so long that my eyes are not used to the purer light into which you have brought me. The hands of my spirit are not yet strong enough to take hold upon God. If you will come and see me every day, and let me feel the strength of your presence, I shall be able to stand."

"You *will* come!" cried Mrs. Gilbert. "Oh, yes; I know you will come!"

"Just as often as thee may desire," was the low-voiced answer. "But thee must not lean upon a human arm alone. That may help, but it cannot save."

"Help, now, is what I want," said Gilbert, with trembling eagerness. "I am not strong enough to stand alone."

"Ask and ye shall receive," returned Deborah. "It is the promise of One whose word cannot fail. No, thee is not strong enough to stand alone; and in thy conscious weakness lies thy assured strength. He that is for thee is more than all that be against thee. Leaning on and trusting in Him, thou shalt be as the immovable hills."

CHAPTER VI.

DEACON STRONG, to whom reference was made in Sandy Spieler's bar-room, was a Christian of a peculiar type; sound in the faith of his church, and a good hater of all sects and denominations outside the limit of his own peculiar

doctrine and form of worship. He had a high regard for religion, and considered it a sacred and holy estate; too sacred and holy to be brought into near contact with common life; something to be put on with his Sunday suit, and laid carefully away, to be kept free from spot or wrinkle, or any such thing during the six days of his worldliness and absorption in the lust of gain. He regarded himself as under the gospel, and not under the law. He had risen out of the bondage of legality and come into the freedom of grace. Was a disciple of Paul in his argumentative obscurity, rather than of Christ in His plain precepts. He trusted in faith for salvation; resting on the merit of Christ as all-sufficient to make him fit for Heaven. What could he do to merit Heaven? Nothing! Good works were an offence to God—the filthy rags of a presuming self-righteousness. And so he did not insult Heaven nor peril his soul by doing them.

Deacon Strong was liberal to the church; but on the principle of the man who pays freely to keep the bridge in repair over which he has to pass. His church was the bridge by which he was to reach Heaven, and he must see to it that it was always in good condition. The deacon had a cotton-mill in which he gave employment to about a hundred operatives, mostly women, young girls and boys; and they were the hardest worked and poorest paid toilers in the town of Kedron. Len Spangler's denunciation of his grinding exactions was in nothing unjust. Bad as this man was, he had more natural humanity than the deacon, and his chance for salvation was quite as good.

The cotton-mill yielded a handsome profit every year, and this profit had to be invested. Nothing, the deacon had discovered, paid so well as the miserable hovels of the poor, for which a rental of from twenty-five to fifty, and sometimes a hundred, per cent. on the cost, could usually be obtained. In the "Coulter's Row" district, he was a large owner; and especially of houses used for liquor-selling—the rent of such being generally paid most promptly. Deacon Strong did not look after this peculiar property himself; and rarely, if ever, went into the neighborhood where it was located. He had an agent named Maxwell, colder, harder and meaner than himself, to whom he gave entire charge of this part of his business. Of the character and condition of his tenants he made it a rule not to inquire. So the rent was paid, and the investment good, he was satisfied. He knew that they were a forlorn, wretched, thriftless set in the main; but he couldn't help that. They were not fit to live in any better way, and might as well pay him as any one else for the poor shelters into which they crept from sun and storm.

We hardly think it ever crossed the mind of Deacon Strong that he had any responsibility touching this miserable tenantry. They were, in his thought, "God-forsaken wretches," and doomed to perdition. Vile sinners under the curse of God. Men and women so far outside the pale of the church as to be entitled to little or no consideration. In his heart he loathed them.

On the question of temperance, Deacon Strong never had much to say. If the matter were dis-

cussed in his presence, he agreed with those who pronounced intemperance a great evil; but he saw no remedy. Men were free to eat and drink what they pleased, and none had a right to hinder them. Against legal measures for suppressing the traffic, he was outspoken. To stop the sale of liquor in Kedron would be to take many hundreds of dollars from his pocket yearly; for the thrift of sobriety would rob him of the tenants who paid the largest profit on his investments; and corner whisky shops, for which he received from three to five hundred dollars a year, would not bring half that sum if rented for any useful business. Not that Deacon Strong set this result squarely before his mind and went against legal suppression because it would diminish the productive value of his property in the neighborhood of "Coulter's Row." But the influence of this consideration was, nevertheless, quite as strong as if he had stated the case to himself as plainly as we have done it to the reader. Motives often act very subtly, and hide themselves from cognizance. Self-deception is a very easy thing; easier, often, than deception of others; and there were few in Kedron who did not know Deacon Strong's real character better than he knew it himself.

In person he was short in stature, but strongly built out of common material. Course and hard by nature, his spirit, in clothing itself with an earthly vesture, had selected the coarser and harder conditions of matter by natural instinct, and built for itself a body in all things suited for its proper contact with life in the outer world. Everywhere, in facial outline and expression, in muscular development and personal bearing, the hard, selfish soul made a clear revelation of itself; and all men could read the signs. A large head covered with stiff hair, now turned to an iron-gray; cold, dark eyes of a nameless color; a heavy mouth, with the under-jaw projecting; a short, thick neck; a dark, leathery skin, through which the blood never showed itself in heart-warm flushes—these made a presence the reflection of which rarely faded from any mind upon which it was once cast.

His early surroundings and associations had drawn Andrew Strong into the church. Shrewder, better gifted with language, and more self-asserting than most of those with whom he came in contact, his self-esteem and love of being first soon raised him into leadership. The weaker and more modest deferred to his stronger will and desire for pre-eminence. And so his self-love found in Sunday-school and church work as real a gratification as men of no religious profession find in the pleasures and pursuits of the world. Some understood him, and some did not. Those who came nearest to him valued him least; and men of no religious faith, who held business relations with the deacon, did not hesitate to call him Pharisee and hypocrite. It was marvellous with what a loud-voiced confidence and melting fervor he could pray in public, and how prominent he made himself in every religious movement special to his own church. There was no conscious shame in his pious pretences. And it may be questioned

whether his self-ignorance was not so complete as to hide himself from himself.

Peter Maxwell, the agent who had charge of Deacon Strong's property in Kedron, was one after his master's own heart. In person he was small, with stooping shoulders and form a little bent forward, as if the body had yielded to a long-continued pressure. Your first thought on seeing him was of a man broken and utterly cowed; but the firmly-closed, thin lips, and the cold, gray eyes that looked steadily into yours when he raised them from the ground, where they generally rested, satisfied you that the spirit in him was alive and alert. He was not a barking dog; and so people who did not know him were seldom on guard at his appearance; but a sneaking cur, who came up quietly after you had passed and bit at your heels. By nature he was cold and pitiless.

About the time that Deborah Norman entered the poor abode of Mr. Gilbert on her mission of love, these two men sat together in the deacon's private office holding a business conference, as was their daily custom. The deacon's manner was more excited, and his heavy brows more contracted than usual. Something had disturbed him.

"If it gets going in Kedron," his agent was saying, "and the women have their way, it will upset things dreadfully."

"But our women are not going to be led into this thing by a forward girl whom nobody knows," answered Deacon Strong; "and a Quaker at that!" he added, with unconcealed contempt.

"I don't know," replied Maxwell. "If the gun is loaded and primed, it doesn't matter as to the one who pulls the trigger or applies the match. I'm not at all certain about the effect of this Quaker girl's visit to Sandy Spieler's after the news gets well about."

"When did you hear of the affair?" inquired Deacon Strong.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Is it generally known through the town?"

"Not yet, I think."

The deacon drew his hard mouth together and lowered his heavy brows reflectively.

"It was done, as I am told, very quietly," said Maxwell. "She came in, as I heard a man say, like a gliding ghost; and even Len Spangler, who happened to be present, was struck dumb, and couldn't utter a word until she was gone."

"A profanation of holy things!" growled the deacon.

"Maybe it is," returned the agent. "I don't pretend to say. I'm not a professor, you know."

"More's the pity for you," said the deacon, with touch of acrimony in his voice. "But that doesn't signify now. Was there anything in the paper this morning about the excitement in Ohio?"

"Yes; considerable."

"It's still going on?"

"Yes; and spreading like wild-fire."

"To burn out as suddenly as it has blazed up."

"Most likely. But while it lasts it seems very much like a flight of locusts, or the march of army worms; not much is left in its course," returned Maxwell, in the rasping undertone with which he

usually spoke. "If it gets going here, somebody's bound to be hurt. I know of twenty or thirty properties that pay a handsome interest to-day, that won't net the taxes if the liquor trade goes down in Kedron."

"Whatever interferes with a man's business, or depreciates the value of his property, is wrong," said the deacon, with a positive jerk in his voice as it pronounced the last word. "Right or wrong, liquor is made and sold under the sanction of law. This manufacture and sale has become a large and important industry all over the land, and millions upon millions of dollars are invested therein. Its legality gives every man the right to engage in it if he will; and as long as he does not infringe the laws, society is bound to protect him. So large an industry connects itself, necessarily, with nearly all other industries, and you cannot make a sudden and destructive assault upon it without serious injury to the rest. What would be the effect here, for instance? Why, hundreds of people, in one

way or another connected with the business, would be thrown out of employment, to say nothing of direct pecuniary loss and depreciation in the value of property. It would be a calamity, Peter Maxwell! A great calamity!"

A boy entered the office and said that a lady had called and wished to speak with Mr. Strong.

"Who is she?" inquired the deacon, looking slightly annoyed.

"I don't know, sir," answered the boy.

"Tell her to come in." The tones were not very gracious, for Deacon Strong did not feel in a particularly amiable mood.

The boy went out. A few moments afterward the door opened quietly, and Deborah Norman entered with almost noiseless steps. Her face was calm, and her eyes had a soft and sweet expression, as she paused a few steps within the door and looked into Deacon Strong's cold, almost frowning face.

(To be continued.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 2.

I'VE a good mind to tell it! other folks have their family affairs, I suppose, just the same as the Pottses have, and I feel as if I'd like to tell it and let an arbitration of women decide, and then I'll know which is right, Brother Rube or myself. I have a pretty decided notion that I am correct; the women will know, any how.

Dear Aunt Kitty, one of the best of women, and our Cousin Sallie, a princess of a girl, visited us late last fall, and when they started on their homeward way, Rube and I took them in the deacon's little spring wagon as far as her Brother Andrews.

We had not gone forty rods toward home, until a dark cloud loomed up from the west and a dashing shower came down upon us. It was sunset then; all the way was hilly and broken; our families expected us both that night, and all we could do was to wrap up in the robe and jog along and make the best of it. I took off my new black silk calash, tied the ribbons, and hung it on my arm like a basket, turned the cape of the deacon's camel cloak up over my head, raised my faithful blue cotton umbarel, and we two rode along right cheerily. The way was rough but superbly beautiful; the road wound around hills, and a-down valleys, and across gullies, and long reaches of it lay through the leafy brown woods of November, where the tree-tops met above our heads in an arch sixty feet high. What did I care for the swashing rain! I knew the girls at home would have, ready and waiting, good fires, hot tea, slippers and woollen stockings-a-near the stove, and a suit of warm, dry clothes lying all ready to slip into. Through the weird shadows and the darkness of that out-door November picture shone a brighter and a gladder one of the cheerful home that awaited my coming.

As we rode along, I said: "I think our father is changed so. Do you never notice that if anybody does anything mean, or low, or unprincipled, he never likes them afterward? Why, the girls and I have to be real careful not to tell of such things, and not to speak out a word against a neighbor, if we do, he seems to see nothing good in the person after that."

"Why," said Rube, opening his eyes wide right before me, "you and father are as much alike as two peas! that is just the way with yourself, Pipesey."

I finched a little. "Oh, no, Rube! now you know I'm not that way. Maybe I was when I was a little

girl, but I've been fighting against it all my life like a hero. I want to be noble, and generous, and liberal, and I am striving for it. Now, I won't be a bit mad if you tell me of a few instances."

Rube said, "W-e-l-l," and jerked his head down and fell to thinking with all his might.

I chirked to the horses to save him a little exertion. Did I really draw a line and compel my neighbor to stand with their toes on the mark, or meet with my displeasure? Did I measure them with my measure, weigh them with my balances, put my own narrow construction on the motives that controlled them? Shame!

"Well, hurry up, Rube," said I.

"W-e-l-l," was his tardy answer; "indeed, you do that, Pipesey," said he, "but, somehow, I can't quite remember when."

"Oh, you can recall one single instance, can't you?" I urged.

"Oh, yes, now I have one! Yes, I have two!" he said, but not with the fervor in his voice that I expected. "You remember what beautiful, rosy, pretty girls the Pauls were when they came here, fifteen years ago. Just as handsome girls as you'd find anywhere. And you know, Pips, that you didn't like Sue one bit. You allowed just one little thing to turn you and the girls against her, and I never thought that was fair, or just, and for my part I always liked Sue and her sister, though you didn't want me to."

"Why, Ruben Potts!" said I, startled; "no woman who loved and revered the beauty and excellence of a true womanhood could tolerate the baseness of Sue Paul's character. You remember when Ida was a little girl, sitting at the roadside reading and watching a gap, that Sue came along and began talking to the shy little child, and she used low, scurrilous language, such as a drunken vagabond only would make use of, and our poor little sister cried with very anger and indignation! Now, could I, the one who filled a mother's place toward that motherless child, tolerate the presence of Sue Paul after that? And when, with some made-up pretence, she came to our house afterward, and sat and talked with you, would I have been a womanly woman, and an honest woman, if I had taken her hat and shawl, and shown her cordiality, and invited her to stay for supper, and urged her to come again? You know I would have belied my principles—I would have been dishonest, deceitful, and the little watchful ones in my car would have seen me proven a liar and a two-faced woman. The three pairs of honest blue eyes were following me then—it seemed to me that they were always on the lookout to see if I

practiced what I dally preached, They had such a sweet, abiding faith in me; and though I wore it every day, and was proud of it, it held me as trim as a straight jacket. I wanted to merit their approval. No, Rube, you can't bring that incident up against me; in your very heart you know I did what any well-meaning woman would have done;" and I chuckled over my victory.

He was not to be shaken off, however; he wanted to substantiate his charge; and as he stooped over to tuck the robe about our feet, he said slowly: "Well, but, Pipsey, you are proud—or something; you are a good deal like the deacon, after all; you are a good bit stuck-up, and you needn't deny it."

"Bring on your proof," said I. "I do deny the charge; but if you can prove it, I will own up. Give me one instance."

"Well, the case of the Hardys," said he. "Now you know they lived over the hill for nearly three years, within hearing of gunshot, and you never permitted yourself to become acquainted with them. The old lady was a member in good standing in the Disciple Church—a praying woman, a kind-hearted, affectionate neighbor; she'd a-taken the last bite out of her mouth and given away two-thirds of it; and yet, Miss Potts, you never called there unless you went on an errand, and that not more than twice in those three years; and though you met her often at church, you never any more than nodded, or said, 'fine weather;' and she told my Martha that you never invited her to a tea-drinking all the while she lived there! I believe you did send her some nick-nacks once when she had a sore breast, and gave her little girl some vine seeds, but that was all. Now what is that but stuck-up?"

"Will you please answer me a few questions, Mr. Potts?" said I.

"With pleasure," was his reply; and I have no doubt, could I have seen his face, that I would have seen it all aglow with the expression, "Aha! I have ye now!"

"Was she a woman who used clean language?" said I, slowly.

"She would swear like a trooper when she was mad; but she would be sorry for it before an hour," said he, apologetically.

"Was she not a good deal like Sue Paul in using low, mean talk?"

"Well, she was very sharp—and—yes—well, she would use low, bad language; but then she was so sharp. Oh, she could pray like a preacher! Oh, she could fill the house with her noise, and when she paused you could hear a pin fall!"

"I wonder why she don't have better boys and girls, then?" said I, to draw him out a little.

"Well, I guess her children don't believe her. She will pray for, and scold, and cuff them, all inside of the same hour."

"Do you think the Lord hears such prayers, or that he has faith in such people's professions?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said he; "but you know, Pipe, we ought to think as kindly of everybody as we can. We have no business to set ourselves up above others, and to dictate to them, and to mark out their line of conduct, and condemn if they do not walk in the same path we do."

"Well, but we should not compel ourselves, against every honest desire of our hearts, to associate with them, just because they are human, and wear the same likeness that we do. If they are repulsive to us, it is no sign that we are proud, or stuck-up, or fastidious, when we do not frequent their company, but rather shun it. We know what our likes and dislikes are better than another knows for us. Ruben, there is an old saying of granny's that 'water will seek its own level.' Now because this queer, coarse woman, who could swear and pray in the same breath, was our neighbor, that was no reason that I should run hand in hand with her when I preferred another woman, or preferred the companionship of my books. I do not say that Sue Paul was bad at all; her early training may have

been neglected, or she may have been unfortunate in the selection of her companions, or she may have been deprived of all precious advantages that go so far in the making-up of a girl's character. And, while the girl was utterly repulsive to me, I thought of this, and always treated her with cool but polite civility. And so with the other woman. While I could not bear to associate with her, I made all allowance for the fervor and enthusiasm of an emotional nature. There is good in the heart of such a woman—there must be; but there is nothing positive in her character; she has no stability; else, when she sees her pitiable weakness, she would resolve, and then cling to her good resolutions, and grow into a strong, self-reliant woman.

"I think I am right in preferring to choose my own associates. I know best what my likes and dislikes are. I always thought you boys were a little too liberal in your judgment of others. You remember Charley Wilkins; now I never liked to have you associate with him, and I used to tell you so. He had a habit of sneering at women, and speaking lightly of religion, and I always felt miserable in his society, for I have no faith in a man who does this. But you used to say: 'O Pipey, that fellow'd share the last cent with another; he'd give away his best coat to one in need!' I didn't doubt it at all; and it was this generous trait that made him all the more a dangerous companion for young men. He had the stuff in his nature that Bret, Harte and John Hay seize upon when they would eulogize their heroes for bravery, intrepidity and valor. It is a dangerous lure for inexperienced young men; they will pour out their admiration, seeing only this one good trait; they make it to cover a multitude of sins."

By this time Rube was willing to talk about something else, but I could see that he still held his first position; I had not even shaken his citadel; he still thinks Pipsey is stuck-up because she does not take into her friendship and confidence every one who comes along.

I do wonder if I am correct? I don't want to be proud, or haughty, or unkind, or think myself better than my neighbors, but I should like the privilege of choosing my two or three friends without A., B. and C. sitting in judgment upon me with all the gravity of wise owls.

We really have not the authority to choose the path our friends should walk in, the associates who should walk with them, any more than we should dictate to them what to eat, and drink, and wear.

Well, when I got home that dark night, everything was just as cheery as I had pictured it—slippers, stockings and a suit of clothing hanging on a chair by the stove, the tea steeping, the table set in the little dining-room for one, and even the lamp burning there, and everything waiting bright and full of good cheer. Two of the students, Wilson and Covert, had called. Ida was playing, and Lily and the boys singing. The deacon, in an adjoining room, sat reading his Bible. I was soon dressed up, and as dry as toast—and—that is all there is of it.

We were especially favored last fall by such good visitors. An uncle from Lansing, Michigan, an excellent man, who married my mother's eldest sister about forty years ago, paid us a visit, accompanied by his third wife. My aunt died nearly twenty years since, but Uncle William is just as dear to us as ever. He holds very tenderly the memory of his first wife, the mother of his children. He made me promise to visit them next summer; says he will take me away to the deep, dark, dense pine woods, where the winding roads through them awe, and thrill, and make one shudder on beholding them the first time. Some of my cousins are in the lumbering business away off among the towering pines, and we will visit there; and, if the Lord spares my health, I will write and tell the women readers of the HOME of the sights and sounds among the sobbing pines. One of uncle's neighbors reads the

HOME, and he has heard her often speak of Pipsey, and wonder where she lived, and if she really and truly did carry an umbarel and go about in a roomy calash bonnet, but he knew no more of Pipsey than his neighbor. I never said a word until just after Uncle William kissed me good-bye, and then I said: "Uncle, I want to send a cordial kiss to your neighbor, Mrs. Mullet, and you must tell her your niece, Pipsey Potts, sent it to her." He took it with very blue eyes and heightened color, and his sad face—chiselled by the privations and sorrows of sixty years—was as beautiful as a pretty woman's face. How Mrs. Mullet will "oh!" and "ah!" and "dear me, suz!" when uncle offers the kiss for her acceptance, or rejection. I hope I shall give it to her with my own mouth, yet, sometime.

By the way, what good cheer you dear, kind, tender women readers do heap upon me! Why I boo-hoo right out, royally, sometimes, and I laugh at the same time, too. I wish I could tell you how it all came about, in God's own good time and way, for me to find my place, and write little, cosey, imperfect talks to you. I felt for years that I had something else to do than to trot, like a pet squirrel round its wheel, to turn old dresses wrong side out and upside down, and the legs of pantaloons hind side before; to pick berries to sell; to manage, and pinch, and contrive to keep my family presentable; to cook dinners out of nothing, and—oh, you poor dears! I needn't tell you—too many of you brave, true-hearted women know every inch of the ground yourselves, you walk on it every day, and you are greater heroes than those whose names are blazoned on the scroll of fame. So keep up good heart. My heart was full of the burden that it carried; sometimes I reached my arms up, but they always came back empty. I wanted to earn my own living—I felt my womanhood degraded, starving, cramped beyond endurance when I had to say, after nerving myself for the humiliation: "I need a dollar." Not a Potts ever said to me, "Why, is that whole dollar gone a'ready?" but women do hear it said every day, they tell me so, and they are pained and abased when they hear it.

Sometimes I felt almost strong enough to move mountains, strong physically, and vigorous intellectually, and I said, "There must be something more for me to do. The Lord has not led me through all these thorny paths, and darkened ways, and under these midnight skies, and a-down the vale of sorrow, unutterably bitter, even to the verge of the yawning grave, that I might only toll wearily days and years in the poor service of this little family." I tried to help myself. I reached out in this direction, but my hand came back as empty as it had gone forth; undismayed I extended it in another direction, but it returned to me void of anything.

Don't think me egotistical—let us talk together, I may comfort some of you by a word or a sentence. How I did reach forth! I said to one in authority, "Can I not be a nurse in a hospital?" but he wrote back, "Your sympathies are too strong, they would reach beyond your powers of endurance; you could not stand the sights, and sounds, and smells."

Then I tried to get some poor dead mother's little babies to bring up and care for, and thus receive a triple compensation, but that way was hedged up. I could have taken the sweet little "hindrances" from half a dozen living mothers, or the women who bore them, fashionable creatures whose children were a trouble instead of a blessing, but I didn't want that kind. Our poor, old, tumble-down log-house was illy arranged, and I could not take boarders.

A very excellent couple suggested that I would make a good matron in some public institution, and as Dr. —, in one of our large eastern cities had just sent a letter of inquiry to our State capital for such a woman for the large benevolent institution under his control, my friends sent a recommendation for me. I was delighted at the prospect, though the idea of leaving my dear family and the little ones in charge of a hired

girl, was exceedingly painful. The recommendation must have been a charming one, for the doctor was so very anxious to secure my services. I wrote back to inquire what all would be expected of me, the full extent of my duties and what would be the remuneration. In the meanwhile I turned my old brown dress the second time, set trimming on it to hide the ravages of years, took my other calash to the milliners to have it turned and made over, gave my dingy thibet shawl a fresh dip, darned my stockings, fixed up the deacon's best suit, made new clothes for the little girls, cut out some pantaloons for the three boys—who were all at home then—and was getting the things in good living order when the doctor's answer came. He had rather liked the style of my letter, and said my duties would not be very onerous. There were only one hundred and fifty in the institution, besides the officers and attendants. I would have to oversee the whole working machinery; manage the cooking; plan everything in the most advantageous and economical manner; in fact, mother over all of them. For recreation I could attend the dance that was given to the inmates once a week, and I could go to church on Sabbath mornings. My compensation would be the enormous sum of ten dollars a month and half the expenses paid on my journey there.

The laugh did me immense good—my venture had turned out so funny. None of the family laughed like I did. I thought they were very kind not to make fun of me. One of the boys said, "You are worth three thousand dollars a year at home, but I 'spect you'll never get it!"

Then I went on for three or four years doing the best I could. I churned and sold butter, and made new nests for the hens and enticed them to try them; sold berries, and melons, and lard, and cucumbers; and whenever I could spare a dollar, I bought a coveted book, and its possession made me rich. The little children were treated to new books on birthdays and Christmas days. And I made children's parties for them, and, by the blessing of God, they all three look back upon a happy childhood. That makes me glad. Our poor father had a bail debt to pay, and that was one cause of a great deal of self-denial and painful sacrifice in our family for years. I remember how I used to comfort the little girls when, all through the pretty summer Sabbaths they were obliged to wear their last winter's coarse, stubbed, hole-y leather shoes with thin little white coats and fluttering ribbons. I would stitch a bit of black cloth under the holes and hide the white of the stockings, and while I would puff, and rub, and polish with blacking, I would say, right cheerily, that brave old couplet:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The story of the Christ-child lying in the manger was a wonderful incentive to contentment and happiness, too.

I wrote a good deal about this time, but generally after the family were all abed. I never realized twenty dollars, however, for all that I wrote during a period of perhaps fifteen years. I wrote because I liked to do it, and I could not keep back what I wanted to say.

Within six years, my minister, Brother Jenkins, said to me: "Do editors ever send your manuscript back to you?"

"Very frequently," was my cordial reply.

"Well, out of, say half a dozen articles, on an average, how many come back to you rejected?"

"About two," I replied.

"Well, I declare!" was his answer; "do you suppose I would preach, if my people rejected two of my sermons out of six?"

There was not much encouragement in that, but his words touched me no more than water would touch a duck's back while swimming. I felt myself held in an irresistible power, stronger than any words of Brother Jenkins's.

All my life I regretted that some woman did not write out of the fulness of her heart to her sister-women; that she did not come close up to them, pityingly, lovingly, even with her earnest words, that would be like the laying on of her hands—words that would reach them as they toiled over the wash-tub, cook-stove, sewing-machine, ironing-table; in their parlors, cellars, dairies, sick-rooms; on their bended knees in their closets, smarting under unkind words, sorrowing all through noble, and brave, and blessed lives, lonely and unappreciated, and suffering pain of soul and pain of body uncomplainingly. Occasionally some man or woman did write comforting words that healed bleeding wounds, and carried new-born joy to stricken souls; but the few who wrote thus could be counted on your fingers. Too many of the stories were for ladies in their luxurious homes, and instead of making one glad they made one dissatisfied and filled her heart with murmuring and unrest.

My sympathies went out freely to the burdened wife, the girls who toil, and the poor women who, overtasked, sink under their imposed—perhaps self-imposed—burdens. I wanted to write for them; I wanted to make them stronger, to lift up their aspirations, and to make them friends with me; to make them take hold of the toll-worn, brown hands I so lovingly and tenderly extended; and, as laughter is called a good medicine, I wanted them to laugh with me.

What good times we've had! Why, we've united in a wave of jolly merriment that has rolled from the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic away to the silver sands of the Pacific! What a circle we did make when we all touched hands and felt the same thrill!

How kind you've all been! Why, bless you! you crowned me more than queen! One dear woman sent the darlingest little, soft, knit tidy for my rocking-chair all the way from Minnesota, and here it is now, and my shoulders rest against it as I write. One precious, hard-working woman sent me these soft, thick, woollen stockings that I have on this minute all the way from Wisconsin, through the liberal mail. I didn't hint for them! I didn't say that to me knitting was harder than mathematics; and I'm sure I never told you that I'd been a married woman twenty odd years ago, only that he always wore great long-legged, home-knit woollen stockings that came above his blessed knees! No, I didn't tell; this was just a streak of my good luck, getting these royal "Wisconsin grays." One little lady-bird in Montana sent me some posie seeds, just out of good-will. A grandmother in the State of Alabama sent me some snuff to cure my troublesome catarrh; and another in New Jersey something to cure the tetter on my hands. A lady reader, who writes a dashing hand, free, and easy, and flowing, with never a mistake in her good Yankee spelling, sent me from Vermont something to mend my broken lamp; another, from Ohio, some pretty embroidery for my nightgown—the one I wear when I go to associations and ordinations.

Then the letters from schoolma'ams, and school-girls, and tired mothers, and weary tollers, have come to me full of loving words, and kindly remembrances, and good recipes; and I do most cordially thank them for all. I wish I had time to write to all these good folks and tell them how happy they make me.

Thinking and thinking of what I wanted to write did not accomplish anything. If I asked an editor if he would like such a series as I proposed, he would hitch up his shoulders and try to turn the subject, and talk about the weather, and end by saying some very fine things.

At last I made a venture. I wrote out a few chapters after the manner I have been writing for the *HOME*, called it "OUR NEIGHBORHOOD," and sent it to a leading paper in a great Western city, with the request that they would read it, and, if they approved, it should be the beginning of a serial for their paper, giving them the privilege of setting their own price upon it.

I waited about six weeks and then wrote them, en-

closing postage, and requesting them to return the manuscript, saying I presumed I could not write well enough for their publication.

A bundle of late papers and a letter came immediately. The letter said, of course, my articles were good, and they had accepted them, and herewith they were all printed in the accompanying half-dozen papers. Not a word said about remuneration; but, instead, some kind of a glozing taunt.

Now that did bring the tears. The deacon said something kind of comforting from the scriptures about sinners, and I—well I wiped my eyes a wipe or two, and then had a laugh.

I waited another year; but the desire to write that serial broke out afresh, and I wrote a few chapters, called it "Other People's Windows," and sent it to Mr. Arthur. You all know the result, and how graciously that serial was received by those kind women for whom it was written.

But what a long story I have been telling!

It was dinner-time just now, and the girls have been doing a two-week's ironing to-day, and I wondered what they could have for dinner when they had so little time to cook. I expected bread and butter and tea, with something black spread on the bread, and I was surprised when I saw a nice cornstarch pudding. Lily had made it this morning, and set it out on the cupboard on the porch to cool. I think warm puddings are not as good as cold ones. I will ask her how it was made.

Well, she says take one pint of good, sweet milk, heat it scalding hot; beat three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar together, and pour them into a teacupful of cold milk, in which has been dissolved two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; then pour this into the scalding milk, and cook till it is thick; pour out into a dish, and flavor with vanilla or lemon to suit the taste. This makes a delicious pudding.

I made a rice pudding yesterday. First I made a good custard, and then thickened it with boiled rice, not forgetting a little pinch of salt, a handful of raisins and a few little bits of butter. This is a good way to save a drib of boiled rice that would else be wasted.

We do not churn now, and in consequence we often have more cream than we are likely to use. Fact is, I don't believe I make very good butter—at least I don't think so—and I prefer to buy the little that we use from some good woman who has a cold, clear, sweet spring of water, and a sweet-smelling milk-house; then when I taste her butter I see the broad meadows where her cows graze, and I hear the brawling brook that dashes onward among the tall reeds, or winds and tinkles and giggles along among the willows and flags, and creeps down under the bottom rails of the mossy meadow fence, and then speeds onward between sedgy, sloping banks. I seem to see the rows of crocks, and jars, and pans inside of the spring-house under the wide-spreading branches of the spotted beech. That may only be a whim, but it is a very poetical and pleasing one, and comes up to me so freshly when I eat of "that other woman's" good, honest butter.

When we have a surplus of sweet cream, I often make a very nice pudding with creamy milk, eggs, sugar and dry crusts of bread. Always be careful and not put in too much bread, or it will be dry, and stuffy, and kind of tasteless.

Then we often kill a chicken just for the chance of using the cream in making cream gravy. It is better than gravy made with butter, and can be warmed over a dozen times if desired, and be as good as it was at first.

I think I never told you of the cunningest little dinner dish that I just happened to make one day. We had a good deal of nice chicken gravy left, and we had a good many slices of wheat bread that had been cut the day before, and a couple of large light biscuits. I put the bread and biscuits, broken, down quite compactly in a deep dish, and poured the hot gravy over and set

it away. The gravy was quite absorbed the next day, and when I was thinking what would be handy for dinner and easily gotten, I remembered that dish. I melted a little butter in the big spider, and when it was hot and nice, I cut and laid in slices out of the big dish and let them fry brown, then turned them and browned the other side. Really, it tasted just like the top crust of my mother's baked chicken pot-pies used to when I was a little girl. It is an excellent dinner dish, but to be good the fowl must be fat and the gravy made just right.

I said the girls did a two-weeks' ironing to-day. Some of the clothes were a little damp, but they are all right now. We have such a neat frame to hang our clothes on when they come first from the ironing-table, and now that I come to think of it, I never saw a like convenience in any of the homes I ever visited. I used to hang my ironing on chair-backs, and on lines stretched across the room, until one of my brothers got this made for me. It is a folding frame made of light linen stuff, and can be opened out until it is twelve feet long. I painted it white last summer. Any of you women can get a workman to make one for a trifle, and you will wonder then how you ever managed to get along without it. It is nice to hang garments on at any time, and can be used as a substitute for a little partition at the side or foot of a bed.

HOUSES AND HOMES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WHEN we speak of home we do not necessarily mean a house, nevertheless, the house is to the home what the body is to the soul. It is the outward manifestation—the corporeal surrounding. There may be houses which are not homes in the real sense of the term—which possess no home-like characteristics; but though the poet tells us "tis home where'er the heart is," home must have a visible abiding place, whether it be roomy mansion or a single garret.

There are houses which are in themselves home-like, there are others which only the outlay of time, strength and means can induce to take on any semblance of home.

It has always been one of the most unaccountable things to me, that women who are reckoned as mistresses of the house, and so directly concerned in all its interior arrangements, have not found themselves forced into architecture. Now and then a woman does attempt planning a house, in an amateurish way, for her own benefit; and we almost invariably find, however faulty her plans may be, measured by the strict standard of art, there is a visible improvement in practical matters. Women know better than men where they want closets, they economize passage ways, decrease the number of doors, (an item to be considered in house-cleaning times,) and they make calculations to save themselves steps. They never blunder into having no immediate connection between kitchen and dining-room, and having to traverse a long hall and open and shut two or three intermediate doors in going from one to the other. They do not commit the mistake of bringing the back stairs down into the dining-room—the last place in the world where they ought to go—or the still worse one of forgetting them altogether. Women will generally provide for both light and air in the kitchen: men are too apt to think either unnecessary.

Every new-married pair should follow the example of the birds, and proceed at once to provide themselves with a nest. There is no such thing as home in a boarding house or hotel. And the young people who spend the first years of their married lives in either place are committing a sad mistake. They not only miss the greatest happiness they can ever know, but are, by the habits and associations they are forming, totally unfitting themselves for simple domesticity in

future. They are learning to be extravagant, idle, and fond of pleasure; they lose all sense of responsibility; they even run the risk of losing the hold which each has upon the affections of the other. It is only by the closest, most intimate, most unconstrained, and most private companionship with one another, it is only by working for, waiting on, and living with one another, that the bonds of matrimony, which are at the first little more than a form, become firmly welded, and the two are in thought, feeling, tastes and affections figuratively one. This privacy and intimacy of relationship can never be obtained in the publicity of the hotel parlor and dining-room. There is no opportunity for the practice of economies, for little acts of self denial, for labor performed in love—opportunities which are constantly springing up in the privacy of home.

It has always been a wonder to me that men and women—women especially—of moderate means—mechanics, clerks and the like, and their wives—are content to remain in the city subject to all the inconveniences and expenses of city homes, while far more comfort and convenience can be obtained in the outskirts of most of our great towns, within easy access of business, and at a far less rate of living. The city house, built on the principles of cheapness and compactness, and on those alone, are the worst places in the world for the health and comfort of our fragile American women. Even if they have strong and hardy foreign help, these houses are still a perpetual source of weariness to not over-strong women. If a woman has no help, but has instead that abomination wherever found—a basement kitchen—so that she works and eats on one floor, finds her parlor and sitting-room on another, her nursery and sleeping apartments on one or two more, she is obliged during the day to perform feats of pedestrianism before which even Weston might quail, and which are enough to make her the invalid she too often is, without any other cause whatever.

It is an old proverb that "fools build houses and wise people live in them," a saying with which, however, I do not entirely agree. Every man and woman should build at least one house. It is an experience which every one needs, and a pleasure to which every one is entitled. If there was no other weighty reason for such an act, it should be done as a method of expression of character. It should be an embodiment of their individual needs and tastes, studied over, and drawn out carefully by themselves. And if the plan is afterwards submitted to an architect, as it had better be to have incongruities reconciled, mistakes remedied and cost estimated, it should be with the full understanding that none of the main features are to be changed.

But the time to build is not when a couple are just setting out in life. They had better buy or rent, then. If they are subjected to the disagreeable experience of frequent change, and thus become familiar with moving horrors, they may console themselves with the thought that it is part of their education; and that when the happy day comes when they may build air-castles, which have any probability of being realized, concerning their very own house, they will be all the better prepared to make it what it should be, and to find it satisfactory when completed. They will at least become cognizant of many things which they do not want, if they still remain in the dark as to what they do want.

I wonder if there is any one proof against the fascination of house-building upon paper? If there is, he or she can have no sympathy with me. I can scarcely remember the time when architectural drawing was not one of my most amusing pastimes, and the study of architectural plans a delight. Still, I lay no claim to professional knowledge on the subject. My best laid plans would probably "gang aft aglee" if carried to an architect for revision. Still, I maintain that these repeated studies and diversions, added to experience with various houses in both city and country, have given me a certain practical knowledge about the interior arrangement of a house that is of service to my-

self, and that I am glad to make of service to any one else.

The first thing to be considered in the planning of a house, is the amount of money to be expended upon it, and it is well, besides counting the actual outlay, to leave a margin for contingencies, which are certain to arise. In other words, do not calculate to have your house cost quite as much as you can afford; and before it is finished you will find plenty of use for your surplus money. This, even if it be built by contract; still more so if it is not.

If one's means are limited, and one has that longing for a home of their own, which is both natural and desirable, it is well to build a small house at first, but to build in such a manner that additions can be made from time to time, and not mar the harmony of either the internal or external arrangements.

If I were writing a book on architecture, nothing would delight me more than to fill its pages with various plans of my own designing. But I fear I would be scarcely excused in the present instance. However, while the general arrangement of the plan must be left to individual taste, there are certain suggestions which it may be well to make for the benefit of those who have not had experience as varied as my own.

In drawing the plans of a house, let there be special thought given to the chimneys, not only that they do not come in the way of windows or doors, or in undesirable parts of a room, but that as few as possible shall serve the purpose of many. If one lives within reach of coal, it is a great economy of time and fuel to have some kind of heater which, with one fire, will heat four or more rooms. I prefer the kind that are fed and burn in one of the rooms rather than in the cellar, for the two reasons that the former is more cheerful, and saves travel down and up the cellar-stairs. Such a heater placed in the parlor can be made with a hot air flue open to the sitting-room, dining-room or library back of it, and with flues also into two chambers above. The kitchen range, if there is one, will serve to warm the back portion of the house. Thus there will be only two fires to attend to, and abundance of warmth. If there is no range in the kitchen, and only a stove, (which, to tell the truth, I am singular enough to prefer,) the pipe can be carried up through the room above, and, with the addition of a drum, render that room warm enough for a sleeping apartment.

In the kitchen there should always be at least one window near the chimney to give full light to the cook in her culinary operations. This a male architect never seems to think of. I have often wished, as I have examined their plans, that they might be forced to cook a few dinners in their own dim kitchens over their dark ranges. I think there would be a marked improvement in their future plans. The kitchen, too, should have every opportunity for ventilation and draft, if it is to be comfortable. Somebody, either the mistress or her servant, must necessarily spend much of her time within its precincts, and there is no reason why she should roast or stew along with the dinner.

While I am dead set against a woman spending one moment more in her kitchen than is absolutely necessary, still I would have the kitchen as cheerful as possible. To procure this result, pantries, closets and dressers are necessities, that all the various paraphernalia of cooking and kitchen drudgery generally can be kept out of sight except when in use. Every woman may not be like me, but for myself there is no more depressing object than a bare flour barrel setting in full view in the kitchen, rough stools and benches grouped around, and the walls covered with pans, skillets and tinware of all sorts. I do not care how nicely and brightly they may be kept—I don't like them. I always have in my mind the model kitchen with its rag carpet, its curtained windows, its freshly whitewashed walls with the looking-glass and some pretty engraving, not quite good enough for the rest of the house—a kitchen all neatness and brightness, where the house-keeper need feel no hesitation in receiving a neighbor's

unceremonious call, if she is busy with domestic duties. The pantry should be as commodious as possible and well supplied with shelves and drawers. There should be water within the kitchen, or in close proximity to it in a shed, well protected from the suns of summer and the winds of winter.

Every outer door to the house should, if possible, be protected by a porch, or shelter and wind-break of some sort.

If one is building for comfort rather than show, let him not make the ceilings too high. I know advice is generally given all the other way, but having had experience in doing several jobs of papering in rooms of immoderate height, I have resolved that no home of mine shall ever exceed ten feet. That is high enough for health, and in a cottage where the rooms are not too large, even nine is quite high enough for looks. There is no closeness in summer, and the rooms are more easily heated in winter. If one walked like the flies, suspended from the ceiling, it would not make so much difference. But as the heat all ascends to the upper portion of the room, the higher the room is, the broader the cold belt beneath. If the contemplated house is of a more pretentious order of architecture, one must submit to the inevitable, and have walls of a corresponding height. But, then, in that case, the paper-hanging must be done by professionals.

I like bay-windows. Mrs. Swisshelm does not, and compares them to warts and wens, marring the fair features of the house. But, then, I never did like order or regularity. And a bay-window here and a porch there, make to me a pleasing break in an otherwise dull uniformity. Besides, a bay-window judiciously placed to the south, will allow its possessor to keep a little summer within doors all winter long. Even to the east or west it is not so bad. But a bay-window to the north is not so desirable, as few flowers will bloom without sunlight at some portion of the day. A bay-window to be perfect should have the protection of double sash for winter.

The best position for a house is to front the west. That allows the morning sunlight to come where it is most needed—to the kitchen—early in the day. If there are trees upon the premises, something should be sacrificed, if necessary, to place the house near them, so that they may protect it from the sun at some portion of the day. Trees to the west of a house are most desirable, as they will shelter it from the fierce afternoon suns of summer. If there is a heavy wind-break of trees to the north, the house-builder is especially fortunate.

A dining-room should be long, rather than square. Whether the parlor be square or long is a matter for individual taste to decide.

When it comes to the chambers, let them all be large, and, if practicable, each one with a bath-room and dressing-room attached. If this latter is impracticable, then there should be at least one commodious bath-room on the second floor, entirely separate from any chamber, yet of easy access to all.

As to the exterior of the house, let there be as many porches as possible, or as consistent with your means; only do not build them in such a manner that shall darken your rooms. Every room should receive the unobstructed sunlight through at least a portion of its windows.

There must be as few passage-ways as possible. These may render a house cool in summer, but they are dreadful promoters of colds in winter, unless the heating apparatus is complicated indeed. All doors and passages should be arranged with special reference to the convenience of the mistress. The parlor should, of course, have one door near the front entrance, for the convenience of those entering, but it should have another in the rear especially for family use, either in direct communication with the room adjoining, or not far removed from it. Without this door, hundreds of unnecessary steps must be taken, in consequence of which the room may gradually fall into disuse alto-

gether. A mistress of a family, whether she does her own work or has a limited number of servants, is compelled to be almost ubiquitous. She must be in kitchen, nursery, dining-room and reception-room at almost one and the same periods. She always has steps enough to take, without unnecessary ones being forced upon her. For this reason I believe, when economy of ground is no object, it is well to have the nursery on the first floor, sandwiched in between the other rooms of the house, that it may be in direct, or nearly direct, communication with them all.

Halls have always been a stumbling-block to me. Yet no architect would dare plan a house without one. What is there more dreary, more forlorn, more inconvenient, than the long, narrow passage-way with a flight of stairs that we misname a hall! It seems especially planned to create extra labor in every way, without any returning good. As usually built in cottages, they serve apparently no other purpose whatever. A hall should be in some measure a reception-room, where a transient caller may wait before being admitted to the inner sanctuary of the home, and where every one may divest themselves of outer clothing. But as usually built it is scarcely large enough for two or three people to stand in conveniently, to say nothing of its falling utterly as a reception room. A large chair or table will fill all available space. A hat-rack and umbrella-stand is the most that can be crowded into it.

Our expensive villas have, of course, large halls; but even these seldom exceed nine feet in width, and are long and barren.

I once examined a pretty little cottage built by a carpenter for himself, after his own ideas. It was in most things perfect, but the hall completely won my fancy. It was simply an anti-room, six by nine feet, and cheerfully lighted, from which led the front staircase between parlor and dining-room. There was no long, dreary passage-way of waste room to be carpeted and kept clean, and to be traversed twenty times a day. Small as it was, it was far better adapted to the legitimate purposes of a hall than anything I had ever seen.

I have long had my ideal of a hall, but when I came to build, my builder utterly refused to put it into tangible shape, because I could not furnish the requisite wherewithal in vulgar currency. Never mind; I live in the hope of yet seeing my ideal realized. I will describe it here, in the hope that perhaps some one else will be attracted to it sufficiently to adopt it, and thus, though my own hopes prove fruitless, it will not be utterly lost to the world.

First let me give my ideal of the house to which such a hall should belong. It must be a cottage, and built with two prominent ideas, neither of which must be made subservient to the other—those of compactness and beauty. In brief, a home for a family of comparatively limited means yet refined tastes, in which every foot of space must be of practical use, and in which the mistress either does her own work or has but a limited amount of assistance.

I give arbitrary dimensions, which might be waived almost indefinitely. Let the front door, which shall have narrow side windows, after a common manner of hall doors, open upon a room stretching back say twenty-two feet, with a breadth of twelve feet. Ten feet from the door, and directly in front of it, and of course in the centre of the room, with a space of four feet on each side, will be a staircase four feet in width, with strong, heavy balusters, leading up to within two steps of the top. Here will be a broad landing, from which on each side will go up the two additional steps. (No winding stairs for me, if you please; I have too great a regard for my neck.) In front of the landing, and raised to a level with the first step above, should be a deep recessed window—a bay-window, if you like, and your means justify—at all events a broad, double or triple arched window. This recessed window should be filled with flowers and running vines, until the light filtered through the living green resembles that through stained glass. Now as this room must be something

more than a mere entrance-hall, I would place below, in the alcoves on either side the stairs, and underneath the turn of the stairs above, cases for books. So that we should have a hall and library in one. On either side the door should be wardrobe and hat-rack, and the remaining available space unoccupied by doors, should be furnished with easy chairs, stands and lounges, sufficient in number to give the room a habitable look, while the spaces on the walls should be filled with pictures, and brackets containing roses and statuettes.

Such a hall as this could be finished and furnished in almost any style. My own manner of doing it would be thus: The stairs and balusters should be of oak and black walnut, or some other richly-contrasting woods. Curled maple is prettier than oak. The doors dark, with light panels. The book-cases of the same dark wood, with glass above and light panels below. The floor should either have a dark, plain carpet of green, or else matting of inlaid wood, enlivened here and there with bright-colored rugs. The walls I would paper, to the height of three feet, in imitation of wainscoting, to match the woodwork. Above that the tone of the paper should be a pearl color, with panels of crimson, surrounded with dark imitation moulding. I select crimson for the paneling, because it is the richest color upon which to show pictures, and there should be one or more pictures to every panel. There might be a large vase on a pedestal on either side of the staircase. If the house is a small cottage, the dimensions might all be smaller, and the window at the head of the stairs a gable window merely, breaking the line of the straight, low-ceilinged roof.

Such a hall (remember I have seen it only in imagination), would be always beautiful and attractive, and would strike the visitor with its novelty, and challenge his admiration when he first entered it. It would serve not only as hall, but as library, reception-room, and even miniature conservatory, counting the blooming window at the top of the stairs, and, probably, frequently as sitting-room, also.

The ideal as I have given it is capable of enlargement, and could be introduced into a villa with excellent effect. Then, if the length of the hall were increased, and richly-carved screens placed across the alcoves at the foot of the stairs, and a bay-window placed directly underneath the stairs between the two book-cases, a roomy apartment would be formed, which should be partially cut off by the screens from the hall in front. In the place of the window underneath the stairs there might be a door leading to a conservatory.

Such a hall as this, small or large, if arrangements were made for its proper heating in winter, would be comfortable and pleasant at all seasons of the year.

If one finds himself in a position to build a house, let him and his wife sit down with pencils and paper, and after carefully estimating the amount they can afford to invest in such an undertaking, consult with each other, plan and draw, revise and alter, until they both are satisfied that they have got everything exactly to their minds, and that to suit their purposes no farther improvements are possible. Then this completed plan had better be submitted to the inspection and correction of an architect in order that any defects may be remedied. Then they are ready for their builder.

If the man himself possesses mechanical skill, and is familiar with the use of tools, and neat and handy in workmanship, he may find it to his advantage to superintend his own building, engaging journeymen carpenters and masons as he may need them, and paying them by the day or job. But if he has no such mechanical knowledge, he will probably find it to his advantage, peculiarly and otherwise, to let the building of his house on contract, stipulating for every item, the whole to be completed within a certain time at a certain fixed rate.

As he submits his plan to his builder, he must be prepared for one thing, and that is, that his builder will

probably compel him to reject the carefully-arranged plan entirely, and accept one of his own, which will, perhaps, be larger, completer and more finished than the one he desires, and at the same time can be done at a cheaper rate. There is nothing for it, then, but to take home this latter plan, make a hurried examination of it in conjunction with his wife, to see if it can possibly be remodeled to suit their needs without changing it so much that the builder will have excuse for adding seriously to his charges; return the revised plan to the builder, and, resigning himself to an overpowering fate, let things take their course.

There will be one satisfaction to be derived from his own uncarried-out plan. He can always keep it treasured somewhere in a safe corner of his desk, examine

it occasionally with a sigh, half of satisfaction and half of regret, and resolve that if the time ever comes when he shall be peculiarly independent of builders, he will yet put it into tangible form.

Inscrutable are the ways of master-carpenters! I have sometimes wondered if they did not have a multitude of houses all cut after one pattern, laid by ready to put together at a moment's notice, and which, being manufactured by the wholesale, as it were, can be afforded at a cheaper rate than one after an entirely distinct plan! I knew if I went to a cabinet-maker and required a piece of furniture differing materially from the usual styles, I must pay for that difference. But houses! I thought they were another matter. It seems not, however.

Mothers' Department.

TIRED MOTHERS.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

"I AM so tired," said a weary, care-burdened, discouraged mother. "It seems that I can never get to the end of my burdens, and I have no heart to try. What with the steps of the little ones to mind; and the house to keep in order; my work-basket heaped with sewing, which must be done to make the children comfortable for the winter school, to say nothing of the knitting and mending, and a thousand other things, it almost makes me crazy to think of it.

"It is such a hard existence, with no brightness in it, and there is no escape from it, not while life lasts—not, at least, while health and strength hold out. Health and strength! I had not thought of that—what if my health and strength give way? Would not pain and suffering be harder to bear than weariness? And the little ones, Heaven bless them! ought it not to be accounted a blessing, instead of a hardship, to be able to care for them? I have something yet to be thankful for, though a moment ago I thought there was not one single thing to be thankful for in my life."

Yes, tired mother, there is yet many a cup of blessing within reach of thy lips. Thy life is not all a desert, there are lovely oases, green, sunny spots, with springs bubbling over with living, refreshing waters, scattered here and there in thy way. There are blessed rifts in the clouds of sorrow which hang over thee—granting that clouds of sorrow *do really* hang over thee. But do they? Ponder for a moment. You are weary, overworked and disheartened; but are you really forsaken of Heaven? Are your children all spared to you? Ah!

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant chair."

Does healthy blood course through their veins? and are they sound of limb? You would not envy the mother who is this moment bending over the wasted form of her darling, soothing the aching brow, and cooling the parched lips; nor her, who is tenderly nursing one who is a cripple for life. Does the light of intelligence glow in their faces? I knew a mother who, for ten long years, carried her boy in her arms, and in all that time, not one answering smile was given to brighten or repay her toil. And then the good Lord said, "It is enough," and gently lifted him from the tired, patient arms.

Can you give your children nourishing food, and warm, comfortable clothing? and have you provisions made for the long, cold, winter months? Anguish is wringing the hearts of thousands of mothers, even in our own happy land, because they know not where to-morrow's bread is coming from to nourish the dear ones who are dependent upon them for supplies; or to-morrow's wood or coal, to keep their half-clad forms from perishing.

Are your children affectionate and loving? and, as you tuck them into their little beds at night, can you kneel and thank God that every one nestles beneath your sheltering care? Remember the mothers who shed scalding tears, and keep lonely vigil for reckless and erring ones; or those whose children are scattered so far from the home-nest that no "light in the window" can reach them and guide their feet to mother and home.

Tired and hard-pressed mother, almost fainting under your burdens, if you would take time to think, and count over your blessings, you would find much to be thankful for; and as you thought, mayhap you would cease to complain, and instead of repining your lips would take up a glad refrain for the mercies which have fallen to your share.

Yet I know that a mother's lot is often a hard one, viewed only from the dark side; there are many cares and many burdens, and especially if she have no help; if her one pair of hands must take up and go through with all the varied duties and labors of the household.

It is poor economy for a mother, if she can afford to have help, to slave and fag herself out, day after day, through summer's heat and winter's cold, thus expending the life-energies that should be carefully husbanded to bestow upon the more important interests of her family. Sometimes it is the wife's fault that she does so, but oftener, I think, it is the husband's.

It is the wife's fault if she foregoes needful help that she may save money to bestow upon the useless adornment of her little ones; forgetful that her sons were entrusted to her charge that she might train them to be men—noble, worthy, self-sacrificing men, fitted to take their places, in their proper lot and station, in this onward-marching world. That her daughters were placed in her care that she might have the honor of training them to be pure, godly, intellectual women.

It is her fault if, forgetful of the higher needs of her children, she spends the hours she needs for rest and recreation, in tolling and stitching, that Mary may have a delicately-embroidered slip, or Johnny an elaborately-trimmed suit.

It is the husband's fault if he is so absorbed in business and money-making that he fails to see that his wife is wearing herself out in the attempt to make his home comfortable, and bring up his children respectably, while, very likely, she is straitened for want of means, and everything she has to do with is as unhandy as it is possible to be; but he does not notice that her wearing cares are eating into her life, making her prematurely old, irritable and unlovely. He may even look on wonderingly and say, "How is it, wife? You are getting to be a regular scold. I don't see how the work can be so very hard. Mother had twice the family that we have, and yet she always managed to do

her work without help." Little he knew what struggles and sacrifices his mother had to bring his wayward feet up the slippery steeps to manhood.

But, mother, if your lot is hard, and you cannot change it, resolve to make the best of it. A cheerful disposition, and a determination to look at the bright side of things, will go far toward lightening your burdens; and a true sense of the obligations of motherhood, with an earnest desire to fulfil them in the best manner, will lift you above petty cares and vexations.

Cultivate a thankful spirit for mercies received; and instead of sitting down to brood over your trials, remember that "The darkest day will wear away," and that dark and cloudy as the day may seem to you, it is darker still to some one else.

Make the moral and religious training of your children the first and greatest object of your life; and then take up the subordinate duties that lie in your path, cheerfully and one by one. It is this crowding the work of a week into a day that wears on one so. To be sure, one must look ahead, and plan and contrive, but all undue anxiety in regard to the future but adds to your burdens. The days and hours of the future, as well as the months and the years, are wisely hidden

from us; and the great Master said: "Take no thought for the morrow, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The poor mother who complains despondingly in the morning that the work of the day looks like a mountain before her, and she is sure she can never accomplish half what she really must, may be called to lay down every earthly burden before nightfall. Strive, then, to do well each duty as it comes, trusting in God.

A thorough systematic arrangement of your domestic labors, allotting to this and that, and as far as possible everything, a given time—which you may plan for yourself—would save you hours of trouble and perplexity.

But, you say, this may all look very well on paper; but how to do it is the thing. How to be thankful, and patient, and considerate, and systematic, and all this. It is easier said than done.

Yes, I know. But it may be done. And it is because I sympathize with you, and understand the thousand difficulties that beset your path—which I do from experience—that I have penned these words, hoping that some tired mother may be comforted and strengthened thereby, and inspired with new hope and courage.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A STORY ABOUT VALENTINES.

BY MRS. SARAH HART.

THE little girls of Miss Tower's school were grouped in pairs, and threes, and fours, and were chatting and laughing and enjoying themselves as little girls are apt to do in the few moments that remain before the time for the bell to ring. Just then Clara Seaton came bounding in among them, her pretty cheeks flushed, and her eyes brightly glowing.

"O girls!" she exclaimed, "I am going to have some capital fun! See here, Jennie Cole, and you, Mary Goodwin, I'll tell you something. I don't want any the rest of you to know. I'll tell you about it when I've had my fun." And so saying, she took her comrades and withdrew from the other little girls.

"Pooh! Who cares for Clara Seaton or her secrets!" said May Thornley, tossing her brown curls; and some of the others imitated her; but the remainder were very cautious about speaking so contemptuously of Clara, for Clara was the only daughter of very wealthy parents, and she therefore held her head very high, and looked down on the most of her schoolmates; so Jennie Cole and Mary Goodwin felt particularly flattered when they found themselves set apart for her confidence.

"I am going to have such splendid fun!" she said, when she had taken them to a safe distance. "See this, and this!" and she unfolded a batch of comic Valentines of every conceivable caricature. Mary and Jennie laughed as the hideous pictures met their gaze.

"You're not going to send them to any one, are you?" asked Mary.

"Certainly I am!" answered Clara. "This is for Uncle Jim; he's always twirling his moustache, you know. This is for Sister Julia; she'll be awful angry about it, but will never suspect me. And this is for—guess who."

After guessing awhile, and not being able to hit upon the right one, both girls gave it up.

"Now, don't you tell—never, never," said Clara.

Both promised.

"It's for that hateful Katie Blake!"

"Katie Blake!" said the astonished girls.

"Yes. She's always getting ahead of me; and ma says it's too bad. How impudently she marched up above me yesterday, when I had made sure of getting a head mark. I said then I'd have my revenge," and Clara looked triumphant.

"That will be a poor revenge," said Mary Goodwin, as she looked at the picture.

"It will make her think she has an enemy, and that will be spite enough for me, for I heard her say not long ago that it would grieve her dreadfully to think she had an enemy—the meek-faced saint!" said Clara, scornfully.

All further conversation was checked by the ringing of the bell, and in a very orderly manner the little girls walked into the room. Foremost among them moved Clara Seaton, and behind her came Katie Blake. She was a sweet-faced, bright-eyed, intelligent child, and the favorite of all who knew her, excepting Clara, and her dislike arose from envy alone. Clara could not bear to be excelled, and that by the daughter of a washerwoman—for Katie's mother did Miss Tower's washing in payment for her daughter's tuition.

No one who looked upon the bright, eager faces in the school-room that morning, could have suspected the schemes at work in the brains of at least three of the number. Clara Seaton was planning how best she might deliver her ill-natured missive, while May and Jennie were planning how they might defeat her scheme, and thus save Katie from the bitterness they knew she would feel should she receive the valentine. Finally they concluded to detain Katie at May's home after school, so that if Clara should send it to Mrs. Blake's house, that lady would destroy it, and Katie would never know. But Clara was too cunning for that. Her chief design was to see Katie's suffering. So she arranged with a little boy whom none of the girls knew to carry it to Katie and deliver it to her at school.

Early that afternoon the little boy came. Miss Tower herself answered the summons.

"Katie Blake is wanted," said Miss Tower, as she re-entered the room.

Katy turned red, smiled, looked awkward, and obeyed, exciting no little curiosity among the scholars as to who wanted Katie. She remained out so long that most of them had forgotten about her. But Miss Tower grew apprehensive, and went at last to seek for Katie, whom she found in the hall weeping bitterly, with the vicious valentine open in her hand. The kind teacher comprehended the situation at once, and tried to soothe the poor little girl by telling her it was not worth so much distress, and that only evil-minded per-

sons ever resorted to such low means to triumph over another.

"But, O Miss Tower! to think that any one hates me so!" sobbed Katie.

Miss Tower smoothed her hair and talked to her until she grew calm.

"You may be excused for the rest of the day," said the teacher. "We will say nothing of this to the scholars, Katie."

"Oh, thank you!" returned Katie, gratefully, for she felt that she could not return to the school-room.

"She got it. That's what she was called out for, and I suppose she is so mortified over it that Miss Tower has let her go home," whispered Clara, as she passed Jennie Cole in the aisle.

Jennie whispered Clara's message to May Goodwin at recess, and their hearts sunk within them. How now to act they knew not. They talked it over all recess, but could come to no conclusion, and so carried heavy hearts back to the school-room. But toward the close of the day, May seemed to have hit upon a plan that suited her. In her impatience, she tried every lawful way to let Jennie know that something could be done, but she was obliged to wait until school was over. It did seem there never was such a long hour as from three to four o'clock. But it was over at last, and as soon as she could get Jennie by herself, she confided to her her plan.

"Oh! splendid, splendid!" cried Jennie, jumping up and down. "Then, to-morrow, we'll ask the girls to show their valentines, and won't Clara open her eyes!"

Poor little Katie! In spite of Miss Tower's kindness, her wounded heart was not healed, and her tears flowed afresh as she showed the ugly picture to her mother and told her the story.

"Who could have done it, mamma?" she asked, with her tearful eyes on the picture.

"I do not know, my dear. You must not mind it. Some evil-minded person has only practised a joke on you," answered her mamma, with a kiss.

That evening, just as they were at supper, there was heard a knock at the door. Katie ran to open it. A little boy inquired, "Does Mrs. Blake live here?"

"She does," answered Katie.

"I have a package for Katie Blake," and he gave it to the astonished child, who, in a bewildered way, carried it to her mother.

"He said it was for Katie Blake, mamma. Do you really think he meant me?" asked Katie, her blue eyes wide open with surprise.

Her mother made no reply, but, quite as mystified as her little girl, untied the package. Such a sight!

An elegant little work-box with all the accompaniments complete, and on the top a beautiful valentine for "sweet Katie Blake."

"O mamma, mamma! It is for me, isn't it?" said Katie, half in gladness half in fear.

"I think it is," said mamma.

"Oh! it is just like a dream or a fairy story! Who could have sent it?"

"Some one who loves you, my dear," answered her mamma, and I am sure there were tears in her eyes, too.

"I believe that Miss Tower sent it, mamma," said Katie, after a moment's thought. "She felt so sorry for me to-day when I got that hateful thing."

Katie could hardly keep her eyes off of the beautiful, mysterious valentine. When she retired, she placed it where her eyes would open right on it in the morning.

"May I take it with me to school, mamma?" she asked, as they sat at breakfast.

Her mamma consented, and never was there a happier little girl than Katie as she carried her treasure to school. The girls crowded around to admire it, and Miss Tower was questioned; but when that lady denied all knowledge of it, Katie was more mystified than ever.

Now Miss Tower was one of the kind of persons who

keep their eyes and ears open, and, consequently, before the day closed she had discovered the authors of both of Katie's valentines. Her sorrow for Clara's conduct was only equalled by her admiration of Jennie's and May's. She was unwilling that such noble conduct should go unrewarded. So that night, although a little too late for a *real* valentine, there did come a beautiful one to each of the kind-hearted girls. May's valentine was a silver thimble on which was engraved "My valentine;" and Jennie's was exactly like it. I do not believe they have yet found out who sent them.

THE FARMER'S PARROT.

ONE beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of the largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc with it. The farmer, however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of *raising* corn.

The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed:

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the corn-field; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company—bad company!"

A LITTLE SNOW SCENE.

BY G. DE B.

TOMMY stands watching the fast-falling snow, Wondering what makes the wild "white wind" blow.

"Auntie, oh, see it!" he joyously cries;

"Out-doors is full of nice, little, white flies."

"Ah, Tommy, darling," says auntie, "these things

Falling from heaven are angel's white wings,

Which the good Father sends, softly, like down,

Keeping the seeds in the cold, hard ground warm."

Tommy looks up, then, with faithful blue eyes,

Watches with wonder the slow-moving skies.

"Are dese de fadders dey drop?" questions he.

"Oh, won't dare mammas be sorry to see

'Em tummlin' home wis dare little wings bare?

Auntie, I'll div 'em my tippet to wear!"

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 2.

WE are all glad when Saturday comes. That day brings freedom to the girls. They can help about the housework, fix up their clothes, wash and starch their collars and laces, go out calling and have a good time generally.

Sylvia never irons her laces, just stretches and smooths them until they are dry; she says that prevents them from growing yellow. I do wonder if I told you girl-readers about Sylvia's pretty, comfortable and ingenious skirt! I told somebody and I cannot remember now who it was, but I will tell it again, for it will be new to some of the new girls who were not acquainted with Chatty Brooks and her blessed family of last year.

Two or three years ago, Sylvia was going to Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania, to stay a week among the wonders of that rare, and beautiful, and wild nook, and wanting a serviceable and cheap dress, she was beguiled into buying one of gray wash poplin. Now, you girls all think that wash poplin is a swindle; Sylvia thought so when she washed it and it shrank, and though she rinsed it time after time, it would dry in streaks in spite of her. So she hung it up in the closet and thought no more about it until, one day, she was looking around and contriving up comfortable clothing out of the stock of stuff on hand. It came to her, then, what to do with the gray dress of wash poplin. She needed a substantial skirt for winter, so she took that dress, lined it with the same about half a yard deep around the bottom, then trimmed it with rows of blue chambray, some of the strips wide and some narrow, stitched on the sewing machine with coarse thread of a contrasting color; and, really, girls, it is the prettiest skirt in the precincts of Millwood. Blue and gray harmonize beautifully. I told her I was afraid, when she washed it, that the gray would run into the blue and leave it all in dingy streaks, but she said she thought of that, and the first time she washed it she hung it on the line with the band down, so if any fading color did settle, it would not come in the blue trimming. It did not fade any more, however. That skirt is warmer in a cold, windy day than one of flannel or cloth; that kind of material is thick and almost impervious to wind.

Tuesday.—I must tell you something nice. A sister of one of my girls came from the West to visit her, or, I might say, to visit all of us, because we all enjoyed her society so much. She was a very thin, spare woman of thirty or thereabouts, and would have been homely, only that she knew what to wear and how to wear it. So many women are really quite pretty, only that they are so very thin—their faces narrow and the skin seeming to cling to the bones about their necks, throats and ears. Every muscle was as visible as a cord in this lady's long, thin neck; her ears were large and set out from her head; but a little, shrewd, womanly ingenuity had remedied all these defects. There was padding in her dress about the shoulders and thin shoulder blades, and this gave a hint of plumpness and took away those angularities that are not pretty. Then she wore a very tasteful, full, standing frill, and her hair was arranged in just the one way left for such women to wear their hair. It was put up in a loose coil at the back of her head. She had saved, carefully, all the loose hair that she had combed out and had given it into the hands of a poor girl to make into curls. She made four, and they were fastened on hair-pins and stuck into the side of the coil and covered the

thinness about her neck and ears, and made a pretty background for her finely-chiselled face. We all admired the lady, and admired the good taste that had induced her to hide these little deformities. I forgot to say that the upper part of the waist of her alpaca dress was gathered and held into fullness before it was fitted upon the lining. Mary says *puffed* is the word to use here, that girls will understand it, then. That kept her from seeming so spare and thin as she really was. She said she always saved every loose hair and laid it away lightly in a box kept for that purpose, for the reason that she might lose all her hair, sometime, through sickness, and then she could wear her own braids or frizzes and not be obliged to resort to an entire deception.

Morning.—Last evening Mary and I went to church to hear the new minister. Nearly all my girls went, some with escorts, some with their companions, or relatives, and it so chanced that Mary and I went together, but, between us, I do hope I'll never have to go any place with that fussy, fidgety, little Mary again! She is so poky. She was the last one to get ready. I sat and read awhile after my gloves were on, and then sat and warmed my feet, then went round through the house to see that all the fires were safe, and still Mary was not ready. At last we started. She slipped her arm in mine, but before we had walked ten rods she stopped to fix her garter. Then we walked on, and suddenly she halted me with, "I do declare for it! If my garter isn't untied." I held her hymn-book and muff, and stood chattering until the garter was laced. She took my arm, and we walked on, perhaps a dozen steps, when she stood still suddenly, and found out that the other garter was untied. So I held her things while she doubled over and tied it up snugly. Then she hustled around and loosened my wraps in a very decided manner in her search for my arm. By this time she was chilled and was not content with merely taking my arm, she must nestle her hand in a warm place clear in under my cloak and furs. We walked on a few rods, when, with apparent dismay, she found that the first garter was untied again.

"Let it go," said I, "you can lace it after you get there."

So she hobbled along, like a cripple, a few steps, when she halted, saying: "I can't stand this; take my book and muff, and I'll fix it in an instant."

The chill wind was blowing a gale, but I stood there until she gave marching orders. We had not proceeded a dozen steps until her shawl fell back because the pin had lost out. I fumbled about my own clothing and found a pin for her, but in trying to handle it with her tight kid gloves on, she lost it, and very suavely asked me if I could spare her another. I shouldn't wonder if there were wrinkles in my forehead by this time, but I said nothing, drew off my gloves, took a pin out of my own dress and very safely pinned on the little flirt's shawl. Then, with her teeth a-chatter, she rummaged until her arm was within mine, and we walked on. By this time I was decidedly "out of sorts," but she was so calm and cool that I was determined to try and appear so, if I wasn't.

About eight rods this side of the church the last garter became untied again, and she handed me her book and muff. I very deliberately laid them down in the snow beside her and said I would slowly walk on. Just before I reached the church door I heard her "Aunt Chatty! Aunt Chatty!" and then, with a whispered vow that I never would go any place again with that little fidget, I stopped for her.

Little things do influence me so. Now my temper was a good deal ruffled, although I tried to be serene and calm.

The girl's flirty ways had annoyed me more than I would have confessed even to my best friend.

There is nothing more admirable in a woman's character than to see her easy, graceful, self-possessed—mistress of the situation. How despicable a woman does appear when she "has on her clothes," and knows, and feels, and acts that she is dressed up! What is more humiliating than to see a sister-woman softly stealing glances down at the bow of ribbon on her breast, or the chain fixed thereon, or the dress trimmings, sitting admiring herself like a vain peacock? How common to see a girl with the prettiest side of her hat made to the "congregation side; to see her lean pensively on the hand that wears the gaudy show of rings; to see her sleeves a little short to show off the glittering bracelet; her neck bared beyond comfort to show the foamy white laces that rise and fall on her compressed bosom with every poor, short, imperfect respiration.

Oh, how hollow! Nothing stamps a woman's character as frivolous, vapid, sooner than to see this display of vanity.

I remember when I was a very little girl, so little that I toddled along to church in my bare feet, of my Aunt Abbie stopping me in the road and saying: "Chatty, I saw you looking down at the ruffle on your dress; that is not pretty—not lady-like. Whenever you have on a pretty dress, or any new clothes, you must act just as though you didn't know of it at all. Now I will show you how you ought to walk, and you must remember it, child."

And that woman—beautiful, and intellectual, and beloved—bade me stand still at the grassy roadside while she walked a few rods, and then back again. I remember distinctly her lithe, trim figure, the queenly poise of her head, the graceful shoulders thrown back, just as she appeared to the little barefoot child on that summer morning, long, long ago. We were walking in "the hollow," we called it, a scooped-out green dell, with dense thicket of blooming crab-trees on one side of the road and grassy meadow on the other. That "hollow" it is well high level with the broad fields that surround it now.

But the teachings of Aunt Abbie. How I did admire her! And then, as if to finish the lesson she had taught me, she took my hand again and led me a circuitous route, that went through the old burying-ground. Pausing at a sunken grave, she said: "We must all come to this; this is the end of our lives on earth. How can we be proud, or lifted up, or look down on another with scorn or hatred?"

And then she told me of the life beyond the grave—a beautiful life, with no sorrow in it, no tears, no trials. She must have made her talk very simple, so that the capacity of the little eight-years-old girl could comprehend it, for I remember it all, and understood it as clearly as I would now.

I hope the time will come soon in which this subject, that so materially concerns Mary, may be brought up and dwelt upon in a manner that may be for her edification.

One of the sweetest girls I ever saw, a perfect lady in all her ways, owed all to her one charm—her self-possession. I met her last fall at a convention; the best men and women in the State were there; no lady present received more attention than did Cecilia. I chanced to sit beside her one day, and, though I did not mean to do it, I can remember exactly how she was dressed. She was poor in this world's goods, and could not afford to dress well; but dress seemed to be the least thing in her thoughts. Had she been arrayed in royal velvet, she would have behaved no more like a princess. Her hat was a plain, coarse, black straw, trimmed with a little knot of velvet ribbons and bunch of little meadow grasses and leaves; her dress was black and white ninapence calico, made plain; a small double cape of black thibet or cashmere was about her shoulders; lace about her neck and wrists; good kid gloves; and that was all; and yet that calm, sweet,

modest face and modest demeanor stamped her as one who "was a lady born."

Wednesday afternoon.—I was over to Millers for butter this forenoon, and did not get home until the girls had dinner almost ready. I had told Lottie to mop the floor in the dining-room preparatory to putting down the new carpet, and just as soon as I came in and sniffed a little I knew she had not done it well. It did not smell clean, like fresh water and fresh pine boards ought to. I said nothing, however, for the poor dear looked tired and worried, and her hair was frowzy, and her appearance was anything but tidy. After she had gone down to the Institute for the afternoon recitation, I put on the boiler, heated water, and mopped the floor thoroughly with hot soapsuds, wiped it off and rinsed it twice. Then I washed the chair-boards, and window-sills, and door-frames, and made the dining-room smell fresh and clean.

Some girls do mop that way. They will take a little drib of warmish water, perhaps in a pail that has been used for something else, and will drag the mop about in a listless, sleepy way, merely wetting the floor, while in reality they are leaving it dirtier than they found it. The right way, and indeed the only correct way, is to move every movable article out of the room, make the way clear, and then, with plenty of hot suds in a tub, scrub the floor with a broom, taking care not to splash the walls. Then with a mop gather up and wring out all the dirty water, wipe the floor dry, and then go over it with warm or hot water, clean. Scrub well with the broom, wipe up with the mop, and after that rinse with clear, cold water, and wipe it up with the mop after it has been washed out and made perfectly clean. That is the good old way our mothers scrubbed and mopped floors, and is the only way to do it well. Any good housekeeper can tell as soon as she goes into a room whether it has been honorably scrubbed or not. I must tell dear little Lottie about this sometime in an off-hand way, so that she will not surmise any hint. A mop should be taken out of the clasp, washed, rinsed and dried, and then put back and kept in a dry, airy place. I notice some of my girls drop the mop down wet and leave it.

We had a caller last evening—a young preacher from the West. He is a cordial, good fellow, but some of his ways are very funny. I should have sat back in the shadows and laughed a little, only that I wanted to set a good example for my girls.

The poor fellow! he rocked himself backward and forward in the big rocking-chair in a way that startled us for fear he would tip over and spill himself out. He is unmarried; and Professor McWilliams says he needs a fellow-worker, and is in search of one. I had to shake my head at Tudie and Midget for exchanging knowing looks at each other. Josephine was inquiring about her former pastor, now in the far West, and the young man, in his excess of good-will toward the aforesaid brother, remarked: "I'd rather hear him preach than to sit down and eat any time; his sermons are better than any thanksgiving dinner."

The girls teased Josephine a good deal about the young preacher who compared sermons to dinners.

By the way, Josephine cooked the dinner to-day. We had some flabby bits of veal that would not do to fry, and were not worth boiling, and too thin to roast, so she boiled them in just water enough to cook them, then made drop-dumplings of batter, and dropped in a spoonful at a time, and one in a place. They made a very nice dinner, and certainly it was an economical one. We have to study economy in our little home-nest. Indeed, I always had to, though, for we were poor in my father's house; and then my dear dead husband was only a tailor, and barely made a good living. The tailor's trade is not a lucrative one, especially in a country village.

Thursday morning.—I do not want to say anything against the dear people of Millwood, because they have been my friends all these years that I have lived among them; but I did think Parson Welland stirred them up

one Sabbath at church lately. It seems that he was annoyed at the general behavior during service, and at last he had to speak of it. I don't know whether it is the custom in other congregations to bob the head around as soon as the door opens, or a footfall is heard in the aisle, I hope not. But here in Millwood every head turns and stays turned until the long look is satisfactory. If a little dog barks, or a baby pipes out a shrill cry, or a cow bawls out in the street, or a horse snorts, that sets the young people giggling. If any one should happen to fall, or blunder, it is a source of infinite amusement. If Jack Williams should happen to sit in the pew occupied by the young widow, Euna Shelley, then the younger part of the congregation will wink and blink at each other, and send notes or write comments in their hymn-books, and conduct themselves in a manner very unbecoming the place, and the day, and the occasion. So the parson dwelt a few moments on this subject. He said nothing annoyed a minister more than for people to turn their heads at every noise, twisting them about as though they were set on pivots, to look at every new arrival, to whisper, nod, make comments and behave in a light, frivolous manner. He said the minister often drew inspiration from a pair of attentive eyes, and if people only knew and felt the importance of good attention, and how much it contributed to his assistance, they would pay it most devoutly. Then he told what he had overheard a beautiful young lady say one evening when she was going home from service. She was walking before him, in the dark, her arm inlanked with another girl's. She was conversing fluently, and saying, "I always like to sit away up in front, so that my eye can take in the whole congregation. I like to see people when they come in, and see if there are any strangers, and how they are dressed. One often sees new fashions and new contrivances, and more than once I've seen something that helps me wonderfully toward working over some of my old clothes into new ones, that even my own folks wouldn't know they'd ever seen before."

I could not blame our pastor for dwelling rather pointedly upon this theme. Before he dropped the subject he told us that when we were at service among other denominations it would be courteous and kind if we adopted their ways; kneeling when they knelt, sitting, standing, bowing the head or whatever their customs were. He said he had frequently been pained at baptisms to see members of other denominations look upon the ordinance with derision, smile, turn away or behave in some manner that stamped them as very unladylike or ungentelemanly. All these sacred ceremonies and ordinances should be witnessed with a sense of profound reverence and respect.

I was very glad Brother Welland dwelt upon this subject, not that any of my girls particularly needed to be reminded, but none of us can be too cautious in our observances of the Lord's day.

By earnest thought and prayer we should bring our minds away from the cares and occupations of the week, and we should endeavor to centre them on thoughts of sacred things.

Poor little Tудle, while she lay cradled in my lap, she said: "I do wish, Aunt Chatty, that I could make myself mind when I am in church. I want to think of what the preacher says, and know what the beautiful hymns mean, and while I am trying my very hardest the first thing I know I am thinking of my lessons, or the dear baby at home, or wondering how much some lady's shawl cost, or wishing my hat could be made over into another shape, or that my feather was blue instead of black; but, then, auntie, I mean to keep on trying."

Poor little Tудle! she will find hard work, I fear.

A CONTENTED mind is of more worth than all the treasure of both the Indies; and he that is master of himself in an innocent and homely retreat, enjoys all the wealth and curiosities of the universe.

WAITING.

(See Engraving.)

SHE had gazed from the window long,
Down the dim and crowded street;
She had listened with ear down-bent
To the tread of the passing feet.

She had watched the last flush die out
From the cold, gray, winter sky,
And the first pale star look sadly down;
She had greeted it with a sigh.

Like a flash in the street below,
The lamplighter sped along;
And solemnly, faint and low
Came the notes of an old street song,

They were singing a well-known lay
She often had sung to him
Long ago, in the country home;
And her eyes with tears grew dim.

But she turned from the window away,
And glanced round the home-like room;
Tears, tears must not greet him of foolish heart;
I know that he soon will come.

And so, woman-like, with a half-breathed sigh,
She shuts out the dreary night,
Draws close the curtains, and tends the fire,
Till the little room glows with light.

She is kneeling before the hearth,
Little wife, with an anxious face;
For the wearying thought comes back again—
He is late; time wears on apace.

And the firelight gleams on the soft brown hair,
And kisses the rounded cheek;
Deep thoughts are thronging the woman's heart,
What a woman's lips fear to speak.

"I love him! I love him!" she whispers low;
"He is all the world to me;
But, ah! husband mine, thou must never know
How this frail heart worships thee.

"Yet I often think, when I'm waiting here—
Watching and waiting alone—
What if the world steal away his heart,
Which is now my own—my own?"

"For what am I but a simple girl,
With only my love to give?
And yet he tells me I am more dear
Than aught that this world can give.

"But when, as to-night, he is late—so late,
My heart sinketh faint and low;
But all these fancies, my best beloved,
Thou must never, ah! never know."

Little she dreams of the loving eyes
That are watching her from the door,
And how deep, deep, in her husband's heart,
The love groweth more and more;

Till, as he watches her kneeling there,
She seems, to his fancy quaint,
Like the guardian angel of his home,
A woman, and yet a saint.

Saint and angel she is to him,
Fond, loving woman beside;
More fair and dear as the trial-tried wife
Than the day she was his bride.

What, Nelly! musing? a hand is laid
On the fair and down-bent brow;
And stands beside her the watched-for one,
Ah! where are her sad thoughts now?

All vanished and fled at the well-known voice,
At the clasp of the fond embrace;
And the firelight falls on no fairer sight
Than the young wife's happy face.

I'VE BROUGHT THEE AN IVY LEAF.

WORDS BY O. D. MARTIN.

MUSIC BY D. WOOD.

1. I've brought thee an I - vy leaf, on - ly an I - vy leaf, From the
 2. I'd have brought thee a flow - er, a beau - ti - ful flow - er, But
 3. I'd have brought thee a rose - bud, a ful - ry like rose - bud, To
 4. An I - vy leaf green, a beau - ti - ful I - vy leaf, Bright

p *R. H.* *f*

land of the rose, where the wild heath - er grows, And the
 It would have sighed till it fad - ed and died, And have
 place in thy hair, and to per - fume the air, But
 type of true heart, of true friendship a part, Oh,

p

vi - o - let blos - soms in qui - et re - pose; I've brought thee an I - vy leaf,
 droop'd in hu - man - i - ty's with - er - ing tide; So I brought thee an I - vy leaf,
 it like the flow - er would fade in de - spair; So I brought thee an I - vy leaf,
 wear it for - ev - er, love, near - est thy heart; I've brought thee an I - vy leaf,

colla parte. *a tempo.*

on - ly an I - vy leaf.
 on - ly an I - vy leaf.
 on - ly an I - vy leaf.
 on - ly an I - vy leaf.

di - min - u - en - do. *f*

HOW TO BEAUTIFY OUR HOMES.

HUNDREDS of ladies every year make generous collections of the treasures of our northern woods, such as mosses, ferns, trailing evergreens, etc., but lay them away in some closet to be forgotten. Doubtless this is, in many cases, owing to a lack of ingenuity in devising means for their use. The following hints may be suggestive to those who can better execute than plan.

Ferns of every kind, from the delicate, feathery fronds to those of the coarsest texture, may be used in hundreds of ways.

For a window transparency.—Form a bouquet of pressed ferns and delicate grasses upon the finest tissue paper, white or tinted, according to taste, each spray must be slightly touched with mucilage to fasten it to the paper.

Over this place a picture-mat with oval center, and a glass same size, and bind over the edges of both with black ribbon a half an inch wide, or with black paper, in imitation of the *passee-partout* frames. A spray of bright autumn leaves, or some pressed flowers, can be added if desired.

To make illuminated texts.—Mark the letters carefully upon card-board with a lead pencil, cover them one at a time with mucilage, then arrange tiny bits of ferns over them. Tiny pressed flowers might add to the pleasing effect if skillfully introduced. Take, for instance, the text, "No cross, no crown," make the cross of birch-bark with mosses and ferns at the base, and a vine of pressed cypress with scarlet star-like blossoms climbing upon it. Cover the letters as described above, and make the crown of pressed golden-rod, or of ferns after they have assumed their yellow, autumn hue.

Crosses, anchors, lyres, etc. may be made by slightly gumming together ferns, maiden hair, and autumn

leaves. These have a very pretty effect when pinned upon muslin or lace curtains, or upon window-shades of white material. A SUBSCRIBER.

SPEAK A CHEERFUL WORD.

DID you never go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened, that a pall seemed spread over all the world. But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt your spirits wonderfully lightened. Even a child dropping in to your house on an errand, has often brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" the world over, and those who live in palaces are not exempt, and good words to such hearts "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Even strangers we casually meet by the way, in the travellers' waiting room, are unconsciously influenced by the words and tones we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips, to whom the stranger in a strange land, turns for advice and direction in his perplexities. Take it as a compliment if some poor wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or which train to take, your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust.

It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word, when the shadows rest on our own hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another.

When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing, absent friend, by sitting down and writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

M. C—.

Evenings with the Poets.

FEBRUARY RAIN.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

STARLESS is the night, and dreary;
And my ear is very weary
Listening to the wind's wild sighing,
And the wave's more hoarse replying—
To the fitful dash and flutter
Of dead vines against the shutter;
To the pattering and the beating,
To the surging and retreating,
And the riotous refrain
Of the February rain.

If I slumber, dream I only
Of all things most stark and lonely:
Beetling cliffs, with shadows dismal,
Lost in blackest depths abysmal;
Spectral horsemen, madly riding—
Spectral sails, in moonlight gliding—
Lightning-scar'd and blacken'd branches,
Clicking, shuddering avalanches—
Strange that thought should catch such train
From the February rain!

Yet, I know the kind earth keepeth
Every little drop that creepeth
Down among the roots of flowers,
To make glad the April hours,
'Midst the roots of grains and grasses,
Whispering, as the cold flood passes,
'Lo—neath aspect of affliction,
Nature's holiest benediction!
Fairer crown shall Summer gain
For the February rain!"

And from this I fain would borrow
Comfort in my night of sorrow;
Trusting that its clouds, distilling
Now such bitter tears, and filling
All my heart with doubt and sadness,
Yet shall water germs of gladness;
Flowers, whose bloom shall languish never;
Pure resolve, and strong endeavor—

Hopes serene, and chastened feeling—
Clear-eyed faith, to Heaven upstealing—
Patient-waiting—self-denial—
Till I bless this stormy trial,
Even as flower, and fruit, and grain,
Bless the February rain!

SLOW AND SURE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

UPON the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root,
And blossoms bloom and fall withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread,
Then cradle, thresh and go to mill,
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win.

THE PARADOX.

BY CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

I WISH that the day were over,
The week, the month and the year;
Yet life is not such a burden
That I wish the end were near.

And my birthdays come so swiftly
That I meet them grudgingly:
Would it be so were I longing
For the life that is to be?

Nay: the soul, though ever reaching
For that which is out of sight,
Yet soars with reluctant motion,
Since there is no backward flight.

Lippincott's Magazine.

ANTICIPATION.

WHEN failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darken round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chieftest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

Chambers' Journal.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed;

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight,

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Atlantic Monthly.

SOLOMON RAY.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

A HARD, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollars he toiled to gain
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.
The years went by, and his hair grew gray,
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died, one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting, and man but dust,
The heirs were gay,
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now, who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat, and pinch, and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave.
All their gold some day
Will melt away,
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

Housekeepers' Department.

"PIPSEY."

CALCINED plaster is what we use to repair our lamps when the mouldings have become loosened. Fill the cavity with plaster, which you must first wet with cold or warm water; then set the glass firmly and hold it in place for a few minutes. It hardens quickly—and your lamp is as strong as when new.

That starch was nice, Pipsey. But when you make again, just put your sifted flour and cold water in a pan, and shake, with a moderate movement, for a minute or two; all the lumps will disappear, it is smooth, all ready for the boiling water; you will see that rubbing or dabbling your hands in it is quite unnecessary. Indeed, you can make it with your best "allpac" on, if you choose, without soiling.

The hands—how people do misuse and abuse these serving members; thrusting them, without mercy, into boiling heats or icy chillness; aye, do some not actually use them for hoes, shovels and tongs, spoons, ladles and forks, little caring that the Creator has given them reasoning powers to construct implements to save and coverings to protect them.

Oh, dear Pipsey, if I had your nice way of telling what I wish to, (writing, I mean,) I would like to give a chapter to show the many ways I have learned to save my hands; first, from necessity, and now because I find it easy and more comfortable.

Dear old friend! you have advised, instructed and benefited us all the way. My oracle! So, when Mrs. R. came to me, troubled because baby Maud, with the aid of a big, sweet apple, had traced indelible patterns on a choice article—a souvenir, made by hands that have laid down their work forever—I was sorry, and said, I'll ask Pipsey. Can you tell what will remove those stains? Yours, EXIE.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING SOUPS.

LEAN, JUICY BEEF, MUTTON AND VEAL, form the basis of all good soups; therefore it is advisable to procure those pieces which afford the richest succulence, and such as are fresh-killed. Stale meat renders them bad, and fat is not so well adapted for making them. The principal art in composing good, rich soup, is so to proportion the several ingredients that the flavor of one shall not predominate over another, and that all the articles of which it is composed, shall form an agreeable whole. To accomplish this, care must be taken that the roots and herbs are perfectly well cleaned, and that the water is proportioned to the quantity of meat and other ingredients. Generally a quart of water may be allowed to a pound of meat for soups, and half the quantity for gravies. In making soups or gravies, gentle stewing or simmering is incomparably the best. It may be remarked, however, that a really good soup can never be made but in

a well-closed vessel, although, perhaps, greater wholesomeness is obtained by an occasional exposure to the air. Soups will, in general, take from three to six hours doing, and are much better prepared the day before they are wanted. When the soup is cold, the fat may be much more easily and completely removed; and when it is poured off, care must be taken not to disturb the settlings at the bottom of the vessel, which are so fine that they will escape through a sieve. A tamis is the best strainer, and if the soup is strained while it is hot, let the tamis or cloth be previously soaked in cold water. Clear soups must be perfectly transparent, and thickened soups about the consistence of cream. To thicken and give body to soups and gravies, potato-mucilage, arrow-root, bread-rasplings, isinglass, flour and butter, barley, rice or oatmeal, in a little water rubbed well together, are used. A piece of boiled beef pounded to a pulp, with a bit of butter and flour, and rubbed through a sieve, and gradually incorporated with the soup, will be found an excellent addition. When the soup appears to be *too thin* or *too weak*, the cover of the boiler should be taken off, and the contents allowed to boil till some of the watery parts have evaporated; or some of the thickening materials above mentioned should be added. When soups and gravies are kept from day to day in hot weather, they should be warmed up every day, and put into fresh scalded pans or tureens, and placed in a cool cellar. In temperate weather, every other day may be sufficient.

VARIOUS HERBS AND VEGETABLES are required for the purpose of making soups and gravies. Of these the principal are—Scotch barley, pearl barley, wheat flour, oatmeal, bread-rasplings, peas, beans, rice, vermicelli, macaroni, isinglass, potato-mucilage, mushroom or mushroom ketchup, champignons, parsnips, carrots, beetroot, turnips, garlic, shalots and onions. Sliced onions, fried with butter and flour till they are browned, and then rubbed through a sieve, are excellent to heighten the color and flavor of brown soups and sauces, and form the basis of many of the fine relishes furnished by the cook. The older and drier the onion, the stronger will be its flavor. Leeks, cucumber or burnet vinegar; celery or celery seed pounded. The latter, though equally strong, does not impart the delicate sweetness of the fresh vegetable; and when used

as a substitute, its flavor should be corrected by the addition of a bit of sugar. Cress-reed, parsley, common thyme, lemon thyme, orange thyme, knotted marjoram, sage, mint, winter savory and basil. As fresh green basil is seldom to be procured, and its fine flavor is soon lost, the best way of preserving the extract is by pouring wine on the fresh leaves.

FOR THE SEASONING OF SOUPS, bay-leaves, tomato, tarragon, chervil, burnet, allspice, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, clove, mace, black and white pepper, essence of anchovy, lemon-peel and juice, and Seville orange juice, are all taken. The latter imparts a finer flavor than the lemon, and the acid is much milder. These materials, with wine, mushroom ketchup, Harvey's sauce, tomato sauce, combined in various proportions, are, with other ingredients, manipulated into an almost endless variety of excellent soups and gravies. Soups, which are intended to constitute the principal part of a meal, certainly ought not to be flavored like sauces, which are only designed to give a relish to some particular dish.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

ALMOND CAKE.—Cup and a half sugar; half-cup butter; half-cup milk (sweet); four eggs; two cups flour; teaspoon cream tartar; half-teaspoon soda, stirred in. If baked well, this will prove exceedingly nice.

CREAM PIE.—Pint of scalded milk; two eggs; half-cup flour, mixed with milk; cup sugar; any flavor that is preferred—almond is excellent. Use cup-cake, or any light cake, slightly warm. Pour the custard over it.

ORANGE CAKE (very nice).—Five eggs—the whites to be used for frosting; two cups of white sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter; half of sweet milk; one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; two and a half cups of flour; the juice of one orange. Bake in four cakes. Put frosting between, and sprinkle the grated orange peel on it. Frost the top. Extra.

TEACUP PUDDING.—Three eggs; two cups of sour cream; two of sour milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus; one tablespoonful of molasses. To be steamed in cups three-quarters of an hour. To be eaten with sauce. Half the quantity sufficient for four persons. This is good if made right.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE month of February presents no marked changes in the fashion of our clothing. The modes were settled upon in December and January, and it is yet too early to see any indications of spring styles. The heaviest goods are worn in the outer clothing, which is cut in the form of jackets, sacques and polonaises. We see less of the costume *en suite* this season than for a number of years, the dressy and coquettish English jackets in cloth and velvet being quite generally substituted in the place of the polonaise of the same material as the dress.

Métallisé, which we have already described in a former number of the magazine, is used for petticoats to be worn with court trains, and for front gores to silk dresses, as well as for trimmings, but it cannot be called a genuine success for entire outside garments.

Very showy jackets and *tablier* overskirts are made by covering them with a heavy braiding or embroidery in a contrasting color. We saw, in one of our fashionable establishments, a jacket and *tablier* of gray, braided in a running vine pattern of brown, which was very effective in its appearance.

Bugles have never been so much worn as now. They

dot the lace which trims the garments; they are sometimes made to bespangle the garments themselves; they are woven in heavy fringes. It is not uncommon to see a polonaise so literally loaded with them that its weight is really burdensome to the wearer. How foolish this is we need not say. This rage for bugles is likely to be short-lived. Those, therefore, who are making up good garments, with the hope that they may serve them for years, had best by all means avoid them; for when they go out of fashion, which must be shortly, they will be very much out of fashion.

Heavy worsted fringes, and ball trimmings, are used to trim the heavy, clinging, coarse, woven fabrics which are so much in favor this season. The gray, or light-brown and white-mixed feather trimmings are very stylish and very popular, and comparatively inexpensive. They harmonize beautifully with many of the camel's-hair velvets, woollen corduroys, fancy twills and plaids, but their most striking effects are produced by contrasts with royal purples, blues, dark greens and blacks.

Velvets in bias folds, plaits and ruffles, and in various combinations, are used with as fashionable effects as heretofore, and velvet ribbons are also once more in high favor.

The hats most commonly seen this season are of felt. They are stylish, becoming and cheap. They are, for the most part, trimmed simply and inexpensively with velvet and feathers of a tint to match, flowers and laces being inadmissible upon them.

For the hair, knots of ribbon are worn at home, as well as jets, and top and side combs of either jet or shell. Ostrich-tips, wings and flowers are prevailing favorites for full dress, provided the lady has no jewels for her locks.

New Publications.

Bric-a-Brac Series No. 4. Reminiscences of Barham, Harvess and Hodder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. The biographies of these three men, neither of them of any special note, are rich in recollections and anecdotes of the most illustrious persons of a past generation. The volume, the contents of which have been gleaned from these biographies, is exceedingly entertaining, at the same time that it gives us glimpses into the history and character of these illustrious persons, such as their own legitimate biographies do not afford.

Rhymes and Jingles. By Mary Mapes Dodge, Author of "The Silver Skates," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a treasury of good things for the youngest, charmingly illustrated, and choice in everything. If you want to make a little five or six-year-old boy or girl happy, get him or her "Rhymes and Jingles."

Life of Rear Admiral Paul Jones. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This naval hero of a past generation worthily finds a place among the "pioneers and patriots of America." His life reads like romance, so full is it of startling interest and adventure. This is a book that all boys will prize.

Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. A volume of essays on religious subjects, which will be read with interest and profit by a large class in the community.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., Author of "Sex in Education." Boston: James Osgood & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. We have received this little volume, and when we have had time to give it a proper degree of attention, we will tell our readers our opinion of it.

Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von Julius Bodenberger. Erster Jahrgang, Heft 1, October, 1874. Heft 2, November, 1874. Berlin: Verlag von Gehrüder Paetel. Through the courtesy of the New York agent, we have received the first and second numbers of this new German periodical. It is a magazine of the highest class, and contains articles from the pens of the best writers in Germany. It is designed to occupy, in German periodical literature, a position like that filled in France by the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." To the students of German, who are rapidly increasing in this country, as well as to the large class of cultivated readers of German birth or blood among us, we know nothing of a similar character that we can more heartily recommend than this magazine. The first number, among other articles, contains a characteristic tale of Auerbach; a forcible essay on the first partition of Poland; by Heinrich von Sybel; an interesting scientific treatise called "Botanic Problems," by Prof. Ferd. Cohn; and also a charming story by Theodore Storm; "Nerina," a tale by Paul Heyse; "Talents and Education," by Edward Larkee; and "The Polar Explorations of Our Time," by Fred. von Hellwald, form a portion of the contents of the second number. Stecher & Wolff, No. 2, Bond Street, New York, are the principal American agents.

VOL. XLIII.—10.

The Starling. By Norman Macleod, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Smith and English. This is a charming Scottish story which we can heartily recommend to the attention of our readers.

Estelle. A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mrs. Edwards is well known as one of the most popular of English writers, and her stories always find a large circle of admirers.

Caleb Krinkle. A Story of American Life. By Charles Carleton Coffin, "Carleton." Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a cleverly-written book, in which the characters are well and contrastingly delineated, the scenes vividly described and the action natural and life-like.

Our Helen. By Sophie May, Author of "Little Prudie Stories." Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

That Queer Girl. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These two volumes belong to a series called "The Maidenhood Series," which is now in course of publication. The volumes of this series are all superior. "Our Helen" is a charming story, as all will feel assured of when we say that Sophie May writes as well for youth as she does for the little folks. Of Miss Townsend's abilities as a writer of fiction we surely need not speak to the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE, who were for so many years familiar with her stories. The present tale is an excellent one, and the book has numerous illustrations.

The Exhibition Drama. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This volume contains dramas, comedies and farces, adapted for private theatricals, home representations, holiday and school exhibitions. They are prepared with special reference to the needs and requirements of amateur companies, and will meet with a hearty welcome from the public.

The Song Fountain. By Wm. Tillinghast and D. P. Horton. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Bancroft & Co., 512 Arch Street. This volume is specially adapted to the needs of the singing-school and for the day-school in which music is taught. The music is simple yet pleasing, and the collection is such as will find favor with musicians.

The Dorcas Club; or, Our Girls Afloat. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is the fifth volume of the "Yacht Club Series," and it is a story which will interest girls equally with boys.

Sowed by the Wind; or, The Poor Boy's Fortune. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mr. Kellogg has written three series of juvenile books, which have become exceedingly popular. He now begins a fourth series, to be known as "The Forest Gem Series." Each story will be complete in itself, and all, if we may judge from the volume before us, will be entertaining, instructive and handsomely illustrated.

Little Songs. By Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen. With new illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. It is scarcely less than thirty-five or forty years since these charming "Little Songs" first appeared, and for which thousands of mothers and their little children have ever since been glad and grateful. They are among the simplest, sweetest and best to be found. In this new edition, with its exquisite illustrations and perfect typography, it cannot fail to become more widely popular than ever.

Hazel-Blossoms. By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Boston: James Osgood & Co. A collection of the more recent poems of the author, in a tasteful volume that will find its way into the hands of thousands of his admirers. "The Golden Wedding of Longwood;" "Conductor Bradley;" "John Underhill;" "The Friends' Burial," etc., are among the number. But the chief attraction for many readers will be found in the selection which the author has made from poems left by his late sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, and which he introduces to the public in some fitting and tender remarks. They show her to have been almost as rarely gifted as her brother.

Editor's Department.

Materialization of Spirits.

THE recent exposure, in this city, of the "Katie King" deception, should be a salutary lesson to those who are inclined to give much credence to what are known as spiritual manifestations. In all cases where, through pretended mediumistic influence, there is an apparent suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, fraud may be assumed. The ever-present power of God in nature cannot be set aside by weak, foolish or tricky men and women; and whenever it seems to be done we may be very sure that delusion or artifice is present.

The "spirit photograph" humbug, which science soon exposed, has been followed by a grosser deception—nothing less than a pretended materialization of spirit! And what is remarkable, we find men of education and intelligence quick to endorse this later absurdity, and to bewilder weaker minds by attempted explanations of what they regard as a new phenomena—explanations that only show how really ignorant they are of the true relation of matter to spirit.

All the conditions attendant on the various seances at which it is pretended that spirits become visible to sight and tangible to touch, are singularly favorable to deception; and the marvel is that so many sensible people are made to believe in jugglery that is often of the coarsest kind. Not only did this pretended Katie King become materialized as to sight, but she was able, in a few minutes, to clothe herself with such real flesh that it felt solid, soft and warm in your hand—you could actually feel her pulse beat—as one testified! And all this real flesh and blood would dissolve itself away in a few moments! Into such strange delusions were many who witnessed these exhibitions thrown, that they presented this spirit of Katie King (who assumed to be the daughter of an English freebooter, who lived one or two hundred years ago,) with bouquets, crosses, jewelry, oranges, etc., to be spiritualized by her and presented to friends in the other world! The discovery of many of these things in the possession of a young woman who confessed to having played the rôle of Katie, was, of course, a sad disappointment to those who had fondly believed their offerings of love transferred to the other side and in the hands of their departed ones!

We trust that the exposure of this transparent fraud will open the eyes of many to the folly of giving up their reason and senses to such gross delusions.

To show how completely this may sometimes be done, even with persons of more than ordinary acuteness of mind, we quote the following brief statement from an article, by Robert Dale Owen, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December. He says:

"When I read that, 'the doors being shut,' Jesus suddenly appeared among His affrighted followers, or that, after talking with two disciples at Emmaus, He 'vanished out of their sight,' I see no more reason for disbelieving this than for rejecting a thousand other historical incidents of an ancient date; seeing that, in a lighted room and with the doors so securely closed that entrance or exit was impossible, I have seen a ma-

terialized form, that had spoken to me a few minutes before, disappear under my very eyes, and reappear and walk about as before; and this at a distance from me of seven or eight feet only, and not once, but on five or six different occasions. In each case I had taken such vigilant precautions beforehand against possible deception, that I had no alternative except to admit that these marvelous phenomena were realities, or else to assume that the senses of sight, hearing and touch are witnesses utterly unworthy to be trusted."

And yet the senses of even Mr. Owen, with all his intelligence, acuteness and precaution, were deceived, as he has since publicly confessed. A man and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Holmes,) and a confederate who personated Katie King, with the simple apparatus of a cabinet, set against a window or door, having a movable panel in the back, were able, night after night, for months, to deceive Mr. Owen and other credulous persons, who paid their money to see, and touch, and talk with departed spirits re-clothed in real flesh and blood! So thoroughly were many of them deceived by these impostors that not a few really thought they saw the faces of departed loved ones in the india-rubber masks that were blown up by Mr. Holmes, who was inside of the cabinet pretending to be in a mediumistic trance, and presented at a little aperture facing the spell-bound audiences!

Mr. Owen, in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, takes the ground that there is no such thing as a miracle—that is, a suspension of natural law; and he is able to accept as true the appearance of our Lord after His resurrection on the theory of a possible materialization of spirit. A much simpler explanation may be found in the declaration of St. Paul, that there "is a spiritual body" as well as a natural body. If there is a spiritual body, then it must have spiritual senses, and all the powers and faculties needed for an intelligent and useful life in the spiritual world, whenever the man's natural life dies and his natural body is resolved again into the elements from which it was taken. So long as man is in the natural world, these senses of his spiritual body are normally closed. But scripture record, and the experience of mankind in all ages, show that, under peculiar and rare conditions, the spiritual eyes of some men have been opened, so that they could see, for a brief period, some inhabitant of the spiritual world. How much easier to believe that our Saviour, after His resurrection, opened the inner eyes of those who saw Him, than that He clothed Himself again with material substance. In this, there would be no setting aside of any natural law; but a simple opening of eyes that had as real an existence and sight-power as the natural eyes. But in a materialization of spirit, if it were actually to take place, there would be a violation of the laws attendant on flesh-making and the building-up of a material, human body with all its marvellous congeries of vital organs, nerves and tissues.

So far, the world has gained nothing as to useful knowledge, or incentives to a higher Christian morality, from any form of this so-called spiritualism. While, on the other hand, its path through modern society is strewn with the saddest wrecks—reason dethroned,

homes destroyed and virtue cast down. It matters not as to the truth or falsity of any of its assumed manifestations. By their fruits they must be judged. If spirits do really communicate through mediums, then it is very plain, from the character of the communications received, that, for the most part, those who talk with men are of a low order, and that few of them, if in the flesh, would be tolerated among intelligent people or in good society.

Reader, if you have not meddled with this thing, take our advice and let it alone; if, on the other hand, you have been unhappily drawn within its influences, get out of them as quickly as possible. If you are in search of genuine spiritual truth you will never find it here.

Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

SCARCELY a day passes without a record by the public press of some shocking and fiendish cruelty to helpless little children, at which the heart grows sick. For years we have had societies in most of our large cities for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but, until within a few weeks, there has been no movement towards a society for the protection of children. Gladly do we announce the organization of such a society in New York. It is in the hands of some of the foremost men of that city, and they are evidently in earnest. Among the officers of the society we notice the names of John D. Wright, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Elbridge T. Gerry, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John J. Cisco, Henry Burgh, August Belmont, Theodore Roosevelt, and other men of wealth, prominence and influence.

The constitution thus defines the scope and purpose of this society.

1st. To rescue little children of this State (New York) from the cruelty and demoralization which neglect, abandonment and improper treatment engender.

2d. To aid by all lawful means in the enforcement of the laws intended for their protection and benefit.

3d. To secure by like means the prompt conviction and punishment of all persons violating such laws, and especially of such persons as cruelly ill treat and shamefully neglect such little children of whom they claim the care, custody or control.

Most earnestly do we utter a "God speed!" to the work of this new society. How pressing the need for its care and protection of children may be seen from the following paragraph which we clip from the *New York Tribune*.

"The number of vagrant and neglected children in the city of New York when the last census was taken, was twenty-four per cent. of the whole number. By these we mean the utterly impoverished class who swarm in idleness about the alleys and tenement houses, or attempt to earn a miserable living by working in factories at an age when a child with a fair chance for its life would be in its mother's arms, or kept close by her side. Over three thousand children, from four to eight years old, were found in different manufactories kept at work from ten to fourteen hours a day. The time of labor has been legally reduced; but the poor babies are at work still, with the thin dwarfed bodies, overgrown heads and yellow skins which make them appear a mere nightmare of childhood."

Trade and thrift are often as cruel to children as vice and evil passions; and from the one as well as from the other they need protection.

But not alone in New York are children treated with shameless inhumanity. Their moans and cries go up from every city, and town, and village in the whole land; and christian men and women can no longer disregard these sorrowful appeals for help and stand guiltless in the sight of God. Let each city, and town, and neighborhood have its "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." If every minister of the Gospel throughout the land would bring this subject strongly before his people, and urge them to take part in a movement for the protection of abused and neglected children, a new public sentiment would speedily be created, and the conditions of thousands and tens of thousands of suffering little ones, be changed for the better.

Ancient Civilization.

THE antiquities found in the Island of Cypress by General Cesnola, and placed on exhibition in New York, are very curious and remarkable. In his explorations, he uncovered an ancient Greek cemetery, and beneath it found an older Phœnician cemetery, in which he opened nearly three thousand tombs, taking from them articles buried with the dead, consisting of pottery, household utensils, glassware and jewelry. The Island of Cypress was, in ancient times, very populous, containing some four millions of people, who represented the highest civilization of the period. Now it has only about a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The articles found by General Cesnola number nearly thirty thousand, and are valuable as illustrating the manners and customs of the various races which have occupied the island. Among them are articles of jewelry three or four thousand years old, and very much resembling the ornaments worn by ladies in our day. The ear-rings have clasps for attaching them to the ear without its being bored. Egyptian customs are illustrated by groups of small statuary similar to those of Rogers's, in which their funeral processions and other events of daily life are represented. All these objects were buried with the dead, and now, coming to the light, are the means by which we of this later age may know something of the habits, customs and domestic life of races and people about whom history gives only a meager account.

Postal Card Abuse.

THE writing of scurrilous, insulting or offensive communications on postal cards, has been one of abuses attendant on our new and cheap method of correspondence. Mean-spirited, ill-natured and spiteful persons indulge in this species of annoyance, which is sometimes very great. The sending of bills and duns is also a common practice with some, where they have a creditor who from neglect or lack of means is dilatory in making payments. All this is wrong, and those who do it render themselves liable to prosecution. In England, this misuse of postal cards is punished by law; and we are glad to see that a suit has been brought in New York against a person for sending an improper card.

The law provides the means for collecting debts which any creditor can use. Dunning by postal cards, or in any other annoying or humiliating way, is not one of these; and creditors who resort to such methods render themselves liable to a suit at law.

The Sister of the Poet Whittier.

IN our notice, this month, of Whittier's last volume, "Hazel-Blossoms," we referred to the poems by his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, which are appended to the volume. In his introduction to these poems, the brother says:

"I have ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister, to add to this little volume the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. As she was very distrustful of her own powers, and altogether without ambition for literary distinction, she shunned everything like publicity, and found far greater happiness in generous appreciation of the gifts of her friends, than in the cultivation of her own. Yet it has always seemed to me that, had her health, sense of duty and fitness, and her extreme self-distrust permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers. These poems, with, perhaps, two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion."

This is tenderly and beautifully said. The specimen

of Miss Whittier's poetry which we give below justifies the brother's estimate of her ability.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

"Dear Anna, when I brought her veil,
Her white veil on her wedding-night,
Threw o'er my thin, brown hair its folds,
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"See, Bessie, see! you wear at last
The bridal veil, foresworn for years!"
She saw my face—her laugh was hushed,
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

"With kindly haste and trembling hand
She drew away the gauzy mist;
'Forgive, dear heart!' her sweet voice said;
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

"We passed from out the searching light;
The summer night was calm and fair:
I did not see her pitying eyes,
I felt her soft hand smoothe my hair.

"Her tender love unlocked my heart;
'Mid falling tears, at last, I said,
'Foresworn, indeed, to me that veil,
Because I only love the dead.'

"She stood, one moment, statue-still,
And, musing, spake in undertone,
'The living love may colder grow;
The dead is safe with God alone!'"

Publishers' Department.

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We have for sale a large number of fine wood-cuts and electrotypes suitable for book and newspaper illustration. They embrace every variety of subjects, and will be sold on very reasonable terms. Specimen books can be seen at our office, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street.

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NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

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The HOME MAGAZINE is not the rival or the competitor of any other magazine, but stands alone in its peculiar sphere, character and work, and addresses itself to men and women of taste, culture and common-sense; to those who have true and right purposes in life, and some interest in humanity; to those who read for mental gain and recreation rather than for mere amusement. It goes into homes of the people as a companion and friend, interested in all that interest them, and ready to help, comfort, amuse, cheer, instruct or delight every one from the youngest to the oldest.

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And Men who have other business, wanted as agents. Novel plans, pleasant work, good pay. Send 3-cent stamp for particulars. THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, 39-41 Park Place, New York.



Always Fresh and Reliable. 1875. DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR 1875. Contains descriptive and priced lists of Vegetable, Flower and Grass Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Novelties and every Garden Requisite. Beautifully illustrated. Mailed free. Address, HENRY A. DREER, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Will buy a YOUNG AMERICA PRINTING PRESS, and Fifteen Dollars a neat little printing office, including press, four fonts of type, two type cases, ink, etc. Send for a circular, which gives letters from people who, made miserable by buying other presses, have finally become happy with a Young America.

Address JOSEPH WATSON, 53 Murray St., New York, or 73 Cornhill, Boston.

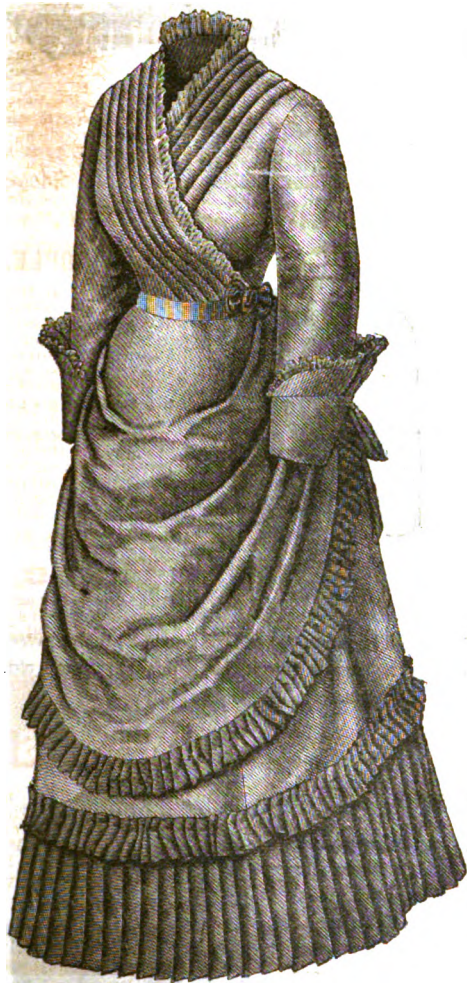
MISFIT CARPETS.

All sizes, English Brussels, Three-ply Ingrain, very cheap, at the old place,
112 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.**LADIES' COSTUME.**

The handsome costume represented is suitable for either street, carriage or house wear, and is made up of silk in one of the Winter shades. The skirt falls in graceful folds at the back, and was cut by pattern No. 3491, price 30 cents.



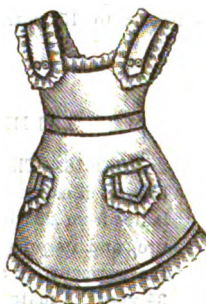
The over-skirt, consisting of a deep apron, draped high at the back, was cut by pattern No. 3686, price 20 cents. Each of these patterns is in 9 sizes for ladies, from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The waist, which crosses at the front, and fastens at one side of the belt, was shaped by pattern No. 3685, price 15 cents. It is in 13 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

To make the costume for a lady of medium size, $14\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods, will be required; $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards being necessary for the skirt, $4\frac{1}{2}$ for the over-skirt, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ for the waist.

**3694****MISSSES' APRON.**

No. 3694.—The charming little affair here delineated is made of two shades of linen, and is one of the season's novelties. Seven-eighths of a yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary to make the article illustrated. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**3700***Front View.***3700***Back View.***GIRLS' BRETELLE APRON.**

No. 3700.—The pattern to the garment illustrated is in 5 sizes, for girls from 2 to 6 years of age, and requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, to make it for a girl 4 years old. Price, 15 cents.



3671

*Front View.*LADIES' HALF-FITTING
CLOAK.

No. 3671.—To make the garment represented, for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be requisite. The pattern is in 10 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 25 cents. It can be very stylishly made up of heavy cloth and trimmed with fur, or of cashmere with decorations of jet, feathers or embroidery.



3671

Back View.

3688

Front View.

3688

Back View.

MISSES' JACKET, WITH VEST.

No. 3688.—The pattern to this pretty little garment is in 8 sizes, for misses from 8 to 15 years

of age, and requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make a basque like it, for a miss 11 years old. Price, 20 cents.



3678

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 3678.—The pattern to the stylish basque illustrated is in 13 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 20 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are requisite. *Matelassé* is the material employed in trimming this garment, though quilted silk may be very nicely substituted, as it closely resembles the former material.



3678

Back View.



3691

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH SIDE TABS.

No. 3691.—The elegant basque represented by these engravings can be suitably made up of any dress material. The pattern is in 13 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required to make the basque for a lady of medium size. It can be handsomely trimmed with jet or narrow bands of *matelassé*, or with embroideries of silk or braid. Price, 20 cents.



3691

Back View.

3704

Front View.

MISSERS' POLONAISE, OPEN IN THE BACK.

No. 3704.—The stylish garment here illustrated requires 6 yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make it for a miss of 12 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes, for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. Cashmere, camel's-hair, merino or serge make up very stylishly, either of them draping softly and falling in graceful folds. Worsted ball or chenille fringe is appropriate decoration.



3704

Back View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED BASQUE.

No. 3674.—The basque here represented is made of *matelassé* silk, and simply decorated. The pattern is in 13 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards, of 27-inch-wide goods, will be required. Silk, ball or tassel fringe, interspersed with jet, would form a handsome finish for this material, with jetted cord for the cuffs.

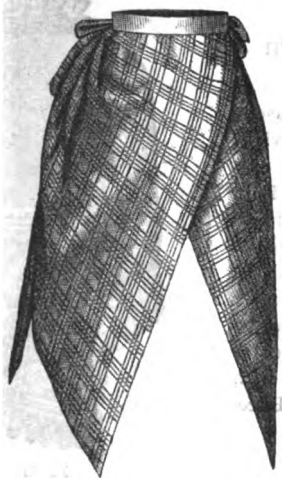


3674

Front View.

3674

Back View.



3693
Front View.



3693
Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3693.—The over-skirt here represented is made of camel's-hair cloth, and simply hemmed. The pattern is in 9 sizes, for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; and the price is 20 cents.



3690
Front View.



3690
Back View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

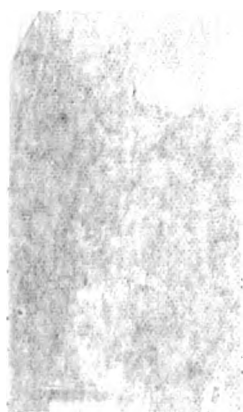
No. 3690.—To make this pretty over-skirt, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary for a miss 11 years old. The pattern is in 8 sizes, for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 15 cents. If preferred, the apron could be made of plaid goods and the back breadth of plain, to match a corresponding costume. The style is suitable for all popular materials and trimmings.

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ARTHUR'S



cities, may even lay claim to a sort of grandeur as well as beauty. Yet, with all that wealth has lavished upon them, and with all the sublime and beautiful accessories with which nature has environed them, how insignificant, how taudry, one

give some more account.

Chatsworth, the "Palace of the Peak," as it is sometimes called, merits more justly, perhaps, than any other house in England, the epithet of "stately." It is situated in the most beautiful

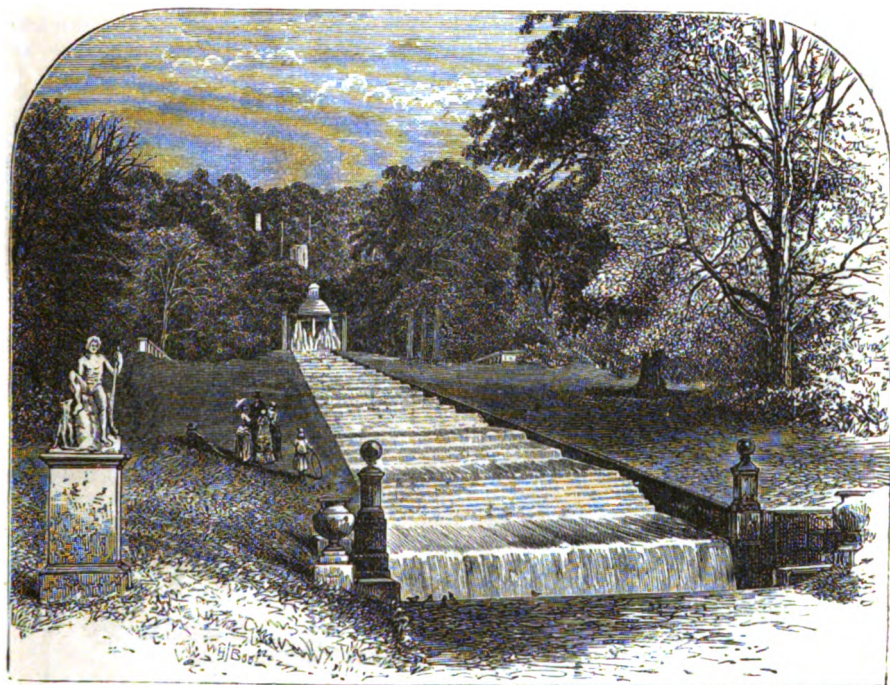
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

MARCH, 1875.

No. 3.

History, Biography and General Literature.



THE GRAND CASCADE AT CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

IN the vicinity of all our larger towns and cities, within a radius varying from five to fifty miles, wealth and taste, of late years, have, with a rapidity that seems almost like magic, been building up for their fortunate possessors thousands of beautiful homes, enhancing the natural charms of some of the loveliest scenery in the world with the exquisite artistic graces which are the creation of the architect and the landscape gardener. Many of these homes, especially those within reach of our greater eastern cities, may even lay claim to a sort of grandeur as well as beauty. Yet, with all that wealth has lavished upon them, and with all the sublime and beautiful accessories with which nature has environed them, how insignificant, how taudry, one

might almost say, do they seem as compared with those magnificent seats in which reside the old aristocratic families of England, and of which Mrs. Hemans so melodiously sings:

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!"

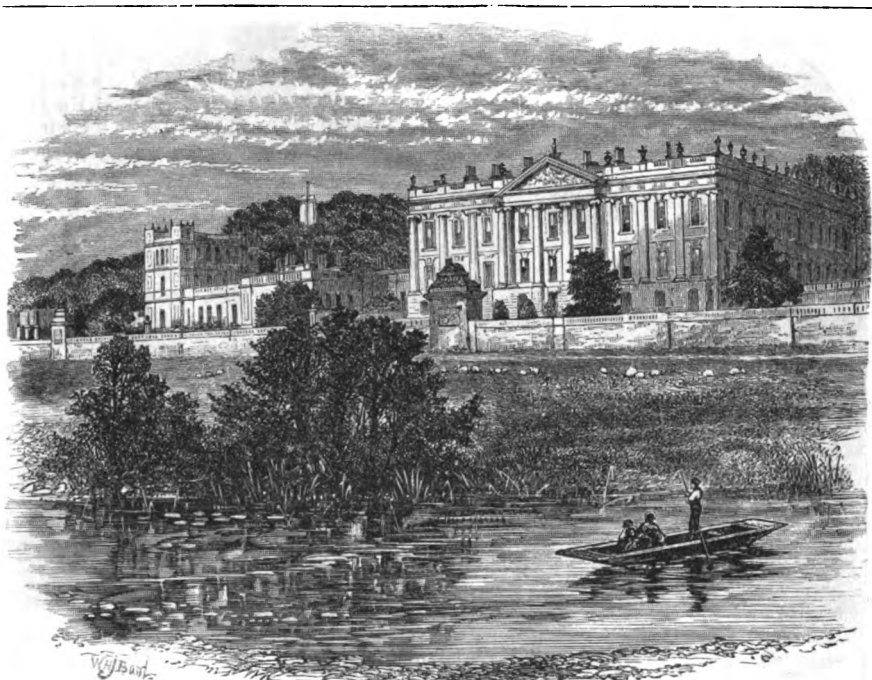
It is of one of the most stately of these English homes, which seem to have grown rather than to have been built, around which cluster the associations of centuries, and upon which generation after generation has lavished the resources of unbounded wealth, that I propose, in this paper, to give some little account.

Chatsworth, the "Palace of the Peak," as it is sometimes called, merits more justly, perhaps, than any other house in England, the epithet of "stately." It is situated in the most beautiful

part of Derbyshire, on the banks of the romantic Derwent, about one hundred and fifty miles, in a north-westerly direction, from London. The entire domain comprises an area of about one thousand two hundred acres, and it would be difficult to find anywhere, in the same space, so many natural advantages of hill and valley, wood and water, ragged rock and verdant plain, where beauties of one kind or other crowd together so thickly. When we reflect that all these natural attractions have been enhanced by "every means the most poetic imagination could conceive, and unbounded wealth accomplish," we can easily give credit to the statement of its historian, that Chatsworth "is foremost among the finest and most charming seats in all England." It is the home of William

before the year 1706. Its noble owner, William Cavendish, third *Earl* and first *Duke* of Devonshire, did not live long to enjoy the beauties his munificence and taste had created, for he died only a year after the completion of the mansion. He seems to have been bent on making it a genuine palace of art, employing the best artists of his time in decorating the ceilings and walls of the various rooms with the creations of their genius. Besides the immense sums lavished upon the building itself, a much larger amount was expended in laying out and adorning the grounds.

In 1820, the predecessor of the present occupant of Chatsworth commenced some great improvements, among which was the building of the north wing, containing, with numerous other apart-



CHATSWORTH: FROM THE RIVER DERWENT.

Cavendish, seventh Duke of Devonshire, one of the most enlightened and liberal-minded of the English aristocracy. The present name, Chatsworth, was doubtless originally *Chetelsworde*, from the name of one of its Saxon owners, *Chetel*.

When William the Conqueror ruled England, Chatsworth belonged to the crown. After passing through various families, early in the sixteenth century it came by purchase into the possession of the Cavendishes.

The magnificent pile of buildings which now forms the family mansion at Chatsworth, a view of which is given on this page, was commenced on the 12th of April, 1687, under the direction of the famous architect Talman, who had, on at least one occasion, the supervisory assistance of the still more celebrated Sir Christopher Wren. Though immense sums of money were expended, the whole edifice does not appear to have been finished

ments, those known as the sculpture-gallery, orangery, banqueting-room, and pavilion. The grounds and gardens, also, were very materially remodelled and improved under the direction of his head gardener, the late Sir Joseph Paxson, the proprietor of the famous Crystal Palace.

There are four principal entrances to Chatsworth, which, by the way, with its park and grounds, is thrown open to the people, under certain necessary restrictions, with a freedom and liberality entirely unknown in this portion of the world. By whichever way the visitor may enter, he will have a rich treat, indeed, of scenery to interest him on his progress to the mansion. Arrived at the house, he will, after proper application for and obtaining of the necessary permission, be ushered through the exquisitely beautiful gates shown on the accompanying engraving.

Admitted to the princely mansion, the visitor

passes through the sub-hall, a spacious apartment, the ceiling of which is enriched by a copy of Guido's "Aurora," painted by Miss Curzon. A statue of Domitian, and busts of Homer, Jupiter, Socrates and others, are among the objects of interest in this room. Passing on, we presently come to the great hall, a noble room, sixty feet in length by twenty-seven in width, and of the full height of the two principal stories of the mansion. The floor is laid in a striking geometric design, in mosaic, of black and white and veined marble, highly polished. The ceiling and walls of the upper story are covered with masterly paintings, representing scenes in the life of Julius Caesar. In this hall, the visitor is usually requested to remain a short time, and to inscribe his name in the visitors' book.

Space, however, will not permit us to enumerate, much less describe, the many rooms of this princely mansion, and the innumerable treasures, both rich and rare, with which they have been stored. Though not all are accessible to visitors,

sketch-gallery, containing, it is said, the choicest and most extensive collection of original drawings by the old masters in any private gallery in

the world, we come to the grand vista of the state apartments. Admiring the beautifully painted ceiling and unequalled wood-carvings of the state dressing-room, we linger awhile in the old state bedroom, with its rare and unique wall ornaments of embossed leather, its beautiful collection of vases, beakers and other choice articles, and its ancient and noble embroidered canopy, a state chair, the work of one of the early countesses of Devonshire. This canopy is of crimson velvet, exquisitely covered with needle-work in gold and colors, in groups of figures, trees, animals and insects—here a goat, a stag, a fox, a rabbit, a pig, dogs, a horse, an eagle, and a swan; there butterflies, flies and innumerable other devices

around; while inside the top a group of three figures within a border is in the centre, and the rest dotted with animals, flowers, etc., with a border of figures and foliage.



a part of each of the three stories of the building is, under certain regulations, permitted to be shown to all comers. Just glancing through the

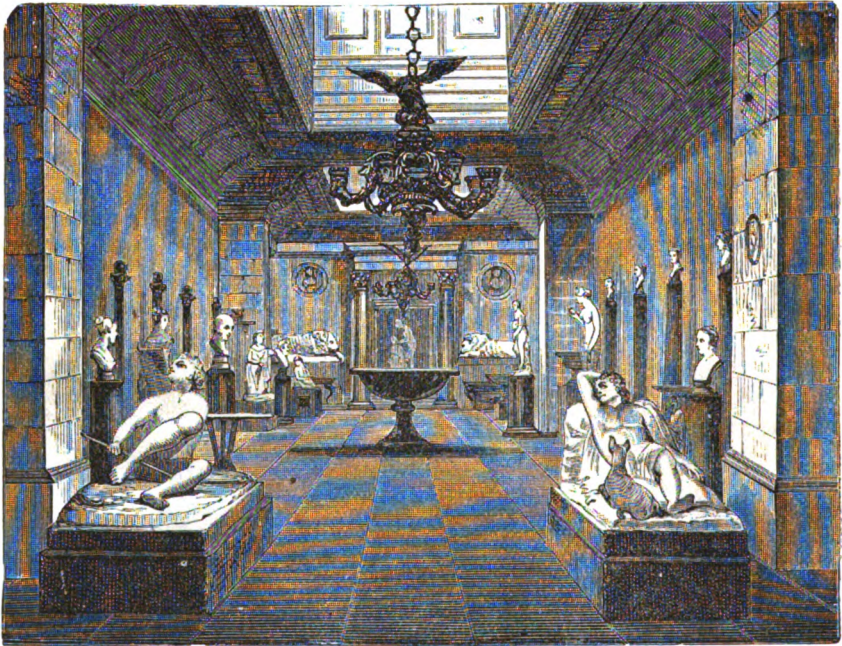
Passing through the state music and drawing-rooms, rich in ornamentation, we come to the state dining-room, where we find one of the most

exquisite bits of wood-carving, perhaps in the world. It is over, across the top, and down the sides of the fire-place, and consists of dead game—heron, pheasants, etc., at the top; over and around these a net is loosely thrown, which, hanging down the sides, forms a groundwork of festoons, on which hang pheasants, woodcocks, grouse, partridges, snipes and other birds, so life-like and natural that it is only by the closest scrutiny that one can discover that they, with the net and all the mouldings, are carved out of solid wood.

Passing hurriedly through a number of apartments, all of the most attractive character, we enter the library, ninety feet long by twenty-three in width, and one of the most elegant, best arranged and most perfect libraries in existence. The ceiling is white and gold, and is adorned with three large and five smaller circular paintings.

Gibson; besides numerous other no less masterly groups, single figures, busts and beautiful bas-reliefs.

In addition to the rich and valuable collection of statuary and busts in the gallery specially devoted to the display of objects of this character, there are numerous other beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art in various other parts of the house and grounds. For instance, in the dining-room there are two exquisitely chiseled chimney-pieces of white marble, each of which has two life-size statues on either side of the fireplace. Two of these figures are by Westmacott and two by Sievier. The billiard or music-room, and the grand drawing-rooms, which form one continued suite, also contain matchless collections of works of art, mostly paintings, among which are gems from Claude, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Titian,



SCULPTURE GALLERY

The bookcases are of mahogany, and are divided into presses by gilt metal columns, from which stand out the brackets supporting the gallery. The library contains one of the richest and rarest collections of books and MSS. which any house can boast.

We next enter one of the "glories" of Chatsworth, the sculpture-gallery. It is one hundred and three feet in length and thirty in width, of proportionate height, and lighted from the roof. We need give the names of but a few of the art treasures in this apartment to show how precious a collection it really is. Here are a sleeping Endymion, his dog watching at his feet, by Canova; a fine statue of Venus with the apple, by Thorwaldsen; the Filatrice, or Spinning-girl, by Schadow; a statue of Cupid playing with a butterfly, by Finelli; a statue of Achilles wounded, by Albacini; a splendid group of Mars and Cupid, by

Gospar Poussin, Da Vinci, Parmigiano, Watteau, Teniers, and numerous other celebrated artists of the older and more recent schools.

The furniture of the grand drawing-room is of the most sumptuous character, and every elegance which the most perfect taste can desire, or the most liberal expenditure secure, adds endless charms to the room.

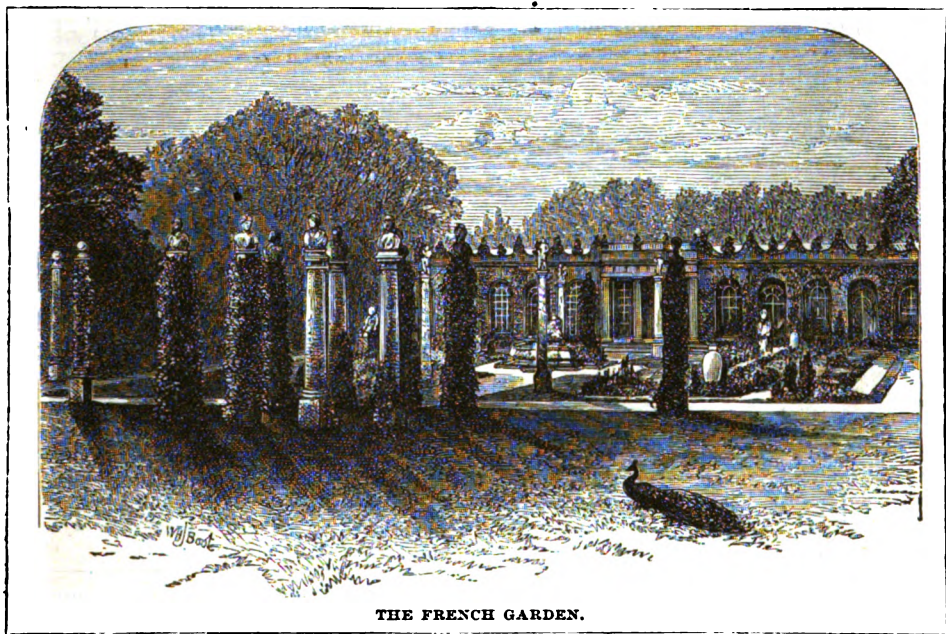
From the south windows of this suite of rooms a magnificent view of the grounds is obtained. Immediately beneath is the spacious lawn, bordered with raised parterres, festoon flower-beds and sculpture; in the centre of the lawn is a basin with a central and four other fountains; further beyond, a lake, with the "Emperor" fountain casting up its waters to an enormous height, and skirted on its sloping sides with majestic forest trees, and with grassy slopes and statuary; and the park stretching out to the right. The fountain

to which allusion has been made, is one of the great attractions at Chatsworth. It throws up a thick jet of water no less than two hundred and sixty-seven feet in height, which, spreading out as it falls, forms a liquid sheet of spray, on which the sunlight often produces an exquisite rainbow. The enormous quantity of two hundred and twenty tons of metal, we are told, was required in the formation of the pipes for this gigantic work. The water is said to leave the pipe with a velocity equal to a hundred miles a minute! Near it are other fountains of great beauty, and when all are playing, the effect is beyond all description.

From the east window of the drawing-room the view is equally fine, but of different character. Here is seen, in all its beauty, the wonderful cascade shown in our engraving on page 143. The waters of the "Grand Cascade," as it is called, fall, as will be seen, from the summit of the dis-

lower story is wainscoted throughout with cedar, which, besides its beautiful rich hue, gives a peculiar yet grateful perfume to the place.

Before quitting the mansion, we will give a hasty glance at the west library and the leather-room. Elegant and chaste in their fittings and decorations, nothing could possibly exceed the purity of taste displayed in them. The ceiling of the library is delicately frescoed in arabesque foliage and groups of figures in rich colors; and the spaces between the book presses are similarly decorated. Among the decorations of the ceiling are beautifully-painted medallion heads of Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Livy and others. Over the book-cases are also medallion portraits, supported by figures and foliage, of famous poets, with appropriate sentiments. Thus, over Shakspeare, we have "Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;" over Milton, "A poet blind yet bold;"



THE FRENCH GARDEN.

tant wooded heights, and then sweep along a lofty arched aqueduct, from the end of which they are precipitated with great violence, and are then carried underground to the temple, at the head of the cascade. Here they rise to the domed roof of the temple, which becomes a sheet of water, and, rushing through the various carved channels prepared for them in the groups of figures, etc., come tumbling down the irregular steps of the cascade to the head of the broad walk in the middle of the grassy slope, where they disappear under the ground, and are no more seen.

The orangery, the ball-room, the chapel and many other apartments of this magnificent pile, are all eminently worthy of description. Though there is scarcely a corner in any part of the mansion that is not rich in wood-carvings, the great glory, artistically speaking, of the chapel are the splendid specimens of this species of ornamentation with which it is so lavishly adorned. The

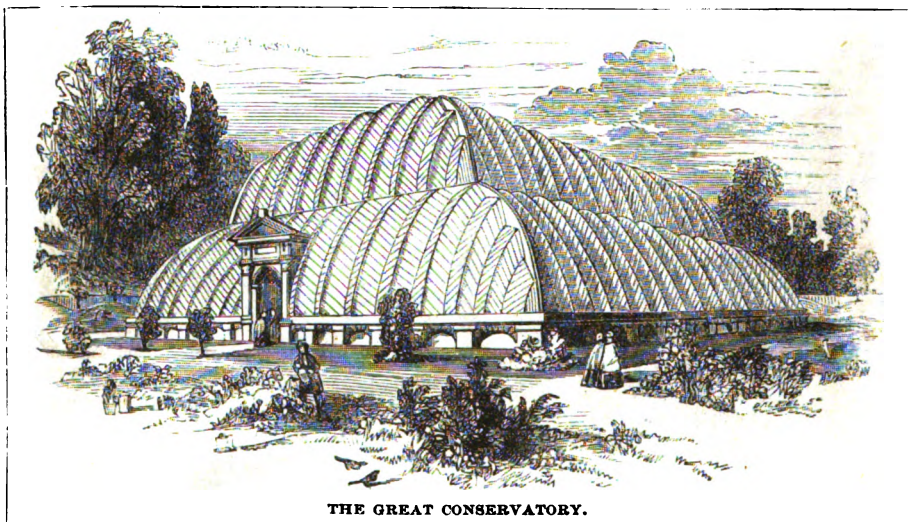
Byron, "The wandering outlaw of his own brave land;" over Scott, "The Ariosto of the north," and so on. The doors of this and the adjoining room are so arranged with imitation book-backs, that, when they are closed, it is impossible to see any means of egress or ingress. The books on these doors have fictitious names, many of them the invention of Hood. Of some of the more amusing we give a few specimens, though poor Hood does not seem to have been in his best vein when he wrote them, if we are to judge from the examples given us. We have, for instance, "Inigo Jones on Secret Entrances;" "Maradam's Rhodes;" "Eterhagy on Spring Fogs;" "Horne Jooke on Catching Cows;" "Bramah's Rape of the Lock;" "Dyspepsia and Heartburn, by the Bishop of Sodor," and others still more wretchedly witty.

The grounds and gardens of Chatsworth, says Hall, from whose account I have been condensing,

are marvels of beauty, and are, indeed, in many respects, matchless both for their picturesqueness, their elegance and the skill with which they have been laid out. Leaving the mansion from the door of the orangery, we find ourselves in front of what is called the French Garden, with its forest of pillars surmounted by busts, its grand old Egyptian figures, its Chinese beakers and vases, its sculptured figures and groups, and its raised parterres. Near at hand are conservatories, green-houses, and camellia and orchid houses, with their endless store of beauties; while here and there one sees an antique tomb, or sculptured figure, or groups of statuary, adding to the charms of the place.

Turning to the right, on leaving the orangery, we find ourselves on a broad gravel walk, more than a quarter of a mile in length, and leading to a height, shaded by lofty trees. The view from this spot is truly grand, embracing the mansion, the gardens, the lakes, basins and fountains, the

Inside, this splendid structure is two hundred and seventy-seven feet long, one hundred and twenty-three in width, and not less than sixty-seven feet in height, in the centre. Its shape is that of a trefoil. The entire building is of glass, constructed on the "ridge and furrow" principle, with iron ribs. About seventy thousand square feet of glass are used in this gigantic structure, and the iron sash ribs, alone, it is calculated, would, if laid together lengthwise, extend not less than forty miles. Through the centre is a carriage-drive, wide enough to allow of several carriages being driven along it at once. A light and elegant gallery runs round the entire interior, and is reached by a staircase concealed in the rock work. It is said to contain every conceivable variety and beauty of vegetable growth, from the smallest aquatic plants up to the most stately palm-trees, and from the banana down to the papyrus and the delicate ferns, all flourishing in native luxuriance and in endless profusion. Beneath the conserva-



THE GREAT CONSERVATORY.

woods and shrubberies, the park and the river, and the distant country on all sides. From here, too, paths lead in various directions—this one into a delightful little dell, or into a fernery where ferns and heaths grow in wild profusion; that, into another dell of rhododendrons, or among heathery banks and masses of rock, surmounted by groups of statuary.

From the French Garden a broad path to the right leads on to the Great Conservatory, passing on its way the Grand Cascade, of which we have already had occasion to speak, the Willow Tree and other interesting spots.

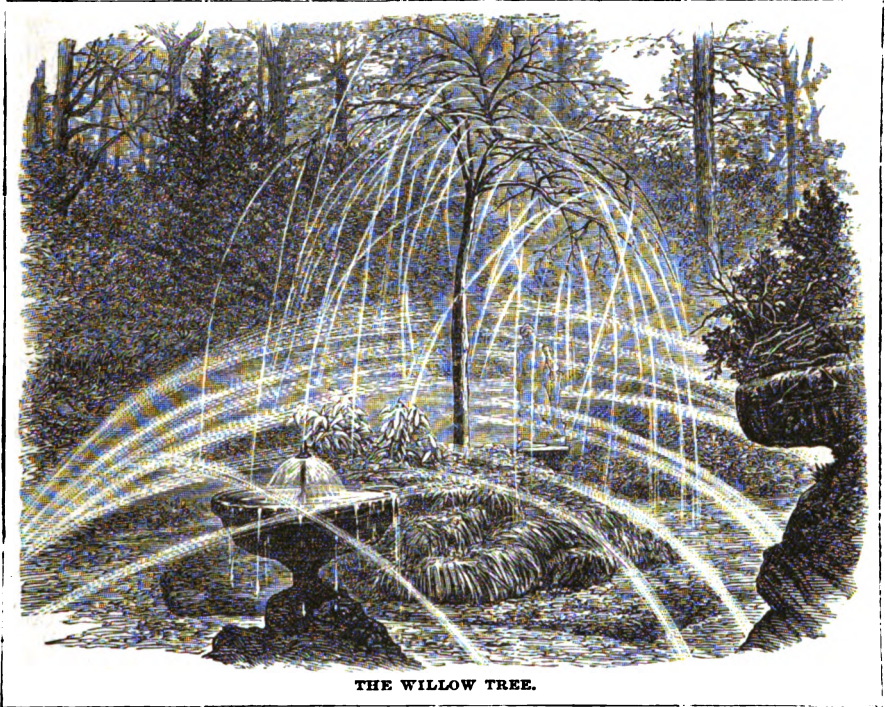
The Great Conservatory is one of the wonders of Chatsworth. Besides its own attraction as the finest conservatory in England, if not in the world, it possesses an historical interest as being the first of its kind ever erected, and as being the original from which was derived the idea of the famous Crystal Palace of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was erected by Sir Joseph, at that time plain Mr. Paxton, and in the employ of the Duke of Devonshire, as general manager of his parks.

tory, a railway, for carrying fuel and other requisites, runs round the entire building.

Of the truly elegant and, indeed, wonderful gardens and parterres on the west and south fronts of the mansion; of the vast kitchen gardens, the largest and most perfectly arranged in the world, perhaps; of the Victoria Regia House, with its gigantic lily, which was first grown and first flowered at Chatsworth; of the Pine-houses and the Vineries, and the thousand and one other attractions of this more than princely seat, we have not space to speak; and shall, therefore, conclude our paper with a brief description of the famous Willow Tree, one of the most striking and ingenious of the waterworks with which Chatsworth is so abundantly supplied. It consists of a weeping willow, some twenty feet in height, formed entirely of copper and lead, and colored in imitation of a real tree. It stands in a charming little circular dell, overhung with forest-trees, and surrounded by banks and rockeries covered with luxuriant ferns and other plants, itself rising from a central rock-work, around which runs a path. At the

entrance to the dell are a vase and fountain, and at the opposite side is a leaden statue of Pan, holding his pipes in his hand, and having a goat at his feet. From each leaf and stem of this remarkable tree the water, when turned on from a small cave hidden in the rock in front, rushes out in a rapid stream, and thus forms a novel kind of shower-bath to any luckless visitor who may happen to be beneath it. At the same time, a number of jets rise up from hidden pipes all around the dell, and these streams being directed angularly upward toward the centre, while those from the tree fall in all directions downward, there is no way of escape without being caught in the heavy shower.

"I wish you'd keep your nose clean," was her answer, as she took up the wrong side of her new linen apron and gave the dear little offending snub-nose a tweak and a twist that brought with it a prolonged "ow-w-wh!" "I hope Ase Brown will teach you, among other things, to keep a clean nose and to lift your feet when you walk. Boys who drag their feet, and stub their toes, and shamble along, like you do, never amount to much—there's not much grit in them," and the bustling little mother rolled down her sleeves, stuck her horn comb tighter into the close, little twist of coiled hair on top of her head, pinned her handkerchief snugger across her bosom, and



THE WILLOW TREE.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 3.

YOU will start to school to-morrow morning; you are five years old now, and you know all your letters, from A to Izzard, 'ceptin' K and Q an' some o' the onimportant ones," said a mother to her little boy, more than fifty years ago.

The child looked up and said: "I'd ruther not go, mammy; I'm 'fraid o' bears."

"No bears 'tween hire and the school-housen; don't think o' such a thing," was her reply, looking down at the sweet-faced little fellow who sat astride of a roughly-hewn short bench. He had a tow string tied to one end of it, which he used for a bridle.

"Wish I could make my hoss go, I'd ride to school, then, wouldn't I, mammy?"

precisely between her shoulders, and telling the boy Billy not to 'wake the baby, she climbed up into the loft by way of the ladder that stood in the corner.

They were very poor. The cabin stood in the woods on a knoll overlooking the country toward the south. The husband, Aaron Crosby, was, among Yankees, styled a "handy man"—that means a man who knows a little of everything—one who can repair a watch as well as make an ox-yoke; one who is never at a loss because of his ingenuity and his inventive genius.

On this cold November day of which we write, Aaron was in the woods getting out timber to work up in the winter. He was laying in a store of hickory saplings of which to make splint brooms, willow and black ash to make baskets, and white wood, or poplar, to make butter bowls and bread trays. He was invaluable in the new neighborhood, this handy man was.

Before it was time to get dinner, Billy tipped his

horse over on one end of the sugar-trough, in which the baby lay asleep, and the little cherub came rolling out very suddenly. He enlivened the occasion by the usual demonstrations, and the mother came down the ladder, two rungs at a time. Billy was soundly cuffed, the bridle broken off his horse, the horse banished into the bleakest corner and the baby soothed by the restorative common in such cases.

"I hope Ase Brown will take the kinks out of you, my lad," said the mother, as she gently wiped the tears off the baby's face on the wrong side of the linen apron.

"Maybe I'll take a notion not to go to school," said the boy, as he stood with his back up against the stone jamb beside the ample fire-place.

"William Crosby! William Crosby! do you dare! If I had this child in the troughft, if I wouldn't warm your good-for-nothing jacket, you little vagabond, you! You'll go to school, sir—and you'll be a man, sir, some time, an' you'll be a good scholar, an' if you're not it'll be your own fault. You shall have good enough learnin' that you can be a 'squire some day, an' keep book instid o' havin' a notched stick like some poor, miserable creeturs have. Lord helpin' me, none o' my children shall ever be obleeged to make their mark instid o' writin' out the name o' Crosby, fair an' square," and the mother, poor, little, excited body that she was, jerked her head with sundry jerks that meant business.

The little boy leaned on his elbow the next morning at the breakfast-table, first toying with the brown linen table-cloth of his mother's own making, then with the bit of coarse corn-cake which his little teeth had daintily nibbled on one side. He was thinking. He leaned his head back and looked up, and then said aloud: "'Fraid I can't get up on the pole when I go to school; will any body help me up on the pole, mammy?"

"For the land's sake! Aaron, what does the young un mean?" asked the mother.

"Don't they all set on poles, in rows, like chickens, say?" said William, as he twisted the corner of the scant table-cloth vigorously.

"No, they sit on benches," replied his father, laughing; "the little ones on low benches and the big scholars on high ones."

"Does the master sit on a pole?" was the next inquiry.

"No, he walks about, and carries a cudgel, and does his duty," said the father.

"Must I do my duty, too?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I won't know how," was the puzzled rejoinder.

"Well, he'll show you, 'f you don't; trust Ase Brown for that, any time," replied his father.

William rubbed his hand on his forehead and sighed.

After breakfast, the child's face was washed the second time, and his hair combed into the fashion which, fifty years ago, was called "the wig." It was little matter how it looked behind, or about the ears, so the wig was there—a heaped up standing peak above the forehead. If the hair was coarse and wiry, it was easily made into one.

William's wig was so successfully made that morning that his mother could hardly bear to spoil her handiwork by putting on his cap. The cap was made somewhat in the shape of a funnel, of woollen yarn, knit, of various colors, in rings that went round and round. On the very point of it was a little tuft of fringy yarn imitating a gay rosette. The cap was drawn on over the head.

Nearly all the boys and men in those early days wore these unsightly and ugly things on their heads; they had the merit, however, of being very warm and comfortable, though they gave the wearers the appearance of wild savages.

The child's dinner consisted of little corn-cakes split open and spread with a thick, brown butter, made of pumpkin, stewed down in the extracted juice of this abundant fruit. These were wrapped up and put into a calico work-pocket with a string in it, which he slipped upon his arm. Children were rarely permitted to have primers or spelling-books until they were old enough to take care of them, and not tear them or make "dog's ears" of the corners of the leaves. Instead of a book, the child was furnished with what was called a paddle. It was a piece of a clap-board of the usual width about a foot long, whittled into the shape of a wide paddle with a broad handle to it. On the smoothest side of this was pasted the alphabet, both the capitals and the smaller letters, and the pupil used this instead of a book.

We will describe this school and school-house because one is a duplicate of all the others in the far West in those early days.

In the early settlement of the country there was no law providing for common schools, no tax levied or other funds provided for the payment of teachers. Hence, all buildings for the use of common schools consisted of some old evacuated dwelling, or, if built for that purpose, had to be done by voluntary contribution of citizens immediately interested. If a new school-house was built, it was usually about sixteen by twenty feet, from seven to eight feet high, and built of round logs in perfect log-cabin style. It was covered with boards split out of large oak trees, about four feet long, from eight to twelve inches wide, and about one and a half inches thick. These were laid on without nailing, but confined to their places by small logs laid on each course of boards. To stop the crevices between the logs, pieces of wood were driven in, called chinking, and on this a thick clay mortar was put, which was called daubing; this was generally done inside and out. If they wanted to make the house a little nice, they would hew off the logs on the inside after the building was put up. The floors were laid with timbers called puncheon, which were usually from eight to ten feet long, split out of large oak trees, made as broad as the logs would admit, and about four inches thick. The door was also made of these same puncheons, only not so thick; it was hung on squeaking wooden hinges, and fastened with a clumsy, clattering latch made of strong hickory. A leather string was fastened to the latch on the inside, and thrust through a hole in the door; by pulling on this string from the outside the rude latch was raised. The windows were

made by cutting out one log on each side, nearly the whole length of the building, and then closing by putting in small upright sticks in the form of sash, and pasting greased paper over them to cause it to admit the light more readily.

As stoves were unknown in those days, a fireplace was used instead. These were made by cutting out a hole in one end of the building, in some cases large enough to admit a two-horse wagon to pass through the cavity. On the outside of the house, and connected with this, the chimney was built of sticks and mortar, sometimes lined on the inside with stone and mortar immediately adjoining the fireplace. In front of the fireplace was a large space left in the floor called the hearth, which was usually covered with flat stones, and hence the old phrase, "hearthstone."

Seats were made of split timber, with legs in them so long that none but long-legged men could touch the floor with their feet. This had one advantage at least—the pupils could make no noise with their feet; but whatever good was attained by this was counteracted by the far greater evil of causing the scholars to sit in this unpleasant posture during the hours of school. The larger and more advanced pupils sat on very high seats that extended the length of the house on both sides; they sat with their backs toward the teacher, and leaned their elbows and laid their books and slates on wide puncheon shelves that were intended for writing-desks. These were fastened against the walls by timbers at the ends. They wrote with pens made out of the quills of geese and turkeys, and used ink made from soft maple bark and coperas. Sometimes a little maple sugar was put into the ink to make it "give a gloss" to the writing.

Ink made with good whisky instead of water never froze in the coldest weather. The first families always made their own ink, and they always put in sugar and number one whisky, and strained it through a linen cloth. A young man who could make good ink generally carried his head very high, and was the envy and admiration of the whole school.

The building of the fire during the winter term was no small item. Every evening a young man was appointed by the teacher to make the fire early the following morning. A huge back-log was rolled into the school-house, and by the aid of handspikes was rolled, and shoved, and worked along, sometimes with great difficulty, up to the hearth. Then a nice bed was made in the ashes, and the great log, trundled over into it, settled down in its place—the cold ashes snugly filled into the space between it and the wall behind it—pressed closely in front of it, and that part of the mystery of making a good woodfire was finished. Two good-sized stones served as andirons, and the fore-stick was laid on them, then kindlings placed between the logs, then chips, small sticks, large ones, chunks and knots, and the remaining odds and ends of the yesterday's fire, and it was ready to start. There was no match to touch it, as of now-a-days; and if no living coal could be found, the builder hurried off to the nearest house and brought a brand between two sticks. Generally,

however, the remains of yesterday's back-log had been nicely buried in the hot ashes, and the fire had kept all night, and came out in the morning a bed of glowing coals.

But how much of the heat of such a fire must have gone up that wide chimney with the roaring red blazes! And *such* blazes! How they leaped, and cheered, and crackled! How they flamed, and danced, and glowed! How the little blazes that burned blue and steady, glowered because the ranting, prancing one in the centre was so mighty and so magnificent, and drew all others into his charmed power!

The teacher, or the "master," as he was called in those days, was generally a man of the neighborhood—the best scholar they had among them—one who could "read, write and cipher," keep good order in time of school, handle the rod with dexterity, and one who didn't "feel above his business." He boarded round with his patrons, a week in a place; attended all the singing-schools, corn-huskings, pumpkin-paring-bees, often went with the boys coon-hunting at nights, showed them how to make "dead-falls" and traps to catch wolves, how to make turkey-pens, how to imitate the call of a turkey, how to tan deer-skins, how to make caps, and mittens, and leggings, how to mend shoes, to make ax-handles, bend the bows for ox-yokes, train calves, break colts, make hand-sleds, write back-hand, and running-hand, and German text, to play cards, a new grip in wrestling—and, in short, the master was the "master of the situation."

Sometimes a cousin or uncle would come from the East to visit his relatives in the far West, and in a case of this kind he was the man to "keep school," and he was soon persuaded into writing his article of agreement, which was carried from house to house until the requisite number of scholars was obtained.

I have in reach of my hand one of those old articles, written fifty years ago. It is too lengthy to give here. I read that the poor young man pledged himself to teach so many hours a day, and so many days for a month, to keep strict order during school hours, and to receive for compensation ten dollars a month, and he boarded among the scholars. He was to take his pay in wheat at fifty cents a bushel, oats at twenty, and corn at twenty-five, to be delivered by or before the first day of the following May, at two mills, many miles apart, which were designated in the article. At the end of three months, his employers were so well pleased that they hired him another month, and increased his wages to eleven dollars.

Young men of now-a-days would derisively whoop over such an incident.

The poor young man died, lamented and beloved, thirty-five years afterward, worth over a hundred thousand dollars.

Oh, these lowly cabin school-houses in the wild backwoods have sent out from under their mossy old roofs the men who have been, and are yet, the very bone and sinew of our nation! Our best and noblest men budded and blossomed, and grew strong physically and intellectually, under these lowly roofs. The dignity of their manhood waxed

noble and great under the difficulties that bore down upon them and seemed to hedge them in. It makes the sparkle steal into my eyes when these homely but trite lines come sweeping up to me:

"For many a lad,
Born to rough work and ways,
Strips off his ragged coat, and makes
Men clothe him with their praise."

I have no doubt but the best men whom the world knows, men who live in ease and luxury now, see in their dreams very often the old cabin school-house, with its dingy walls, the green playground, the beautiful purling spring, the black swamp, in which grew the flags and the pepper-mint, the swing-tree, the alders and willows, and the pretty hazel thickets in which the trusty birds builded their nests, but never hatched their young.

No wonder that Billy Crosby, new pupil, five years of age, pulled back when his father stepped inside the door of the school-house, and looking down with pride upon his little son, took hold of the knit cap by the tasselled peak and drew it off. It was no little thing to stand there the target for so many staring eyes. William's first inclination was to bawl right out; he was astounded, nothing looked as he had imagined it would. He twisted his head, and thought of his mother, and very indefinitely it came to him that he must be a great and a good man, and that this was the beginning, so he swallowed the uprising sob and caught his breath, and, baby as he was, he began to feel brave.

The master came and patted him on the shoulder and straightened up the pretty brown wig that had laid down to accommodate the knit cap, and said: "Glad to see you, William, you're going to be a man, some day, and now sit here and study your paddle, and don't look up at all."

Upon the high seat was the little midget swung like a bundle of dry-goods, and down went his steady gaze upon the familiar alphabet before him. Some one tried to softly open and close the wooden-hinged door, but its creak was like the squall of a catamount, yet William dared not look up, although his sinking heart felt that his father had just gone out, and he was left there among strangers. No, not among strangers, for the big boy behind him on the high seat, studying fractions, was none other than one of Broady's boys, that one who gave him a handful of red thorn berries, one time. While the master was punching the fire, William sneaked up a hurried glance, and sure enough the boy was Reason Broady.

"Ho!" he thought, "I'm not afraid! Reas. will take care of me!"

Reas. smiled and looked approvingly at the boy and his wig, and slipping his hand into the pocket in his linsey trousers, drew out and gave him a whole handful of nice pumpkin seeds to eat "on the sly."

In describing one of the schools of fifty and sixty years ago, in the West, we give a general description of all.

The teacher walked about nearly all the time with a stout cudgel or heavy switch in his hand,

saying: "Too much noise!" "Better order!" "Less whispering!" "Tend to your books!" "Come, come!" "This won't do!" and, sometimes, especially if he had been out on a spree the night before, and was ill-natured from loss of sleep, then he was very apt to get out of patience and go the whole rounds with his rod, whipping indiscriminately all who occupied the front seats. This was done with a hearty good will, and quite after the manner that a man would whip a team of balky horses. This was the way Asa Brown did, and he meant it to act as a tonic.

There were not less than forty pupils congregated in this new school-house in the wildwood, fifty years ago. There were the Bailsys, and Halls, and Henrys, and Wilsons, and Carnahans, all from Pennsylvania; the Bennetts, and Stewarts, and Moultons, and Whipples, from Maryland; the Cliffs, and Patties, and Harmons, and Kellers, and Hols, from Virginia; and more than a half dozen families represented from the State of New York; while all the dear old New England States, in the far-distant East, were well and creditably represented.

A practised eye could detect, in less than one day's time, the native State of nearly every one of these rosy, hardy young pioneers. The young men who hailed from Virginia, wore, almost universally, red linsey hunting-shirts trimmed with blue fringe; or, blue linsey, trimmed with red, or red and green mixed, fringe. And our grandparents tell us that, after one became accustomed to the garment, it really looked pretty, and jaunty, and becoming. But we cannot be made to believe this when we think of the little clinging tails, short, and adorned with narrow fringe, and the broad cape that extended even over the shoulders.

The young Virginian's vernacular betrayed his nativity; for "poor" he said "pore," for "ear" he said "year," and other words indicative of whence he came. There was a cordial heartiness in the greeting of the buxom lads and lasses from Pennsylvania, with their "tuck" for "took," "shuck" for "shook," "barl" for "barrel," "marr'd" for the softer pronunciation of *married*, that gave unmistakable proof of the royal old State from whence they immigrated. Those who came from "my Maryland" told the fact even when they pronounced the name of their dear native State, "Murryland." The pupils from "York State" were very different from the rest. They brought with them more refinement than any of the others—more cute ways; they knew different plays and kinds of amusement that the rest had never heard of. Those from the three States above named rather sniffed at what they considered an innovation, some things rather weak and feminine, not brave and manly enough to please them.

But, if there was any aristocracy at all, I must confess, even though it comes home to myself, that I believe the New Englanders brought it with them. I think their noses turned up one degree higher than their neighbors' noses. My old aunt will say to me, with sundry smirks of satisfaction: "My best dress in those early days was made of one of my mother's, a pongee, or a crimson cam-

let, or a plaid merino. My grandfather brought it home from a sea-faring trip."

But all this amounts to nothing; what good did their pongee or camlet dresses do them when the greased paper windows of the school-house were badly torn, and they were appointed a committee to repair them, and could not possibly do it because they had no wheat flour to make paste. Who ever heard of yellow meal paste, and especially when the coarse meal was made from corn pounded in a mortar, at home, and that mortar one of the hollowed-out stumps that stood in the front door-yard.

No one State furnished pupils who were any apter than another. Massachusetts, the mother State, had done generously by her children, perhaps she had given them more polish than the sterling States of Virginia and Pennsylvania had bestowed upon theirs, but not an iota more of native talent, integrity and good sense.

How the pioneer boys from New England were laughed at when they had to hurry home in the evenings to "pail the keows," or to "help sis do a churnin'," before they could go to the jolly spelling-school. None but Yankee boys ever did this until—well—well—when they intermarried, and love, that mighty potentate, made all burdens turn to pleasures—transformed all these old, old habits over into a perfect newness and delight.

A motley assemblage were convened inside the walls of that log-cabin school-house. Here was a boy wearing a roundabout made by cutting the skirts off from his father's high-collared, short-waisted, well-kept wedding coat. The skirts were still doing valiant service made over into a vest. Here were two boys in buckskin pantaloons that had been wet and dried on them, and fitted to the skin; here one with a gay coat made of some queer material, adorned with dabs of bright paint of different colors—it was a coat bought from the Indians, and they had got it of some French traders; here a couple of young men in white linsey wamusses, made in a hurry and not yet dipped into a dye of butternut bark, for the plucky little mother was determined that they should not miss one day of school; two little boys in tight little trousers, made out of their grandmother's fine woollen shawl with the fringe running down the outside seams in the legs. This last rare bit of adornment was duly appreciated, and the lads felt of, and caressed their fringe, even as quite young men of now-a-days pet a feeble moustache. Here was a girl clad in a scant dress of coarse cotton and wool, a home-made fabric that had been honestly dipped in a dye made of the yellow flowers of the golden rod; another girl wore a brown linsey, made too big in the clumsily-fitting waist, but lapped over behind, and pinned with thorns. Her hair was likewise braided into six tight, snug braids, which were then done up into six little bobs and fastened in place with thorns, instead of pins. Another girl wore a linen dress, and a woollen apron, and a dress-handkerchief pinned closely about her neck. Yellow horn combs were very common among those who were well-to-do and could afford them. Cowhide shoes that came not quite up to the ankle, tied with wide,

stout, white buckskin thongs, were a luxury among the young women. It was no new thing for a family of four or five women to own but two pairs of shoes among them.

At noon the boys and girls would all play ball, and "prisoner's base," and "black man," with a freedom and a hilarity that was good for health and for sociability. The little ones played "tag" and "toss," and those of the girls who had exalted notions of what belonged to young womanhood, stayed in the house and knit mittens with "her-ring bone" about the wrists, and fringed them with thrums of various colors; or they knit stockings with fancy open work about the tops, and toed them off with white yarn. Some of the smart ones knew how to knit double heels, and clocks to decorate the ankles. This latter work was, I believe, generally, or more specially adapted to hose knit of cotton or snow-white, bleached, flaxen thread. Pretty little accomplishments like these were reckoned as something very nice in those early days.

As the years went on, Aaron Crosby continued making bowls, and baskets, and brooms, and his little chippy of a wife chirped to the new babies, and improvised songs for them, as she banged the loom and sent the shuttle a-flying, and laid out on the grassplot her honest webs of linen. Her little wheel buzzed long after the babies were tucked away in the trundle beds that Aaron had made out of dogwood poles and elm bark. Sometimes she sang hymns as the flaxen thread glided through her deft fingers; and sometimes, when weary with her many burdens, and bowed down under the trials that beset the wife of a poor pioneer, why then the poor dear scolded. She was a noble woman, and deserved to wear a crown—noble because of the beautiful and sensible aspirations she cherished for her children. "Vagabone" was the worst word she ever used. We suppose vagabond was her very lowest conception of worthlessness and meanness. She kept her boys at school all the time; no privation could hinder her from this; and when fortune smiled sweetly on Aaron, as it really did in the years to come, then the Crosbys removed to another home, where golden opportunities were theirs, and where the best of educational advantages met them.

William became a printer, then an editor in a city, where he had hosts of friends; and it gives us immense satisfaction to say that a good many years ago we read in the papers the name of the little boy Billy as the Hon. William Crosby. And later, we read of the appointment of this son of that plucky little mother as minister to some foreign country; and then, years after, there was a hail of good cheer among the leading papers of one of the States of the old-time West when the Hon. William Crosby returned to his native land crowned with honors.

In my quiet home I rubbed my hands gleefully, and my eyes were misty with joy over this poor boy, the pride of a true mother—the lad who had climbed the dizzy heights, who stood a victor over poverty and adversity—one who had "stripped off his ragged coat, and made men clothe him with their praise."

One day last fall my father laid down the papers containing the results of the election, and as he wiped his glasses he chuckled and said: "Blood will tell. Now here's Mr. —, the congressman elect from the —th district, he is related to Aaron Crosby's wife. It does beat all! I am so glad to see the honors gathering about that little, wide-awake woman. I tell you it's a fine thing to have good blood and a pure line of ancestry! I'd rather have it than to inherit a kingdom and a throne."

I felt my eyes snap as I responded: "Aye, aye, father."

AT EVENTIDE.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

SWEETHEART and precious wife,
Lean closer, prithee, in this solemn eventide,
'Tis lonely pressing down the chilly slope of life—

Lean closer to my side.
Behind us roars the world with all its strife
Of human passions, clamoring and unsatisfied;
Before us, still and wide,
Mysterious, and beautiful, and grand,
Rise the blue mountains of the immortal summer land.

Heart's love, and dearest dear,
We walk the sad, brown fields, through dry,
dead hopes, wind-whirled,
In this December of our life's long wedded year,
Plucking the leaf frost-curl'd,
And looking with calm faith upon the sere,
And shrunken bud, wherein we know lie softly
furled
The spring flowers of a world
Which we shall enter shortly, finding there
The good we miss, the truth we seek, the life we
dare.

Is't thou, my bosom mate,
Or I, who first shall cross that still, white border
line,
Leaving the other sad, and lone, and tired, to wait
Love's tender, beckoning sign—
Love's hand outstretched to undo the grave's dark
gate,
And lead the longing captive into life divine?
Ah, we who have together drank the wine
Of joy, and drained the bitter dregs of woe—
Can either stay in peace, and let the other go?

How could it be, my sweet,
For us, who have walked together since the
morn of May,
And borne as one the toil, and sweat, and pain, and
heat,
And burden of the day—
And watched for the return of wandering feet,
And bowed in anguish over precious confined
clay—
How could it be, I pray,
A joy to sit in Paradise, if so,
The joy we might not share, as we have shared
our woe?

Dear love, souls that have grown
As ours, with fiber upon fiber intertwined,

Each drawing on the other freely as its own—

Soul within soul enshrined—
Cannot be rent, and one sent forth alone,
But it will seek, through the wide universe of
mind,
Restless, till it shall find,
And bring into its own exalted state,
The dearer self, the longing and the longed-for
mate.

Lean closer, dearest friend,
Our shadows to the eastward lengthen more and
more,
Our earthly day is wearing downward to its end,
And from the other shore
Come strange, mysterious tokens that portend
A change—a flood of glory that shall ere long pour
Through the dissolving door
Of fleshly sense that shuts our spirits in;
Lord, we but wait. Forgive our debts, remove
our sin!

CONCERNING WOMEN.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

EVEN the most conservative and prejudiced people can but admit that this is emphatically *the woman's century*. The rapid advancement which she has made during the last fifty years in literature, science and the arts, is, indeed, wonderful; yet it is the active, living present and the glad future to which we turn with eager, hopeful faces for a final and full release from all that hitherto has held her in subjection. If our revered grandmothers and great-aunts could read, write and cipher, their education was deemed complete; to-day, many of our leading colleges throw open their doors to young women. A quarter of a century ago, the obstacles in the path of a would-be medical student among women were almost insurmountable; now, there are not only successful medical colleges for women, but also numerous institutions where women are admitted on equal terms with men, to study the "divine art of healing." When women first began to practice as physicians, they had ignorant prejudice to overcome. Their advent was too often hailed with sneers, and even slander, by men who selfishly sought to monopolize the profession; now, they not unfrequently attain popularity sooner than physicians of the other sex.

As artists and sculptors, women occupy a very prominent position at the present time, though the envy of brother artists still seeks to keep them in the background, and often refuses to accord a rightful merit to their works.

As authors and journalists, women are no longer obliged to hide behind masculine *nom de plumes* in order to obtain a proper recognition, but find themselves welcomed and esteemed in the front ranks of literature.

As orators, many of them take their places with the most successful of men, in fact, there are two women in this country who, in the number of their lecture engagements, have no equal among men except the ever-popular Gough.

Thirty years ago, there were, comparatively, few

lady teachers, and these either carried on "female" (!) seminaries or taught the primary departments of the city schools, or the little summer schools in the country. It took a long time to convince conservatives that it was right and proper for women to teach and often "usurp authority" over full-grown men, but we now find them filling the positions of ward-school principals and even principals of high-schools. In some towns women have been selected as superintendents; in several of the Western States they occupy the position of county superintendent. In Cleveland, Ohio, one of the supervising principals is a young lady of great talent and culture.

In various departments of business, as telegraphy, phonography and the like, women have recently been meeting with increasing success. In stores and post-offices the "lady clerks" are no longer objects of surprised condemnation. "The law and the gospel" are claiming their votaries, much to the sorrow and disgust of some, and the exceeding joy of others.

The old restrictions to woman's fullest development are, however, by no means all removed, for in many of the vocations in which women are winning success, they find obstacles which are never met with by men. Prejudice against innovations, time-honored contempt for the capabilities of women, narrow-minded and even ridiculous views in regard to woman's "proper sphere" and the untiring opposition of many envious men who wish the monopoly of all the lucrative employments of life, are among the hindrances to be overcome by self-supporting women.

The old barbaric idea that they should be underpaid because of their sex, though gradually losing ground, still holds great sway over the public mind. Women lecturers are not yet welcomed as are men of the same profession, for instead of half the speakers in the lecture courses of our cities and towns being women, it is considered an extreme mark of condescension and appreciation, if the committees fill one-third the appointments with women; the usual rule is, one lady orator and six or eight gentlemen. The "patient public" must submit to be bored by awkward, prozy Englishmen, who hasten over to this country every season to relieve us of our "spare cash," and certain of their American brethren who, having achieved a little notoriety as poets or novelists, rush upon the platform and, for a season or two, secure from deluded associations their fees of one or two hundred dollars a night, yet causing innumerable growls among those very conservatives who are so fearful of extending "the list of women."

As preachers, women have, by no means, had anything like equal opportunities with men; but the success of Mrs. Margaret Van Cott and Sarah Smiley is sufficient to warrant an expectation of a rapid growth of the kingdom of Christ when women are permitted to come up to "the help of the Lord against the mighty."

During the late temperance crusade, women have come to the front and learned important lessons concerning their own capabilities and necessities. As a "training school" for women, the

temperance movement will prove of immense benefit, even if its effect upon drinkers and drunkard-makers is only temporary.

The clergy, so many of whom have heretofore sought to keep women in a subordinate and half-Pagan condition, notwithstanding that the very essence of the Christian religion teaches equal rights for all, without regard to race, color or sex, have almost uniformly been active in urging women on in their prayer, praise, exhortation and entreaty! This momentous work, so very "public" and so much "seen of men," has been found a cultivator of all true, womanly virtues, for, instead of detracting from that modesty and reserve so charming to womanhood, it has given to many a strength of purpose, a wider view of the needs of humanity and especially of their own sex, and has developed an ability to plan and a determination to execute those plans in a manner hitherto exhibited only by a few brave, energetic women who have found themselves scouted therefor as "strong-minded."

The so-called "woman's sphere" is widening with such rapidity that everywhere we find old fogies rubbing their eyes in approved Rip Van Winkle style and stretching out their hands with dismay, so that, if possible, they may hinder the onward march of truth and right. Their frantic gestures and loud outcries are at once pitiable and comical, for, however much we may regret that any should remain the victims of a narrow-minded conservatism, yet, in the light of the present day, the spectacle of these moral mummies with their old, dried-up creeds and social formulas, are quite as unseemly and ridiculous as they would like to prove the friends of progress and reform to be. Greater opportunities will bring with them greater responsibilities, and women will need, more than ever before, healthy bodies and well-balanced, cultivated minds. If this advancement of women to higher and wider fields of usefulness, secures that careful physical and mental culture, which has so often been sadly lacking among them, what an unspeakable boon it will prove to the entire human race. To be sure, the learned (?) Dr. Clarke sought to show that the highest mental training and physical well-being are incompatible for women, but, after the demolition he has received by the pens of Mrs. Duffey and others, it is quite unnecessary to renew the discussion. It is enough to know that the majority of the best educated American women are superior in their health and powers of endurance.

A thoroughly cultivated woman, one with high aims and earnest hopes of achievement and a wish to make the world better by having lived in it, will not torture her body by wearing her clothing tight and improperly suspended. Science has already taught her that plenty of breathing room and undisplaced vital organs are *absolutely essential* to the highest intellectual attainments and effective effort, and by physiological dressing she avoids the principal source of the numerous ills with which women are afflicted. One of the most urgent of the present needs of women is a knowledge of physiology. Comparatively few of them can attend lectures upon the subject, but *all* can,

and should, read instructive books. I know of none more valuable than "What Women Should Know," by Mrs. E. B. Duffey, whose name is so familiar to the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE. It is written plainly, yet with the utmost purity of tone. I had long felt the necessity of such a book, prepared by a woman, and would gladly see it in the hands of every woman in the country, old or young, married or single. I mention this exceedingly valuable and readable book entirely without solicitation, believing that its careful perusal cannot fail to benefit all women of sense.

Again, women should keep themselves well posted in regard to all passing events of importance; they should know what is going on in the religious and political worlds; but they cannot unless they continually read several of the best newspapers. There has been a grand reform among women in this respect since the commencement of the rebellion, for then it was that the masses of women began to feel their equal right to the news of the day. Yet there is still a great multitude of American-born women who read but little that is of any service as a mental diet. The trashy "story weeklie," which should be written with an *a*, form the sum total of the reading of very many of the sisterhood. I am very far from condemning all fiction, but the ridiculous twaddle which is sent out from many of the large cities to be eagerly devoured by thousands of people should at once receive the condemnation of all intelligent women. By this means, they will themselves be led to select a better style of literature, and also prevent their children, both boys and girls, from acquiring a taste for inferior mental food.

Nothing is more entertaining than the conversation of a bright, well-educated, reading woman; the freshness of her youthful looks may have departed, but the brilliancy of her ideas, set in well-chosen words, soon leads her hearers to forget any loss of youthful plumpness, or graceful outlines of form and face. In fact, there is no better preservative of good looks than active, well-stored minds.

It has been my good fortune within the last few years to meet with very many of the most talented and highly cultivated of my countrywomen, and with few exceptions I have found them endowed with more than ordinary physical beauty. The old saying, "Why she is too pretty to be smart," will soon be classed among other silly sayings of ignorant people. Intellectual endowments and manly beauty have never been thought incompatible, for, in fact, our greatest men are usually blessed with fine physiques; but from time immemorial, girls and women have been taught that a pretty face and fine figure were the only needful possessions for their sex, and that it was unnecessary for any but irredeemably homely women to cultivate their minds. Having thus been taught, it has not been surprising to find those whom nature had given fine minds as well as handsome faces, devoting the whole of their attention and solicitude to the best methods of enhancing the beauty of the latter, without any thought of the necessity of culture for the former.

Thank Heaven that these pernicious views, savoring of Oriental harem life, are fast giving

place to those of an enlightened common sense. It is true that there are women of very limited brain-power who have a kind of doll-like beauty in early life, but they soon fade, and their minds and faces are equally uninteresting, while the handsome, intellectual lady, who has cultivated both mind and body, usually retains her physical beauty till long past the prime of life.

"I don't see that you grow old any," said a gentleman to a lady friend, whom he had not met for some time.

"Well, not very fast, I think," she replied, no-wise flattered by words she knew were true and spoken with sincerity; "for I have something else to interest me in the world beside washing dishes. I certainly do a great deal of that kind of work; but most women have nothing more elevating for subjects of thought, and while yet in early life their faces become wrinkled and colorless."

There is nothing more ennobling to the mind, and hence beautifying to the face, than a life of generous activity, which seeks the widest culture, and strives to aid "our poor humanity" upward to a broader, truer civilization. Women whose thoughts and aims are circumscribed by their own little rounds of every-day duties, whose reading never goes beyond the "weekly" story papers and cook-books, whose chief topics of conversation are the neighborhood scandals and bickerings, the beaux and the latest styles, and who, as is probable, scout all ideas of "woman's rights" and outside duties, must not be surprised to find themselves soon doing duty as wall-flowers in society, and becoming faded and insipid "old women" at forty.

No woman with well-stored mind, good literary tastes and benevolent activities, will often be found a victim of *ennui*. To her life will not be a holiday, and she will feel most keenly the sorrows and bereavements which are the lot of all. Yet, looking abroad over our beautiful world, she will find so much that is cheering, will see so many noble characteristics of humanity, and will so strongly feel the necessity of speaking brave words in defence of the right and vigorously denouncing the wrong, that she will have no time or inclination to dwell much upon the "might have beens," to depreciate her own lot in life, or to conjure up a variety of bodily ills.

It will, indeed, be a foretaste of millennial glory, when women, no longer hampered by musty old creeds concerning their "proper sphere," shall be given opportunities for the fullest development of all their powers of mind, and shall be encouraged to take whatever position in life they can fill with the greatest ability and satisfaction. Therefore, all hail! to the present days, whose events are stirring them out of their almost hopeless torpor, and thank God for Woman's Rights Conventions, Congresses for the Advancement of Women, and Woman's Crusades against Intemperance.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.



TO A PRETTY STRANGER.

I DO not know you, lady fair!
 Perhaps I never may,
 (For Fate can seldom drop so rare
 A treasure in my way).
 Still memory may take delight
 In trying to recall
 The comet of a shiny night—
 The Beauty of a Ball.
 To hear the song—to see the dance
 In which you flitted by—
 To summon up that haughty glance
 Before the mental eye—
 Such sights and sounds I shall esteem
 A privilege, though small;
 And you shall reign throughout my dream,
 The Beauty of a Ball.

You feel, I fancy, very proud;
 Or, maybe, very vain:
 You find the homage of the crowd
 A pleasant thing to gain.
 But say,—is yours a happy state?
 I cannot guess at all
 What sentiments may animate
 The Beauty of a Ball.
 My lady fair! your winning ways,
 Your figure, face and dress
 Will haunt me many, many days,
 In all their loveliness.
 But should we meet—where'er it be—
 (Park, *fête* or banquet-hall,)
 You have no name but this for me—
 "The Beauty of a Ball."

GIRLS, HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

BY MARY GAY ROBINSON.

(From the *Methodist*.)

OF the large five-story brick houses in St. Mark's Place, New York, No. 27 has a special interest. It is the Girls' Lodging-House, established and supported by the Children's Aid Society.

The modern improvements, making the great house convenient for its present use, have all gone up skyward, as the third story and the fourth and fifth stories in the French roof are new, and arranged as dormitories filled with single beds and as many small lockers or closets extending the length of the rooms. In the rear, from the top-most story, the fire-escape descends to the ground.

The spacious parlors, and the usual elegant apartments of a first-class New York house, here serve as reception-room, with piano, pictures, books, Brussels carpets and lace curtains; the back parlors as the *sewing-machine class-room*, where are twenty-five machines arranged in rows, and a large cutting-table. Here pupils come in from outside, and learn to operate on all the machines that are in common use in our factories and stores.

On the second story is the sitting-room of the house and the matron's room, and above that the *dressmaking department*, opened last spring. Any young girls who show a capacity for learning this trade are given board and home for three, four and six months, and a competent dressmaker has charge of them. We were shown elegant dresses in process of completion, of merino, diagonal cloth and poplin; the room was well hung with all the latest patterns, and the most fashionable lady might here leave her fabrics with assurance that they would be made up in the latest style and in perfect taste.

Seven young lady apprentices are now learning their trade, and all they need is the regular patronage of the lady friends of the institution to keep the department successful and remunerative.

The work of the whole house is done by the inmates, with the exception of one hired laundress, who can show the novices how to do their work in better style. Girls with no money come and work for their board till situations are obtained for them, and almost as soon as a girl is well trained she is in demand for a situation that is sure to offer.

An advertisement is kept in the *Sun* that there is such a place, policemen who find girls wandering on the streets send them here, and cards are distributed through all the station-houses of the city, that all who need a refuge may find it. The night is cold and stormy, half snow and rain. As we talk with the matron, the bell rings, and a woman is ushered in—a hard case, a drunkard by the look of her face and breath. She brings a note from a kind-hearted gentleman who knew the matron.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Boston; the lady died I worked for."

"Have you any money?"

"No, marm. I sent my money home to my

sister, who is a widow with four little children."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, marm." (She looks to be twenty-five or thirty.)

"Well, you may go up-stairs, take off your things, and dry yourself by the fire."

"We must not turn them away such a night as this; but she is a hard case; we can't keep her long, she may harm the others."

The procession of *Lcs Miserables* is quite long. The door-bell, like a funeral knell, keeps striking "one more unfortunate." Time after time its summons is answered. And here come a family group—a woman forlorn in looks, like those that sit on the sidewalks with a baby in lap and the empty hand held out; and this one has a baby, peaked, shriveled, face all forehead, a few stray locks of hair on its head, pale as the ghost of a baby; but the kind matron says, "pretty baby!" "pretty baby!" to please the poor mother; and two little boys complete the group, sent here from the society office, while the father and an older boy are sent to some boys' lodging-house.

Over fifteen hundred young women, homeless, friendless and forlorn, passed through this house last year. And who are they? Mrs. Hurley, the experienced and devoted matron, will picture a few of them for us. One is a pretty, blue-eyed little girl of eleven, who was thrust out upon the street. Her story was: "She asked for something to eat, and they licked her awful, and put her out on the street." She wandered into an industrial school, and the teacher sent her to the lodging-house.

"One night last winter we were aroused about midnight by a terrible knocking at the door, and looking out saw a girl and a man on the stoop and a crowd on the sidewalk. She was a young girl of sixteen, who had been found by the good man who brought her, sitting on a doorstep crying. This was her story: Some young man in his summer visit to the country had made love to her, and had promised to marry her if she would come to the city. She had fallen desperately in love with him. Knowing his name, and that he lived in Fourteenth Street, New York, she had slipped away from her home and come to the city to find him. Wandering all day long through the streets, night overtook her, and she knew not where to go. Happening to fall into good hands, she had been brought here. We found she was an orphan of respectable parentage, with an aged grandmother and a guardian. We wrote to her friends, and the grandmother came and took back the rescued child, grateful for our care."

Another in the procession:

"A young girl and her brother came on from South America. Their parents and relatives were dead. A gentleman took them West, and in a few years the brother died. The day he was buried, the sorrow-stricken sister took the cars, and when the conductor came and asked where she was going she did not know."

"Are you going to New York?"

"Yes."

"Arrived here, she wandered the streets, and, in search of work, went into an intelligence office."

After paying a dollar, she was promised a good situation, questioned as to her home and friends, and placed in an inner room to wait. Late in the afternoon the man offered to give her a note to a lady who would keep her for the night, and sent a boy with her to make sure she would not miss the way. On reaching the house, she was shown to a handsomely-furnished room, in which were seated two ladies. One seemed to be an invalid; the other took the note and read it, and asked her to lie down and rest while she had tea prepared for her. But as soon as the older lady left the room, the other started up, and, with impressive words and earnest gestures, bade her go quickly from the house. 'Go! go! for your life, go!' 'I flew down the stairs, and, opening the door, I dashed out and fled along the street to a park, where I sat down and cried till a policeman came, who, finding I had no place to go to, sent me here.'

"This is but a specimen," says the matron. "This great city is full of traps for the destruction of young girls; and on the part of our young girls there are two causes why these traps are so successful—*laziness and love of dress*."

"At this lodging-house we give meals and lodging in return for what the girls can do about the house. We have fifty-three beds, and last winter, for a time, we were more than full; but usually we have only about thirty or forty lodgers. Some who come pay one dollar and a half a week, and go out and look for work. Servant girls come here between service and stay till they find places. Shop-girls stay till they can earn money to get a boarding place; and nearly all our lodger are domestics, doing the entire work of our large house, which we consider a training service, though we are not able to teach special departments of work, as cooking and laundry work, to any great extent. At Christmas we have a turkey dinner, mock mince pie, roast beef; at tea extra cake and apple-sauce, and in the evening a reunion, to which we invite all the girls we know; at Christmas Eve, Santa Claus comes with a present for every girl in the house."

"Every Sunday we have services—in the morning a Bible class, in the evening addresses from gentleman from Dr. Tyng's House of the Evangelists; and every second Sunday Mr. Brace conducts the service."

At No. 47 East Tenth Street, we find a large house with the sign, "Free Training School for Women." The training is done by ladies who volunteer their services, and are there during the day. There is a cheap restaurant in the basement. A man comes every week and gives lectures on cooking. Working-girls are taught three days in the week, and ladies two days, and servant-girls come here to find places. They also teach sewing, dressmaking and telegraphy. Mrs. Hodges and Miss Carson have the school in charge. When we called, the ladies were gone for the day, and there was no one who could give much information.

In Seventh Avenue, corner West Thirteenth Street, is the Home for Friendless Girls.

This is doing a good work, and one much needed. The matron tells us: "We receive girls and young women from ages of ten to twenty-five, keep them

one month while they do the work of the house, and then we send them to Christian homes in the country. They come here from the hospital, cured, but not well enough to go to work. We have a great many applications from women from twenty-five to sixty years of age. We have to say, 'No.' There seems to be no place for them. We have taken a few girls, who receive low wages, as boarders. There are three sewing-machines in the house, and we teach all who want to learn to use them. We average twenty-two in family, and they are coming and going all the time; those who remain and those who have come in during the year number one hundred and seventy-seven."

All these institutions appeal to the Christian public for aid to carry on their much needed work.

MAKING A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MARY H. THORNE.

MY father was married in the year 1820. About the same time, his father, a small farmer in one of the eastern counties of the then new State of Ohio, in company with some of his neighbors, concluded to sell out, and move farther west, in order to buy land for his children.

The country along the Ohio River was being rapidly filled up, and settlements were forming up the creeks. But, a short distance back from the watercourses, it was all unbroken. There was no danger, at that time, from wild men or wild beasts; the one great obstacle to be overcome was the heavy forests. Into that grandfather and his friends moved. In the first settling of the State, there had been a trail "blazed" from Cincinnati to Portsmouth. It had been "cut out" and "worked" where the stumps would allow it. It was known as the "big road;" there was no other near but paths and "blazes." Grandfather bought land adjoining this road. Father stayed with him until he had a house built and a clearing made; and then, with nothing but his hands and his axe, he went into the woods to make himself a home.

Grandfather had expended all his means in buying land, and had no more to give. And with a feeling still held by some, he seemed to think it would not be safe to trust his children with absolute control of the property he gave them, so he only gave father a "title bond" for his land, with a provision that he could never sell it without his consent; and on those conditions he, a boy not more than twenty, went into the woods, cut the timber off a spot for a yard and garden, built him a cabin and moved in, before his first child was born, in the fall of 1821. Their possessions were small, but hope was large.

They had but one bed, but father bored holes in the wall in which he inserted the ends of two poles, at the proper distance away he fixed two forks to receive the other ends, a pole for the side, some clap-boards for a bottom; his mother gave him linen for a "tick," which he filled with straw; then mother took feathers enough out of her bed to make a pair of pillows, and—they had a spare bed. The rest of their furniture was all equally primitive.

And here they toiled for years. Father had no team, and was compelled to "crop" with some neighbor who had land enough cleared to take a "cropper," that is, a hand who would attend a crop and take a part of it for his pay.

When not employed on his own ground, he worked by the month or day for any one forehanded enough to hire, and so procured those things for his family that he was compelled to buy; and every hour possible, toiling at his own homestead, deadening, chopping, burning, with mother's help, each year widened the area of his own arable land. But it was slow work. Mother was dissatisfied and he was discouraged, when an event occurred which changed matters for them greatly.

Southern Ohio was not surveyed and laid off in sections, like other western lands, but had been granted to officers in the Revolutionary War, as a reward for their services, and they had had them surveyed and their grants located, (loosely, indeed, sometimes two, or even three, claims being "laid" on the same land,) and they, or their heirs, had agents through the country to sell their lands to settlers, and to attend to their interests generally. The man who had the care of the lands in this particular neighborhood, lived in a town near where father was raised, and had known him all his life, and, of course, when he came to see after his employer's affairs, he stayed among his old acquaintances. He was a shrewd man, and it did not take him long to find how things were going with every one around him.

Among these was the man whose land joined father's on one side. He had bought of the same agent, and had been one of the first men, if not the first, who had settled in the neighborhood, at least, he had the best improved farm in the settlement.

It was the custom, at that time, to sell the land to settlers, taking what they could pay down, and allowing them almost their own time to pay the balance, with a low rate of interest, the agent holding the deed, and giving the buyer a title-bond, assuring it to him when he filled the conditions of it. Falling in these, the land was forfeited to the original owner. This man had bought in this way, and built a cabin and a stable, cleared up at least three fields, planted an apple-orchard of good fruits, which, with some pear and cherry-trees, were in full bearing; and had dug a well. After doing all this he had become discouraged and was going to give it up.

General B., the agent, was staying at father's when he learned this, and he proposed to him to sell his little home and buy this. It looked like an utter impossibility, but mother was eager to try. Of course, on the tenure which father held his land, he could only sell it through or to his father, who, at first, refused to listen to any proposal of the kind; but, after days of importunity, mostly from General B., he offered to take back the land at a nominal price, but not a cent in money to make the necessary first payment. Finding him inexorable, the agent proposed to father to take the place, giving his notes, and taking the bond, he waiving the payment down.

It was generous of him, but he told mother "he was bound to give Eli a chance," and he was not afraid to trust him. His father's hardness hurt father's kindly heart cruelly. But, perhaps, it was best. He got a horse (he had managed to get one before), and some farming utensils, a cow, a few sheep and some hogs, and he had now as much cleared land as he could attend to. He moved to his new home, building a new cabin close to the old one, and there I, his first girl, was born.

It took long years of toil and saving to pay for that home, but it was a happy one, for all that; the soil produced well, but there was no market near for years, and money was hard to get, and men used to go "down to the river to harvest," and "down the river to cut cord-wood," or to the "salt-works," to get money to pay their tax, buy leather and salt, three things that could not be done without money. Father never did but the first, but he toiled early and late, planting and sowing, and each year clearing a little more ground, my brothers helping, with their little might, and even mother, after weaving or spinning all day, would go out and gather brush or pick trash to burn till late bed-time, and we all knew that no money must be spent for anything. But, in those times of home-spun, a thrifty woman could do much, and mother was that, truly. Not only was her family always comfortable, but in the villages for miles around, Mrs. —'s jeans, white flannels, linen coverlets and counterpanes, were as well known as some mills are to-day, and though they did not bring money, they did bring a great many comforts, and, for those times, luxuries.

After a time, there was a mill built on the "big creek," six or seven miles away, to do merchant work. Before this the settlers had depended on hand-mills or horse-mills for their bread, but now these men not only ground grain for bread, but bought the surplus, and all the pork in the country, at a low figure, to be sure, but they paid the money for it. That was an era for that section of country, I can tell you. And then came a memorable year, when an enterprising farmer on the river concluded to build a flat-boat himself, and pack his own pork and take his own flour to New Orleans, the only route to the seaboard or the east at all accessible to us at that time; and he announced that he would finish filling his boat, on commission, for such farmers as would trust him with their produce, and father gladly availed himself of the opportunity. And then came a season of working and saving such as we had never known before. As mother said, "every edge had to cut." There was a couple of beeves fattened and killed, all the pork that could be spared was packed, and all the wheat, but just enough for a Sunday loaf, or a mess of warm biscuit, once in a great while, was ground and sent off.

But it was all repaid when Colonel N. returned, and father received money enough, as he joyfully declared, "to swing him clear of the world." And the very next day he put on his many-caped big coat, and mounted "Doctor" and rode twenty miles to D. to make the last payment on his land and receive the longed-for deed which secured his home to him and his children.

I would like to tell the readers of the *HOME* something of the amusements of those times, the "rollings," the "raisings," the "flax-pulling," the quiltings, the apple-cutting and the sugar-making, the schools, and, above all, the camp-

meeting. But my article is too long already. The young of the present day can scarcely be made to comprehend the hardships and privations of those who, through them, conquered the wilderness and made of it *HOMES*.

The Story-Teller.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SEE there—and there—and there—and there," said John Farrington to Mrs. Dilloway, one morning in the following spring. "Did you ever see anything so pretty and graceful in all your life?"

"Not in the shape of designs for calico-printing, certainly," was the lady's answer, taking up one drawing after another, and examining it critically. "They are very beautiful. Where did you find them?"

"They came to me last night, by mail, from Linborough. Mrs. Dilloway, if I am any judge, they are the best designs we ever got hold of. It is a new hand, too—so, fresh and unhackneyed. Do you notice? Not one of the old, stereotyped lines and curves. This arabesque in black, green and gold is like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath. Yet how graceful it is."

"This is even prettier," said Rachel, taking up another—a gray ground over which ran the pale pink of the trailing arbutus, with here and there a delicate plummy fern—"It is like an April day."

"Who sent them—did you say?" she asked, a moment after, as Mr. Farrington still continued to gaze at the drawings in a brown study.

He drew a letter from his pocket. "This came with them," he said.

It ran thus:

"Linborough, March 7th.

"AGENT OF THE CALICO MILLS AT WOODLEIGH:

"SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you some designs for calico-printing. Will you be so kind as to tell me if they are good for anything? I am not quite sure on that point. Perhaps a design may be pretty, and yet not be practically available. If these should happen to be such as you can use, I trust to your honor to pay me whatever they are worth.

"Very respectfully, yours,

"R. L. STERLING."

"Unsophisticated, at all events," said Mrs. Dilloway, with a low, musical laugh. "Is 'R. L. Sterling,' a man or a woman?"

"Some young fellow, I imagine," replied Mr. Farrington. "The handwriting might be masculine or feminine, either one."

He took up the letter and read it over. "One thing," he remarked, tapping it with his fingers,

"looks as if it was a woman's work. The writer addresses me as the agent of the 'Calico Mills at Woodleigh.' Now any man, among men, would have known that these were the Dilloway Mills. Whereas, it might be quite possible that a woman should know nothing more than that there were some mills down in Woodleigh, where they made calico. But that's neither here nor there. This person—we will say *he* for the sake of convenience—does not know his own strength now, but he will not be long in discovering it. And that is what I came up to talk about. I would not have the Nascomas get hold of him and his designs for anything, Mrs. Dilloway!"

Rachel laughed.

"Afraid of your rivals?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows. "But I give you *carte-blanche*, Mr. Farrington. Secure your prize, if you can. Pay him so well that he will not be tempted to carry his wares to another market."

The next day, when Daisy returned from school, she tossed a letter into Rose's lap.

"Open it quick, Rosy-posy," she said. "See! it is from Woodleigh. Isn't that where you sent your designs?"

Rose's heart seemed to stop beating, and she held the letter in her hand for some minutes before she removed it from the envelope. She was weary of thinking and planning. The late winter months had but confirmed the judgment of those that had gone before. Something besides flower-making must be found for a permanent resource. And she had tried so many things, and formed so many projects, only to be disappointed and to come back to her pansies and rose-buds again!

One day, she had been quite ill, and had lain on the little chintz-covered lounge for many hours; during all of which her busy brain had insisted upon resolving itself into a committee of ways and means. It had added, and subtracted, and multiplied; it had called the short roll of the two or three paintings, the pair of bronzes, the quaint vases and other ornaments—the souvenirs of better days—all so closely associated with her mother's memory. Would the time ever come—was it not surely drawing near—when she would be forced to sell them for half their value? And who could ever prize them as she and Daisy did?

She got up, at last, with a desperate resolve to interest herself in something so absorbing that it should, for a while, drive away these persistently intruding thoughts. What should it be? What if she were to get out her box of water-colors and paint a little while? She had not touched her brushes for so long.

She wished she had some wild flowers to copy.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

If Aunt Jane would only let her have some sprays of the trailing-arbutus that was blooming in the hanging-basket in her south window.

Coming back presently with a few of the pale pink clusters—which were all the more delicate for their indoor growth—and two or three minute fern leaves she had found lifting their dainty heads among the mosses, she was soon absorbed in the pleasant task of painting them upon a bit of card-board.

Aunt Jane came softly into the room and stole up behind her.

"You do beat all!" she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles for a nearer view. "I wonder if there's anything pretty you can't do? That picture makes me think of a brocade-silk scarf my husband brought me from the Indies the spring before our John was born—more'n forty years ago. 'Twould make a dreadful pretty calico now, wouldn't it? Just them colors and all."

It was not precisely the kind of praise Miss Rose Sterling had been accustomed to receive from friends and teachers. But after she went to bed that night, and the old perplexing questions began surging through her brain again, Aunt Jane's words recurred to her.

Why not? Somebody made the designs for all the new prints. Somebody made very poor ones, too, sometimes; if she might judge from the ungraceful monstrosities often displayed in the shop windows. And had not Mons. Verat once told her in his broken English that she had a gift for designing? Had he not often called her the most promising of his pupils?

She was up with the dawn, eager to try what she could do. All that day, and the next, and the next, the room was strewn with bits of paper and card-board, covered with designs of all sorts, and in all manner of colors. It was harder than she had thought it would be, to satisfy herself. But at length she finished half a dozen, and—as we know—sent them to the "agent of the calico mills at Woodleigh." For Aunt Jane had told her there were mills at that place.

"Open the letter—do, Rose!" said Daisy, looking at her sister with wondering eyes. "What are you waiting for?"

It was opened at last, with trembling fingers; and two new, crisp bank-notes fell into Rose's lap. She picked them up, her cheek flushing.

"Why, little Dot!" she cried, as her eye caught the amount. "Why, see here, child!"

Then, in a sudden passion of tears, she covered her face with her hands.

Daisy hovered about her in a state of consternation. She could not comprehend the joy that put on the garb of grief.

"What is it, Rose?" she whispered. "Isn't it as much as you expected? What does it mean, Rosy?" and she strove to remove the clasped fingers and get a glimpse of the sweet, flushed, tear-stained face.

Rose caught her to her heart, without speaking, while she ran her eyes rapidly over John Farrington's letter.

"It means rest," she cried. "It means time to live, and time to grow. It means that we need

not lead scrimped, narrow lives all our days; and it means that you can be educated, Daisy! It means that I can earn more than a bare living; and that we two will not have to be separated. Oh, I thank God!"

"Was it as bad as that?" asked Daisy, in low tones of wonder and alarm. "Did you fear that, Rosy?"

"Yes, I feared that, Daisy. I feared that the only way by which I could give you such an education as mother would have wished, was to break up our little home here, and go away somewhere, where I could earn more—but how or where I did not know. Why, Dot, I could not have earned this," picking up one of the bills, "in a whole month of flower-making!"

Daisy was reading the letter.

"The Dilloway Mills," she said. "That young man's name is Dilloway. Do you suppose they are his?"

"His? No. He is a student in college, you say. I suppose they might belong to his father."

"He hasn't any father. You see I have to be polite to him, Rosy-posy, when he brought me home and was so kind and everything—and one day he told me his father was dead. I don't know what we were talking about. It just happened so. I wish you wouldn't look at me so, Rose!"

"You are a very sensitive little Daisy. I thought a cat might look on a king."

"But—Rose—"

"Well, dear. But what?"

"He's just as good as he can be—and a real gentleman!" the child exclaimed, vehemently; "and he has been so kind to me! I don't feel as if we had treated him very well, Rose."

A little shadow swept over Rose's face.

"Why, Daisy?"

"He wants to call here, I know he does," she said. "He has just as good as asked me if he might, ever so many times. And I had to make believe I did not understand him. I wish I might invite him, Rose."

Rose shook her head, while the shadow deepened.

"I wish so, too, darling; and we might invite him if dear mamma was alive. But, living as we do—we two young girls together—we cannot receive calls from gentlemen. I don't see how we can ever have any society, Dot, until you are a young lady. By that time, maybe, I shall be old enough to be your chaperon. That's one comfort, isn't it?"

Daisy was right. Ever since that wild December night, when Roy had found her in the storm, he had been haunted by a tantalizing picture of the bright little parlor, with its soft tints and glowing fire, of which he had caught one glimpse through the open door; and of the lovely, eager, half-smiling, half-tearful face, with its crown of sunny hair, and its large, soft eyes, that had for one moment looked into his own, ere he bowed and vanished into the darkness.

But it was equally true that Aunt Jane's "linter" and its occupants might have been at the antipodes for all the progress he made toward any farther acquaintance. Since that night, Rose had,

indeed, if she chanced to meet him, which was not often the case, recognized his presence by a courteous acknowledgment; and on the first occasion of their meeting she had thanked him warmly for his care of Daisy. But that once done, her quiet, womanly reserve raised a barrier between them that he found it impossible to pass. If his own nature had been less refined, less sensitive, he might not have perceived this barrier which was so intangible, so airy; or, perceiving, he might in his rude strength have overleaped it. As it was, he could have entered Buckingham Palace far far more easily than he could have intruded upon the cloister-like seclusion of Rose's home.

CHAPTER XXII.

COMMENCEMENT-DAYS have been so often described, that any mention of the one which placed the final seal upon Roy's college life, seems almost superfluous. Every summer, from June to August, we hear the "old, old story" repeated over and over again. And yet, like several other old stories, it is always new. To each individual graduate and his own circle of friends, the day is just as solemnly joyous, just as momentous, as if no other man had graduated since the world was made. So, as a large part of Woodleigh is going to Linborough to hear Roy's valedictory, I think we must go, too.

Mr. Forde has the honor of being one of the trustees; and there has been no commencement-day for more than a dozen years, on which his portly figure and calm, benignant face have not appeared upon the stage. Of course, he will be there to-day. So will John Farrington and Molly—who is known no longer as "Molly," but as Mrs. Farrington, the handsome, dignified wife of the agent of the Dilloway Mills. She has kept even pace with her husband, and grown with his growth. Janet's best silk gown has been made over for the occasion, and she is in a little tremor of excitement as she brushes Andrew's black broadcloth suit, and ties his new cravat with her own helpful hands. They are old people now, and do not leave Woodleigh often; and to go to Linborough is quite an event. But is not Master Roy going to speak before the governor, and all the grandees, and the great church-full of people? And shall not they be there, to see and to hear, when the mistress herself suggested it, and said the young master would be glad to have all his own friends near him on that eventful day? Andrew put all his heart into my lady's posy that morning.

Katy is going, also. Not one shall be wanting, Rachel says, of those who have especially loved and cared for her boy.

As for Rachel herself—O mothers! *you* know all about it; and the rest of you, who are not mothers, would not know if I were to talk till doomsday. So what's the use? But I must tell you how she went the night before, with her little basket in her hand, over the well-worn "cross-lot" path to the graveyard on the hill. She had such a sense of tender pity for him who had lain there so many years, and who had never once, with mortal eyes, beheld the son whose opening manhood was so

full of promise and beauty. It seemed to her that even Heaven could not make amends for that; and she laid her little gift of flowers on his grave with such a yearning wish that he might see their boy to-morrow. And yet—as it had done through so many long years—as it would do, she believed, until the day of her death—her heart made its silent protest in the bitter sprig of rue. She had long since ceased to hope that the mystery that darkened between them would ever be lifted.

The Woodleigh party took the early train for Linborough, reaching the city just in time for the exercises at the church. Rachel asked one of the be-ribboned ushers to give Janet and Andrew seats well forward, where they would be sure to see and hear. But they both demurred.

"Nay, nay, my lady," said Janet, much to the young man's amazement. "We will na be pushing ourselfs forward wi' the gentry folk. Indeed, we would na be comfortable. If the young gentleman will but gie us a seat in some by corner, where we can just get a wee blink o' the young master when he comes on to make his speech, that is a' there is about it."

The "grandees" were all there, the governor and his staff, grave judges, stately senators and the great host of the alumni, who had come up to pay their yearly vows at the shrine of the Alma-Mater. There were men there whom the whole world delighted to honor; men, the prestige of whose lives was a constant stimulous and incentive to the younger lives who were following them afar off. The eye grew weary with looking. But of all the honored names in that presence, there was not one more honored or revered than that of Robert Dilloway. Some untoward accident had detained him; and when the procession, headed by the president in his flowing robes of office, entered the church, Rachel's eyes sought him vainly. She did not happen to see him when, fifteen minutes afterward, he quietly reached the stage by a back entrance. She did not even understand it, when a low murmur and rustle ran through the vast audience, swelling louder and louder till it culminated in a tumult of applause and welcome—did not understand it at all, till, with a certain lifted look upon his fine, thoughtful face, he silently bowed his acknowledgments. Roy—poor fellow—felt as if his name was likely to be a disadvantage to him that day.

"I was always thankful my name wasn't George Washington," he said, with a nervous laugh, as, with his companions, he waited behind the inevitable green curtain, listening to the applause. "But I'm afraid it will be almost as bad to be a Dilloway in this presence."

One after another the young orators trod the stage; and mothers and sisters, and, perhaps, dearer ones still, flushed, and smiled, and wept. It was Roy's turn at last, and the senior class filed in, one by one, and took the front seats. It would have been funny, if it had not been pathetic, to see the faces of the Woodleigh people just then—the eager eyes, the tremulous lips, together with the vain attempts to seem perfectly calm and politely indifferent.

It was over at last. It does not matter to tell

what was Roy's theme, nor to repeat the earnest, thrilling words of the valedictory. Of course everybody cried. What is the use of going to commencement if you cannot throw off your petty, personal self, with its worldliness and its prosaic daily strivings, long enough to enter into the spirit of the day, and feel as those bright young fellows feel? Doubtless it all seems very trivial to your superior wisdom—but it will do you good to cry, nevertheless.

A shower of bouquets fell at Royal's feet, and the church rang with cheers, as in a voice thrilling with strong yet contained emotion he uttered his closing words. One flowery missile, small, but exquisite in its delicacy and perfume, fluttered down from the gallery just over his right shoulder. The attendants were gathering up the fragrant spoils, but Roy stooped for this one himself, glancing up at the gallery as he rose. His little girl, as he had called Daisy to himself ever since the eventful night of the storm, was leaning over the balustrade with crimson cheeks, and her dark hair floating about her shoulders. And half hidden behind her, with tear-wet eyes and sweet, tremulous mouth, sat Rose. A bright, warm flush chased the excited pallor from Roy's face, as, still holding the flowers, with a little wave of thanks he left the stage.

Left it to have both hands caught by his uncle, and to hear him say, huskily; "I am proud of you, Roy, my boy, and I thank you—for your father's sake!"

For a whole month Daisy had been overflowing with talk about commencement. Everybody went to commencement, and why could not they go? Daisy wanted to see what it was like; and why did they call it commencement, when it was really the end? For students always left college when they graduated, did they not? She wondered if "he"—which pronoun she had substituted for the tabooed "that boy"—would speak? She presumed he would; and for her part she should like to hear him. He had saved her life, maybe. She might have been buried up in the snow and drowned; no, not drowned, exactly, but smothered, or frozen, or something, if he had not taken care of her. And if she went to commencement, and he spoke, she meant to throw him a bouquet. The girls at school said every one threw flowers to their friends.

Thus she rattled on. Rose thought she would like to go herself. But she knew nothing about commencement customs here. She went to Aunt Jane, who, having lived on the Dorchester Road all her life, might be supposed to understand matters.

"Bless your heart, yes," said that lady. "Anybody can go to commencement. I hain't been myself, not for ten years—not since John graduated; but I'd just as lief go with you, if you feel shy about it."

"Did your son go to college?" asked Daisy, with an unconscious glance at Aunt Jane's hard hands.

"Oh, yes! he went, and graduated with the best of 'em. But the Lord made him for a seafaring man, like his father—and he had to go, after all.

He's captain of a merchantman—and owner of it, too," said the mother, with pardonable pride.

So Daisy had her three wishes—they went to commencement, "he" spoke, and she dropped at his feet the little bouquet that Rose had arranged with dainty care—care that there should be nothing in it out of harmony with the perfect sweetness and beauty of the day.

As for him, he would pass out of their lives, now and forever. That is to say, he would have passed out, if he had ever been in. Rose knew who he was now. The Dilloway Mills were not his, but they would be some day. She wondered if he would ever know that it was she who had furnished some designs for them, and to whom that good Mr. Farrington had written such kindly, encouraging letters? And if he did, how would he think of her? As of the girls, no older than herself, who worked in his mills, yet belonged to another world?

She felt so very far away from him that day, as she sat in the gallery, gazing down upon the sea of heads. Very foolish of her to think of him at all? Well, you must remember that she had "all the blood of all the Howards" in her azure veins; and that she had also all a young girl's veiled romance and enthusiasm. And in all that great, desolate city he was the only one of her own social and spiritual kindred—of her own caste, as it were—who had been thrown in her way. She had come to commencement on purpose to hear him speak. How could she help thinking about him?

Yet the distance between them seemed immeasurable that day, even with all the long line of stately grandfathers and grandmothers at her back. It was not always easy for Rose Sterling, brave as she was, to take up the burden of a life so totally at war with all the traditions of her race.

Was that his mother—that lovely, graceful woman in soft grays, to whom she saw him speaking several times in the course of the afternoon? It must be, for she looked at him with such proud, tender, smiling eyes. How blessed their life must be, with wealth, and ease, and love!

Rose had no thought of being moved by Roy's words. She owned to a little curiosity—that was all. Daisy leaned over the front of the gallery, and watched the young speaker as if her life depended upon seeing every gesture he might make. But she, after the first few sentences, was glad to draw back into the shadow and hide her burning cheeks and tear-wet eyes behind her sister's exequant little figure.

"He was just splendid!" declared the latter, as she danced along toward home. "He made me think of that Apollo we saw so many times in the Louvre—do you remember? But I don't see what there was to cry about. You're just the funniest girl, Rose!"

To which charge Rose made no reply.

CHAPTER XXIII

"AND now, Roy, if you are going abroad, the sooner you go the better. That is my judgment," said Robert Dilloway, one morning of the

next week, as the family party of three sat at the breakfast-table.

"It is mine, also," added Rachel. "You are looking a little tired after all the excitement of the last few months. Why not go at once?"

Roy looked from one to the other.

"Mother—Uncle Robert," he said, "I have been wanting to talk with you about this matter. My whole feeling has changed with regard to it. I would rather not go—not now, at least."

"Well, well!" exclaimed his uncle. "That is a change. Why not, pray?"

"I thought that the very last day-dream you would be willing to give up," said his mother, a little reproachfully.

"Will it be such a disappointment to you both?" he asked. "Perhaps I cannot make you quite understand me. But I want to go to work. I feel as if I should enjoy a year or so of Europe vastly better after I had earned it. I want to do something."

"But we want you to do something, my dear boy. You'll find work enough in the tour you have proposed, if you manage it rightly."

"Yes. But in my case, and at my age, it would be a pleasure-soaking, *dilettanteish* sort of work, after all. This is no new whim, Uncle Rob. It has been growing upon me for a year. I am twenty-one, and I want to begin my real, sober life-work. By-and-by, mother, when you think I have earned a play spell, I shall be glad to take it."

"But what makes you in such a hurry? What's the matter?" said Rachel, leaning forward and placing her hand upon her son's shoulder.

Roy laughed. "I don't know," he answered, his voice trembling a little, in spite of the laugh. "I don't know, unless it is because I am more of a man than I was a year ago. I imagine I am a good deal like my father," and he raised his eyes with a reverent, thoughtful look to the pictured face upon the wall. "I want to grasp something solid and tangible. I want to grapple with material forces, and bend them to my will."

He stopped suddenly, flushed and half-ashamed of his own earnestness.

"I heard Farrington say, a week or two ago, that there was need of another blacksmith's shop down the hill," said his uncle, drily. "Perhaps you might set up an altar there for the worship of the God Vulcan. I'll furnish the necessary capital. Or, there's the contingent fund, Rachel!"

"Now you are just laughing at me, Uncle Rob. But look there!" and he stretched out his right arm. "Feel of those muscles. I am so conscious of physical life and strength, Uncle Rob, I feel like a young Hercules. And I don't want to spend that strength loitering over Europe, dreaming in picture-galleries and picking up a *dilettantiesh* sort of knowledge. I doubt if I am ready for the real sort yet. It seems to me that one needs to be taught of life and experience, before one can fully comprehend art, or even nature."

"Now, Rachel, you may see what Daniels for judgment, and Solomons for wisdom, the young men of this day and generation are," said Professor Dilloway, gravely. "When I was at this

gentleman's age, there was nothing but Europe for me."

"Yes," answered Roy. "But you went there to do your real work, Uncle Robert. You did not go just for a play-spell, while the work waited."

"The boy is right, Robert," said Rachel, her eye kindling. "I am willing to trust his own instincts and intuitions. If he had rather have work than Europe, so let it be."

"To which I heartily cry amen!" answered Robert. "I agree with you entirely, Roy. But I wanted to be certain that you understood yourself."

"Three cheers for Mill-Day!" cried Roy, springing to his feet and tossing his napkin into the air. "Mother! our old Mill-Days are at the bottom of it, I don't doubt. 'Just as the twig,' you know!" Then passing his arm about her waist, he whispered: "I want to share them with you again, lunch and all, mother—and take them off your hands entirely, after a while."

And Rachel smiled in the fulness of her heart's content. She had been the regent only. She would be glad to abdicate when the king should claim his throne.

They went out on the piazza overlooking the mills, the village, the wooded hills beyond, the far blue mountains, lying like billowy clouds against the horizon—Rachel leaning upon the arm of her stalwart son, whose face was radiant at that moment with the ineffable light and glory of a pure and spotless manhood, rejoicing in its strength.

Robert looked after them for a moment, and then left them to themselves.

It was excessively hot—for Woodleigh. The encircling hills seemed to shut out every breath of air, and for a week the very leaves had hung motionless.

"I am possessed by a strange longing for the sea," said Rachel, that night. "Perhaps it is because I have been thinking of it so much, lately, imagining that Roy would soon be on it."

"Let us all go the Gray Beaches, take a cottage and make ourselves comfortable for a few weeks," remarked Robert, fanning himself with his broad-brimmed Panama hat. "That is, if this young man can spare the time. The very thought of it is refreshing."

"I'll make the sacrifice—for your sake, Uncle Rob," said Roy, laughing lightly. "When shall we go? To-morrow?—next day?"

"The day after—which will be Friday," answered Rachel, with her quick decision. "I should like it of all things. And we will take Janet—if she will go. It will do her good."

Saturday found them at the Gray Beaches—a quiet watering-place whose freshness and beauty were as yet consecrated to the few. The great crowd of summer tourists had not yet discovered this gem of the sea—this fairy island lying far enough from the mainland to give one a sense of utter seclusion and rest; and yet not so distant but that one could see, afar off, the emerald shores, the sloping hills with their fadeless garniture of green, the hamlets scattered along the coast, and the domes and spires of one large town, upon which, every night, the sunset kindled its golden fires.

There were two hotels at the Gray Beaches, and half a dozen cottages. One of these latter our party was fortunate enough to secure; and then, with eager zest, they gave themselves up to the enchantment of the sea. There were enough queer specimens of the finny tribe, strange fossils, and curious rock formations, to interest Robert, and to give him the semblance of employment that does but enhance one's sense of happy idleness; there was fishing for Roy, and there was rowing; there were long rambles about the lovely island; there were towering cliffs from which to watch the spectro-like ships as they passed silently in the far distance, laden with the spoil of many climes; there was the swimming and battling with the surf, in which he exulted like any young sea-king; and though there was no rushing crowd, there was plenty of society, if he wanted it.

For Rachel there was all the shifting splendor of sea and sky, the voice of many waters, sunrise and moonrise, and the peace that passeth understanding. Janet was content to sit all day on the verandah, knitting in hand, watching the rolling in of the tide, and the dashing of the surf upon the wave-worn rocks; counting the sea-gulls as they swooped downward for their prey, or the little sand-pipers that flitted along the beach. But she could not be induced to go into the water, insisting that it was against nature.

"You're very kind, my lady," she would say, in answer to all Rachel's expostulations, "but I will na go in. It's aye tempting Providence. I have na fins an' gills like a fish, nor am I web-footed like a duck. Then why should I leave my ain native element and take to the water? It's a' nonsense—this fussing an' bathing. A' bodies should be clean, an' that's enough."

They had been on the island about three weeks, when, one sunny noon, Roy lay under the shadow of a great rock, listening "to the incessant sobbing of the sea," and watching the amethystine gleam and sparkle of the waves, as, their topmost crests tipped with silver, they curled and broke almost at his very feet. Suddenly a cry of affright and pain—a child's cry, apparently—rose above the soft, inarticulate murmur of wind and wave. Roy sprang to his feet in an instant, listening for a repetition of the sound. It came presently—from the other side of the rock, which was on a little promontory jutting out into the sea.

"Oh! oh! Rose, I can't walk a step! I believe I've broken my leg; or my ankle, anyway!"

Roy's face crimsoned, and a sudden light broke over it. Surely he had heard that voice before; and—Rose? that was not a common name. Yet what chance was there that any sweet cloister-Rose was blooming on this island?

"Don't cry, Daisy, dear; I'm so sorry. There! do not try to step, but lean on me. How is that? Can you move your ankle a little, dearie—just a little?"

There was another sharp cry of pain.

"Oh! I can't stir it, Rose! Not a bit! It's broken, or sprained, or something!"

Roy deliberately walked round the corner of the rock, hat in hand.

"Why! why, where did you come from?" cried

Daisy, pain being for the moment swallowed up in astonishment. Rose said not a word, though her color deepened. But she asked herself wonderingly if Daisy's hero was omnipresent.

"From the other side of this rock," he said, smiling, "where, as I lay dreaming a moment ago, I heard the cry of a fair damsel in distress. The fates have sent me to your aid again, Miss Daisy."

He hesitated for an instant, glancing from her to Rose, who bowed silently. Whereupon Daisy went through with a quaint little ceremony of introduction, at which both Rose and Roy laughed; and under the benign influence of that laugh, the ice thawed marvellously.

"Now may I ask what I can do for you?" said Roy.

But before either could reply, Daisy gave her ankle a little wrench, and grew white to the very lips as she sank to the ground.

"Take off my shoe, Rose, quick!" she cried. "How am I ever going to get back to the hotel?"

The ankle was swelling rapidly. Roy stood for a moment, irresolute, while Rose placed a folded shawl under Daisy's head.

"Has she been ill?" he whispered, as the child's eyes closed, and he noticed the dark circles under them. "She is much thinner than when I saw her last." "On commencement-day," he had been about to add, when some secret consciousness checked him.

"Yes," said Rose, "she has had a low, nervous fever for three weeks. The doctor said she must go where it was cooler; and so I brought her here. We only came last night, and she seemed so bright and happy over it. Now this will spoil it all, I am afraid."

"Oh, no, I hope not!" exclaimed Roy, eager to offer some consolation, though he hardly knew how. "But I really fear that the ankle is badly sprained; and it should be attended to at once. Miss Sterling, my mother is but a few rods off—in the last of the cottages yonder. Will you let me bring her to you? She will know just what to do. She always does."

But Daisy gave a faint little moan just at that moment, and Roy darted away without waiting for Rose's answer.

And then that irrepressible child, her face as white as a sheet, and her lips quivering with pain, said with a little gurgle of laughter: "There, Rosy-posy, you were determined you would not get acquainted with him, and you see you had to, after all! I knew you would."

"It is very easy to say, 'I told you so,' after a thing has happened," retorted Rose. "But you need not have introduced us—for I had spoken to him before."

"You had? Why didn't you tell me? I did not know it."

"But I had. Lie still, now, and let me cut off your stocking—there's a good little Daisy."

Rachel was putting on her hat before Roy had half finished his story, and tearing strips of cotton for a bandage. As they walked swiftly along over the sandy beach—the peculiar gray color of which gave its name to the island, Roy told his mother

all he knew about the two girls. The all was not much.

"And they seem to be orphans—living by themselves?" Rachel said, her quick sympathies stirring warmly. "Sterling—Sterling," she repeated. "The name seems very familiar; yet I cannot quite place it. Do you know where they came from?"

"I know nothing beyond what I have told you," he answered. "But there they are—just round the rock."

The severe pain, driven away, in a measure, by Roy's unexpected appearance, had returned in full vigor, and Daisy was crying silently, her eyes closed and her face set and white. Rachel clasped Rose's hand for an instant as Roy pronounced her name, and then passing on, kneeled by the little girl's side.

"My poor child," she said, tenderly, "is the pain so very hard to bear?"

Daisy opened her heavy eyes for a moment and looked earnestly in the face that was bending over her. Whether it was the large, sweet motherliness she saw there that won her, or whether it was the quick outgoing of her own affectionate, impulsive nature that moved her, cannot be known. But, after one long, steady gaze, she lifted both arms and put them around Rachel's neck, drawing her face down to hers.

Rachel kissed her.

"There!" she said, blithely, "now we are the best of friends, and you are going to let me bandage your ankle, are you not? It will give you some pain, probably; but I am something of a surgeon in a small way, and feel sure I can help you."

It was with a very odd sense of sudden and almost inexplicable companionship that Roy held the pins while Rose assisted his mother in the adjusting of that bandage. He had not the remotest idea of "falling in love" with Rose Sterling. But, from the very first, there had been for him a strange, an unwonted fascination in the young, fair face, with its crown of wavy, golden hair. He said to himself that it was merely the unusual combination of very dark eyes and eyelashes with such softly tinted wild-rose cheeks, and such a profusion of sunny tresses, that had attracted him. He liked to look at her, as at a picture—that was all! Besides, he had felt an intense interest in the two young sisters whose lives seemed so blended in one, and who lived in such a lonely, quiet way. There was just a little touch of mystery about them, that had appealed strongly to his fancy and imagination. He had so longed to break down the invisible barriers between them and to place himself upon the footing of a friend. But it had been impossible. Rose, at least, had seemed as far out of reach as the evening star.

And now here, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were—without any plotting or conscious co-operation on his part—without his volition, even—they were standing side by side, engaged in a common office, under the sweet and hallowed sanction of his mother's presence.

It was one of the daily miracles, at which young hearts will not cease to wonder as long as the world stands.

"And now, what are you going to do with her?" asked Rachel, as Rose whispered a few shy words of thanks. She, too, had not been without her own wondering reflections during those few moments of silence. She had not thought on commencement-day, that, in less than a month, she and the lovely lady in the soft grays would be kneeling on the sands together, bandaging Daisy's ankle!

"Our room is at the Argonaut," said Rose.

"Up-stairs?"

"Yes—up four flights," was the dubious answer.

"That will never do," said Mrs. Dilloway.

"There is no elevator, of course?"

"I doubt if they ever heard of such a thing," was the laughing reply. "All the arrangements of the house are of a rather primitive order."

"We went there," chimed in little Daisy, "because the house is kept by a cousin of Aunt Jane's; and she told us how still and lovely it was here, and wrote to him about us, too."

A true statement, as far as it went, if somewhat indefinite as to personal pronouns. But Rose was in no mood for sailing under false colors—certainly not in that presence.

"And because it is a much cheaper house than the other," she added, bravely. "I do not doubt our accommodations are as good as we could expect for the price we pay. So we will make the best of it, Daisy."

Roy strolled carelessly away, obeying a signal from his mother's eye.

"Miss Sterling," said Rachel, when he was out of hearing, "it will not do for your little sister to be taken to a room up four flights of stairs—for it will be weeks before she can get down again; and you will lose nearly all the benefit you expected from your stay here. She must be on a first floor, somewhere. In that case she would be able to be out of doors in a very few days, I hope."

Rose shook her head a little sadly.

"I know it, Mrs. Dilloway," she said. "But the lower floors are all crowded; and the charges at the other house are so exorbitant that Daisy and I can't afford to go there—can we, Dot?"

"No—I think not," replied Daisy, slowly. "You know we planned it all out before we came here; and now that little misstep of mine just upsets everything. It's very hard for you, Rosy-posy," and the little hand that had grown thin and white during the past few weeks, patted Rose's cheek caressingly. "You worked so hard to get the money."

It was a moment before Rachel could speak, and she saw the blue sea and the distant shore with misty eyes. Then she said, softly, laying one hand on Rose's arm and smoothing Daisy's hair with the other: "My dear Miss Sterling, you two sisters are all alone, as I understand. Will you forget that we are strangers, and let me make a little plan for you? There is a room in my cottage over yonder for which we have no especial use. You can have it just as well as not. Will you be my guest for a few days? For Daisy's sake, dear," she added, quickly, as she saw the shrinking in Rose's face, and read all the shy pride, the fear of intruding, the womanly hesitation.

"Oh, do say yes, Rosy!" cried Daisy, who, with all a child's frankness, felt no hesitation whatever. "It would be so nice, and I should feel dreadfully to be shut up in our little sky parlor."

It was hard to resist, after that; and in a few minutes it was all settled. Rose seemed to herself to be in a dream. Even yet she could hardly comprehend how it had come about. Rachel beckoned to Roy, who was throwing shells in the water at a convenient distance.

"Now for a carriage, Roy," she said; "and we will have this little lady at the cottage in a trice. She is to be my guest for awhile, since Dr. Dilloway declares she must not go up-stairs."

"It is but a few steps," answered Roy, measuring the distance to the cottage with his eye. "If Miss Daisy will allow me, I can carry her with the greatest ease, and the removal will give her little pain, I think."

"I am pretty heavy," said Daisy, gravely.

"But I have carried you once already," he replied, with a laughing glance at Rose; "so, you see, I know just what I am undertaking. You were heavier then than you are now, besides being wrapped, like a mummy, in my fur cloak. Shall we try it?"

For answer, Daisy put up her arms, and Roy lifted her tenderly from her sandy couch. But it was a white little face that rested on his shoulder; and though Mrs. Dilloway steadied the lame foot with the greatest care, Rose was glad when the cottage was reached, and was thankful that they were to go no farther.

(To be continued.)

EDITH BURTON.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

"**T**HAT'S her, papa! That's her, I'm sure!" I cried, excitedly, seizing the individual addressed by the hand, and hurrying him down the long platform, in front of the station, towards a tall lady, who was standing beside a very unpretending but respectable looking pile of baggage. She was evidently expecting some one, but seemed perfectly composed, and not in the least anxious.

"There! that one," I whispered, as we came nearer. "She's a perfect Edith Dombey, isn't she!"

Papa looked down upon me with a mischievous smile—he was always teasing me about my heroines—but just at that moment a friend detained him, requesting a moment's conversation.

"Well go on then, Emmy, and make the acquaintance of your heroine, and I will follow you directly," he said, pushing me gently forward, while he stopped behind with his friend.

Before I had time to realize that I was about to address a stranger, I was at the lady's side, and she turned upon me a pair of bright blue eyes—keen and searching, and full of a magnetic light, which drew me unconsciously to her. "Not at all Edith Dombey's eyes—cold, calm and proud,"—I said to myself.

"I feel sure that you are Miss Burton," I said, with a glance, and a slight gesture of my hand

towards her trunk, upon which was her name, "and I am Emily Truman; and papa and I have come to meet you, and take you home with us."

"Ah!" she said, and the keen, bright eyes smiled down at me, as she held out a slender gloved hand. After a moment's scrutiny, she added, still retaining my hand, "It is very pleasant, when all is strange about one, to be met by such a friendly face. Are you to be one of my pupils?"

"Yes ma'am," I answered, "and there are several other girls about my age; so you will have plenty of friends very soon."

"If they are all as kind and good as I think you are," she replied, "I am sure I shall have a pleasant school."

Papa came up at this moment, and asked me if I had found the lady of whom I was in search. "Of whom you were in search, you mean," I retorted and then turning to the lady I said: "This is my father, Miss Burton. He is very much afraid of school ma'ams and so he sent me to speak to you first."

They both laughed a little, as they exchanged greetings; but papa blushed, and seemed so embarrassed, that I grew frightened, thinking I had said something very improper indeed.

We were soon on our way home, and papa was himself again, doing most of the talking, while I studied my new friend; for friends I felt we should be, spite of the disparity in our ages and positions.

The circumstances which led to her coming among us were these: Papa had written to an old and intimate friend in the city of C—, in an adjoining state, begging his assistance in finding a competent teacher for our school, for the coming winter. He took especial pains to impress upon him the fact that the position would be an onerous one; the school having, unfortunately, gained the reputation of being the most ungovernable one in the county—a reputation fairly merited, too, as plenty of teachers both male and female could testify.

Papa, on being elected a member of the Board of Trustees for the District, had proposed that a lady, and one who should be a total stranger to the character of the school, should be employed. His proposition was agreed to, and he accordingly wrote to his friend, who recommended Edith Burton, and kindly offered to act for papa in securing her services.

A portion of papa's letter recurred to me now, as I sat beside her in the carriage, taking note of her every look and motion. "Do you know of a lady of pleasing address, a good deal of tact, 'slow to anger,' but firm as a rock, some experience in teaching, etc., etc." As I recalled it, I wondered to myself whether the quiet, reserved, extremely lady-like young girl at my side possessed all those qualifications. I hoped so sincerely, for if she did not, well did I know there was no hope of her success in the position she was about to occupy.

That she was "of pleasing address," I was ready to declare; and I was sure papa thought so too, for I never knew him more animated and interesting in conversation. As to her looks, I could not decide at once, whether to pronounce her handsome or not; she was not beautiful, like Edith Dombey,

certainly; her nose was not perfect and her mouth was too large; but still, her face was a very attractive one, owing chiefly to the faultless fairness of her complexion, and the wonderfully magnetic eyes. Her hair, I had no hesitation in pronouncing the most beautiful I had ever seen; light, or golden brown, and slightly wavy, very abundant, soft and long; though this I did not observe critically until we had reached home and she had removed her hat, when I discovered that all its glossy abundance was natural to her head.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at home, where dear grandma gave the young stranger a smiling welcome, and then bade me show her to her room where she could remove her wrappings, and make what alterations in her dress she wished, before tea.

Immediately upon reaching her room, she turned to me and asked softly and earnestly, "Have not you a mother?"

I shook my head, the tears springing to my eyes, as they still would, at the least allusion to that tender friend, "She died two years ago," I answered.

"I have been motherless ten years," she replied taking both my hands and holding them closely in hers, and there was unutterable sadness in her voice, "I well know what that means; and now," she added after a pause, suddenly dropping my hands and going swiftly to a window, while the sadness in her voice changed to agony, "now I am fatherless, too."

She stood gazing out into the gathering dusk, and I could see her slight form shake with the intensity of the emotion she was striving so bravely to conquer. I would have given worlds, then, it seemed to me, to be able to express the sympathy that filled my heart for the lonely stranger; but could find no fitting words; so I went and put my arm around her and leaned my head against her shoulder. She mastered her grief in a few moments, and then stooping over me we kissed each other, without speaking; but that kiss I felt to be a compact of love and friendship between us which should last while time should last.

This was on Saturday evening, and she was to remain with us over Sunday and begin the school upon the following Monday. It was understood by myself and my brother Nel, that we were to volunteer no information regarding the character of the school, and to avoid as much as possible any allusion to particular pupils, in case Miss Burton should ask any questions leading to the subject. Indeed, as Nel himself was fast becoming one of the most unruly members in the school, the last clause in our instructions was scarcely necessary.

The evening passed very agreeably, papa and grandma doing most of the talking, Miss Burton seeming best pleased with the part of listener. I say the evening passed very agreeably, and it did, on the whole, I believe; but Nel made me very angry several times, by communicating to me, in sundry ways, the very low estimate he placed upon the qualifications of the new teacher. Indeed, his nods, winks, and grimaces, were indulged in at every possible opportunity when they could be without attracting the attention of the others, re-

gardless of my frowns, until I turned my back upon him and refused to notice him in any way.

Now, he would direct my attention to her slender fingers and wrist, comparing them with his own, so thick and brown; then, to her white delicate throat, pretending that he could span it with one hand; or, he would ridicule the smallness of her waist; and, finally, when she drew towards the fire and put out from beneath her dress a slender, perfectly fitting walking boot, he took occasion, very soon, to make his own awkward, heavy boots as conspicuous as possible.

You must know that Nel was just at the age (twelve years) when bodily strength and endurance are qualities greatly to be desired, and the fact that he could "master" me, who was three years his senior, and no fairy in build, was quite as gratifying to him, as it was unpleasant to me.

The "first day of school" was always an exciting occasion for me; but on the following Monday my excitement took the form of anxiety. I did so *hope* the new teacher would make the same favorable impression upon the school that she had upon me. Somehow, I could not help regarding her as an unconscious victim; and feeling as though papa, and in some sort of a way, myself, too, had been guilty of treachery in bringing her into a situation where she was certain to encounter difficulties such as she seemed to me so unfitted to meet. As for Nel, I was determined that she should not be troubled by him. Instead of shielding him, as I had heretofore most unwisely done, I should acquaint papa, with his very first disrespectful word or act towards her, and he should take the consequences, be they ever so severe.

Nothing particularly unpleasant occurred during Monday, to my great relief. The large girls voted her "awful nice," and the boys admitted that she was a "stunner," and that was quite as much as I could reasonably expect of them.

"Well," said papa, that evening, "how did your Edith Dombey succeed to-day?"

"O, papa!" I replied, "I was wrong to compare her to Edith Dombey; she is ever so much too good. She may seem a little like her at first—before you know her, you know—but now, I think she is really more like Florence, gentle and loving, and just as true as steel. Oh! I do so hope those terrible boys will behave themselves this winter. What can such a delicate, lady-like looking thing as she, do with them if they don't? I saw Nel and Fred Williams, laughing and sneering about her slender hands and wrists to-day. Oh it seems almost cruel to have brought her here!"

"Tell Nel and Fred Williams, not to count too much upon the *weakness* of those hands and wrists," said papa, "they may be stronger than they look. Besides, if I can read her face correctly, she has a *will* to back them, and render them sufficient for the occasion, I'll venture to guess."

"Papa," I said, "you never told me what Mr. Selby said about her, when he recommended her, though I asked you at the time. I *should* like to know how old she is, at least."

"I never showed you the letter because I thought it would be an advantage, both to Miss Burton and the school, to be wholly unknown to

each other. I think it will do no harm, now, to impart to you some of the items of information which the letter contained, as you seem so anxious about the success of your friend, as you call her. She is twenty years old, has taught for the last three years in the public schools of C—, and for the last year and a half, in a gymnasium for ladies and children, in that city. Selby's words were: 'she has the best trained nerves and muscles in the city, and is as agile as a panther and nearly as strong. I think you will find her equal to every emergency that will arise either in teaching or governing. We are sorry to part with her, but a change of scene and air is absolutely necessary for her. If she is not appreciated among you, we shall only be too glad to welcome her home again, after a reasonable time.'

"Oh!" I said, drawing a long breath, "I feel so relieved about her, now."

The next day, all passed on very smoothly until near the time for the afternoon recess, when an affair occurred which furnished food for much excited conversation during that intermission.

"Now," said Miss Burton, in her pleasant, cheery, ringing voice, "let us have ten minutes of close study before recess. Let no one ask a question, or make the least disturbance in any manner, until they hear the bell."

Everyone obeyed with seeming cheerfulness, and for the space of five minutes there was almost perfect silence throughout the room. Then, all at once, Nel arose and said abruptly, "Miss Burton, may I go and speak to Jemmie Joyce?"

"Certainly *not*," was the quick reply, accompanied by a look of pained surprise. "Sit down," she continued, seeing him hesitate, "and resume your study, and remain in your seat during recess."

"I'd rather not, thank you!" said Nel; and then thrusting his hands into his pockets, he deliberately left his seat and swaggered along towards that of Jemmie Joyce, winking to one and another of the boys as much as to say, "Let's see what she'll do about it."

I was thunderstruck. I knew he was far from a good boy in school, but did not deem him capable of conduct so openly insulting as this. I learned afterwards that the whole thing had been planned beforehand by the older boys and they had drawn lots to see who should carry it out, and the lot had fallen to him.

Miss Burton was standing by her desk, at one end of the room, with her watch in her hand. The distance between her and Jemmie Joyce's desk was farther than from Nel's to the same point, but by the time he had passed over half the distance, she had seized him by the collar of his coat behind, and dragging him backward laid him sprawling upon the floor, in the clear space in the middle of the room. The action was so sudden and so entirely unexpected by him, that he had no time to offer any resistance, so that, although much surprised and greatly chagrined at the ludicrousness of his situation, he still had no idea but what he should come out best at last. He burst into a forced laugh to cover his confusion, and gathered himself up as quickly as possible—rather, he at-

tempted to do so, and had nearly succeeded in gaining an upright position, when he found himself seized by both arms, twitched suddenly forward, and then backward, and forced down upon his knees, and held there, firmly fixed to the floor, despite all his struggles to free himself or get upon his feet. The slender fingers closed upon his arms with the grasp of a vice, pinning them to his sides, and himself to the floor at the same time. There was a silent struggle for a few minutes, when Miss Burton spoke. There was a slight flush upon her cheeks, and her eyes were nearly black and shone like stars, but her voice was clear and calm, with no shade of faltering.

"Be quiet, now, and listen to me," she said. "Don't struggle. It is perfectly useless. I have the advantage, and know my own strength and yours, too, better than you do—though this is the first time I have ever been forced to rely upon brute force to secure obedience in school. Promise me, *at once*, that you will go quietly to your seat and remain there through the recess, and I will allow you to rise."

He remained silent and sullen for a minute, and then said with forced bravado: "What if I *won't* promise?"

"We will not consider that side of the question," was the calm reply; "you *will* promise, and that directly, and put an end to this disgraceful scene."

Thoroughly convinced by this time that it was useless to contend with her, and heartily ashamed of his ridiculous position—for there were titterings and whisperings at his expense in all parts of the room—but still hoping to leave the field with some show of victory, he at last said, loudly and saucily: "Well, I *promise*, then! Will that do?"

"When you say it respectfully it will do, certainly," was the firm reply.

He made another ineffectual struggle to release himself, and then, all at once, the "bully" gave way, and the better part of his nature—which was really his true nature—asserted itself.

"I promise, Miss Burton," he said, looking her honestly and respectfully in the face; "and I ask pardon for disobeying you."

This was Nel's last act of insubordination that winter.

"Gracious!" said he to the boys, who were teasing him about his defeat the following morning; "just you try it yourself, if you want to understand how it was. 'Twasn't so much her strength—though who'd 'a' thought such little fingers could grip so!—but, my gracious! her eyes just go right through a feller, and seem to take all the vim out of him, and—and just make him feel like a *baby*."

The unsuccessful termination of this affair did not deter one or two other attempts of a like nature by different unruly spirits in the school: but in each case the treatment was equally prompt and effectual.

She never threatened, or lost her temper, but was always firm, decided and *ready* to meet every difficulty before it had hardly time to shape itself. At the same time, her kindness and gentle dignity was *fast* winning the love and respect of the whole school; so that ere the first half of the term was

passed, there was such a marked improvement in their manners, that the remark was often made by those interested enough to notice the change, that the school was fast "losing its reputation."

It was the custom with us, as with all country schools in that part of the West, for the teacher to "board around." I had conceived such an ardent attachment to "my heroine," as papa used often to call her, that I was not disposed to be satisfied with the meagre share of her company that custom allotted us; and so, with very little trouble, I caused the arrangement to be made that she should spend the Saturdays and Sundays of every week at our house. She was a finished elocutionist; and, better still, played the organ and sang beautifully; so that it was rare enjoyment that marked the evenings of her weekly presence in our cosy sitting-room during that winter. Only Miss Burton read; we taking the rôle of pleased and gratified listeners. But when music was introduced, we all participated—papa with his rich bass, Nel with his smooth, girlish alto, while Miss Burton and I united our voices in the soprano, either she or I presiding at the organ. Even grandma's tremulous but musical tones were often heard when we came to those grand, old-time pieces—Coronation, Old Hundred, Balerna, etc.

The time passed so agreeably, both in school and out, that the winter was nearly gone before we were aware; and Miss Burton quite startled us all, one Friday evening, by saying—and I thought she said it regretfully—as she laid down the book she had been reading, while I was arranging the music, etc., for what Nel called "the next performance," that three weeks more would bring the school to a close.

"And that being the case," she went on, after a pause, looking up at papa with a bright, confiding smile, "and it being the case, also, that I must keep a sharp look-out for the future, I should like to know soon whether I may expect to have the school for the coming summer." She paused, but papa not seeming about to reply, she added: "If my course in the school has been satisfactory here, I should much like to remain, another term, at least."

I could not imagine what did all papa! He really looked frightened, I thought, at first, and then dreadfully embarrassed, and actually blushed. He coughed and hemmed, caught up a book and "flipped" the leaves once or twice, and laid it down again, but still remained "tongue-tied," as it seemed. I could bear it no longer, for I could see that Miss Burton began to look pained and disappointed, so I broke out: "Of course you have given perfect satisfaction! Of course you must stay! Mustn't she, papa?"

"Stay?" said papa, looking unaccountably confused still. "Oh, certainly I wish her to stay! But—I—ah—yes, yes, certainly, Miss Burton, you have given perfect satisfaction as a teacher, and I have no doubt but what the trustees will be glad to have you remain through the summer. I will consult them soon and let you know."

Miss Burton was evidently surprised and hurt at papa's manner more than his words, both of which were so different from what she had reason

to expect, and she said, with much more dignity and formality than she had used with him for a long while: "If it will be quite convenient, will you please consult with them to-morrow, and let me know your decision to-morrow evening. I received a letter to-day from a friend, who wishes me to take charge of the school in her village, and I must give an answer without delay."

She arose as she finished speaking, and went and seated herself at the organ, and we took our usual positions about her; but somehow an unnatural reserve seemed to have come over us all. We attempted our familiar pieces, but our singing was out of time, and lacked spirit. Papa, especially, seemed absent-minded, and made blunders without number, and at last, with one consent, we all left the instrument, and soon after separated for the night.

Papa left home the next morning soon after breakfast, to be gone the whole day. Before he went, it happened that he and I were alone together in the breakfast-room, and he drew me toward him, as he stood at one of the windows and said, with a look and manner that puzzled me sorely, for it was not usual for him to hesitate and seem embarrassed with his own family: "You are a wonderfully clear-sighted little lady, usually, Emmy—tell me, have you perfect confidence in Miss Burton? I know you like her immensely, and all that; but are you sure that she is just what she seems? You thought her perfection at first. Have you found no flaws in her yet?"

I felt my personal importance a good deal enhanced by his thus consulting my judgment, and by his compliment to my clear-sightedness.

"Why, papa!" I exclaimed, without waiting to see if he had finished, in my eagerness to give him a "piece of my mind," now that he had opened the way to it, and, in a measure, invited it. "Why, papa, you are not used to be so exacting with teachers! What has possessed you to be so disagreeable? I can't understand it at all! We never had a teacher before who did one-twentieth part as much for the school as Miss Burton has done, and now you go to hesitating and making scruples about keeping her another term. Talk about my having confidence in *her*, and all that! I'm sure *she* can't have much confidence in *us*!" (I said *us*, but meant him.) "I'm sure she must think us *perfect Judases*—making believe all winter that we think her just perfect, and then when she asks for the school another term, raising difficulties and making bones over it, as though it would be the greatest condescension, on our part, to let her have it. I know she was dreadfully hurt by the way you acted last night, and I shouldn't be surprised if she wouldn't *have it*, after all. She's proud as anything, and she don't need to go begging for schools!"

I don't know how long I should have gone on with my castigatory remarks, but at this moment Miss Burton herself entered the room, ready dressed for a walk to the village. She started when she saw papa, and a beautiful color swept over her face, and was gone again in a moment. Papa colored, too. I did not wonder at his feeling confused, after my showing him how strangely, to

say the least, his conduct must appear to her, but she had usually such perfect control over her feelings, that I felt sure she must be more seriously displeased than even I had supposed, to cause her to color so quickly at sight of him. She came merely to get her handkerchief, which was lying upon a chair, and with a casual remark to me, she withdrew, and we soon saw her walking down the path to the front gate.

"I was about to resume the 'thread of my discourse,' when papa said, musingly, as he watched her retreating figure: 'Edith Dombey!' and then turning to me, said: 'You compared her to Edith Dombey, Emmy, when you first saw her. Do you think she is like Edith Dombey, now? I fancy she has much the same appearance.'"

"I don't think she is *at all* like Edith Dombey," I answered, with a good deal of asperity, considering my years, and whom I was addressing, "but even if she is, I don't see that that need to unfit her for a school-teacher. Edith Dombey might have made the very *best* of teachers, for aught we know. Because she was cold, and proud, and married for money and position, does not prove that she would not have been. I can't understand, papa, why it is that you are determined to find fault with her, all at once! I thought you liked her, until *now*."

Papa's looks were a puzzle to me all the while I was talking to him. Sometimes he would look amused and about to burst into a laugh; then he would seem thoughtful; then, again, he would color and look confused.

Nel came in at this point, and said the team was ready and waiting; so papa only said: "Well, little madam, you have given me quite a lengthy scolding. I must apologize to Miss Burton this evening for my seeming rudeness last night, and I hope we can make friends again—if she is offended, as you think."

That evening—it was the most extraordinary thing!—she never did it either before or after, on the evenings when Miss Burton was there—grandma kept Nel and I in the kitchen paring apples until eight o'clock. We were both quite restive under the confinement; I the more so, because I felt sure that my presence was needed in the sitting-room. I had no doubt, but what papa and Miss Burton were having a very dull, uncomfortable time of it; and when the last apple was pared, I was not long in hanging up my apron, and washing my hands, and making my way out of the kitchen. I paused in the passage, just outside the sitting-room door, not for the purpose of eavesdropping, but merely to see whether they were reading and talking, and passing the time pleasantly, or sitting silent and uncomfortable, as I had feared.

Just then there was a little stir within the room, and I heard Miss Burton say: "But I *can't* give up the school, just yet! I *must* teach *one* more term at least." She said more, but her voice sank so low that I could not distinguish the words; neither could I of papa's reply. It touched me deeply to hear her—proud as I knew her to be in most things—petitioning for the school in that agitated manner; but it was only another evidence,

added to the many she had given us that winter, of the deep interest she felt in the improvement of the school. What could possess papa, I wondered, that he, of all others, should oppose her.

I opened the door. Papa was standing before the fire, which (a bright wood-fire,) gave the only light there was in the room, and Miss Burton was just disappearing by another door.

"What is the matter, papa?" I asked, going straight to him. "Why has Miss Burton gone away? You've been cross and disagreeable about the school again, I know; and she has so set her heart upon it; and so have we all but you; and it's the most incomprehensible thing in the world why *you* have taken such a sudden dislike to her!"

He burst out laughing, which I thought very singular, for I could not conceive what there could be to laugh at—caught me by the shoulders, giving me a little shake, and said: "Now, little mistress, I'm not going to take another scolding from you upon this unfortunate subject. I've given your 'friend and heroine' ample satisfaction for my conduct last night, and we are the best of friends again; and she can have the school; and I can assure you, that I *don't* dislike her, but quite the contrary; and, in fact, you have nothing to scold about, so, run and bring the lights, and find Nel, and when Miss Burton comes back, let us have some music that shall make up for our miserable failure last night."

It was some little time before Miss Burton came back.

"Waiting for me?" she said, and went directly to the organ, and began to play, so that I had no opportunity to observe the expression of her face, but several times during the remainder of the evening, I noticed plainly something unnatural in her manner toward papa—a constraint, or shyness, or something—difficult to describe; so that I didn't feel quite sure that they were the "best of friends," as he had said, after all. "She is so very sensitive," I said to myself, "and he don't understand her as well as I do. She *was*, really, very much hurt, and she don't forget it as easily as he supposes."

If the winter had seemed short and pleasant, the following summer was equally so. Miss Burton was not at our house as much as during the winter, though through no fault of mine. I did my best to have the winter arrangement for the disposal of the Saturdays and Sundays hold good through the summer, but could get no support to my proposition from any one—even grandma declined to advocate my cause. Miss Burton seemed to enjoy being there when she could be persuaded to come, as was sometimes the case, and she and papa seemed perfectly friendly; but still I could not divest myself of the belief that she had not quite forgiven him for his strange behavior about her having the school; for there was almost always in her manners that same constraint and shyness, which I had first observed directly after that little misunderstanding occurred.

On one occasion, near the latter part of the summer, she was spending the Sunday at our house,

and we were at tea, when Nel spoke up abruptly: "Say, Miss Burton, they all wonder if you are going to have the school next winter. Are you?"

She glanced up at papa and blushed crimson, but made no reply, and I knew she was thinking of the time when she asked for the school last. Papa, too, remembered it, I knew, for he choked over his tea, and coughed, and finally laughed to turn it off, while grandma ingeniously turned the conversation into a new channel.

A few days after that, at school, Lettie May, the daughter of one of the other trustees said to me: "Ain't it too bad, Em? father spoke to Miss Burton about teaching the school next winter, and she said she was not going to teach at all."

"I wonder why!" I replied. "She has often said to me that teaching is to be her profession through life."

"Maybe she is going to be married," suggested Lettie.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I know every one of her gentleman correspondents—I mean she has told me all about them—and they are all uncles, and cousins, and friends old enough to be her father."

"Are you *really* not going to teach next winter?" I asked her that night, after school.

"I *really* do not intend to," she answered, bending low over the papers in her desk, so that I could not see her face.

"Oh, dear!" I said. "It will be dreadful without you! I really don't know how I shall get through the winter."

I expected some sort of a sympathetic reply, and was rather shocked, and a little hurt, when she raised her head and looked at me with an intensely amused expression, her color a good deal heightened, and on the whole exhibiting no traces of grief at our approaching separation.

Before she had time to reply in words, an interruption occurred, and I left her, pondering on the meaning of her singular conduct.

The summer term closed in due time, and Miss Burton spent a few days at our house before leaving for home. I was glad to see that papa treated her with even greater kindness and respect than usual, and that her shyness and constraint in his company seemed much less than formerly. Although I was pleased at this, as I say, still I always liked to feel that my presence was, for the most part, necessary to their complete comfort and tranquillity. Consequently, I was a good deal annoyed and grieved when, on the day that Miss Burton was to leave us, papa announced the fact that one of the horses was not in a condition to travel, and that therefore he should be obliged to take Miss Burton to the station in the light carriage, with but one horse, which would deprive me of the pleasure of accompanying them, as himself, Miss Burton and her luggage would be quite as much as the carriage would accommodate. It was very provoking, but there was no help for it, so I bade her "good-bye" at home, and watched them ride away together without me.

Christmas was at hand! Only a fortnight, and it would be at the door. Papa, grandma, Nel and

I, were sitting in the dancing firelight in our cosy sitting-room before the lamp was lighted for the evening. I had just received a letter from Miss Burton, and was holding it in my hand after having read it aloud.

"How I wish she would come herself!" I exclaimed. "If she could only be here at Christmas, I should be perfectly content."

Nel echoed my wish in some boyish way, and then went on and enumerated several characteristic qualities of hers which raised her in his estimation much above the average of womankind.

Papa looked seriously from one to the other of us without speaking. Presently he arose, and taking a turn or two across the room behind us, came and stood with his back to the fire, seemed about to speak, hesitated, and then resumed his walk. At last he said, still walking back and forth behind us: "Well, Emmy, suppose I go and bring her?"

"Quite a sensible supposition," I answered, "*supposing* you were in earnest, and supposing she would come with you."

"I am quite in earnest about going, and am equally sure about her coming," he replied, still continuing his walk.

A glimmering of the truth darted into my mind. I was upon my feet and facing him in an instant.

"What do you mean, papa?" I cried, springing to his side, seizing him by the arm, and bringing him where the firelight shone upon his face. Instantly I comprehended all that had been going on before my very eyes for the last year.

"O papa, you take away my breath!" I gasped, dropping his arm, and covering my face with my hands. Then I turned and threw myself upon the lounge, and burying my face in the pillows, gave way to a storm of sobs that nearly suffocated me. Papa came and stood over me.

"Emmy," said he, and there was a world of tenderness in his voice, "you distress me beyond expression. I thought you would like it. I thought I was consulting the wishes and happiness of my mother and my children as well as my own. Are you so very sorry, my child?"

"I don't know as I *am* sorry," I replied, as soon as my sobs would let me speak. "No, I am not sorry! But I didn't think of such a thing! And—it's so sudden; and—I've been so deceived! You've all deceived me so!" I repeated, with sudden energy, sitting up and pushing the pillows from me angrily. "I never suspected such a thing! And it's been going on for a year! Why has it all been kept from me? Even grandma has helped to deceive me! She has known it all the time!"

"Hush, Emmy!" said papa, gently. "No one has tried to deceive you. You have had the same opportunities to know what was passing that grandma has; and really," he went on, smiling, "for such a wonderfully keen-sighted little girl as you usually are, I think you have been unaccountably blind."

"But I didn't dream that such a thing could be possible," I explained, my crying fit having subsided, and my anger along with it. "Why should I dream of such a thing? Why, papa, you are

forty years old, and have gray hairs a plenty, and she is only twenty-one—you are old enough to be her father!"

Grandma looked reproachfully at me—papa was always *her* boy, notwithstanding his gray hairs—but papa laughed and said: "Still I know of a certain little miss, not a hundred miles from me at this minute, who has often told me that I am handsomer than any of the young men."

"To think," I exclaimed, without noticing what he had said, "that I should be so blind! Why, I all the time thought it was *me* she liked the best of any here; and now I can recall ever so many things that might have undeceived me." I started to leave the room, but papa stopped me.

"Wait, Emmy," said he, "you haven't said that you are glad. Can't you say it? And you, too, Nel?"

"I'm glad," I replied quickly, and flew from the room, for I wanted to be alone and think it over. I paused outside the door, however, to hear Nel's verdict.

"I'm glad, too," said he, "but I've been thinking it was a first rate thing for me that I've been to school to her so long."

The next day papa left home, to return at Christmas, accompanied by Edith Burton as his wife.

That was many years ago, but never yet, I am confident, have any of the parties most concerned had cause to regret the circumstances which brought her among us.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

"CAN I have a few words with thee?" Deborah asked, a smile just touching her lips.

"Oh, yes, certainly," returned the deacon, but not with any graciousness of manner; for he knew his visitor. A chair was handed by Maxwell, and Deborah sat down. She did not speak for some moments, waiting, with her quiet eyes on the face of Deacon Strong, until she saw signs of a break in the repellent hardness of his feelings. Then she said, with a gentle persuasion in her tones that was almost irresistible: "If the love of Christ constrain us, shall we not seek to know His will? and, knowing it, do it gladly?"

The deacon was not prepared for a remark like this. He had set himself on guard, but not at the gate where she was trying to enter.

"Thee will let me talk to thee a little, will thee not?" The sweetness of her manner and the tender earnestness of her tones were irresistible. The ice melted from Deacon Strong's frozen aspect like wax before a sudden flame. Deborah saw this, and added: "for I have something to say that deeply concerns thyself as well as others."

"Say on," replied the deacon, trying to speak freely; but a nervous apprehension betrayed itself in his voice.

"Thee owns a good many houses, I am told, in the neighborhood of Coulter's Row," said Deborah.

"Yes," replied the deacon, an uneasy movement and a contraction of his brows accompanying the answer.

"Does thee know in what condition some of them are, and for what purposes some of them are used? Thee is a Christian man; and I cannot think thee knows."

"I trust all this business to my agent," was answered. "It is impossible, in the multiplicity of my affairs, to give any time to the renting and overseeing of those houses. The fact is, I haven't been in the neighborhood where they are located for months and months. The people are a thriftless, vicious set, for whom little or nothing can be done."

"It may seem so, friend Strong, when we stand afar off; but if we go near we shall find something on which to take hold and lift them a little way out of their sin and misery."

"To fall back again, and sink deeper, when our hold is loosed," replied the deacon.

"That has not always been my experience," said Deborah. "Oh, sir, if thee could see outstretched hands and hope-lit faces as I have seen them, thee would not be in despair of these poor prodigals who have wasted their inheritance. If they had strength to rise, and some one to lead them back, many would return to their Father's house. But, alas for them, instead of help, they find cruel exaction or evil enticement on every hand. Is this right, friend Strong? As followers of the loving Saviour, who came down to the lowliest and most degraded, are we doing our duty by the poor who are always with us?"

Deacon Strong had never in his life found himself at so great a disadvantage as now. He could not match his strength with that of this gentle woman, under the power of whose searching eyes he was bound as by a spell. She seemed to touch him, spiritually, as a wire charged with electricity touches the body. He felt a thrill of higher impulses pervading his soul; and conscience, long asleep, stirred in its heavy slumber.

"God sees and knows of all this," Deborah went on, her voice falling to an almost warning tone.

A shade of fear struck coldly across the deacon's heart.

"We cannot be indifferent to the needs and perils of His poor, lost and wandering children, for whom He suffered and died on the cross, and hope to receive His approving smiles and forgiving love when we meet Him in the judgment," she continued. "If I were to pass these sad and sorrowing ones—stained with evil though many of them are—pass to the other side as did the Priest and the Levite, I could not lift my eyes to the Saviour's face. I would stand before Him self-condemned, and wait in trembling fear for the dreadful words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me.'"

The deacon sat dumb before this woman. She seemed like an angel from Heaven sent to accuse him. Her words burned themselves into his soul.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The old formulas of doctrine on which he had rested in conscious safety dropped out of his thoughts, and in their places came one divine precept after another, passing through his mind in quick succession, as if spoken by some invisible monitor. His bulwark of safety had been the substitution of Christ's merit and righteousness, whereby he was made inwardly holy; and this substitution had come through faith alone. He had accepted the conditions of salvation, and was, therefore, a child of God, elect and precious.

But now the Lord's own words, burdened with a different meaning, crowded in upon him. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great Commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "A new Commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. By this will all men know that ye are my disciples." "Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again: and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and the evil. Be ye, therefore, merciful as your Father also is merciful."

He had read or listened to the reading of these pure Gospel precepts hundreds and hundreds of times; but never before had they risen in judgment upon his life. Now their sweetness was all gone; they had a tone of accusation; he felt condemned in their presence. The Saviour, in whose righteousness he had, in imagination, clothed himself by faith, and so gained favor with God, stood before him with a frown of condemnation. He shivered in sudden terror. The soul he had thought safe, was in danger of eternal loss. His way to Heaven had become suddenly barred by a high if not an impassable mountain; the mountain of his own self-love. Until that were broken down, or cut through, he stood in peril of hell!

The face of Deacon Strong lost its repulsive hardness; his coarse mouth softened, the lips moving nervously; his eyes betrayed an inward fear and pain; and he looked at Deborah with a kind of despairing appeal on his changed countenance.

"Let us pray," fell in a low, serious voice from the young Quakeress, and as she spoke she knelt. For a few moments Deacon Strong sat irresolute; but the pressure on his feelings was too great to be resisted, and he sank also upon his knees. Maxwell only bowed his head. For some moments a deep silence pervaded the room. Then the voice of Deborah, tremulous with feeling, broke upon the still air.

"If Thy Spirit be not in us, Lord, then we are not Thine," she said. "But how shall we know that we have Thy Spirit, Lord? Herein Thou hast not left us ignorant. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' Open our blind eyes that we may see our true condition and the dangers that lie about us. If we are, indeed, unprofitable servants; if we are not feeding the hungry, nor clothing the

naked, nor caring for the sick, what hope of favor have we in the day when Thou shalt come in Thy glory, with all Thy holy angels, and sit upon the throne of Thy glory, setting the sheep on His right hand and the goats on the left?"

"We tremble before Thee, as we look forward to that day, when Thou shalt say to those upon Thy left hand, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was a-hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.'

"Touch our hearts; soften them by Thy love; make us Thy willing servants. And, oh, come especially nigh to our brother upon whom Thou hast laid so many responsibilities; to whom Thou hast given much and wilt require much. His soul is very precious in Thy sight; and that he may not lose it, Thy Spirit has led me here to warn him of danger. Oh, let no anger against me come into his heart; but let him feel toward me as toward a servant of God trying to do him good. Move him to join in the work of lifting up the weak and fallen. And now may Thy blessing and Thy peace rest upon and remain with us."

The change in Deacon Strong's face as he arose from his knees and looked at Deborah, was singular and striking. All its hard self-confidence had given way to an expression of weakness and alarm. In the presence of divine truths, that judged and condemned, setting him over in their sharp discrimination to the left hand side, strong convictions had taken hold of him. The words of our Lord were too plain to be misunderstood; and their attendant warnings too clearly spoken to be disregarded. If he were to be so judged, how could he stand? All his faith, all his profession, all his devotion to the church must go for nothing, and the law of human brotherhood approve or condemn. His mind did not rise above the literalism of the text, the hard stones of which struck against and battered down the walls of his old self-security.

"Friend," said Deborah, standing before the deacon and reaching out a hand toward him, "the way to Heaven is through love to the neighbor; and there is no other way. We must be like-minded with Christ, and walk through the world as He walked, doing good to the poor and needy, and ministering to the sick and those that are in prison. I have come to thee, drawn by His Spirit, and not by my own boldness and self-sufficiency, strong in the faith that thee would see the duty that lies at thy feet, and take it up in the willing service of our common Lord and Master."

Not with a quick movement, born of a sudden impulse, did Deacon Strong grasp the hand of Deborah, but with a quiet pressure in which was felt the beginning of a new purpose. A veil had fallen from his eyes, and he saw things never seen before, and old things in new relations to each other.

"We must forsake all and follow Him if we would be His disciples," said Deborah. "That is, all of our self-love; and we can only begin to forsake

this when we compel ourselves to do good to the neighbor. But His service is love, friend Strong; and He soon changes our self-denial into love, the sweetness of which no human language can express. It is here that we find true peace—here that our reward comes. In no other service is there any true reward. But forgive me if I have troubled or wearied thee. It was for the love of Christ, that yearns to save His poorest and most degraded children, that I came, hoping to find in thee a helper in His work. Thou hast many and great privileges; thou hast money and influence; God has blessed thee abundantly in the goods of this world; thou art strong to do whatever thy hands take hold upon; as thou leadest many will follow. Great are thy responsibilities as a steward of God. The voices of the hungry, and sick, and naked, and sorely wronged, and oppressed, are going up from Kedron, and the Spirit is calling upon thee to hear and to help. May thy heart leap gladly to the call! So shall the reward given unto thee be very great."

Dropping the hand of Deacon Strong as she closed the last sentence, Deborah turned away and went out with almost noiseless steps.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE deacon did not move nor speak for several moments. Peter Maxwell, with half-closed eyelids and head bent forward in its usual manner, was watching him with keen but covert scrutiny. Turning to his agent, Deacon Strong caught the expression of the man's eyes before he was able to change or conceal it.

"You can leave!" said the deacon, jerking out one of his hands impatiently.

"Shall I come this afternoon?" asked Maxwell, with more than his ordinary obsequiousness.

"No," was replied.

"To-morrow morning?"

"Yes." And the deacon's hand was thrown out again toward the door.

Maxwell bent his head almost abjectly, and left the presence of his master; but a sinister smile broke over his mean face on closing the door behind him.

As he retired, the deacon sat down, and leaning forward over his writing-table, rested his temples against the palms of his hands. He remained in deep thought for a long time. At first he tried to shake off the depression of feeling which the visit of Deborah had occasioned; but found this impossible. The veil she had rent from his eyes could not be restored in a moment of time, and the light of higher truths than he had seen before still kept streaming in upon him with their clear convictions and stern judgments. The longer he sat and thought, the more deeply did he become disturbed by doubt and fear. A dread of God's anger seized him. An image of the great judgment, in the strictly phenomenal and judicial aspects with which he had been used to regard it, was set sharply pictured in his mind. He saw the Judge's angry face, and heard His stern voice saying: "I was a-hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I

was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. *** Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me. *** And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."

The deacon shivered. A chill went down to his heart. He tried to shut the dreadful picture away from his inner vision. In its place, one scene dissolving away and the other coming out like the changing views from a camera, Coulter's Row, with all its wretched neighborhood, was before him. Impressions received in one of his rare visits to that region, and which he had covered up and tried to forget, stood out to his vision now with a life-like distinctness. He saw a miserable wooden hovel, where he would not have stabled his cow, and there stood at the door a wasted and scantily-clad woman, with hunger in her eyes and a sick baby at her breast; and through the entrance he could see a rotting floor, and broken walls, and dirt and squallor. He was the owner of this hovel. It had cost him, at a sheriff's sale, one hundred and fifty dollars; and the rent he exacted from the poor, half-starved tenants who crowded every foot of its available space, was eight dollars a month, or ninety-six dollars a year—nearly two-thirds the whole cost of the wretched tenement! And near it was a corner bar-room, from which he received an income of three hundred dollars a year. Before he let it for this use, it paid him only a hundred and fifty; but a man just from the State's Prison, with a license to make paupers and criminals in his possession, came along and offered three hundred for the stand. "It is worth what it will bring, of course," said the deacon to his agent; and so the house was let for a tavern, and Deacon Strong became a partner in the work of sending men, women and children to the Almshouse and to paupers' graves.

Starting to his feet, and uttering an exclamation of distress, he tried to thrust these accusing images out of his mind. But it was all in vain. He was in the power of influences which he could not for the time control. There were present with him angels and evil spirits, the one trying to save and the other to destroy his soul; and for the time being, with the help of convictions awakened by the visit of Deborah Norman, angelic forces were strongest; so that he could not shut away from sight the pages of memory that were being turned back for his inspection. Another and another wretched hovel or den of debauchery and crime from which he took a liberal share in the gain of iniquity, passed before him, until he became sick of soul and smitten by shame and fear.

If this went on, how was he to stand in the judgment? He tried to put the question aside; to defer the answer; to cover up the pages of memory on which his condemnation was written; but in vain. The angels who were trying to lift him into a better life, that he might be a co-worker with them in doing good, so saving himself in the effort to save others, held the power over him which they had gained, and fought his evil counsellors with the terrors of an awakened conscience. The battle went on until the heart of Deacon

Strong became weak and his spirit subdued. He was humbled in the presence of God, and had such an inner vision of himself and his utter worldliness and cruel indifference toward his fellow-men as to cause deep self-abasement.

When Deacon Strong made his appearance at the factory, an hour later than usual, he found a woman in the office waiting to see him. She was the mother of two girls, one twelve and the other fourteen years of age, who worked in the mill; a pale-faced, hollow-eyed, half-starved looking woman, with a suffering, pitiful expression in her countenance. Deacon Strong was used to seeing such faces, and the sight of them generally annoyed and angered him; for their presence was the sign of a coming remonstrance or appeal; of some interference with the Mede-and-Persian law of his establishment, or of some petition for help.

It was plain from the woman's manner, as the deacon came into the small office where she sat awaiting him, that she had little hope in her heart; but something desperate in her case nerved her to the effort for which she had come.

Strange to tell, there stirred in the deacon's heart, as his eyes rested on the woman, a feeling of softness and pity.

"Mrs. Jenks," he said, with a kindness of manner so unexpected, that it sent tears into her eyes. She tried to rise from her chair, but a sudden weakness fell upon her and her efforts were fruitless.

"Don't get up," said the deacon, still speaking kindly. Then, as he saw how pale she was, he asked, with an interest in his voice so genuine that the woman thought for a moment that she must be dreaming, if there was anything he could do for her.

"Jenny's had to stay home from the mill again, sir. She was so weak and sick this morning that she 'most fainted."

She saw a change in the deacon's face. The kind look began to fade out and the old un pitying hardness to return.

"Miss Norman was to see me this morning, and when she found how sick Jenny was, she said I mustn't think of sending her to the mill. I told her that Jenny had lost a day 'most every week, and sometimes two days, and that you said last time she was away that if it happened again she couldn't come back at all. But Miss Norman said she knew you'd consider Jenny and not be hard with her. And so I've come to ask if you won't keep her place, and not dock her too hard. She'll be right again to-morrow. Poor thing! She isn't very strong and hasn't much appetite. Hardly eats enough to save a pigeon alive."

The softer look, which had gone so suddenly out of the deacon's face, came back again.

"Very well," he answered, kindly. "Tell Jenny I'll make it all right."

He paused, a thoughtful expression in his eyes. Might he not do something more for the girl. The angels were still near him.

"Jenny isn't very strong," he said.

"Oh, no, sir!" The mother spoke with a quick eagerness. "She's so given out, sometimes, when

she comes home from the mill, that she has to lie down all the evening."

"If it is so bad as that, Mrs. Jenks," said the deacon, showing still more interest in the case, "I'm afraid you're doing wrong to let her work in the mill at all. It's too hard for her. All girls can't stand it, you know. Some of them keep breaking down all the while."

"But what can we do, Mr. Strong," answered the woman, growing bolder, as the deacon softened. "It's just hand to mouth for us all as it is now, and the hand isn't always full. Lucy's, not much stronger than her sister, and doesn't keep up in her time at the mill much better; and when they're docked two hours for every one lost, it cuts down dreadfully. I'm not complaining, Mr. Strong," added Mrs. Jenks, seeing the hardness again in the deacon's face; "but we who live so close to hunger and cold all our lives feel every pinch."

The docking system, to which Mrs. Jenks had referred, was very rigid. Deacon Strong found no difficulty in settling the question of justice involved in his rule of withholding the pay of two hours for every one lost, and of a day and a half for every single day lost. He assumed that the cost of running the mill was just the same, whether the hands worked full time or not, and that the loss to him of an hour in the product of an operative was much more than the profit on that product. So, to make it all safe and right for himself, he established his rule, which he found to work admirably. He had never given himself any concern about the effect of this rule on the poor working people, out of whose weekly earnings he rarely took less than an aggregate of from fifty to sixty dollars beyond the actual wages forfeited through loss of time; so making gain of their idleness, necessities or sickness, as the case might be. Business was business, and must be conducted by rule and system. The men and women and children who worked for him were not thought of as human beings, subject to the common weaknesses and needs of humanity, but as machines hired to do a certain amount of work. If some could not or would not abide by the law of the establishment, they must suffer for the infringement or be thrown out altogether, though they died in the street of sickness or starvation. What had he to do with that?

But, strange to say, the closing words of Mrs. Jenks struck a chord of pity in his heart. He saw in her wan face something not visible to his eyes a moment before. It was the record of long years of suffering and sorrow; and the weakness of coming despair. And out of the scanty means of this poor, exhausted woman and her two half-starved and over-worked young daughters he had taken, week after week, from one to two dollars in excess of actual loss in wages, adding so much to his gains at the cost of "hunger and cold" to them!

The power of better influences was upon him. Angels were touching the eyes of his soul and giving it a clearer vision.

"Go home, now, Mrs. Jenks," said the deacon, with an unsteadiness of voice that he could not

hide. "It shall all be made right. Tell Jenny to rest to-day and take care of herself. She's a good, steady girl, and does her best, I'm sure. I didn't know she was so weak. If she feels strong enough for work to-morrow morning, tell her to come over, and I'll see if I can't make an easier place for her."

"God bless you, Deacon Strong!" leaped from the poor widow's tongue, with a suddenness and fervor that struck a thrill to the man's heart, and then rested and quieted it like a benediction from Heaven.

"One moment," he said, as Mrs. Jenks turned to leave the office. As he spoke, he took from a rack his wages-book. "Let me see," talking, as it were, to himself as he opened to one of the pages; "six hours last week; a whole day and three hours week before last; and ten hours the week before that." Then he closed the book and sat thinking. Trouble might come if he were to do what was in his heart. It would become known, and demoralize, he feared, the whole establishment.

"There's been some mistake, I think," said the deacon at length, resorting to a subterfuge. "Jenny has been docked more than her real loss of time, I'm afraid; and it has been the same with Lucy. I'm sorry about it, and shall look closer into this business in future."

He opened his desk, and taking out three dollars, handed the sum to Mrs. Jenks, saying as he did so: "Give two to Jenny and one to Lucy. But I don't wish either you or the girls to speak of this to any one. It might cause me a deal of trouble."

Tears dropped on the soiled and crumpled bills as Mrs. Jenks took them from the deacon's hand.

"Oh, thank you a thousand and a thousand times!" she exclaimed, with grateful fervor, and then hurried away.

Deacon Strong had a new sensation, the ground and meaning of which he did not really understand. It was not strong, but quiet and deep. It was a very little thing that he had done—a simple act of justice and humanity—but it had so changed his interior relations as to bring him within the sphere of better spiritual influences. It had broken, for the time being at least, the rule of his dominant selfishness, and set to a distance the evil spirits who had gained such power over him. Nay, it had done more; it had made way for the nearer approach of angels, who are quick to perceive in human souls the first inceptions of good, and prompt to breathe upon the kindling fire and fan it into flame. It was the nearer presence of these heavenly attendants that gave to the spirit of Deacon Strong the new sensation of which we have spoken, and held his mind to truer thoughts and better purposes.

For we are not in simple isolation as to our spirits. The inner world in which our souls dwell is peopled with its myriads of inhabitants. They are as much our companions, and influence our thoughts and feelings as much, as the men and women into whose society we come intimately in this outer world. There, as here, are the good and

the evil; and we gather around us such spirits as are in the delight of the affections we cherish; good, if good—evil, if evil. The good help us to rise heavenward; the evil seek to draw us downward toward hell. Our safety lies in our liberty. We are as free to choose our inner as our outward associates. We may turn to the one or the other; or separate ourselves from them at will.

In this simple act of justice and humanity, Deacon Strong had, for the time, separated himself from the evil and selfish companions by whom he had been so long influenced; and, swift as thought, angels drew near. He not only felt the peace and comfort of their presence, but was touched by new impressions. Scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and he saw many things in changed aspects. Out of his memory and into thought, came, in quick succession, one scripture passage after another, as if a hand were turning the leaves of a book and showing what was written upon its pages. By some of these passages he was rebuked, and by some prompted to a better life.

The deacon was sitting at his desk, with letters and papers before him, but feeling in no mood for business, when the overseer of his mill came into the office. This man—his name was Amos Trueford—was past middle life, and had a broken, depressed look, like one who, after a long battle with the world, had been overpowered, borne down and utterly discomfited. His hair was gray, his features thin, and his eyes deeply set in their sockets. His face was inexpressibly sad; the mouth closed with a firm pressure that indicated both suffering and endurance. He had a memorandum-book in one hand and a pencil in the other.

"I've made up the wages' account, sir," said the overseer, as he stood before his employer. There was no life in his voice, and no sign of interest in the business for which he had come.

"How does it stand?" asked the deacon.

The overseer's brows lifted suddenly. A look of surprise came into his face. He did not answer until the deacon repeated his question.

"The Jenks girls, and Fanny Williams, and Peter Ober, are short on time again; and so are—"

"How much is Peter Ober short?" asked the deacon.

"Two days," replied Trueford; "and that won't leave him more than three days' wages; and his wife's sick, and they've had to have a woman to nurse the baby. At least so he says."

Instead of a growl, and the usual impatient wave of his hand when the overseer attempted to excuse a delinquent operative, Deacon Strong inquired, in a voice that sounded strangely to Mr. Trueford, if Peter Ober's word was to be depended on.

"Yes; I'm very sure of it," replied the overseer.

"Don't believe that he's a shirk, and goes off idling away his time?"

"I'm certain that he does not, sir. The poor man isn't fit to be at work half the time he's here. He's sick and broken down, and starved into the bargain."

"Starved! What do you mean by saying that?"

asked the deacon; turning sharply round upon Mr. Trueford.

"You've only to look into his face, sir, to see how it is," returned the overseer. "And then, sir, how is a man and his wife and three children to get much beyond starving on five dollars, which is about all he receives one week with another; and the rent's taken out of that."

The deacon raised a hand to his forehead, and held it there with a hard pressure for several moments. Both men were silent for a little while.

"He's lost two days, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call it one," said the deacon.

"Make it one and a half, you mean," said Mr. Trueford.

"No, I don't mean any such thing. Make it one, and no more!" The deacon spoke with some irritation of manner.

"Oh! yes. Thank you! One it is." And the overseer opened his memorandum-book with a kind of nervous haste.

Deacon Strong looked at the man curiously as he turned the leaves of his book. Why should he say, "Thank you!" It was no favor or concession to him.

"If he could be paid off to-day instead of to-morrow," suggested Mr. Trueford, almost timidly.

"Can't break the rule," was the deacon's quick reply. His cold, stern manner came back. But, softening a little, he added: "You know as well as I do that it can't be done without making trouble. It is only by keeping these people squarely up to the rules and regulations of the establishment that we are able to do anything with them. Concede one thing, and they'll want another. Give an inch and they'll take an ell."

Mr. Trueford did not urge the matter. He understood the deacon too well for that. The light which had come into his thin face died away, and the old sadness settled back upon his lips. But Deacon Strong was not done with his poor, sick, half-starved workman. He tried to turn coldly away from him; to set him out of his thoughts; but this was impossible. "Inasmuch as ye have *not* done it unto the least of these, ye have *not* done it unto me!" He almost started as the sentence came suddenly into his mind.

"You think he needs it badly?" said the deacon, looking up at his overseer.

"As much as a hungry man needs bread, I imagine," replied Mr. Trueford. "He got four dollars and a half last week, and I hardly think there's been much left for the last day or two."

"Can you pay him off to-day without letting the others know of it," asked the deacon.

"Oh, I'll see to all that," replied Mr. Trueford, with a change in his voice.

"You may go past the rule just for this once; but there must be no more of it."

The deacon tried to be very hard and positive; but Mr. Trueford did not fail to notice a weakness in his manner. What did it all mean? He was puzzled.

"About Fanny Williams?" asked the deacon, referring to what his overseer had said a little while before. "How much time has she lost?"

"Just half the week."

"What! Again?"

"Yes, sir. The poor thing can't stand it much longer."

"How much was taken off for lost time last week?"

"She worked three days, and was paid for only two. It's the rule, you know."

The deacon bent his head quickly. He felt something like an electric shock as the words flashed upon him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me!"

"She's really sick, Mr. Trueford?" The deacon looked up again.

"Any one can see that in her face," replied the overseer.

"What's the matter with her?"

"What's the matter with them all, Deacon Strong!" exclaimed the overseer, breaking away from his usual silence and reserve touching the rule of the establishment toward its poor operatives. "Overworked and underfed! That's the matter, sir! It's a bad business all around!"

Mr. Trueford had become suddenly excited, his excitement betraying him into unwonted freedom of speech. For a little while he stood before the deacon in a half-defiant attitude; but this changed slowly, and his old impassiveness returned. He looked for an angry response from his employer, but it did not come.

"Overworked and underfed!" These two words struck down into the deacon's soul with the clear impression of a die. He was not angry, but shocked. The voice that still rang in his ears did not sound like the voice of Amos Trueford; but seemed to come from afar off, and with the rebuke of God in its tones.

"Overworked and underfed!" Had he really anything to do with that? No one was obliged to work in his mill. If his hands could earn more money elsewhere, they were free to go. He did not compel them to stay. And as to being underfed, he did not supply their food. To bring this against him seemed going out of the circle of responsibility. Food was cheap enough; and if the wages were spent as they should be, no one ought to be underfed.

But he could not feel right with himself.

"I don't see what I'm to do with these people." The deacon spoke in a worried, fretful voice. "I don't keep a poor-house. That isn't my business. The town must do that."

To this the overseer made no answer.

"What's to be done about Fanny Williams?" asked Deacon Strong, the worried feeling still in his voice.

"Simple justice, if nothing more," replied Mr. Trueford, with a steadiness of tone, considering his remark, that caused the deacon to glance up at him quickly, and to regard him for a few moments with contracting brows.

"What do you mean by simple justice?" asked the deacon, repressing as he spoke his rising anger.

"She has worked for you three days. Pay her three days' wages," replied the overseer, not letting his eyes drop away from those of the deacon,

which were fixed in a stern, half-threatening gaze upon him. "If you had done as much last week, she might not have failed in her time from hunger and exhaustion this week."

"Amos Trueford! do you know what you are talking about?" exclaimed Deacon Strong, the fire of a suddenly-aroused indignation flashing out of his eyes.

"Yes, sir," replied the overseer. "I'm pleading the cause of the poor—God help them!"

There broke into his usually passionless voice a wild pathos. His lips quivered with feeling; his eyes lit up and burned; his whole countenance wore a new expression. The manhood which had so long been under the feet of Deacon Strong, stood erect again. And as it so stood up, the deacon's anger began giving way to a feeling of respect.

"That is all I have to say about it, Deacon Strong," continued Mr. Trueford, in a quieter voice, but speaking steadily. "You ask what is to be done about Fanny Williams, and I answer, simple justice. She has worked for you three days; pay her three days' wages. Keep back any part of the sum she has earned, and you put her soul as well as her body in peril!"

The overseer's manner became stern and accusing, as he uttered the last sentence. At the same instant, a voice, speaking to the deacon's inner sense of hearing, said: "And what does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Hardness and anger went out of the man. A sense of wrong oppressed him. He seemed to be in the midst of a company of accusing spirits.

"Fanny Williams stands to-day," said the overseer, still holding on to his recovered manhood and speaking without hesitation or any fear of consequences to himself, "on the very edge of a gulf into which, if she falls, she is lost forever. Your hand is upon her; and it is for you to push her over the fearful brink, or draw her back to a place of safety!"

Beads of sweat came out and stood all over the deacon's forehead. A faintness fell upon his heart.

"You talk in riddles, Mr. Trueford. I can't understand you."

"Let me speak more plainly, sir," returned the overseer. "Fanny Williams is alone in Kedron. She has no mother; and, I believe, no near relatives—at least, none who feel any interest in her. She is pretty, and has attractive manners. Her constitution is frail, and her long hours of work and confinement at the mill have drawn heavily upon her strength. She had been here for only a few months, when I saw that she was beginning to fail. Every now and then a day would be dropped out of a week. Sick headache was the cause. I remember her look of blank surprise and discouragement, when, for the loss of a single day, I docked her the wages of a day and a half; and her tone of voice when she asked, with a quiver on her lips: 'Is that right, Mr. Trueford?'"

"'It is our rule,' I replied.

"And she answered: 'It is not an honest rule,' and then took her money and went home. I did not expect to see her back on Monday, but she

came with the rest. Before this, I often heard her singing at her work; but she rarely sang afterward, and then only in broken snatches of song. This act of injustice, as it seemed to her, left a feeling of bitterness in her mind and robbed her of cheerfulness and hope in the future. She lost another day the following week, and from the same cause.

"'Haden't you better dock me two days for one?' she said, with considerable bitterness, when I paid her off on Saturday.

"'Don't fret about it, child,' I answered her. 'It is the rule of the establishment, and all fare alike.' She understood that I felt kindly toward her, and gave me a grateful look. She never spoke of it again; but I could see that the 'rule' bore heavily upon her, especially when two sick-headache days happened to come in the same week, and she got the pay of less than three days for four days' work.

"Well, sir, it didn't grow any better for the poor thing. She had to pinch here and there in order to make both ends meet, and the pinching came too often on her food. She gave up her boarding-house and took a poorly-furnished room, for which she paid five dollars a month. This only made things worse. There were no more regular meals. Her eating was governed by caprice of appetite, or the amount of money she was able to earn. Her natural tastes, as well as her desire to make a good appearance, led her to spend a large part of her small earnings in dress—little, in consequence, remaining for food. Her income left no margin for the dressmaker, and so she wasted her strength still farther, sitting late over her needle, that her garments might be whole and slightly.

"Things went on from bad to worse with poor Fanny; and there was no help for it. The sick headaches came with increasing frequency, and the income grew less and less each week. There have been a good many weeks, sir, in which she's been paid for only two days, though she worked three; and it's come, now, to starving or something worse, I'm afraid. And if she's lost, Deacon Strong, I don't see how God can help requiring her soul at your hands!"

It was a bold speech, this, for the overseer, whose scanty bread and that of his wife and children was in the deacon's hands. It might cost him his place; and if he lost that he did not see where in the wide world he was to go. Not that he lacked ability and faithfulness, but having been badly worsted in the battle of life, he had lost faith in Providence and hope for the future. He was a gloomy, depressed man, hampered and limited by his own lack of confidence in himself and in the wisdom and goodness of God. Such representatives of Christianity as Deacon Strong—and he had met and suffered from too many of them—made him half a skeptic as to religion. It was not often that he permitted himself to be anything more than a machine in his office of overseer; executing the will of his exacting master with the simple faithfulness of his nature, and barring away from his heart the sympathies that could only distress him without helping the overworked and underpaid operatives in the mill.

But something in Fanny Williams had interested him from the first; and his heart had gone out toward her as the heart of a father toward a child. He would, when he saw how, in her struggle for existence, the tide was turning against her, have drawn her into the sheltering haven of his own home had this been possible. It was not, however. That home was already too crowded for its narrow walls, and there was no room for a stranger. And there were, besides, other reasons why she could not come in. He saw that she was pretty; that her nature was social and her tastes refined; that she was simple-hearted and confiding, and had a natural love of beauty that manifested itself in personal adornment.

The heart of Amos Trueford began to feel anxious for her as he saw her cheeks begin to fade and her eyes grow dull from exhaustion. Would the pretty and attractive girl keep straight to the path of honorable industry, though the stones cut her tender feet at almost every step, and her limbs ached with weariness; or would she, in her weakness, and in the seeming hopelessness of her lot, break madly away from the ways of safety? He was troubled about her, and could not shake the trouble off. This feeling increased to anxiety on meeting her, one evening, upon the street in company with a young man named Victor Howe. She was leaning on his arm, and he was bending toward her and talking low and earnestly. He did not know much about this young man; but he had seen him a few times in company with the notorious Len Spangler, and this made him feel sure that he was no fit companion for Fanny Williams. He took occasion to ask her how long she had been acquainted with Mr. Howe, and if she knew anything of his character; and was pained to see the quick rise of color in her face, and the confusion of manner the question occasioned.

"You are young and alone in Kedron, my child," said Mr. Trueford; "and I trust you will be very guarded. How did you become acquainted with Mr. Howe?"

Fanny was at first inclined to resent any interference of the overseer as unwarranted; but he was too sincerely interested in her welfare to let this influence him. His heart was beginning to yearn over her as the heart of a father over his child. He pressed his questions until he learned that the young man had met her, a few weeks before, at a house where she was spending an evening with a friend, and that since that time he had called for her often in the evening, when they would walk together for an hour upon the street. It was plain to Mr. Trueford that there was danger to Fanny in this association. He saw, from what little she said, as well as from the feeling she manifested, that the young man had succeeded in completely fascinating her. If he were evilly inclined, her danger was most imminent; and he greatly feared that he was.

Out of the overseer's deep concern for Fanny Williams had his boldness grown: a boldness as surprising to himself as to his employer. His discovery of the intimacy between her and Victor Howe, was only recent, and had occasioned him great anxiety. The spur of this anxiety had driven

him to make the charge of responsibility for the soul of Fanny, if it were lost, upon Deacon Strong.

A long silence, with its burden of suspense, followed this bold accusation. The fate of Amos Trueford, as well as that of Fanny Williams, seemed hanging on the issue. The deacon raised himself at length, slowly, from the bent posture he had assumed, and to the astonishment of his overseer said, in a veiled, unsteady voice in which was no sign of anger: "Sit down Mr. Trueford."

The overseer obeyed.

"You have just spoken strange words. Do you mean all you have said?" The deacon's voice had not regained its firmness.

"All," replied Mr. Trueford, with a solemnity of utterance that sent a thrill along his own nerves as well as along those of his auditor.

"That her soul is in peril?"

"Yes, sir. In the direst peril."

"Speak more plainly," said the deacon in a tone that was half command.

"Do you know a person named Victor Howe?" asked the overseer.

"Yes, what of him?"

"Is a weak, fond, half starved, half despairing girl safe in his hands?"

"No, sir! He's a godless young man! No, sir! She is not safe. You might as well give a lamb over to the tender mercies of a wolf."

"Fanny Williams is a weak, fond, half starved, half despairing girl, with every way in life apparently closed against her. In her helplessness and extremity this young man has found her. Shall we, knowing this, not make an effort to save her soul from a ruin worse than death? O, Deacon Strong! if she fall and perish, the stain of her blood will be upon our garments, and God will require her soul at our hands! We cannot squeeze the life out of one such, as we squeeze the juice from a lemon, and throw the rind away. God sees it all; notes it all; and holds the record for our day of judgement, come when it will."

The overseer's face glowed with the heat of his new ardor. He forgot himself and his relation to his employer under the strong inspiration that was upon him, and spoke with the freedom of an accuser.

"Is she in the mill now?" Asked the deacon.

"Yes, sir."

"Send for her."

The overseer rang a bell, and to the boy who answered it gave a message for Fanny Williams. For the space of two or three minutes these men sat silent. At the end of that time the door of the little office opened and a young girl came in. Her face was soft and refined; but pale and wasted. Her large dark blue eyes rested with a kind of wistful sadness upon Mr. Trueford as she stood holding the door partly closed; and then turned to Deacon Strong, the expression of her countenance changing a little and growing harder. Even in the deacon's eyes she looked almost beautiful. Unlike most of the girls who worked in the mill, her person and dress were neat—the hair smoothly brushed; the skin white and clean; the garments well fitting and tidy. There was a grace and an attractiveness about her which had never been observed by the deacon until now.

"You were not at the mill yesterday?" The deacon spoke kindly and with so much interest in his voice that the girl, from very surprise, was unable at first to answer. A deep flush overspread her face, and her eyes grew dim with moisture.

"Sit down," said the deacon, pointing to a chair. He felt strangely moved in her presence.

Fanny came forward from the door in which she had been standing, and sunk upon the proffered seat. She felt her strength leaving her, under the shock of so unexpected a reception from a man whom she had learned to fear and hate as a cruel and exacting tyrant whose iron rule was as a heel upon her neck, slowly crushing out her life.

"Were you sick?" asked the mill owner, still speaking with a kindly interest in his voice.

"Yes, sir," was faintly answered.

"You are not strong enough for our work, I'm afraid."

Fanny made no reply.

"You lost three days last week, and three this week," said the deacon. "Were you too sick to work all of this time?"

"If not I would have been at the mill," replied the girl. Deacon Strong did not fail to notice the change in her voice as she said this; it was so very sad. Her lips trembled as she spoke. She had drawn herself up, sitting more erectly, and with her eyes fixed steadily upon him.

"You can't live on what you are paid at the mill, if you loose three days every week?" said the deacon.

"If I were paid for all my work, I could live," she answered, her voice growing steady, and gaining a slight thrill of indignation. The deacon winced at this. It came upon him too suddenly to be received without a sign of the shock it gave. A feeling of anger stirred in his heart; a sentence that he felt sure would have driven the girl instantly from his presence rose to his lips, but he shut them tightly together and held it back until he could gain control of himself. Before he had time to reply, she went on, saying with a sharp thrust in her voice: "But when sickness is made an offence, and I am punished by a fine equal to a third of my wages, the case is hopeless. You are right, sir! I cannot live on what I am paid at the mill, and the sooner I give up this struggle the better."

A sudden fire burned on her cheeks and flashed in her eyes. A fierce anger sat on her lips. The expression of her face became almost desperate.

"Keep all, this time!" she added, in a rising voice, and with stinging contempt in her tones. She sprang to her feet as she said this, her whole manner becoming strongly excited. The gentle, patient, down-trodden girl, who had been slowly dying for months, became in an instant the personification of reckless anger. Nerve and muscle thrilled with a new and intense life. Defiance was in every look and motion. For a moment or two she stood with her eyes upon the deacon, transfixed him with her fierce contempt; then turning away, she passed like a flash through the office door and out into the open air, going down the path that led her away from the mill, almost running as she went.

(To be continued.)

SPECIMENS.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"PAULIE, my girl!" exclaimed pater familias, nearly upsetting his coffee-cup in his excitement, "look up your geology. Uncle Peter writes me that Professor Vansyckel is on his way with a letter of introduction, and will spend a couple of days with us. Coming, no doubt, to pursue his studies in our beautiful rock region. What delight it would afford me to accompany him on his tour. Plague take the rheumatism that prevents! You, my dear, must be head and feet for me. Go with him, learn of him, and bring your stores of knowledge home. Just think, ma, the great Professor Vansyckel! Get the south room ready. He'll be here—let me see—why he'll be here to-night! Paulie, see that the cabinet is in order; don't let him find our specimens covered with dust. The great Professor Vansyckel! That I should live to see this day, and"—as a twinge caught him—"be crippled with rheumatism when it came! Call Silas to bathe me. If possible, I must have one round with the professor before he leaves."

"Let me see that shiny one," demanded Freddie, as Pauline's feather brush flew over and under the carefully arranged and labeled specimens. "What is it?"

"An unmitigated bore," remarked Paulie, aside, as Mrs. Spaulding stepped up to take a look.

"A bore? Pa, where does that sort come from?"

"What sort?" asked Mr. Spaulding from his invalid chair, while his daughter continued her brushing and whispering, unheeding the words going past her.

"The bores. Paulie says here's an unmanygated bore, and I want to know—"

His pursuit of knowledge was cut short by a hand over his mouth.

"You ask so many questions, it's no wonder you get wrong answers. That's not the sort they bore for; it's over there somewhere."

Paulie's cheeks were a little rosier than the occasion seemed to warrant; and a moment later, in the kitchen at her mother's elbow, she declared: "It was a bore, after all. I never saw a specimen that wasn't. This professor's an old man, isn't he?"

"I imagine so—quite old. You're Uncle Peter has known him many years."

"If you'd only go around with him, I wouldn't a bit mind his being here."

"I go around with him! I do know a rock from a brick, and that's all."

"I'd so much rather stay at home and get up nice little dishes. Old men are particularly partial to good things, maybe when he discovers that neither Cassie nor you can cook, and I can, he'll let me off."

"I hope, Pauline," said Mrs. Spaulding, uneasily, "you'll do as your father wishes—make yourself agreeable."

"That I will," heartily. "It's an unmanygated bore; but I'd turn into a pillar of salt, if possible, to please such a dear, kind father."

Paulie tied a sky-blue ribbon in her yellow hair that evening, and pinned another at her throat. It was worth while to look one's best, she thought, even in the eyes of an ancient bachelor. Beside, their country home afforded few opportunities of looking well in any eyes save those of the household. Paulie was so sure of appreciation there, she had no need to don a new ribbon, or give her wilful hair an extra brush. Being a little uncertain of her ground this time, but knowing well how to please her father, she went so far as to decide on wearing a lovely gray poplin, after having fastened a plain black alpaca.

Thus arrayed, she descended to the dining-room for the purpose of giving the table some finer touches after Cassie's daubing on of the dishes.

To her amazement, there sat a man—a dark-eyed, dark-bearded gentleman of about thirty, or thereabouts, neither so old nor so young as to put her at her ease.

He arose and announced himself as Mr. Vansyckle, bringing a letter of introduction to Mr. Spaulding, adding: "I met a little red-stockinged boy outside, who showed me in here. I asked was this right; he declared it perfectly so, stating that pa was sick and mustn't be disturbed; beside, supper would be ready in a few minutes, and I might as well be handy."

"An awkward piece of business!" exclaimed pater familias. "The great Professor Vansyckel meeting such a reception! Bring him here at once. That Fred ought to be switched."

The professor seemed to have taken it easily, however, and when supper was really ready, showed a hearty appreciation of various dishes Paulie had herself prepared. He looked at her rather more than seemed necessary, and every time their eyes met she wondered was anything the matter? Her tumbly-down hair on her shoulders? Her necktie behind her ears? Or—most terrifying thought of all—was there a spot on her face from some pot or pan she had handled? Confidence was restored in a measure as pa glanced at her from time to time with evident satisfaction, and ma surveyed her complacently from behind the silver tea-service. Still she felt uneasy, and rather avoided Mr. Spaulding's attempt to draw her out on the subject of rock strata. Although an apt pupil under her father's tuition, she felt very more at home among stratas of pastry, currants and citron.

"As bright and breezy as the morning," thought the professor, as, armed and equipped for their jaunt, Paulie Spaulding tripped beside him, her cheeks glowing with vivid color, her eyes sparkling, and her wilful hair taking advantage of a fresh wind to become more wilful still. "If I didn't know better I should fancy her in search of streams waking from their icy sleep, or seeking the trailing arbutus, spring's sweet forerunner."

Paulie's thought matched his in this wise: "He looks as though he could laugh, and say airy nothings like the rest of us. Why will he be so dreadful?"

Porphyritic, micaceous, and argillaceous rocks, strike and dip of strata, flint veins. Ah, dear, why

the red, girlish mouth seemed turning to stone under the hardening process of these big words, and her eighteen-year-old head fairly throbbed at the stroke of the professor's hammer. She looked away to breeze-blown hills, where snow patches dotted a brown ground; she saw stretches of dun-colored field, and meadow drowsing in sunshine; heard a twitter running through leafless bough and bush, and longed to do some desperate thing.

"When pa got too dreadful," so ran her thoughts, "I could propose a race, a climb, or our putting salt on birds' tails—and what a frolic we'd have! But with this big, grave man—who could laugh, run and romp, too, maybe, and won't—there's nothing to do but consent to be bored to the bitter end. Well, it's for the dear old father's sake. I'll be good."

Every noontide and night a feast of fat things was spread before Mr. Spaulding in the shape of specimens with which he renewed acquaintance, or halloed with delight as presenting new subjects of study and research.

"Put them carefully away in the shed," he would say; "as soon as I am able, I will make room, arrange and classify them."

Meanwhile, Paulie would fly into the kitchen with: "Cassie, I must make something this very minute to get the rocks out of my brain."

"You rocks in your brain, child! I'd as lief believe you if you 'clared your heart was a rock," was Cassie's stereotyped reply to this, while she stood, showing all her glittering teeth, and watched the rolling up of Paulie's sleeves, the tying on of her apron.

On the morning of the third day of his sojourn, Professor Vansyckle strolled out at the side door with his after-breakfast segar. The grass was greening under a week's uninterrupted sunshine, and a little yellow wheelbarrow made tiny ruts in it as red-stockinged Freddie trundled about, aimlessly engrossed.

"Are you going away to-day?" he asked, lifting his bright eyes to the professor's superior height.

"No, sir. In obedience to your father's urgent request, I remain until next week."

"Oh, pshaw!" was the uncomplimentary rejoinder.

"And why 'Oh, pshaw?'"

"'Cause, you see, Paulie says I shall have her share of the stones after you're gone to make a mound."

"So, so!" said, or rather whistled, the professor. Then, throwing away his segar, "Suppose we make it now?"

"Honest?"

"As honest as the stones themselves."

"All right!" and the yellow wheelbarrow went into service immediately.

"Fred, you dreadful child!" exclaimed Paulie, appearing at the woodshed door in the wheelbarrow's wake, her plump arms bare to the elbow, and a bib apron muffling her trim figure. "Do you know what you're about? The profess—" Her girl-face took on every gradation of color, from softest rose to richest crimson, as just at that moment her eyes lighted on him.

"Has abandoned his profession for the present,

and become a mound-builder. We're going to have fuchiatropes, helibenas and dear knows what not next summer."

Paulie laughed, and never was laugh more infectious. Professor Vansyckel joined in most heartily, so did Freddie, although not exactly certain where the fun came in. The next thing Paulie did was to push her hair out of her eyes and take to mound-building, too.

"This business suits me infinitely better than that of collecting specimens, although I wouldn't care to confess it before your father or my uncle, the celebrated Balder Vansyckel."

Paulie stared in supreme surprise. "Then you're not the great Professor of C——?" she said.

"Of C——, yes, but a professor of music, and not great in any degree. What could your Uncle Peter have said to create so wrong an impression?"

"Oh, he seldom makes anything plain; one time he sent us a package of choice beans and labeled them choice brains. Considering the source, the mistake is a very natural one. Freddie, we want another load to fill in here."

"There's no more, only pa's."

"Bring them, then. He won't care for them now—now—" an overwhelming sense of having blundered tripped Paulie's tongue.

"Now that the professor's a humbug," interposed that gentleman. "I must see him at once and explain."

"Not Balder Vansyckel, hey?"

"Jesse Balder Vansyckel, sir."

"Just so, and as welcome for your own sake as your uncle would have been for his. I like you, my young sir; you have walked right into my heart; will be delighted to have you stay a month with us."

March came around again, and, one morning—half snow, half sunshine—Mr. and Mrs. Vansyckel looked out upon the tiny mound, wrapped in ermine.

"How indefatigably we worked in the first three days of our acquaintance," said Paulie, with her merriest laugh.

"Yes," answered her husband, "of all specimens we were the biggest."

THAT DAY ON SIXTH AVENUE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

THAT day! Its slow, long hours, its pain and despair, have been hushed and covered away by many other days of peace and gladness—days which have overflowed with such a sense of rest and loving tenderness that my soul has been almost afraid, and trembled at its own bliss.

Yet this feeling may have been owing to the consciousness of that other day, lying far away in the past; a ghost of a shadow—a faint echo lurking among all the years—the quiet, happy, sheltered, later years of my life.

I would not, now, have it otherwise. I should not want to lose the memory of that day. I am sure that it has made my life, in some sense, a

different one; that I have been more alive, tenderer to all human pain and grief because of that time.

And yet, dear God! that there may be just such days now for other human souls as that day was to me. That is the thought which comes oftencest and hurts deepest.

I should not have told you so much if I had stopped to think twice, Cousin Dorrice; how glad I am that you have that lovely, quaint, old-fashioned name! When I first heard it, it was Tom spoke it to me, you know. I said to him: "Oh, it is charming! I seem to hear the winds singing through that name—winds that come over apple-orchards ripening in July suns, and over still, lush meadows, with dun cattle deep in the crimson clover."

Tom laughed his merriest. "I never heard, little Quaker woman with those odd poetic conceits flashing around all your New-England demureness, any such sounds in my cousin's name. It is a family heirloom, I believe, descended from her mother's side of the house. But I have a great liking for the person who bears the name, so great a one, Marjorie, that if Dorrice Seelye had not been my father's sister's daughter, I should once have asked her to be my wife; had she done me the honor to accept me—"

"I shouldn't have had an opportunity to do it. O Tom! how fortunate for me that first cousin bond held and stood between you two."

"In one thing at least, that I can bring you a Cousin Dorrice. You must throw that weight into the scale along with any other more personal advantages in my favor."

That talk happened before we were married, and it was the way I came first to know you, Cousin Dorrice.

But this is not answering your question; and you are waiting, I see, with your fair face, dear, lying like a white flower among the crimson cushions of the deep, old lounge, while the rain hums softly on the window-panes, and the clouds lie in loose, low, grayish masses overhead—summer clouds which let down their burdens of rain easily, and which a south wind will soon send flying with broken, trailing draperies off the face of the sky.

Your question, Dorrice, dear, has come in the right time, for I could only answer you truly by telling you a long story, and such a rain and such a sky put me into that quiet, tender mood in which alone I could tell this tale even to you.

You have often observed my manner to the girl-clerks, you say, when I come down to the city and we go out for our spring and fall shop-pings. You cannot precisely describe this, for it is something subtle in voice and manner, most like what you saw in me toward the sick children in the hospital, one day, when we carried them fruit and flowers. You understood the manner, then, but these girl-clerks, with their comfortable situations and honest earnings, really seem in no especial need of sympathy. You want to know what my manner means? It means, Dorrice, dear, that I was one of those very girls once. I, to-day, Tom Fairchild's happy wife! It means,

too, that I never speak to one of those girls without remembering that last day of mine behind the counter.

How shocked you look, dear! Not because of the place and work—you are too true a woman for that, Dorrice Seelye—but you thought Tom Fairchild's wife had, all her life, the shelter of home, the love and care of strong hands and brave hearts. Yet, Dorrice—let me come a little nearer, and look straight in your twin stars of eyes while I say it—some terrible storms beat right down into the fairest years of my youth. I was hungry, and faint, and homeless one day, when I went into a large trimming store on Sixth Avenue, and applied for a situation behind the counter.

There happened to be a vacancy in the lace department. One of the girls had gone home sick. I took her place.

"How could it all have happened? How did I come to be so awfully alone in the world?"

It came very suddenly. I had had a carefully-nurtured childhood. Papa's salary—he was a college professor, you know—had afforded us a comfortable home; and if it permitted the indulgence of few luxuries, it lifted us quite out of the grind of poverty.

I have heard that he never was the same man after mamma died; but I was too young at the time she left us to be conscious of any change in him. I remember him as a tall, reticent, sad-eyed man, to everybody kindly, but absent and absorbed in books.

He was several years breaking down in health, and when he died, the last dollar of his salary, I have heard my aunt say, barely sufficed to pay his funeral expenses. I was fourteen at that time.

The next three years I passed in a sick room. My aunt, my father's only sister, who had charge of his household after my mother's death, became a confirmed invalid. She could not endure the sea air of the town in which I had been born and reared. She had a small annuity, which barely sufficed to keep both of us in the most economical fashion in the bit of cottage which she rented in a quiet inland village, fifty miles from New York.

My aunt was one of the loveliest women whom I ever knew. Whatever is best in me, Dorrice, I owe to her influence and training; but the dim, hushed atmosphere of that sick-room was hardly healthful for a young life just at its blossoming. We were among strangers; and my aunt's situation, and her tastes and habits, precluded our making many friends in the secluded little village, to which she had come for health, and where she remained to die three years later.

"What is to become of you, dear child?" she said sometimes, her great, sad eyes resting with solemn, yearning tenderness upon me, during the last days of her life—the only ones in which she had realized her real condition.

I think she had expected to live for years in precisely the old, quiet, dim way—a life which, without her knowing it, was touched softly with the shadows of the grave.

I was young and hopeful; the future leaned over me with no dark, threatening face. I was only anxious about my last near earthly relative.

"God will take care of me, Aunt Ellen. You have always taught me to believe that," I answered, with undoubting confidence.

And I know it was with that hope and trust, Dorrice, that my aunt went to sleep one night, softly and sweetly as infants go through the golden gateway of their slumbers into dreams. Only when Aunt Ellen woke up it was not to hear my good-morning, but the angels'.

Two months afterward I came to the city, with a few dollars in my purse—all that remained from the sale of our furniture. I had not a relative in the world on whom I would make any claim. My father and my mother slept in graves over which sang soft winds from the sea; my aunt in hers, where the breezes came with tender voices from the cool, distant hills.

I was only seventeen; and the dreadful problem of shelter, and bread, and clothes, which the strong brain and stout arm of a man might have solved so easily, met me on the threshold of my seventeenth birthday in the great city, and I was all alone in God's world.

I found a cheap boarding-place with a sister of our old milkman. She was not a refined woman. In a little while I proved her hard, mercenary, pitiless.

Well, I tried to get work—God be witness, Cousin Dorrice, I tried it faithfully, steadily, as man or woman ever did, day after day, week after week, until a month had passed away.

I had told my aunt, as I said, with unquestioning faith, that God would take care of me. Would He? Every day my heart grew fainter as I asked the question, wandering through the long, hot streets, among the noisy crowds, and I stared wistfully sometimes into strange faces of men and women who passed me by, with no help or tenderness shining in any of them, only sometimes staring back—the men, I mean—in a way which sent a sick shudder all over me; and the women with cold and curious glances, which at once repelled me.

You see how it was, dear. I suppose my history was not very uncommon—and that is the bitterest thought of all—there was really no place for me in the world—no work for me.

This was, perhaps, in part, the fault of my education. I had a passion for books, and my father had indulged it to the uttermost; but, after all, he had instructed me in a desultory fashion. Before I was fourteen, I had read and studied more than most girls who leave boarding-school at twenty. I had, too, a real talent for drawing; and some skill in nursing, gained from my three years' experience in a sick-room, which would have been of value in a hospital or an invalid's chamber.

So you see I was not without capacity, natural or acquired, which might even then have been turned to account, if only an opportunity had been afforded me to do that.

But the days wore on and on, from the golden softness of the late May into the fiery heats of the early July. I applied for one situation and another—applied for sewing, embroidery, copying, teaching. There is no need of going over the list. All my applications failed. My slender stock of

money grew each day a little scantier, although I hoarded every sixpence like the greediest of misers.

You can imagine, dear, a little of the misery of that time; only living it can you know. I do not want to dwell on it, Dorrice, darling, and the pity in your violet eyes hurts me as I know my words are hurting your great, tender heart.

You must remember, too, that I had been brought up in an atmosphere of the most delicate refinement of thought, speech and feeling. I was thrown at once amongst the coarsest associations. The people at the boarding-house in which I had my bit of attic and my seat at table were wholly devoid of delicate instincts and cultured habits, and lived on a plane entirely different from any to which I had been accustomed. The household familiarity was torture to me. Every day the association became more intolerable. Every day, too, the courage and hope of my young heart grew fainter. What was to become of me? Every day, also, I asked God that, and there came no answer from the blue summer sky shining over the great, noisy, dizzy city, under all whose roofs was no home for me—me with my seventeen years!

My landlady began to suspect how matters stood, and, one morning, she came to me with a request that I would find myself another home, as she had been offered a dollar more than I now paid for the little, hot attic in which I had slept for a month, so tired after my long walks that I did not live over the miserable hours of the day even in my dreams.

I had just money for another week's board. It prevailed upon her to allow me to remain for that day, and I started out once more on my quest for employment.

I have wondered, sometimes, that my reason did not break down with the long strain of those days. Why, Dorrice, it was only a month that I walked those streets, a helpless, friendless, bewildered child, and it seems centuries! I had quite ceased to feel now that God—my father's God—would take care of me! I used to wonder that He could sit still and calm in His great, grand heavens and look down pitiless on my long misery. Of course, I have lived to see that, had I been a few years older, all this would never have happened. There were tender hearts and helpful hands all over God's world, in thick walled city and wide, green country, who, if they had known my real condition, would have eagerly reached out succor to me. But I did not know this—I with my unused life and my seventeen birth-days.

I looked up suddenly, standing irresolute on one of the corners of Sixth Avenue, and saw on the opposite side the sign of a great trimming store. I kept on afterward, for a block, and then, on a sudden, I turned back—to this day I don't know what made me do this—crossed the avenue and, going straight into the store, inquired of the first salesman I met whether he could not give me some employment.

I doubt whether I should have made another application that day, or, perhaps, ever again. My courage was at its lowest ebb. All emotion

seemed dead within me, and I do not believe I could have shed a tear to have saved my life.

I had come, however, in the nick of time. There was a vacancy in the lace department. One of the girl-clerks had been taken ill and gone home. Her situation was offered me at six dollars a week. I seized it eagerly as those who are going down in deep waters seize a plank which is shot out to them by some rescuing hand.

The rules and the duties were briefly explained to me; I was to stand behind the counter from eight in the morning to six in the evening, with a brief interval at noon for lunch.

When I left that store on Sixth Avenue, my quest for employment was over.

The next morning I was at my place; and so I was for a fortnight of mornings afterward. Well, the rules were no harder for me than they were for the others—my place could probably have been filled any day, had I chosen to resign. But I don't know that made the thing any easier for me. You remember, dear, how secluded and tenderly guarded my life had been, and this now one among perpetual crowds of strange people was a terrible contrast. Then, I had never been strong, and those long, weary hours, from early morning until twilight, of standing on my feet, lifting boxes and waiting on customers, was a terrible strain on nerves and muscles. Ah, how glad I was when the twilight came, and I could put on my hat, every tired limb aching with the long day's wear and toil, and go back to my cup of tea and my bit of hot attic, where I lay in a dead slumber until the time came for me to rise up and go to my tasks again.

I have nobody to complain of; I think my co-laborers were, as a rule, courteous and tried to instruct me regarding my new duties, with a laugh—not ill-natured—over my "greenness."

My landlady's hard face relaxed a little, too, when she found that I had succeeded in obtaining a situation and she felt secure about my board-bills.

That fortnight was the hottest of the season, the mercury deep among the nineties much of the time. The atmosphere of the store was perfectly stifling, and I was remote from doors and windows, and no breath of summer wind ever cooled the dry, dead, awful heats of those days; the roof was low, but the sun found its way between the tall houses and beat upon it; the air was foul with human breaths, it made me faint and dizzy through the long, long days which went down at last in stifling twilights, when I went home, and drank my cups of tea, and threw my aching limbs on the cot-bed in the attic.

I do not think I realized, those days, how my appetite was failing with my strength. All my thoughts and energies were centered on one purpose, and that was to keep my situation. When that went, so I reasoned, life itself must go; and, bitter as mine had grown, I clung to it until that last day.

It was the last day, also, of that fiery fortnight, as I learned long afterward. That very night the wind changed and came in bearing on its wings the salt, blessed coolness of the sea to calm the awful fever of earth and air.

I went to my place that morning as usual. I tried before I left my boarding-place to drink my cup of coffee; but I put it down with the first sip, and the sight and smell of the coarse food gave me an unutterable loathing.

How long the walk seemed to Sixth Avenue! Was something dragging at my feet, they ached and felt so heavy as I tried to hurry along, in terror lest I might be late. I usually walked in the mornings, saving the car-fare for the return at night, when I was less equal to dragging my weary limbs, with the dreadful ache in them, over that long mile to my boarding-place.

I reached the store at last, and went to my counter. Ah, that loathsome, stifling air! Ah, the dizziness and fever at my brain—the pain which shot like smiting darts through every limb! How the faces went swimming around—strange, gorgon shapes they seemed, staring and leering at me!

Yet I believe I answered every question, attended to every customer that day. I kept on my feet, too; although doing this at last became a real torture.

Looking out of the distant door, I could see the street-cars—the Sixth Avenue line—going back and forth. I watched every one with a fierce, longing, breathless eagerness all that day. Less than two miles away was Central Park; and I knew this was the starting and terminating point of the line. The thought took possession of my imagination. Those cars started from, and were going to, the threshold of another world. They came from, they stopped in the very sight of it.

O Dorrice, I know from one terrible day how prisoners in dark, narrow, stifling cells have craved light, and freedom, and air!

Only two miles away; and there it all was—the still, cool shadows; the trees with their mighty roofs of leaves, with the soft touch and feel of the light, wandering breezes among them; the wide, still arbors; the cool dripping of water on the rocks; the singing of birds; the blessed healing sight of green grass, and the glory of the flowers; and little, lovely, shady places, with draperies of vines, and soft rustlings of leaves, and quiet arbors which roofed out the fiery glare of the day, where one might lie down softly and go to sleep, and never wake up again—never in the whirr, and crowd, and din.

For I had come to think that dying was better than life—to long for it, Dorrice, as I longed for no other thing—to think how glad I should be just to go and lie there, and look up once to the sky smiling down blue and pitiful between the green leaves, and say a little, soft good-bye to the world, and close my eyes and just go to sleep forever.

And what was to hinder me from doing this? I kept asking the question to myself, and laughing a little once or twice, thinking how nobody had any power to prevent my putting on my hat, walking straight out of the store, and getting on board one of the cars; and in a few moments I would be in that world of rest, and greenness, and beauty, out of which I would never go again.

All day, too, I had a fixed intention of leaving whenever a car went by. I half-started, with the

intention of quietly walking out and taking my place inside, and then something checked me, and I told myself I would go with the next one.

And all the time the crowd of strang, gorgon-like faces swam and leered around me, and the hot air seemed scorching my forehead and cheeks, and pains shot like sharp lances through my limbs. I did not know I was ill; everything around me was like a dream; even the voices of the people at times grew far off, there was such a deafening whirr in my ears; but the dreadful weariness, the hot, nauseous air, the shooting pains, those were very real. And that one day, as I uncover and look at its face, seems weeks long to me.

Well, the end came at last. Your shocked, pitiful eyes are asking for it, Dorrice dear. Have patience, and I will tell you briefly as I can.

It must have been late in the afternoon, when a large, handsomely-dressed woman, with a hard, coarsely-moulded face, came up to my counter to look at some goods. She was a long time in deciding on her purchases. I remember I brought down every box of goods from the shelves for her inspection, and all the time the dizziness grew in my brain, the whirring din in my ears, while the lady sat before the counter and fanned her large, flushed, haughty face, and turned over the soft fabrics critically with her ringed fingers.

Would she never be done? I often asked myself, my eyes on the look-out for every Sixth Avenue car; and sometimes I had hard work to suppress a cry when some fierce pain shot along my nerves.

But at last the goods were all selected, the money was paid, and I passed it with a mere glance to the shop-boy, and commenced slowly to put the disarranged boxes in order.

In a few moments the boy returned, saying that there had been a mistake; three dollars more were wanting to make up the amount specified in the bill. The woman loudly protested that she had paid more than was due, and that a five-dollar note had been abstracted from the sum which she had handed to me, glancing threateningly from the cash-boy's face to my own.

Her angry tones soon drew several of the store-people about us. The woman insisted there had been foul play somewhere, and that she would call a police-officer at once to detect and arrest the culprit.

She grew louder and fiercer every moment; and it was evident by her looks and manner that her suspicions pointed either to me or the cash-boy.

I was really by this time too far exhausted and too ill to be greatly excited or alarmed at the gravity of the situation. I quietly insisted that I had given the money as I had received it to the cash-boy; and he very positively affirmed that he had taken it at once to the desk; but the five dollars was certainly wanting, and was not accounted for in the bill. One of the proprietors was summoned. The incensed purchaser again repeated her story, supplementing it with violent threats. The cash-boy turned his pockets inside out; and I began to perceive that the suspicions of the man and woman had concentrated on myself.

What followed is all very much like a dream,

Dorrice. I see the faces around me—curious, eager, doubtful—they seem like a vast crowd, probably far more than they were in reality, and they dance and swim before my eyes. Yet I was scarcely moved. In the first place, there was my own consciousness of absolute innocence, and then, after that day of misery, I doubt whether anything in this world had power greatly to affect me, but, with the lookers-on, my calmness was probably a strong point in my disfavor; and I was a new clerk with no honest record to fall back on, and I was without a friend in the store.

There was a swift examination of boxes and drawers, the proprietor giving me some orders in a very sharp voice. On the counter was a heap of disarranged laces which I had not had time to put in order. The man hastily overturned the whole pile, and there, clinging between two cards, was a five-dollar note!

The man held it up, the woman watching him with her keen, pitiless eyes sprang forward with a cry; the evidence of my guilt was before all eyes.

There, Dorrice, dear, lie down! The bloom is all scared out of the flower of your face, until it looks like a lily's smitten with sudden rain. Don't cry so—I didn't shed a tear then, if I am doing so now; and the end is at hand—the end of all the long, dreadful misery!

The man held the money up to my eyes. "What do you say to that?" he said.

I looked at the circle of faces around me. I read absolute conviction of my guilt in every one. Indeed, I had not for an instant the faintest doubt on my own part. I knew that in my faintness and bewilderment, I must have unconsciously retained the money in my palm, thinking it was a bit of waste paper, if, indeed, I thought at all, and it had slipped out of my hand and lodged among the laces, when I set about gathering them up.

But who would believe so absurd a story? I read my verdict in the hard, angry eyes all around me, and did not attempt one word in my own defence.

"Nothing," I answered the man, calmly. "You would not believe anything I should say."

"I see!" he said, with an oath. "Perfectly cool! A regular hardened case! Have a policeman right off!"

The words had hardly passed his lips before he appeared; somebody had probably whisked out of the store in quest of one, as soon as the money was discovered, which everybody supposed that I had slipped between the laces for safe keeping.

"You must go with me, girl," the man said, touching my shoulder, and I turned to get my hat very quietly—more so than I am telling you now—it all still seemed like a dream, and I knew I should not go very far. I went down the store with the policeman; cold, stern, curious faces staring at me all the way. Was not I a detected thief?

I had almost reached the door when I tottered; a lady standing by the counter turned suddenly to look, as one of the clerks whispered to her, and pointed to me. I see it now just as I did at that moment, the delicate, beautiful face, startled and shocked, the great, dark eyes turned on me full of

pitying wonder, that grew, as we looked at each other, into a great grief and tenderness; it was as though the face of an angel had suddenly shone on me from the skies. I stopped and tottered toward it. I reached out my arms with a cry: "Oh, help me! I am not a thief!" and I fell at that woman's feet.

I have a dim recollection of faces swarming around me; of clear, indignant tones which rang out like a flute: "Are you brutes or human beings? Do you not see the child is sick or dying?"

There was a swarming of faces, a humming of voices around me; on my head the feel of soft, ministering hands. All is a blank afterward for days and days.

The long misery of mind and body had done their work at last, and brought me to the borders of the grave.

There, Dorrice, darling, forgive this sudden sobbing—that old day grew so awfully real to me! Dry that white, wet face of yours; the rest is only good to tell. When I dropped at that woman's feet the grief and misery of my life were over.

I woke up, at last, in a dim, large, cool chamber; the first sounds I heard were the distant rush and retreat of waves on the beach just as I had heard them all the days of my childhood. Soft pillows were under my head. Everything was pure, and white, and dainty about me. I saw the delicate pattern of my snowy bed-spread, and on the light stand by the side of my couch the fiery glow of the fuchsias in the little silver vase among the pretty cups and glasses.

When I stirred to see them better, a woman's face bent over me, a kind, pleasant, helpful face in a white cap.

"Well, my child!" with the cheeriest smile, "what are you thinking about?"

I answered her question with another. "Who are you, and how did I come here?"

"Oh, we brought you, and we've been taking care of you, and intend to until you are quite well. You've been very sick and you are too weak now to talk or think or do anything but just swallow this and go right to sleep," and she held a spoon to my lips.

Almost before I swallowed the drops, I was in a sound slumber.

In the twilight I awoke again; I was decidedly better now, but so weak that I could not lift my hand to my head.

There again was the pleasant, distant leap and laughter of waves on the sands. The kindly, homely face in the white cap bent over me. I liked it.

"You won't go away and leave me?" I asked; at first it was a great effort to speak.

The tears came into the woman's eyes. "Oh, no, dear child. Don't be troubled about anything, any more than a baby or a bird.

"Here is some nice broth. Let me raise your head a little, and try and swallow some of it."

How deliciously it tasted! Yet I could not have lifted my head from my pillow; I was too feeble to articulate the questions which kept crowding up in my mind. Suddenly there was a soft movement at the door, a flutter of woman's garments,

and in a moment, there shone in the room the face of the woman who had turned on me as an angel's would that day. She came to me with the pity and tenderness alive in her beautiful eyes just as they had been before. She called me by my name, Marjorie Dale, as though she had known me all my life. She took my hand—was that little, white, wrinkled thing mine?—in her soft, cool fingers, and smiling all the time, although the tears shone in her eyes, she congratulated me on my improvement.

She told me that I had had a brain-fever, and been terribly ill. I was at home now, and must remember that I had not a care or a trouble in the world, and nothing to do but just get well as fast as I could.

The doctor and the nurse would do their part, if I would only do mine.

Well, the rain is over; I see rifts of summer blue thro' the clouds, Dorrice, and for my story, that has only the ending of fairy tales.

My young strength came to aid my recovery after that night, and no invalid ever had tenderer and more skillful care.

Little by little, I learned all there was to tell. My benefactress was a widow. Her husband had died several years before, and left her a large fortune and one child, an invalid boy.

She had a summer cottage on the sea-shore, a dozen miles from New York. She had brought me straight from the store on Sixth Avenue to the cool, airy seclusion of her summer home. She happened to be in New York that day, and had gone out, despite the heat, on some shopping errands, when the scene happened which changed in an instant my whole existence. The moment she looked in my face she knew that I was innocent, and my sudden illness, and the lady's unquestioned faith in me, caused a swift revulsion of feeling in the minds of the store-people, and the policeman himself bore me to the carriage.

When I grew better there were no new facts to tell Mrs. Arlington, that was the name of the best friend my girlhood had. I had related everything during the ravings of my illness, and she had written to my old home, and old friends of my father's had corroborated every word of my story.

If I had been older and wiser I should have gone to these when my troubles came, but it was so very long since we had parted, and I fancied, in my young ignorance, that I must fight the battle all alone in the great, noisy city.

My friend never permitted me to leave her roof, I was her companion, almost her daughter, in a little while, I had the same teachers that her beautiful, sickly, precocious boy had, and we two became to each other—all that brother and sister possibly could.

We went abroad together. Our boy—his mother's and mine—sickened slowly in Switzerland and at last died there.

In two years his mother followed him. My old knowledge of a sick-room was of unutterable value to me during those years, when all whom I loved on earth were slowly passing away from the world which they had made so bright to me.

Ah, how often Mrs. Arlington said to me, among

those last days: "Marjorie, my dear, you have repaid to me and Alick a thousand-fold all that I have done for you."

But she was mistaken.

Among the last days of her life, Tom came; he was the son of her husband's best friend, and she was extremely fond of him.

One day—only two before the last—my friend drew down my face to her white, beautiful one on the pillow.

"Marjorie, my May-flower," that was her own and Alick's favorite name for me, "I am going to God's own comfort and rest, but I shall not leave you in the world alone."

I was so overwhelmed with grief that I did not understand her then, but I did, two weeks afterward, when Tom Fairchild told me. Three months later we were on our way home and I was his wife!

I am a rich woman now, you know, Dorrice, both in my own right and as Tom's wife, and loved, as it seems to me, woman was never loved before, by the bravest, tenderest heart in all God's world.

I drive in Central Park occasionally, when we go down to the city. I sit in my cushioned ease, behind my splendid grays as they bowl along the drives, and I look out from my sheltered luxury on that day, hidden away in its darkness and agony among the distant years, when I was a lonely, friendless girl in the store on Sixth Avenue.

So, now, my flower of women, you have the answer to your question, and that is Tom's ring, and we must go down to lunch; only, Dorrice, if I could only know for a solemn certainty that there were no girls behind counters, that there never would be any where I was that day, I should certainly be a happier woman in this luxurious, love-tended home of mine!

At that moment, a man's swift footsteps rang in the upper hall, and a man's voice broke into the room, saying, in the heartiest, merriest tones: "Just where I left you! What in the world can you two women, Marjorie and Dorrice, find to talk about all these long mornings after I have desperately torn myself away from you?"

Dorrice Seelye rose up from the lounge. She went over to Marjorie Fairchild and put her arms fondly about the neck of her cousin's beautiful wife.

"Ah, Tom," she said, "if Marjorie and I were to pass years of mornings together, I think we should find enough to talk about through all of them!"

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

A WHITE garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled. So a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than a great offence in a bad man.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 8.

I NEVER told you in all these months gone by that there had been a quiet addition of one more to the deacon's household. Yes, ever since last April, and I neglected telling you, too. This was how it happened. The Presbyterian church in Pottsville called for their pastor, a young theological student who was just finishing his course at the seminary in Allegheny City. We pitied the modest young man. Of course, after ten or eleven years' study and preparation, with very little assistance except that which came of his teaching school, he would be barely ready to begin active life—he would be almost alone. When the church in Pottsville began to look about to find him a pleasant home, just the kind for a studious, proper young man, why, the place was hard to find. He looked every time up at the cosy home on the hillside, above the sloping meadow, and the two wooded hills that stood, like sentinels, on each side of it, seemed to invite him thither, but that was the home of Deacon Potts, and the deacon was not of his persuasion, and he looked away ruefully. But my heart went out to that boy the first time I heard him pray.

When we came home from church, that day, I said to Ida: "I rather like that new minister, I'm ever so glad that the Presbyterians called him instead of that other man. He touched my heart when he thanked God for the beautiful October weather that wrapped us in its soft haze of blue and gold."

"Well, I liked him, too," said she. "Oh, didn't he speak tenderly and reverently of women! Any man is good who holds woman so graciously and worshipfully in his heart."

This was while he was yet at the seminary in the fall. In the spring, a committee of elders came to see if we could possibly board their new pastor. We wanted to live alone, just the deacon and his little family, so we said we could not take a boarder, even though we liked the young man very much.

But after they were gone I felt uneasy and troubled. I said to myself: "I could mother over the new minister with such a willing heart, and now, if he lives in town, every thing he says or does will be criticised, and every loafer will make comments about him, and people will put their own narrow construction on all his conduct, and they'll keep the poor fellow under restraint all the time. Maybe he has peculiarities, nearly every body has, and nearly every body concerns himself so intimately with other folks's affairs, and I don't like the idea of this poor, self-sacrificing, educated man coming down to be common talk for those who sit on store boxes, and whittle, and discuss feet-washing, and the one way of baptism, and quibble over the splitting of hairs."

One evening I said all this to my family, and we grew very indignant over probable results, and the end of it all was that we made new arrangements up-stairs. Bub is at Lafayette College and didn't need his room here, so we moved his books and things into my room, and Ida took possession of his, and we gave hers and our library to the new preacher. That allows him the two large front rooms up-stairs, the length of the house. One is his study, and the other his bed-room, and he's as happy as a robin, a very quiet one, however. He takes his meals in the village and the walk is exercise.

It is so good to have a preacher in the house. He often takes tea with us; he settles questions that are not clear to us; straightens my tangled grammar; hangs our pictures, and helps us lift heavy things; we share fruit and berries with each other; read choice bits of letters; admire and share good poems; laugh over funny pictures and enjoy fine ones, and in all he is happy and in the enjoyment of the comforts and blessings of a quiet and a beautiful country home.

Just while I am on this subject, or, rather, because I am really drawn into making mention of a few things that crowd upon my mind. Why, I think an elderly woman has the advantage over a girl in the way of looking after the welfare of young men. I always feel a responsibility if there is a young man thrown under my influence; I am sure to feel that I have a duty to perform, that if I don't advise, and encourage, and assist him, if even only by a word of commendation, that I have not done my duty, and I go away feeling guilty and burdened.

Now, if I were a young woman I could not use the freedom that is mine by right of my years and experience; a young man would distrust me—it is a pity, but it is so. All a young woman can do safely is to wear her good principles daily, wear them on the outside, and to let her very name be the synonym for candor, virtue, temperance, piety, sincerity, womanliness and everything that is good, and noble, and beautiful. Girls of ardent temperament, zealous, fearless, brave unto danger, will, when they read this, snap their eyes, and clench their hands, and shut their teeth in a very decided way; but hold on, my dears, this brave zeal of yours is admirable, commendable, but not always safe. I stood once where you do. I would have died for the right, I didn't care what the misjudging world said, not I. But a middle-aged man, one of large and broad experience, far-seeing, and clear-headed, and shrewd, and sharp, led me to the light by one sentence.

I said to him, of a lawyer, an old bachelor, whose character was not very good and who, in his gloomy moods, was addicted to intemperance, but withal a genius: "I feel as if I ought to talk to Mr. —, sometimes it seems to me that I could really say something that might strike between the joints of his harness, and, oh, wouldn't that be a noble deed

for a girl to do!" and I fired up with a real enthusiasm. So ardent is the impulsive nature of the young! "I would tell him what grand possibilities lie before him—all in his reach—if he would only abstain from strong drink, and would be proud for his reputation—only care for his good name!"

The old doctor looked at me; it was not a flattering look, for his lip wore a sneer, and the ugly, ugly wrinkles came in his nose, as he said: "You poor little—fool, I was going to say; and you won't care, eh? You mean well, but your words would be as straw in the flames. He would pretend to heed you just to flatter, but he would laugh slyly—a laugh, too, befitting Satan. Don't try it; save yourself from mortification by only treating him civilly. Men like he is are slow to believe good and unselfish motives of others—they distrust. Let me give you a little bit of advice. When you are forty years old, or upwards, your influence will be worth something. Experience will teach you many valuable things. Then you can safely approach the drunkard, or the immoral man, or the man who tramples golden opportunities under his feet; and your motives will not be questioned, or misconstrued, or treated lightly. Remember that 'hell is paved with good intentions.'"

Now I could not understand that the old doctor was right. I felt hurt, humiliated, unappreciated, and my young heart sank within me; but now I see wherein he was correct. This is hard to tell a young, impulsive, free-hearted girl, who has the good of others at heart, but it is nevertheless true. She may have, and should have, great influence over her brothers; but in a case like this she would do more harm than good. The final result might prove deplorable, for such men are unprincipled, reckless, disbelieving and heartless. A man who scoffs at religion is never a safe friend for an impressible girl or woman. How much of terror and truth did lie in the old Spanish proverb that came to me so forcibly and so pitilessly from the lips of the world-wise old friend of my motherless young girlhood on that remembered day: "Hell itself is paved with good intentions."

I can hardly write this morning. I was coming home from Cousin Sally's the other night—she is the poor cousin who made the "Thanksgiving" the year before last, you remember—and I was walking along in the dark in a narrow way, with the fence on one side and the brook on the other, and in my efforts not to run against the fence nor fall into the brook, I made a misstep, and, half-falling, hurt my back. This morning I cannot put on my shoes, or put up my hair myself; but perhaps I can sit still and write.

No, I'll not go to the doctor, either; just the less we dose and tinker our mortal frames, the better it is for them.

The deacon says: "I've no doubt but this wonderful medicine, made in Pittsburgh, would cure you, for it is recommended to cure every ailment, internal and external."

Then I turn round and look at that beneficent deacon from head to foot, for nothing insults me more than a hint that I should make a tool of my-

self, and experiment in trying every quack's medicine.

A few months ago, we found in our boxes at the post-office folded circulars, inside of which were seven cathartic pills, and the simple request: "Please try these pills."

Now one of our kind neighbors, Brother Lamley, was so accommodating, and so ready to comply, that instead of throwing them into the fire, as he should have done, indignantly, why the dear old booby went and swallowed the whole seven pills! It was a powerful dose; and when the favor had been granted, and the pills tested, the old noodle was so exhausted that he had to be propped up in his chair and brought back to life by dieting and the most careful nursing. He said they were all they were recommended to be; and he don't know to this day that he did a silly, unreasonable thing, and that any pill-vender who would ask such a favor deserves to be thrown on his back, and, while his arms, legs and nose are closely held, the villainous compound poured down his own throat.

While I am not thinking what to write, or meditating what I could say that would amuse or benefit, I will tell you what I saw at church yesterday. Now you all think that Pipesey Potts, the ugly old spinster, is cross, and purses out her mouth, and shrugs her bony shoulders, and looks gritty, if a dear little baby reaches out and takes hold of one of her fingers, and tries to tug the stubborn finger up to its mouth, baby-fashion; or if a little dear makes a grab forward and clutches her calash roughly in church—do you? Why how mistaken you are! No woman in the world loves babies better than I do; and just because of this I had to apologize to the parson last evening. While he was preaching yesterday, I heard a baby-voice on a seat behind me, and I managed to sit so I could see the child. It was Al Castor's Lenny, a large, ripe baby, about two and a half years old, the rarest baby I ever saw. His complexion is a tender olive; his large, clean head has not as much hair on it as one could pinch up between the thumb and fingers; his features are perfect, and his eyes a dazzling, roguish, bantering brown. No one can look at that face without laughing; there is something so expressive of fun and frolic and genuine mischief in it that you have to laugh. When I peeped around yesterday, there he sat, both of his fat legs sticking out straight, while his mother's hymn-book was spread out in his abundant lap, and he was doubled over it, singing aloud. He had his little, soft, gray felt hat on, with the crown dented in; it was stuck rakishly on one side of his head. He made a charming picture for an artist.

After service, Lily hurried round to where he was, and feasted on his fresh kisses. As she turned away, I saw his glorious baby-eyes following her, and they expressed more than any words could say. Oh, they looked so satisfied, and so full of approbation! And he was licking his lips just exactly after the manner that a contented old cat does after she has partaken of a juicy young mouse. I nudged Sister Bodkin, and we both enjoyed the scene immensely.

Baby Lenny's home is about two miles from ours, and one beautiful day last October Lily proposed that we two would walk down to Mr. Castor's, and slip in very slyly and see the baby just as we might chance to catch him. We drew pictures all the way down there of what we hoped he might be doing. When we arrived there, I told Lily I thought Mrs. Castor would not care if we crept softly around the house so as to come unawares on the baby.

There he was, out on the back porch, trying to make a wagon of an old wooden squirrel-cage; he did not see us, but his mother did. She was back in the kitchen canning grapes, and looked up, startled; but I held up my forefinger in token of silence, and Mrs. Sue understood what I meant.

That child's legs! They were almost as large and round as a stove-pipe, and they were creased, and dimpled, and waxen white, while his little pudgy hands looked as though they had been stung and were swollen. He puffed as he toddled round, and bent over the wagon to see why it didn't run easy like his pa's wagon. He had a string tied to it; and instead of a hammer, he used a piece of an iron pin to drive imaginary nails and to repair weak places.

We could hardly stand it to let that royal baby alone one minute. Lily whispered a verse from Miss Muloch's grandest poem—one that proud mothers often whisper, I doubt not:

"Up from thy sweet mouth, up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that lies there sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow,
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers;
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!
A wreath not of gold but palm."

While we stood there, the busy little fellow happened to look up and see us. He stood and stared, and when we laughed the faintest twinkle came in his eyes; and then, as if remembering his dignity, it died out, and he looked steadily at us, as much as to say: "No doubt a couple of interlopers, who wish to interview me."

"How do you do, young man?" I said, with suavity in my voice.

He yielded, and very graciously offered me the iron pin that he held in both hands, the twinkle beginning to come in his marvellously beautiful eyes. Pretty soon he was shaking hands with Lily, and playing peep from behind the back of a chair; and the two co-operated in the wagon-making business very amicably together.

When we started home that day, we paused on the bridge that spans the creek, near the house, and saw a picture that comes up to me almost daily ever since, especially in these cold, bleak days of winter. All you who admire the beauties of nature will see the picture, or one similar, when I tell you that the view was comprised of a range of picturesque hills, undulating valleys, beautiful farms and farm-houses, and the course of the winding stream marked by plummy willows. From the bridge the picture was perfect; above and below us the trees bent over the stream, and formed

a sylvan arch, through which the mellow October sunlight came down like fine siftings of gold that glinted and shimmered upon the rippling water.

We two stood there with joyful exclamations of "Ohs" and "Ahs," and all the long list of adjectives that signify beauty, and grace, and splendor. I told Lily to take a good look, drink in all she could of this sweet pastoral picture, for it would never leave her memory, and it would be so pleasant to dwell upon in the gloom of winter.

So, in these cheerless evenings, when the winds howl without, and shriek about the gray eaves, and sob among the door-yard pines, and wail and cry out among the bare oaks on the hill-tops, then we gather about the coal-fire, and say: "What have you in your picture-gallery to-night of the summer's bloom, and greenness, and glory?"

Then we pretend that we have private galleries, and we think over and bring out the most beautiful pictures we can find, and we use the most glowing language in our description.

This is very enjoyable. We accustomed ourselves to this when all the little Pottses were children together. I hope it is common in other families, for there is an exquisite pleasure in it, and it tends to the cultivation of one's imaginary powers, and the selection of the right words in narration, besides fostering a love for the beautiful.

(Dinner is ready now, and I will quit.)

Lily cooked the dinner to-day. Ida and I were not very hungry, and we ate but little. The poor deacon was almost starved, I should judge, by the way he ate. He had been out in the cold for two or three hours working with a foundered colt. It seems that the founder settled in its legs, if such a strange thing can be, and they doctored it. I asked what they did. He said they gave it a big dose of table-salt, and he was sorry they didn't do it sooner; but they were mad at the little fool for stealing corn and overeating, and they had a mind just to let it die for pay of its "cussedness." Then they rubbed turpentine about its ankles, to keep the disease from settling in its feet.

At dinner father said: "I should think, Pipesey, you'd feel like looking well to your laurels, for you must know that you never cooked cabbage in your life to taste as good as this does that Lily cooked;" and he helped himself to it the third time.

Pooh! I didn't care what he said. Why, I would feel proud to have these little Pottses eclipse me in everything I do!

The cabbage was good, and this was how she cooked it: Cut it fine, and covered it up closely on the stove, putting in only three or four spoonfuls of water. When steamed through, she seasoned it and put in a little lump of butter and a teacupful of rich milk. When it was hot, she stirred the cabbage to one side, and dredged in a little flour, stirred it all up together then, and it was done.

This winter is passing pleasantly, and I have something new to tell you about the long winter evenings. Last December I somehow fell into the habit of reading aloud more than I had been accustomed to for many years. Some evenings it

would be a sermon and sometimes a story. Frequently a poem, or a child-story, like those fine ones in the *Christian Union* or the *Congregationalist*. One day, one of the girls suggested that we would send and get the *Tribune* lectures. I sent immediately, and we found them to be most excellent entertainment. I never read an evening in which I was not applauded. At first, we were afraid of annoying the parson, whose study is immediately over our sitting-room, but he said only the hum of our voices reached him and that it was pleasing and cheerful, and when the sounds ceased and we retired, a sense of loneliness stole over him. He never goes to bed until after midnight; he learned this habit while at the seminary. I might as well say it now, that, in our reading, we are careful about shunning the writings of men whose views incline to be deistical or unsafe. They may write very beautiful things, but there are other things just as beautiful, besides being safe and good.

Now that crackers are so cheap, it is easier to buy than to make them, but if a young housekeeper wishes to try her hand at making some, this recipe, given me by Sister Jones's daughter Kate, is the best I ever tried. They are just as nice as those you buy. To five pounds of flour take ten ounces of butter, one pint of cold water and an even teaspoonful of salt. It will require a good deal of strength to knead it.

The girls and I were at Sister Jones's last fall when we were out gathering wild grapes. They live near a thirty-acre wood-lot, a wild, dense woodland in which it seems never the foot of man trod. In there we found the rarest mosses, and leaves, and vines, and berries with which to make pretty adornments for our house.

The Woman's Missionary Society met at Sister Jones's a week or two later, and we were all there. I hung around out in the kitchen a good deal, for they are such prime housewives, and I wanted to see how they did their work, so I could tell you women-readers. I don't doubt but some of the neighbors dislike my mousing propensities, but I don't care so long as you poor, tired women approve of the result.

The Joneses had two large loaves of cake and they were frosted most beautifully, and I asked Kate how it was done, and then I jotted down the formula. Take one sheet of isinglass, pour about half a cupful of boiling water on it and stand it in a warm place to dissolve slowly. When there is no scum on top add to it one pound of powdered sugar and a heaping teaspoonful of starch. Let the cakes be cold, pour the frosting over, smooth it down as little as possible and set it away in a cool place to get hard. This is a nicer and much easier way than to make frosting of sugar and beaten eggs.

Old Granny Jones lives with her son. She came from the East "nigh on to forty year" ago, she told me. While we were at the table, her daughter said: "You must all taste grandma's 'Yankee jelly,' as she calls it."

Now that will come in season for this number of the HOME, and I will look in my reticule and

find it. I know it is there, for I've not carried the reticule since that day. Here it is, with the very smell of the Jones's parlor on it yet! Peel and core a quantity of apples, and then stew them until there are no lumps in the mass, then strain them through a coarse sieve, pressing them all through with the hand. Throw out all tough, or woody bits, or the remains of dry, bruised places, before refilling the sieve. Then take a tin-cup and measure the cooked apples, and to every four tinfuls of apples put one tinful of fine, dry sugar. Boil until it makes a stiff jam; put in bowls and jars and set away in a cool, dry place. Just at this season of the year we all have apples showing signs of decay and this is a good way of saving them.

I often make peach-butter of dried peaches this same way, only to every three cupfuls of the peach-sauce I add one cup of sugar. And if you have not dried peaches and want something new, or "something black" to spread on your own or the children's bread, why take dried apples and make apple-jam of it; and if you are so very poor that you have not the dried apples, why—let me see—what could you fix? Yes—take a quart of molasses, boil and skim it and add three well-beaten eggs, stirring all the time. That makes a very good "something black," but is better to be flavored with lemon or vanilla.

Ida wanted something this morning—I knew she did. She hung around and busied herself folding up the late papers, right side out, brushing specks of dust, picking up bits of imaginary ravelings, standing the books straight and putting on what Brother Rube calls the "finishing touches."

"How do you feel this morning, Sissy?" said I, beginning to think she wanted to confess something.

"Oh, I never felt better! this air is so balmy and so full of news. I imagine it begins to tell tales of coming bluebirds, and budding lilacs, and that sweet, living, earthy smell that the ground always has in the early spring," and she pushed back the flowing tresses that hung in beautiful ripples all over her shoulders. "I've been wondering how it would be to take about four of those sheets that begin to wear in the middle," said she, hesitatingly, "and make them into nice curtains for the kitchen and dining-room windows."

Aha! so that was why she loitered about my chair, and picked up wonderful bits of lint and ravelings!

"Very well," I said, without looking up from my writing, "just as you please; but remember, Sissy, that there is good economy in ripping half-worn sheets apart and turning the outsides into the centre—they will last as long again."

"That was just what I intended doing with the others," she said. "You know it would be no job at all to rip them and sew them up again with the machine. What nice curtains we will have now, they will be so white, and so large, and will make the rooms look more home-like. Uncurtained windows give any room a gloomy, bare appearance. And, Pipsey, I wish you would ask the village parson to let me cut out and make his next

half dozen shirts. I pitied him that day they held union service in Pottsville, for I saw him more than once make a convenient gesture just so he could push his refractory shirt-front into its place. It kept working out at the sides all the time while he was decanting upon the excellence of brotherly love and Christian unity."

Shirts again! but I know why the child wanted to cut and make the parson's shirts. The poor fellow has always bought his, and sometimes he did not get good bargains, they were not always honestly made.

When our brother went back to college last summer, we made up clothing enough to last him two years, in case he did not come home during the next vacation. The pattern for his shirts was cut out by a man whose profession it was, and nearly every letter Ida gets he says: "O Dido, you did make such nice shirts! They fit me most charmingly! My chums feel of me, and pat me on my back and say, 'How neatly Potts's shirts do fit him!' You cannot think how much I am obliged to you!"

The same pattern will fit the parson, and I tell her she shall make the boy a new half-dozen.

I always get the breakfast myself if I am able, but I like to have things handy, so that I will not have to run down cellar the first thing in the morning. I tell the girls when they are cooking supper they must be thinking of the deacon's breakfast at the same time. While boiling the kettle for tea, they can make mush to fry in the morning, or cook a half-dozen potatoes. He likes thin slices of mush fried brown, and he likes potatoes boiled, and when cold sliced the long way and fried in butter. They should be cooked slowly, and nicely browned. Cooked this way, they are really not readily digested, and children should not be allowed to eat them. After all, the good old-fashioned way is the best—to mash them and add milk and butter.

Cute? I thought it was too! It was a funny little cotton tidy that I saw, the other day, at Linda Van Doodle's. Linda and Amity are two old spinsters who live alone and they do see a heap of comfort together. When Jerry Van Doodle died the heirs all signed a quiet claim and the little property was given to the girls. Jerry had been blind, Oh, I don't know how many years! and the two girls had cared for him with all the watchfulness of mother-love. They belong to our church, but then they lived so far away that they hardly ever got to church, only on communion days.

They dress pretty much as I do, very plain and comfortable. They both wear calash bonnets and carry reticules, and umbarels, and wear good woolen shawls, so all the ways of a sinful and vain world touch them not in the way of fostering pride.

But I wanted to tell you of the simple little tidy and how it was made. Take a circular piece of bleached muslin, about two inches across, turn in the edge and gather it with a stout thread, then draw it up as tight as possible and fasten it that way, so that it will stay securely. Then press it down flat, with the fingers, until it is round, with the

gather in the centre—a little like when you cover a button-mould. Make twelve of these for one row. Then make enough for twelve rows; then sew them all together on the wrong side—just a few good, firm stitches in the very edges to hold them together. You can make a fringe as you like, the best way is to use cotton yarn drawn in with a needle and cut about three inches long. This is a good way to work up bits of bleached muslin that are of no use whatever, and where there is an idle pair of hands, it is a very pretty little job for them. A tidy made after this fashion will last twenty years.

I learned one new thing of these girls, and that was how to knit heels double. I have been troubled a good deal about the deacon's heels, especially since granny is gone. While she was with us she looked after them, and I never had a thought or a worry. Amity was knitting socks to sell, and she showed me her way. After setting the heel you must widen a few stitches, according to the fineness of the yarn. Then commence at one side, knit the first, then slip off the next without knitting; then knit the next, and slip the next, and so on, across. In knitting back, you must slip the stitches that were previously knit, and knit those that you slipped before. She said this was the old-fashioned double heel, the kind her great-grandmother Powers taught her to knit when she was only seven years of age.

I had a very good time at Van Doodles. They are third cousins of the Van Doodles over on the Ridge Road. My what Baptists! They hooted at me for allowing the village parson to have our best upper rooms. They said just as likely as not we'd grow to be Presbyterians; but I told them, while my orbs blazed with indignation, that I was not that kind of a professor, that my religion was not the sort to be laid off, like a last summer's garment, and something new put on in its stead. I will stick to my persuasion while grass grows and waters run to the sea. I just expected to be twitted about that, but we will show the meddlesome public that Deacon Potts has a heart, and Pipey has a heart, and the rest of the family, notwithstanding.

Last fall we had new neighbors move into the old house on the Rowe farm. It seems to me, the woman knows everything. She has not joined our church yet, but she intends putting her letter into it as soon as she gets it from their former place of residence. I never saw a woman so systematic in her housewifely duties. Every day has its allotted work. Now I don't pretend to wash on Mondays if I am sick, or if we have company, or if the weather is bad; but this woman, Kitty Rowe—a niece of old man Rowe—she will make every day do its own work, rain or shine, sick or well. To use her own expression, she will wash on Monday if it "rains cats and dogs." I don't know, may be she is correct. I have known her to wash cold days this winter when the thermometer was below zero and the wind was blowing like all possessed. She manages pretty well, though. If the day is too cold, or too rainy, or windy, she goes right on with the washing, and when it is all wrung out and ready for the line, she shakes the wet gar-

ments out loosely and lays them in her clothes-basket, in the bottom of which she has spread a big, new towel or an old sheet. Then she stands it in some out-of-the-way corner, covers it up nicely, and waits until the weather is more propitious.

I like her plan of facilitating her morning's work. After the supper dishes are all washed up she lets the fire in the kitchen die out, and they all go into the sitting-room. Before bed time they lay the kindlings and fix the wood all nice in the kitchen stove ready to start the next morning. The teakettle is ready filled and on the stove, and all that is required is to touch a match to the kindlings.

We always kept our kitchen floor carpeted until I saw her way, and I think it is the best. She keeps a strip of carpet on that part of the floor that leads to the pantry and dining-room, and a rug in front of the lounge, and a couple of pieces of carpet a-near the stove. She says no kitchen carpet should remain on the floor more than three days at a time without shaking and airing it, and I believe she is right. A kitchen carpet gathers dust so badly, and then foul odors settle in it.

She often pickles a mess of turnips or carrots,

and you would not believe how good they are. When she prepares the turnips, she only washes them clean before boiling—nothing else; because she does not want to break the rind and let the juice escape. When cooked, she takes the outside off and slices them like beets, then pours hot vinegar over them. Sometimes she spices them, but they are better without. Who would think homely, common turnips would be so good? They are to be eaten while newly cooked and fresh. This is a change from the other ways of cooking turnips with pork, or mashed with potatoes.

Her cookies are excellent. Two and a half cups of sugar, one tincupful of thick, sour cream, one teacupful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, soda and flour.

Her oldest son is a one-legged man, a tailor, and sorely afflicted with dyspepsia. His mother is careful what he eats. Instead of water and lard in his pie-crust, she uses sour cream, with a little soda in it. That makes a very tender crust, and one that he can eat and feel none the worse of it. I will learn more of her dyspepsia treatment, and write it out for the benefit of others.

Religious Reading.

HARD TIMES.

FROM THE NEW JERUSALEM MESSENGER.

THESE words have become familiar, for they are in the thought and speech of all. But, familiar as they are, there may be an application of them which we do not often make, and which it may be a help and comfort to consider.

We are so variously related, and have so many interests radically distinct from each other, that conditions which favor one degree of our life may be a hindrance to another, and much higher degree.

The natural degree of our being is first developed, and being perverted and severed from the spiritual plane of life, it claims everything for itself. It measures every condition and possession by its own standards. All that favors it is called good; all that hinders the enlargement of its dominion and the gratification of its desires it regards as evil. The times are easy and good when they offer the greatest facilities for the accumulation of property, and the gratification of our natural desires. We identify ourselves with the lowest degree of our nature.

If we should reverse the principle, and adopt a new and truer standard of what is good and true, and regard ourselves as spiritual beings, possessing a nature and the possibilities of a life entirely distinct from and above the natural, we might come to very different conclusions about the state of the times. Hard times would be those which were unfavorable to our spiritual growth. Good times would be those which favored it, and which repressed a too vigorous natural life.

Estimated by this standard, those conditions which are the most favorable for the development and gratification of the natural mind are the "hardest times" for the spiritual man. They crowd our spiritual interests into the background; they make us forget that we are spiritual beings, and they minister only to our natural interests and possessions. History and personal experience conclusively testify that times of great natural prosperity are not favorable to moral and spiritual growth. Indeed, if we lived in uninterrupted natural prosperity, we should never think of our spiritual interests, we should become wholly absorbed in the acquisition and enjoyment of natural possessions. Our whole being would be overrun with the rank weeds of a natural, evil life, and there would be no room for the development of the higher possibilities of our natures.

Seasons of great natural prosperity are, therefore, the "hardest times" for the spiritual man. His interests are ignored; he is trampled under foot and forgotten. When men are making money rapidly, they are the least disposed to contribute to spiritual uses. They want to use all they have, and often all they can borrow, to make more with. If they have any spiritual life, they flatter themselves that they will do great things for the church when they have accumulated money enough to do it with. The chances for business are so good that they have not time to attend to their spiritual interests. When they have accomplished all their natural purposes, then they will have time to devote to the wants of their higher nature. And, in most cases, they go on in this way until they lose their money, or pass on to the other life. They

are completely deluded by the sophistries of the natural man.

It is equally in accordance with experience and observation, that when the times are hard for us naturally, there is more disposition to think of our spiritual interests. When our health fails, when our loved ones have been taken from us, when our property is gone or much diminished, and we begin to see that no natural and worldly good can be depended upon, then we begin to turn to something higher, if we have any love for a heavenly life. These are good times for the spiritual man. So far as we identify ourselves with the highest degree of our nature; so far as we regard ourselves as spiritual beings, destined to live forever in a spiritual world, and with capacities for obtaining a knowledge and enjoying a good immeasurably beyond our natural conceptions, they are favorable to every genuine and permanent interest of our being. Our faces are beginning to be turned in the right direction; we are getting released from the bonds which have bound us to a merely earthly life; we are gaining our freedom, and are beginning to see and to appreciate our permanent and highest spiritual interests. These are good times, prosperous times. The money which passes current in Heaven is "easy" and abundant. We are beginning to grow rich and to invest our capital where moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

Good times for the highest interests of our nature are good times for every interest. This is one of the great excellencies of a heavenly life. It is profitable for every degree and condition of our being. It may not seem so, but it is so. When we are governed by heavenly principles, the natural man is kept in his place. If we have but little, we make so wise a use of it that we get more good from that little than, when actuated by worldly principles, we could get from the greatest natural abundance.

When we regard ourselves as spiritual beings, and estimate the value of all possessions by their power to help us in overcoming our evils and falsities, and in living a heavenly life, the "hardest times" we ever have are those in which we are so prosperous in worldly affairs, that we become absorbed in this life, and forget that we were born to live in a spiritual world, and with capacities for endless progress in knowledge and blessedness.

* * * * *

These may be "hard times" for our worldly and selfish affections, but they are good times for the germination and development of love to the Lord and the neighbor. We shall come out of them with increased power, with a clearer knowledge of the only way to gain the highest rewards of this life, and to make the best preparation for the life hereafter. "Hard times" for the love of self and the world, are "good times" for the love of the neighbor and the Lord.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

No. 10.

OH, the snow! the beautiful snow!
With its wings of downy white;
Whirling about as the breezes blow
The flakes, in their downward flight.
From my window I watch it fall,
Noiselessly down from above,
Cov'ring the earth with a pure white pall,
Like Charity's garment of love.
Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow!
Lying cold over hillside and heath,
Yet sheltering safe from the winter storms,
The flower-hearts hid beneath;
Till the warm spring winds and the April rain,
Shall gently, softly call,
And blossoms shall cover the hill and plain
As the snow now covereth all.

So ran my thoughts this morning, as I looked from my window at Mother Nature, adorning herself in such lovely apparel. Like the bride of old Winter, in spotless robes, soft as royal ermine. Ever since last evening, the white beauty had been falling, and now no spot of earth—no brown roof was to be seen. The tree branches were heavily laden, the cedar boughs bent almost to the ground. Before noon, however, the flakes grew smaller, and fewer, gradually ceasing to fall; a brisk wind blew the clouds about, and the sun came out for a few minutes to look at the lovely picture lying

beneath him. Now, thought I, the sleighriders will have to be in a hurry, for the snow seldom lies long enough here to enjoy it more than a day or two. After dinner, the wind grew sharper, preventing any signs of a speedy thaw. A flock of snow-birds came trooping down into the yard, and little Jessie hid behind the lattice on the end of the gallery, and threw crumbs to them. Roy threw snowballs with the little boy over the way as they started off to school. The sun peeped out again, lighting up the scene brilliantly. I looked until my eyes could bear it no longer, then curled down among my shawls and pillows, repeating to myself, "Oh, ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

But ere long a chime of merry bells aroused me, and looking out again, there was a sleigh full of laughing girls, drawing up to the house. May and Floy, Rosalie and Edna. In they came, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed, bringing a burst of life and sunshine with them. Rosalie, boiling over with gleeful spirits, went dancing around the room, looking at everything new or pretty, and stopping every minute to tell something about the "splendid" time they had been having; while May, more dignified, and assuming more importance as being the oldest one of the party, took possession of a rocking-chair, and attempted, occasionally, to keep her more lively cousin in check. Fair, golden-haired Floy dropped into a seat close be-

side me, and slipping her hands into mine, gave me a quiet kiss. She had enjoyed her ride as much as any of the rest, but left them to tell about it. Edna, seated on the foot of my lounge, inquired, in her thoughtful way, of my health, and how I stood the cold weather—wishing that I could have the enjoyment of a sleigh-ride such as theirs to-day.

Upon which Rosalie came flying up to us, exclaiming: "Oh, *could* you go if you were all wrapped up snug and warm? If you can, I'll give you my place with pleasure."

"Why, Rosalie, what can you be thinking of?" said May, with an amusing assumption of severity. "She would have her poor, tender hands and nose nearly frozen in ten minutes, and be sick with a cold for a month after."

"Rosalie cannot realize, in her state of perfect health, what very worthless, weak bodies some people have to carry about with them," said I; "and it is very generous in her to offer to give up a part of her pleasure to me. I appreciate it none the less because I cannot avail myself of it."

The bright face looked relieved, and she answered, with an attempt at seriousness: "I hope I shall learn, some day, to keep my thoughts about me, and say sensible things like other people, but it is so hard to stop to think. Oh, how pretty that hanging-basket of ivy is!"

Whereupon every body laughed.

"I wish you could see something pretty that I saw this morning," said Edna, turning to me. "You remember the little boy who got one of his limbs hurt so badly last summer, and who has been a cripple ever since. They live near us now, and I went over to take a little dish of something nice which mother had made for him. He was lying on a lounge, by a south window, busily engaged cutting strings of dancing dolls, with their hands all joined, out of the margins of a newspaper, for some of the younger children. He looked so bright and contented that I think he must be rather happy, and he says he does not suffer much now; but it made me feel so sorry for him to see those crutches standing by the side of his couch, and think he might have to use them. But the pretty thing which I was going to tell you about was a flower-pot standing on a chair close by the window, with a little wooden cross in it, about two feet high, completely covered with a flourishing cypress vine. His sister, who makes wax flowers for sale, had fastened here and there amongst the thick green masses, a crimson star—very good imitations of the real blossoms which belong to the vine."

"I know it must have been beautiful," said I, "and recalls a thought I have had before; that our own crosses, if we have learned to carry them well, and willingly, are often so twined around with beauty, and crowned with brightness, that we almost lose sight of them."

"Do you find it so?" said Edna, then I hope I shall as I grow older. It does not seem so to me now, my little ones fret me so; but I suppose we girls know very little about such things yet, with our happy lives."

"About crosses?" asked Rosalie, coming up

just then. "I do, I am sure. I have lots of them. I can't play croquet for another month at least, not till it gets warmer and dryer, and that is a great cross."

"You seem to have such splendid fun snow-balling, that I should think you were very well compensated, just now, for the other privation," said May, with a mischievous glance at the other girls.

"Well, that is some consolation; Floy, did you see Mr. Ed Vaughan's hat go off into the street this morning?" and her eyes danced with laughter.

"Yes, and I thought you were not very polite to one who was so nearly a stranger."

"Indeed, indeed, it was through no intention of mine that such a thing happened. I am innocent of that. I had just aimed a snow-ball at little Joe Carter, going along to school, and Mr. Vaughan's hat popped right into the way. I jumped behind the big rose-bush at the corner of the house, and came near having convulsions, for the poor young man's face wore such a comical, bewildered look, at first, and then a queer, half smile came over it, as he comprehended the situation. You know, he came here from the far south, and never saw a real snow-ball before, I suspect. When he finds out who did it, I suppose he'll think me a hoyden, but I can't help it now, although I'm sorry."

The laughing face did not look very penitent, however.

"Girls!" exclaimed May, jumping up suddenly, "do you know we were to be back by three o'clock, to let some of the others have the sleigh? It is high time we were going."

So away they went, taking their sweet, young faces and merry voices from the room again, but not all the brightness which they had brought into it. Some of that remained through the rest of the day to gild its closing hours, as their presence will help to cheer and brighten many another's life, I trust. Have they any idea how I love them—these gay, joyous girls, who, as yet, seem to look upon life as a pleasure-ground, laid out for their enjoyment? Not, to be sure, with that light, happy love they feel for each other, springing naturally from the mutual pursuits, pleasures and tastes belonging to their corresponding ages, and from their constant companionship; but with a deep, tender affection, which longs to see them grow into true, earnest women, with a steady purpose in life. A love which would fain have them escape all sorrow and trial, save that which would make them stronger and nobler. Which would pray that their fair, young lives might never be shadowed as—but no, I did not know what way was best for me, when I would have chosen a brighter path for myself, and is it likely I should know what would be good for them? "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." And in His loving care they are safe. Yes, drop the curtain, Roy, and brighten up the fire, that its cheery light may dance upon the walls and chase away the shadows that are gathering. Good-night, beautiful, white, pure-looking world! Sleep peacefully in the still moonlight, and may angels, just as pure, guard us until another morning dawns.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 3.

WE were talking this morning, my girls and I, about girls who are always growling, and complaining, and finding fault. We were speaking of Jennie Wentworth.

Now Jennie is one of a class of girls; she is not the only one of the kind, by any means. Her family are in moderate circumstances, and it is no more than right that she should work and earn her own living. Her father has given her a good education; she can get a certificate from any board of examiners; and yet when the time comes for her to go out and teach school, and be a womanly woman, the great booby will sit down and cry like an infant, and 'plain out: "Oh, I don't like to teach! I don't want to teach! I'd rather stay at home!"

When she is at home she is dependent on her father for everything she eats and wears—even for her very shoestrings.

Now one would think that any good girl, liberally educated by the close management of a doating father, would be proud to go out and teach or work, or do something to make her own living, independent of her father's aid.

Not so with Jennie. I saw her once throw herself on her bed, bury her face in the pillows, and cry out piteously. I flew to her, thinking she was in pain, or broken with poignant sorrow, but she sobbed out: "I don't like to teach! I don't like children, and I can't bear to be where they are!"

"Now, Jennie," I said, "be careful. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you'd marry a widower with eight children, and maybe be the own mother of as many more. That is generally the fate of such girls—the kind who turn up their noses at the blessed children—and I think it is good enough for them, too." I said: "Perhaps, though, the wages are no inducement. What do you get a month for teaching winter school?"

"Forty-five dollars," she booh'd out.

"For shame!" I said. "Oh, I wish girls had received such wages when I were a schoolma'am! But then there were only three young ladies in my township who received eight dollars a month; they were old teachers, who had followed the profession for years. All the rest of us got six dollars a month and boarded ourselves. I thought I was doing very well at those wages; but I had to work hard to pay my boarding. I milked, churned, baked, washed, cooked, and was busy all the time. I have no doubt but the discipline was good for me. I learned a great many things that never would have come to me at home; and then I learned how to battle for myself, to be strong, and self-reliant, and forbearing, and ready to meet any emergency. It is not the best thing for a girl to be dauded in the lap of a loving home; it makes her tender, and weak, and babyish. Better far to learn a trade, and learn to depend on her own exertions for a living than to be cuddled all through her blooming years in the home-nest, or in the bosom of those who cannot bear to see the chill winds blow upon their darling. Forty-five dol-

lars a month is such good wages, and the company of little children should be considered a precious privilege. Sometimes when I sit and listen, enraptured, to the eloquent preacher who was once a little white-headed, bare-footed pupil of mine, I feel the tears come into my eyes, and I say to myself, 'Oh, I do wonder if I did my whole duty while the lad was under my care?' I seem to see his fair, up-turned face, and his earnest blue eyes, as he looked then, and sometimes I shudder, fearing I did not do all that I should have done."

A few years ago I met suddenly a tall, dark man, black-eyed and heavily-bearded; he was an unprincipled, bold, bad man, unscrupulous and dishonest, but I cried out, forgetting everything but the beautiful and good boy of long years before: "O Edgar! Edgar! I am so afraid I did not do my duty! I am so troubled about it! I tried to do what was right."

And the little boy, beloved and trusted, who had come up to this manhood, looked down pityingly, and with emotion, as he softly smoothed my hair, said, brokenly: "O Chatty! Chatty! I wish that all others had done for me what you did! They made me what I am! May the Lord bless you for what you did, my dear teacher!"

A complaining girl, one who was always growling and thinking hers a hard lot, married a widower with five little children, and before they were grown up, so as to be a help and a comfort to her, she had five of her own. She told me that, though hers was an average happy married life, there had not been a month since her marriage in which she had not wrung her hands and fervently wished for those days in which she was a free woman, unrestrained, unshackled, at liberty to come and go when she pleased, and with no binding responsibility fastening her like a fetter. The duties she owed her family were great, and no one could take the burden off from her. Then, she thought if she were again the schoolma'am, she would sing as she followed the winding road among the hills, instead of crying like a baby over fancied ills; she would run, and jump, and bound, instead of dragging along wearily; she would encourage the little ones, instead of finding fault; praise, instead of blame; cheer, instead of condemn; and fill their hearts with gladness, where once she filled them with gloom.

Under all circumstances, we should remember that God metes out to us the good that should bless us, and will, if we turn not away with complaining. Our lives are full of good cheer—radiant with a glory brighter than sunshine, if we will it. Blessings are about us, even though they may seem to come in the guise of sorrows.

Jennie was a braver girl when I left her that day. I think she was ashamed of herself, humiliated because she displayed such an unwomanly side of her character before the poor little widow, Chatty Brooks.

September 16.—Dear little Tудie! We all laughed so at the table to-night at a droll expression of hers. She is so innocent and so very original. I cannot quite remember how the subject came up for discussion, but we were speaking of Pluto, the Pluto who rules in the realm of darkness, and the dear

child, not wishing to designate him by any ill name or rough cognomen, called him the *factotum*. Her pretty, soft, cautious way of speaking it was so funny. The child's chief charm lies in her marvellously tender, low voice.

Tudie was hugged, and kissed, and shaken, and tickled, and laughed at, until her dear little face was as red as a rose. She says everything as though she had thought it over and weighed it before speaking. Josephine and Elenor Lisle say there will never be any danger of our Tudie getting into scrapes because of talking too much, or talking about people unguardedly. We were saying, the other day, among ourselves, that people wouldn't talk much if they never talked about persons and things. Really it is surprising what a fund we find for conversation in the petty details of our homes, our lives, our breakfasts, dinners and suppers, our clothes, our neighbors, and our neighbors' own private affairs. Does Heaven begin on earth? Where does it begin? Where is the room for it, or the sign of its coming if it does begin in our own poor, wayward, misguided hearts and lives? We all have aspirations for a better, and higher, and purer life; sometimes we agonise in longing for that life that is above and beyond this poor, sin-stained strife of years. Let us hope. In the meantime let us watch ourselves and see whither drifts the tide of our daily thoughts and desires. Fold your hands and listen to the hum of conversation that is around you. One is saying: "There must have been at least twelve yards of lace on it, costing not less than four dollars a yard!" "And you say her husband bought that elegant little pony carriage for his wife! how he must love her," says another voice.

"She's after the young preacher, sure as you live, she is; you never saw her dress that way before, and wear such an elegant hat. Why the very plume cost over eleven dollars, and the velvet is of the finest quality of royal silk velvet, while that cluster of roses is the real French, never made in this country, so Miss Lee tells me."

"Yes, she can squeeze her feet into No. 2s, and she does it, but when she takes her gaiters off you could not tell her foot from a lump of raw flesh: proud! I think she is proud, too; any woman is more than proud who will suffer so for the nice looks of a small foot!"

"Oh, they had to sell out because they were broke up! They never would have gone west only that they were obliged to. Why the farm was mortgaged for years! He borrowed money when he was out on an electioneering campaign and some of that same borrowed money bought her grey silk dress and that rich fur-trimmed wrap which she wears so like a princess!"

"Pooh I don't care what she says, or her folks either! He mitted her—that was the way of it. He just got mortal tired of her and trumped up some excuse and left her. Her lovers all tire of her in six months' time."

"True enough! true enough! if he gets his just deserts he will land in the penitentiary. I have no doubt but he was knowing to the whole transaction. I would not trust him as far as I could throw a dog by the tail."

"Oh, I am so worried with servants, they are such an annoyance and trouble, not one of them even treats me respectfully!"

"First it's measles, then croup, then dysentery, then a burn, or a cut, or a broken limb—days and nights filled with trouble—dear-o-deary me! I can't see what it all means."

"No, if I can't have a black silk dress this fall, I'll not go to church all through the winter! Folks all begin to know me by my dress, an' the next thing I'll have some horrid nickname fastened on me!"

If there is a choice titbit of scandal, let us try and not be the first, or even the last, or any one, to help it along. The girls and I resolved this once, and we kept our good resolutions right bravely and womanly. It was amusing, too. I remember how we agreed to help each other in walking in the narrow path we had marked out. We said, "let us consider well when we are about to speak, and see if we are going to say anything that is silly, or foolish, or hurtful; anything that could possibly wrong, or belittle, or do even slight injustice to another; and if we are, do not let us speak at all. Let us not dwell upon the subject, the dear, all-engrossing subject of dress, any more than we are obliged to; let us not talk trimmings; and feathers, and frills, and furbelows only as little as possible. Nothing tends to dwarf a woman's mind more than this. And, above all, let us endeavor to keep all feelings of envy, and malice, and ill-will, and censorious fault-finding far away from us."

This was the way my girls and I tried to lay plans for helping each other; how well we succeed it may not be well for me to surmise, even, but I do know that we are very happy and our home-nest is like a dear, old bird's nest. We do have little annoyances creep in, but we meet them cheerfully and frankly, and think over our good resolutions, and bear all things kindly. It is not possible that a dozen girls could meet under one roof, girls differently brought up and coming from homes scattered here and there, who would all affiliate as one family.

Some of the girls have careless habits, and some a little untidy in their ways, but this will all be overcome, we trust, in time. One girl delights in wearing a loose wrapper all day. I have told her that she may wear it—provided she wears a collar—until all the morning's work is done up, and then she must change it for something a little more tidy in appearance. There is no article of a woman's apparel that has the charm for her and bewitchment that a loose wrapper has. It is so comfortable, a woman is so free and unrestrained in one, that without a watchful care she will go sailing about in it all day. It is the next thing to wearing wings.

GREAT wants develop great resources, but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and like the nail which strikes against the saw, they make not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly. I think if we looked upon all little worries of one day as a great united worry, self-control to meet it would be developed.

GRAZIELLA.

(See Engraving.)

ONE of the most charming, and at the same time one of the saddest stories to be found in modern literature is that of Graziella, an episode in Lamartine's *Autobiography*. It is a story that stands side by side with "Paul and Virginia" and "Picciola" in its truthfulness, its simplicity and its poetry; and will, undoubtedly, last as long as they.

Lamartine tells us how he, a youth of eighteen, goes to Naples for a holiday, and there having taken a fancy to the simple habits of the Neapolitan fishermen, he becomes domesticated in the family of one of them. This family consists of an aged couple, Andrea and his wife, with their granddaughter Graziella, and three younger grandchildren. The story is of the growth of an absorbing passion in the breast of the young girl, and of a fleeting fancy on the part of the youth Lamartine, which ends with him as a half-pleasing, half-sad memory; with her in a broken heart and death.

These simple, uneducated people saw the young man spending much time over his books, and they begged to know what they contained that they should be so attractive. So he read to them passages from Foscolo and from Tacitus, but they remained undisturbed.

"'Why trouble one's self thus,' they would say, 'with ideas which do not even penetrate the heart? Of what consequence is it whether the Austrians or the French reign at Milan? It is foolish to burden one's self with grief with such things.' And they listened no longer."

So the young man tried them with "Paul and Virginia." "It was I who translated it whilst reading, because I was so habituated to reading it that I knew it, so to say, by heart. Familiarized, by a long sojourn in Italy, with the language, I was not at a loss to command interpreting expressions, which flowed from my lips like my mother tongue. Scarcely had this reading commenced, than the faces of my little auditory changed and assumed an expression of attention and contemplation, sure evidences of the emotion of the heart. I had struck the note which vibrates in unison in the souls of all men, of all ages, and of all conditions, the sensitive and universal note, that which contains in one sound alone the eternal truth of art: *NATURE, the love of God.*"

"I had read only a few pages, and already the old people, the young girl, the child, had all changed their postures and expressions. The fisherman, with elbow on knee, and ear inclined toward me, forbore to puff the smoke of his pipe. The old grandmother, seated opposite to me, held her two clasped hands under her chin, in the attitude of the poor women who hear the word of God squatted down upon the pavement of the holy temples. Beppo had descended from the parapet of the terrace on which he was just now seated. He had placed, without noise, his guitar upon the floor, and pressed his hand flat over its neck, for fear that the wind might cause the strings to resound. Graziella, who generally kept herself

rather aloof, insensibly drew near me, as if she had been fascinated by an occult power of attraction secreted in the book. She regarded, with her magnificent eyes wide open, at times the book, at times my lips, whence the narrative issued, at times the space between my lips and the book, as if she was seeking there with her scrutiny the invisible spirit which was interpreting it to me. Before I had reached the middle of the history, the poor child had forgotten her reserve. I felt the warmth of her breathing upon my hands. Her hair fluttered over my brow. Two or three scalding tears, fallen from her cheeks, bedewed the pages near my fingers."

We have quoted enough to show how vivid is the author's description of the scene. The engraving, to which we refer our readers, catches the exact spirit of this description, so that the beholder exclaims "Graziella!" before he reads its title. This engraving is a copy of a painting by Rudolf Lehmann, who went to Capri and Prociola (upon which latter island was the home of the fisherman,) in order that he might be exact in his rendering of the bay and distant islands and coast. This painting, which was completed in 1854, was seen by Lamartine, who wrote the artist a most complimentary and gratifying letter. This letter concluded with a strongly-expressed desire to purchase the picture, but as it was already the property of Mr. Oppenheim, he was denied not only the original painting, but even the privilege of having a sketch made from it.

THE EXTRA BLANKET.

THE weather had changed suddenly in the night, and Mrs. Buel awoke almost in a chill. It did not take many minutes for the thrifty house-mother to go to her well-stocked storeroom and take down a warm, soft comfortable to spread over her bed. And then an additional thick blanket must be laid over each of the children's beds.

"How warm and comfortable it is," she thought, as she drew the covers about her again. "How I hope George has covering enough this chilly night. But if he has not, he can spread his thick travelling shawl over his bed." So, having settled the question of bed-clothing for all her household, present or absent, she would naturally have dropped off to sleep again. But she did not. The plashing of the chill November rain on the windows kept her awake, for she thought of the many poor mothers who could not go that night to such a well-filled storeroom and take down extra blankets for all their household. She thought how many were shivering with the cold that night while such piles of quilts and blankets were on her shelves, which never came out except to be aired occasionally. Was not that akin to hiding one's talent in a napkin? Would not God call her to an account for these unused blankets.

The more she thought it over the more certain she became that she could well spare the package of old-fashioned quilts which had fallen to her share when Aunt Deborah's goods were portioned out. She knew plenty of homes where they would

be most welcome. She only wished she had a still larger stock to dispose of.

"Poor Esther Dane, I am sure the winter will pinch there, and she is so little used to privation. What a comfort that pair of crimson blankets would be to her poor rheumatic limbs. I chided George for bringing them home, but he said they were going so cheap he could not help it. I really think I shall send them over to Esther in the morning."

With this warming resolution for her heart, Mrs. Buel felt thoroughly comfortable, and very soon fell asleep.

Her good resolutions did not vanish with the night shadows. She rather added to them, and took a thorough inventory of her stock, both good and bad. Various quilts and blankets which had been stored in the garret as no longer of service, but too good to be thrown away, were brought down, and well repaired. She was thoroughly in earnest and enlisted her two daughters in the good work.

It was surprising how much the three pair of hands accomplished during the next three days, but more than one widow's heart was made to sing for joy as the result of that wakeful hour.

There are many who complain of sleepless hours which they find so long and dreary. Try to improve them by planning some good for others not so favored, and you will be soon able to rejoice in the loving favor of Him who "giveth songs in the night."
J. E. McC.

A LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR: I hope it is not yet too late to wish you a happy New Year. May it bring you peace and prosperity, and be blessed in all respects. May you be able to send the HOME, month by month, into the thousands of waiting households which hail its coming with gladness.

The first number for the new year comes to us rich in good things, bringing comfort and strength, and goodly words of blessing and cheer to all. We welcome "Deborah Norman" with her pure, refining influence, and hope her "reward" may be great even as her work. Accept many thanks for the beautiful picture. It surpasses our expectations, and is alone worth the price of the magazine. We have a wee, winsome darling in our home, and I, too, am often an "Interrupted Reader." The sweet babies! May the dear Father make us worthy of them, and teach us how to guide them to noble manhood and womanhood.

I want to tell "Pipsey" how we made beef-tea for mother when she was sick. May I? We took lean, juicy pieces of beef, cut fine, put it into a wide-necked bottle, corked tightly, put the bottle in water, and let it boil an hour, drained the liquor out, added a little salt, and our beef-tea was made. We put no water in the bottle, so the tea was just the pure juice of the beef, and more nourishing than if water had been added.

A cornstarch pudding is made much better by stirring in rich fruit of some kind. We use canned

plums, and make the sauce for it of sweetened cream and the juice of the plums. It is delicious.

We wanted some molasses candy on Christmas, so I took a cup of molasses, a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, boiled all together until very thick, turned it into a buttered tin, and when it was cool cut it in squares. It was good, and needed no pulling. Try it.

"Pipsey," we are glad to see you back in your old place in the HOME, and hope we may long meet you there. A good and happy New Year to you, and to little LICHEN, CHATTY BROOKS and all the rest. We love you all, and count you as dear, real friends.
EARNEST.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY E. MILLER CONKLIN.

WHEN gathered round the evening fire
With books, and work, and pleasant talk,

You trim the lamp to burn the higher;
Then think of those who homeless walk!
Who, passing, glance within and see
The happy fireside's calm delight;
Then, stung with keener misery,
Pass shivering on amid the night!

Around the room the children play,
The music sounds from fingers fair;
The burden of the toilsome day
The father's hands no longer bear.
But there are those with aching hands,
And freezing feet, and breaking hearts,
For whom no mother watching stands
To warm and cheer with loving arts.

And when the white-robed children kneel
To murmur each its evening prayer;
And mothers from the fireside steal
To smooth each couch with tender care;
Then think of those who crouch to-night,
Uncheered by food, or couch, or fire;
And, longing, wait for morning light,
In sleepless pain, and anguish dire.

If thou hast done thine utmost part
To help, to save, to comfort these;
Enjoy thine own with thankful heart,
As one who still the Giver sees!
But hast thou shut thine eyes to need,
Thy heart to those who asked of thee,
Nor given help by word and deed,
Christ says, "Ye did it unto Me!"

OUR enemy to gratify his ill-will toward us, acquaints himself with the infirmities both of our bodies and minds, sticks to our faults, makes his invidious remarks upon them, and spreads them abroad by his uncharitable and ill-natured reports. Hence we are taught this useful lesson for the direction and management of our conversation in the world, viz., that we be circumspect and wary in everything we speak or do, as if our enemy always stood at our elbow, and overlooked our actions.

Hatboro' was formerly called the "Crooked Billet," or shortened into simply "The Billet." Tradition informs us that it was so named from one of the old inns, having for its sign a crooked billet, or stick of wood.

CROOKED BILLET POLKA.

The musical score for "Crooked Billet Polka" is presented in a standard piano format. It begins with a 2/4 time signature. The first system consists of two staves: the upper staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The second system continues this pattern. The third system introduces a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The fourth system concludes with a "Fine." marking. The fifth system is the beginning of the "TRIO." section, marked with a key signature change to one flat (Bb) and a *Dolce* (softly) dynamic. This section features more complex melodic lines with triplets and grace notes. The final system of the score is marked "D. C." (Da Capo), indicating a repeat of the previous section.

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Evenings with the Poets.

SLEEP.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

HE sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is falling, and listens to each complaint!
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair green pastures, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows 'round them fall,
And silently watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For, with many a soothing promise, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow;
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, as theirs, is done!
Till then we will yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance He giveth His loved ones sleep.

CHILD-SONGS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

STILL linger in our noon of time,
And on our Saxon tongue,
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poets' rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born!

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the ages teach
From lisping voices learns—

The voices loved of him who sang,
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,
And folk-love of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in!

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God bath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from His hands,
And nearest unto Him.

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach Thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine.

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of Heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

HEART-HUNGER.

BY FANNY FALES.

IF you love me, darling,
Break the icy spell;
'Neath the heart's chill surface
Limpid waters well.

Oh, my heart is hungry
For the spoken word;—
We are paid in music
If we pet a bird.

Roses give their sweetness
For our tender care;
Would you be less gracious,
Dearest one, as fair?

More than bird or blossom
Is to me mine own;
Fill my life with music
Ere the day is flown.

Not enough that duty
Every hour is done;
Lest I die of hunger,
Feed me, little one!

Do as does the sun, dear,
To the waves, I wls;
Till they glow and sparkle,
Love me with a kiss.

Clasp my neck, and lay your
Soft cheek close to mine,
At the touch life's waters
Would be turned to wine.

New Bedford Standard.

WAIT.

LAST night I tried, quite wearied out,
The question that perplexes still,
And the sad spirit we call doubt
Made the good naught beside the ill.

This morning, when, with rested mind,
I tried again the self-same theme
The whole is altered, and I find
The balance turned; the good supreme.

Mother's Department.

ANGEL VISITS.

THEY do not always visit us in beautiful garments, making the air around golden with their sunny smiles. Oftener they come disguised in sober-hued vestments, lips grief-curved and eyes heavy, as with weeping. But come to us when and how they will, it is ever in love. Daily they are about our paths, though we perceive them not with our dull bodily senses; nor even recognize their presence by the finer instincts of our spirits—for "of the earth earthy" as we are, and with affections clinging to the earth, we have neither eyes nor ears for the inner sight and inner voices that are for the pure in heart. Yes, they are about our daily paths, smoothing and making them flowery when they may; but oftener piling up obstructions and making them rough and thorny.

"Rough and thorny! Piling up obstructions!" we hear from the lips of some life-weary sufferer. "Is this a work for angels?"

Beautiful the way seemed before you, in the bright morning of early womanhood, heart-sick and life-weary one; and as your eyes went far onward, how many lovely vistas opened, showing blessed arcadias in the smiling distance! To gain them you felt was to gain Heaven; and onward you pressed with eager footsteps. You did not gain them! For a while the path was even, and the fragrance of a hundred blossoms delighted your senses. But all at once your feet were wounded—there were sharp obstructions in the way; then thick clouds and darkness were before you, hiding the lovely Eden. Still, you sought to pass onward, though the way was rough, and the sunny vistas, opening to the land of promise, hidden from your straining vision. Then a mountain arose suddenly, whose rocky steep you could not climb. Despair was in your heart; and in the bitterness of your disappointment you called yourself one mocked of God.

It was not so, precious immortal! Not so, pilgrim to a better land than the arcadia of your maiden dreams! At the very foot of that inaccessible mountain, a narrow path at length became visible; and though it looked rough and had no green margin, beautiful with flowers, there was an emotion of thankfulness in your heart for even this way of escape; for, already a mortal dread had seized upon your spirits. With hurrying footsteps you entered this new way, and the hope that it would quickly lead around the mountain, and bring the sunny land again in view, repressed the fear that else had been paralyzing.

It was the hand of an angel which led you into that new way, and kept your heart from fainting. Narrow, rough and flowerless though it proved, it was a better way than that along which you were passing with such buoyant steps—for it bent heavenward. And think, life-weary one! do you not feel that you are nearer Heaven now than when the sun of this world shone from an unclouded sky above the path of pleasure and prosperity? Think, and answer to yourself the question.

A heart-stricken mother sat grieving for the loss of her youngest born, the sweetest and loveliest of her precious flock—grieving and refusing to be comforted. There had been loving sympathy, gentle remonstrances and pious teaching from the lips of the minister who had a year before touched the forehead of her babe with the waters of baptism; but all availed not—the fountain of tears stayed not its waters, nor was the murmuring voice hushed in her rebellious spirit. At length one came to her who had known a like sorrow, and whose heart had, even like hers, been bowed into the very dust. She took into her own soft hand the passive hand of the mourner, which gave not back a

sign. A little while she held it, clasping her fingers in a gentle pressure; then in a voice whose tender modulations went vibrating to the inmost of her spirit, she said: "You had an angel visit last night."

An angel visit! What did the words signify?

"Only a year has passed since I had a like visit," continued the friend. "I did not recognize the heavenly messenger when she came, for my eyes were too full of tears to see her radiant form. She came and went, bearing on her bosom as she passed upward to the regions of eternal sunshine, the spirit of my lovely boy!"

The hand of the mourner answered to the light pressure of that in which it lay.

"That night," went on the comforter, "I saw in a dream—I call it a dream, but regard it as a revelation—my translated one among the blessed in the upper kingdom of our Father. He was in the arms of the angel-mother, whose love for him it was plain to see was wise and tender, surpassing all my own deep affection, as far as the unselfish love of an angel surpasses a weak and erring creature of earth.

"Grieve no more!" said the heavenly being, as she came to me. 'I have not taken this innocent one from you in anger or cruelty, but in love—love for both the mother and child. As for him, he is safe in his celestial home forever, and is and will be blessed far above anything you could ask—for it hath not entered into the heart of even a mother to conceive what transcendent delights are in store for those who are born into Heaven. Is it not therefore better for your child? Were I to say, take him again into the cold, dark world of sorrow, sin and suffering, would you bear him back? No, grieving mother, no! You love this precious one too well. But how is it better for you to lose the child in whom your heart was so bound up? I see the question on your lips. That is always best which lifts the spirit nearest to God—is it not so? Think! Not with a heavenly, but with an earthly and selfish affection, did you love your child—such an affection could not truly bless either you or your babe. It is now in Heaven, and as your heart follows it there, it will come into heavenly associations, and thus be filled with aspirations for that higher life which descends from and bears back its recipient into Heaven. Grieving one, I came to you in mercy; and though tears have followed my visit, they are falling on good seeds planted in your heart.'

"Thus spoke to me that angel-mother of my child, and ever since her words have been my stay and comfort. Such an angel came to you last night, grieving friend. The visit was in love, not in anger. Then lift your eyes upward, and no longer permit them to rest on the cold earth-form and the gloomy grave. The spirit of your child has already arisen more beautiful in form, and is with the angels appointed for its guardianship. The wiser love of our good Father has removed it. Be thankful, then, dear friend. Oh, be thankful—but weep not!"

And the heart, which no words of consolation had been able to reach, felt itself swelling with a deep emotion, and lifting itself upward toward the All-Merciful.

"I will believe that it was an angel who came here last night and bore away my child," she whispered, as with shut eyes, fringed by tear-gemmed lashes, she bowed her head upon the bosom of her consoler. "Oh, if anything can soothe the anguish of this bereavement, it is to think that my precious babe, for whom I have cared so tenderly, passed from my arms to those of an angel, and that he was thus borne safely across the dark valley into which I looked down with such a heart-shudder. I bless you for speaking such words of consolation."

Not alone in misfortune or bereavement do angels visit us. They do not always make the way rough, nor always darken the earth-fires around which we gather. Daily they come to us; hourly they seek to draw nearer and quicken our better impulses. A thousand evils—soul-destroying evils—are warded off by them, even though we are unconscious of their presence, and, it may be, resist the very influences by which such priceless benefits are conferred.

"Ah! if we could but open our eyes and see; if the scales that obstruct our inner vision could be removed, if we could know our celestial visitors when they come!"

We may know them; and we may perceive their

presence. Whether we are in prosperity or adversity, in joy or in sorrow, angel-visitors are with us whenever the thought goes upward and the heart yearns for a better life. Their mission to the sons of men is to draw them heavenward; and if sorrow, affliction or adversity is needed for the accomplishment of this great end, they are made subservient in the good work. But when, in their high mission, they bow a thirsty soul to the bitter waters of Marah, their hands hold not back the healing leaves, and a song of rejoicing is soon heard instead of lamentation. Happy is that spirit to which the angels come not on their errands of mercy in vain.

T. S. A.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

KIT'S BRONZE BOOTS.

BY G. DE B.

THEY came home one Friday night. Kit thought there never was anything quite so perfectly beautiful. She was sure none of the other girls had any boots like them. To be sure, Fanny Raynor told her, her new ones were to be done for Saturday, too; but then they were only pebbled morocco! And these—almost golden in their pretty new sheen, and the buttons matched, and tassels at the top, and such cunning little heels! Oh, there wasn't a prouder little girl anywhere in the world than Kitty Kessler that Friday night when her bronze boots came home!

Now, if it would *only* be pleasant to-morrow, so as she might wear them down to the library. Her little playmates made it a point to all meet there every week; and as most other girls' playmates did, too, the library on Saturday afternoon had become quite a fashionable reception-saloon, where school-girls came to pick out their new books—and talk over each other's new clothes at the same time.

"Oh, dear! there's a circle round the moon; and that means rain, don't it, mamma?" cried Kit, as she put aside the curtains to look out at the weather that night before going to bed.

"I hope so," answered mamma, hanging up Kitty's dress, and putting away the new boots in the closet.

"Why, Mamma Kessler! And I've just got my bronze boots—and water spots them!"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of your boots, dear, when I spoke, but of the tiny seeds in the ground, and the tender leaves on the trees, and the fresh, new grass, that all *need* rain."

"Oh, they can wait very well, I guess," pettishly replied Kit, as she pulled down the shade.

"So can your bronze boots, Kitty. Don't be a selfish little girl—always thinking of what only concerns your pleasure most; and, besides, whatever the weather turns out to-morrow, it *ought* to be just the kind to please you."

"Why? How? What do you mean, mamma?" and Kit's blue eyes opened very wide.

"When you go to the library to-morrow, get Hannah Moore's Tales, and read 'The Shepherd of the Salisbury Plain,' and you will understand what I mean."

"But, mamma, I want to know *now*. Why ought it to be just the kind of weather to please me, when, if it rains, it won't at all?" and Kit pouted out her pretty red lips.

"Because, Kitty, it will be the kind of weather that pleases God best; and His will should be our pleasure always. Come, say your prayers now; and pray for an unselfish, contented spirit, as well as for fair weather." And mamma kissed Kitty good-night, with the first half of the prayer offered up in her own heart for her little girl.

"Partly cloudy and clearing weather," read Kit the

next day from the morning paper. "I can wear my boots, mamma. Old Prob. says 'clearing.'"

"He isn't infallible, however, Kit," said papa, over his coffee. "I should say it would rain hard toward evening." And papa went on with his breakfast, not noticing the decidedly "cloudy" expression on Kit's face at his words.

"You'd better wear your morocco boots, Kit. It will be safest; and they look nice," said mamma, as Kit went up-stairs to be dressed after dinner.

"Oh, no, no, mamma! I am sure it will be pleasant. See, the little edges of the clouds are growing brighter, and the sun is almost out now!"

"Well, Kitty, I will let you do as you please about it; only remember, you know water-spots will ruin the beauty of your bronze boots, and I cannot afford to buy you another pair this summer. If you spoil these, you will have to wear them so."

Kitty "pleased" to wear her bronze boots, of course. And she looked very nice, indeed, when all dressed in her little gray and white striped silk suit, the ruffles bound with Nile green, her white chip hat trimmed with the same color, her little white parasol lined with rose, and her pretty new bronze boots on.

"Will I do, mamma?" she asked, making a little, dancing-school courtesey when she was all ready to start.

"Yes, my dear, you look very nice, and neat, and clean. Don't stay out later than five o'clock. Here is fifteen cents for some ice cream and cake, and be careful not to spill any on your dress."

Kitty kissed her mamma, promised to obey all her injunctions, and ran gayly down the steps, very proud and happy in her pretty new spring outfit.

She peeped through the glass doors of the library to see if the girls were there before her. Yes, there they all were—Fanny Raynor, Cissy Hastings, Addie Tufts and Gertie Graham—and none of them had on bronze boots! Kit walked in very proudly now. The girls rushed up to her to see what book she had, and show her theirs, and talk over those they had read and liked, and those they had "skipped" through and didn't. Kitty looked through their books, and over their spring suits, and discovered Fanny Raynor actually had kid gloves on! She felt a little quail of envy now. Why hadn't she asked papa for kid gloves, too! He would have bought them for her just as well.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "I am so warm and tired! Let's go into the ladies' room, girls, and rest."

They all fluttered after Kit, who usually led the way. Kit sat down on the sofa and crossed her little feet, very conspicuously showing her beloved boots. Then Fanny Raynor buttoned and unbuttoned her kid gloves, making a pretence of fixing the elastic of her hat. The others looked on.

While they sat there, chattering and laughing, and talking over where they should go for ice cream, wondering which place gave the most for ten cents, they

were suddenly hushed by the sound of thunder, and presently great heavy drops of rain dashed down the window-panes. Poor Kit, she looked up at the rain and down at her boots!

"What shall I do, girls? They'll be ruined!" she asked, in an awful whisper.

"If you only could put them in your pocket now," said Fanny Raynor, rolling up her kid gloves, and putting them safely away in hers as she spoke.

"Or if they were pebbled morocco," continued Cissy Hastings.

"Or lasting, with kid toes," went on Gertie Graham.

"But they ain't," cried Kit, her eyes full of tears. "They're my beautiful new bronze boots, and they will spot, and be spoiled forever. Oh, dear!"

"Why, Kit, see here," said Fanny. "Take the car at the door; it goes within a few doors of your house; and, anyhow, maybe the rain will stop by the time you reach Spruce Street; it has slackened now."

A brilliant thought! They all followed Kit to the door, watched the car stop, and just between the shower Kit tiptoed over the pavement and got on the car without a drop falling on her boots.

Walnut, Locust, Pine, and the rain began to pour down again. At Spruce Street the crossing was a mighty flood. Kit looked out of the window, and shook her head "no" when the conductor asked her if she would get off.

"You'll have to ride round, then," said he; "up Eleventh, down Tenth again."

"Will I?" answered Kit. "Very well, then," with a look at her boots.

Up Eleventh and down Tenth, and it began to grow dark, and the people who crowded in the car wondered

what that gayly-dressed little girl in the corner was doing out in the storm. Almost to Spruce Street again, and Kitty was puzzling her tired little brain over what she *should* do now. She had ridden out all of her fifteen cents, and the rain was pouring down still.

Presently the gentleman who sat opposite Kit was attracted toward her by a peculiar little movement on the part of the quiet little girl in the corner he had noticed in the car so long. She was stooping down, fixing something or other about her shoes, and her face looked very hot and flushed. She motioned the conductor to stop at Spruce Street. When the bell rang, she jumped up quick, and two little white-stockinged feet tripped out of the car.

"There's a real girl caper for you," said the conductor as she got off. "Any boy in the world would have waded through the puddles in satin boots!"

Kit ran home faster than she ever ran in her life. It was dark, and the rainy street was cold. It was a sorry, muddy, little bunched figure that stood on the step when the door opened.

"Why, Kitty Kessler," cried her mamma, "you're barefooted! Where are your shoes?"

"Here, mamma; they ain't ruined after all, for I took them off in the car and scampered," and Kit drew out from underneath her overskirt two bronze boots and a white parasol.

Kit caught a bad cold; but that was all. Her mamma couldn't scold her. Her papa laughed heartily over Kit's "masterly retreat," and bought her a pair of kid gloves just like Fanny Raynor's the next day. They were very pretty ones, and Kit was mightily pleased over them; but of all the things she ever had, there was never anything quite so dear to her as her beloved bronze boots!

Health Department.

DON'T KISS THE BABY.

UNDER this title the *Scientific American* gives a strongly-uttered note of warning against the almost universal practice of kissing babies; a practice that needs a large abatement. The note may be a little too harsh and startling for the ears of some, but it will do no harm to let its sound be repeated in the HOME MAGAZINE.

"The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes, madam, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown the other day, with a strip of flannel around your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer-meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your caresses were fatal.

"Two or three days after, the little pet began to complain of a sore throat, too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming; and when the doctor came, the single word "diphtheria" sufficed to explain them all. To-day a little mound in Greenwood the sole memento of your visit.

"Of course, the mother does not suspect and would not dare to suspect you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence. The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion; that would be impolite, if not cruel; but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due

directly to your infernal stupidity. Those are precisely his words; more forcible than elegant, it is true; but who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember

"'Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.'

"It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent sickness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold; and as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath or to the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well-established fact that diphtheria is usually if not always communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic.

"It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria about the same relation that promiscuous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch.

"It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go unvisited; and their friends ought, for their sake, to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone."

Housekeepers' Department.

COOKING FOR INVALIDS.

LET all the kitchen utensils used in the preparation of invalids' cookery be delicately and *scrupulously clean*; if this is not the case, a disagreeable flavor may be imparted to the preparation, which flavor may disgust, and prevent the patient from partaking of the refreshment when brought to him or her.

For invalids, never make a large quantity of *one thing*, as they seldom require much at a time; and it is desirable that variety be provided for them.

Always have something in readiness; a little beef tea, nicely made and nicely skimmed, a few spoonfuls of jelly, etc., etc., that it may be administered as soon almost as the invalid wishes for it. If obliged to wait a long time, the patient loses the desire to eat, and often turns against the food when brought to him or her.

In sending dishes or preparations up to invalids, let everything look as tempting as possible. Have a clean tray cloth laid smoothly over the tray; let the spoons, tumblers, cups and saucers, etc., be very clean and bright. Gruel served in a tumbler is more appetizing than when served in a basin or cup and saucer.

If the patient be allowed to eat vegetables, never send them up undercooked, or half raw; and let a small quantity only be temptingly arranged on a dish. This rule will apply to every preparation, as an invalid is much more likely to enjoy his food if small delicate pieces are served to him.

A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed and broiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served *with all the fat* at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it, between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than *smoked food*.

RECIPES.

SHEEP'S TONGUES IN SAVORY JELLY.—Skin the tongues, lard them, and cook them, until they are quite tender, in good veal broth, or any white stock. Take out the tongues, boil down the liquor to a stiff, clear jelly, and pour enough of it over them to cover them. To be eaten cold.

TO CLARIFY DRIPPING.—Put the dripping into a basin; pour over it boiling water, in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, and keep stirring the whole to wash away the impurities. Let it stand to cool, when the water and dirty sediment will settle at the bottom. Repeat this operation at least twice with fresh water. When cold, remove the dripping from the water, and melt it into jars.

RABBIT CUTLETS.—Prepare the rabbits as you would for a stew; cut the different limbs into the size of cutlets—such as the shoulders cut in half, also the legs, with the ends of the bones chopped off, and pieces of the back, even to the half of the head. Have ready some bread-crumbs and the yolk of an egg beaten up. Drop each cutlet into the egg and then cover it with bread-crumbs, as for veal cutlets. Fry them a nice brown, and when you dish them pour round them some rich brown gravy, which may be flavored with tomato sauce if approved, and put round them rolls of fried bacon.

LEMON PUFFS.—One quart of milk, the yolks of six eggs, two cups of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three lemons. Beat the eggs, sugar and flour together well; beat the eggs first, then add the lemon juice; have your dish lined with paste; do not add the milk until you are ready to put it into the oven. Beat up the whites, add fine white sugar, a large teaspoonful, and beat very light; flavor to taste. When the custard is done spread the icing over it, set it back in the oven and let it brown nicely. Eat as soon as cold.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

IT is impossible yet to predict what the spring fashions will be. As *Easter* comes early this year, it is possible that before the close of the month we may get glimpses of new styles. But, for the most part, March is a bolsterous month, and the winter costumes and even furs are retained.

The *Metropolitan*, a new fashion paper, published in New York by Butterick & Co., tells us that the mask veil, the style that is wrapped about the face before the hat is put on, is not as popular as it has been. The close veil is now laid over the centre of the front edge of the hat rim, and then drawn back close to the ears and fastened under the hat behind. A fancy pin, or tied ends that float, hold it in position. This arrangement is for walking, riding or skating; but for evening wear, white illusion or Brussels net is more than ever in favor. A yard-wide lace, that is three yards long, is the favorite. It is thrown over the hat near one end, and then tied in one knot under the chin; the long end is passed about the neck, brought forward of the left shoulder and fastened under a bouquet of natural flowers, provided fresh flowers are not too dear. Black thread net, with open dots, is worn for church and visiting, and is arranged like the great crape walking veil. The favorite travelling veil is a square of peacock blue or peacock green silk tissue, which is pinned over the entire hat or bonnet, with the point in front drawn

down far enough to preserve the neck-tie from being soiled with car-dust. These colors are pleasant to the eyes, and wear a long time without looking rusty.

The latest style in infants' cloaks is to line them with cigar-brown silk, *matelassé* or flannel, instead of pink or blue as heretofore. This color does not show use so soon as the more delicate tints. For a very young baby the double circular is the most popular garment. It has a silk-lined hood, and the edges of the upper circular may be bordered with a white and brown woollen chenille fringe which has a twisted heading of the wool; or it may be finished without decorations, save a floating loop, and ends of brown ribbon at the back.

In gentlemen's shirts the shield-shaped bosom has been found so convenient that it is more in use than in any other. The plaits upon the fronts of bosoms are not so wide as formerly. Many shirts are exhibited with narrow stripes of various colors upon the edges of the centre plaits, and around the edges of the collar and cuffs; others have stripes running upon the edge of all the plaits.

The "Garriek" collar, which is the latest style presented, is decidedly genteel in appearance, and is becoming to most persons. While these stand-up collars are evidently the most stylish at present, the turn-down forms are yet in vogue, and are worn nearly as much as ever, many gentlemen preferring them. In these designs the "Richelleu" and "Cambridge" collars take the lead.

New Publications.

The Apocalypse Revealed; wherein are disclosed the Arcana there foretold, which have hitherto remained concealed. From the Latin of Emanuel Swedenborg. Two vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Thoughtful and observant people have not failed to notice a widespread and steadily-increasing dissatisfaction, among a large class of intelligent and good men, with some of the doctrinal interpretations of Scripture that were formulated into creeds and confessions of faith in the darker days of the past centuries; a dissatisfaction that does not arise from any moral defection, nor from any pride of free thinking; but which is based upon an honest desire for the truth. This is not confined to laymen, nor to non-church-going people, but prevails widely among clergymen of all denominations, sometimes manifesting itself in sharp conflicts, disturbances and unhappy alienations.

As the years go by, this state of things shows a steady increase, and the antagonism between independent seekers after truth and the adherents of old forms of doctrine and what is called church authority, grows stronger and stronger. Men want to know for themselves, and in the light of Scripture and their individual reason, whether a thing be true or not. They wish to believe for themselves, and not be bound, under pain of God's displeasure, to the faith of another. They do not want authority, but truth, that they may be able to give to their own hearts, as well as to another, a reason for the hope that is in them.

It is now over a hundred years since the work named at the head of this article first made its appearance. Besides this, the distinguished author, one of the most learned men of his time, wrote and published voluminously; first in the departments of science and philosophy, and afterward exclusively on theological subjects.

Immediately after the issue of his theological works, originally in the Latin, they were translated into the English language, and ever since that time have been printed and published, their circulation showing a steady increase, and their doctrines finding a larger acceptance from year to year. Of late, the circulation of the writings of Swedenborg has been greatly extended, and those who are acquainted with their peculiar teachings, recognize their influence upon the religious thought of the day, and see in the disturbance of old dogmas to which we have referred, and the demand for a faith to which reason can give its fullest assent, evidences of the work they have already done, and the larger and more important work they are destined to achieve.

A most remarkable fact in regard to the interest which has been awakened, of late, in the writings of Swedenborg, was given, a few months since, in one of the daily papers of our city, *The Evening Telegraph*. We copy a portion of the article. It says:

"Within the last few years the circulation of Swedenborg's works has largely increased in this country, and a knowledge of their true character has become, in consequence, more widely known. Only the prejudiced or ignorant now regard them as weak and visionary. Their breadth and logical clearness command the respect and attention of the best minds of the age. The profoundest thinkers and the most astute theologians, when they stand face to face with Swedenborg on the rational plane of thought and doctrine, find themselves in the presence of a master-spirit.

"Hitherto the Protestant clergy in this country have, strange as it may seem, remained in comparative ignorance of Swedenborg's writings, and of their widely-increasing influence on the religious ideas of the age. Aware of this fact, and deeply impressed with the importance of giving them an opportunity to examine the new doctrines set forth therein, a gentleman of this city, Mr. L. C. Iungerich, generously offered, about two years ago, to furnish every Protestant clergyman in

America who might desire to receive it, a copy of Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion," a large octavo of over six hundred pages, in which the whole theology of the New Church is fully set forth. In order to carry out this work efficiently, he made an arrangement with the extensive publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, to take applications for the book, and to send it to any clergyman who asked for it; the only expense to the applicant being the postage, twenty cents.

"The result of this offer is remarkable. Nearly four thousand copies of the book have been asked for and sent to clergymen and students of theology; and the demand increases from day to day. Mr. Iungerich being a gentleman of large wealth, and deeply in earnest in the work he has undertaken, stands ready to respond, through the publishing house above named, to any extent; and there is not a clergyman in America who may not, if he desires it, have a copy of Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion."

"Co-ordinate with this work is that of "The American New Church Tract and Publication Society" of this city, which less than a year ago offered to send to clergymen, through the same publishing house used by Mr. Iungerich, a copy of Swedenborg's work entitled "Heaven and its Wonders, and Hell; from Things Heard and Seen," an octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, requiring only the postage, fifteen cents. The response to this offer has been quite as active as that just mentioned, over fifteen hundred copies of "Heaven and Hell" having, in a few months, gone into the hands of ministers. The demand for these books is not limited to one or two denominations, but comes from all alike. Many of the letters that accompany the calls for books, show a strong desire to examine the doctrines of the New Church and to know just what they teach. It is claimed by the receivers of these doctrines that they are not only rational and scriptural, but that they furnish the only means for harmonizing the conflicting views of the many sects in Christendom and of uniting all in charity if not in external conformity. Such a consummation all true souls most earnestly desire, and, through whatever means it comes, it will be gladly welcomed."

To this we may add that we learn from a member of the publishing house above referred to, that up to this time, over six thousand copies of "The True Christian Religion," and nearly four thousand copies of the work on "Heaven and Hell," have been sent to clergymen in response to applications for the two books, and that the demand continues to increase. This is certainly a very remarkable fact, and one that will take most persons by surprise.

Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion" gives a full statement of the doctrines of the New Church; while his treatise on "Heaven and Hell" unveils the mysteries of the spiritual world, and describes the condition of the good and the evil. But the work named at the head of this article is of another and higher character, and professes to unfold the true meaning of the great Book of Revelation as contained in the inner or spiritual sense, which Swedenborg evolves by means of the doctrine of Correspondences.

All Scripture, he says, whether written in the form of pure symbol, history or prophecy, contains an inner spiritual meaning, which is its divine sense, and by which it connects the human race with Heaven. When a man reads the natural sense thoughtfully and reverently, the angels who are with him see in his thought only the divine sense, and by means of this are able to come closer to him with all their holy and saving influences. It was in order so to connect man with Heaven by the power of its inner, divine sense, that the Word of God was given in a symbolic form. In man's decline from innocence, he lost the power to see spiritual truth; and in his progressive restoration since the coming of the Lord, he has at last arrived at a state of inner enlightenment sufficiently clear to comprehend, in some small degree, the purely spiritual. And now that this "fulness of time" has come, in the progress of our race, the long-lost key by which to unlock

the sacred casket and again possess the precious jewel within, has, it is alleged, been, through the divine mercy, restored. It is by the application of this key, or the law of Correspondences, that Swedenborg unfolds, in the two volumes before us, the hidden meanings of the wonderful Apocalypse.

Bric-a-Brac Series, No. 5. The Greville Memoirs. A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV. By Charles C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Counsel to those Sovereigns. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. The substance of this exceedingly interesting and lively little volume has been drawn from the larger English edition of the much-talked-about Greville Memoirs, which, in spite of their bulky character and the frequently arid nature of their contents, have attained an extensive reading in England. In their present shape, we have the wheat winnowed from the chaff, the grains of gold separated from the coarser debris in which they were imbedded.

History of Two Lives: a True Story; and The Serpent in the Cup. By Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford. New York: The National Temperance Society and Publication House. The Rev. Dr. Prime, in his introduction to this "true story," remarks as follows:

"The facts embodied in this volume, and presented in dramatic and impressive terms, made a deep impression upon my mind. * * * Unhappily, the sin and misery of Intemperance furnish so many and so fearful illustrations, that we have no need of the arts of fiction to invent or embellish narratives of vice to be used in the work of restraint and reform. The TRUTH is the most painful."

That the impressive narratives here recorded are true, no one who has even a slight acquaintance with

the effects of the "accursed thirst" for strong drink, can for a moment doubt. And this so evident truthfulness must give them a power for good far beyond that of the most highly-wrought fiction.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1875. Published Quarterly, by James Vick, Rochester, New York. We are in the receipt of the January number of this now well-known periodical. It contains over one hundred pages, with five hundred engravings and letter-press descriptions, with directions for culture of the same number of our best flowers and vegetables. It is truly a useful and elegant book of its kind; and remarkably cheap at twenty-five cents a year. We notice that its editor and publisher proposes to receive from customers, or others, whatever money they may appropriate for the relief of the Kansas sufferers, acknowledging the receipt of all such money, and giving an account of its disposal, and to add to such sums *five hundred dollars*, as his own subscription. He also offers to appropriate to supplying the Kansas sufferers with seeds, any money that may be sent him for that purpose, at the same time generously donating *five hundred dollars* himself to the same fund.

Briggs & Brothers' Illustrated Floral Work and Catalogue. For July and October, 1874. This number is designed more particularly to bring to the notice of the public Messrs. Briggs & Brothers' extensive and varied collection of bulbs, for planting and cultivating which it gives full instructions. In connection with this we have to acknowledge the receipt, from the same firm, of a box of choice bulbs. If they are fair specimens of those offered for sale by this house, we cannot see that those who purchase from it will have any occasion to regret doing so.

Editor's Department.

Waifs of Humanity.

IN another part of our magazine will be found an exceedingly interesting account of "The Girls' Lodging House," at No. 27 St. Mark's Place, New York City, one of the many noble charities that indicate the steady progress of that higher and truer Christianity which is advancing upon the world, and making itself felt in hundreds of beneficent ways. Don't fail to read it. Below we give, from the *New York Herald*, a description of a scene in another charitable institution, which no one can read without being deeply moved:

"The Foundling Asylum on Sixty-eighth Street (New York) now stands as a glorious monument, first to the indefatigable and almost superhuman exertions of the good sister in charge, and secondly to the munificent bounty and a genuine humanity of a community proverbial for its charity in the broadest sense of the term. It would, indeed, be a superfluous task to dilate on the solid benefits conferred by the asylum, which, commencing with a circumscribed establishment in Washington Square, scarcely over five years ago, now commands, by its splendid proportions, the attention of the passers-by—a home, as one of the reports states, 'for the innocent offspring of passion or poverty, for whom the doorstep, the street, the sink, the river, the string and the knife presented such a means of riddance to those who, suffering from poverty or fearing disgrace, sat in final judgment upon it,' as well as for 'the rescue of fallen women before they have sunk to the hopeless depths of misery and crime.' But the necessity and influence of such an institution have been so well proved by its results, that comment is almost out of place. Suffice it to say, that a visit yesterday to the asylum only confirmed the prediction long ago expressed, that the day would come when the house in Washington Square would be totally inadequate to the demand made upon its resources.

"Yesterday was what is known as 'Pay Day'—an event which occurs once a month, when the outdoor nurses are remunerated for their services. It may be as well to mention that the utmost care and discrimination are exercised in the selection of these nurses,

none being employed who cannot present a certificate of good health from a physician, and another of good character from some known and reliable person. Even the small sum allotted for this service proves of incalculable benefit, securing, as it does, a roof for many a poor family, which is, in itself, a great charity. Now it may be as well to explain that, although the dimensions of the building are large, it has been found necessary to care for many of the infants left at the asylum by means of outside nurses, and that the helpless little waifs may be properly attended to, a detective is detailed to the institution, who frequently visits each nurse at times when he is least expected. The result of this experiment has proved highly successful. This was amply exemplified yesterday by the presence of over one thousand beautiful and healthy children, averaging from a month to three years old, whose nurses had come for their pay as well as to receive clothing, all of which, by the way, is made in the asylum. It was a wonderful scene, and those who witnessed it, however hard-hearted the visitors might be, could not fail to be impressed by the heavenly thoughts that prompted the establishing of an institution which worked such wonders. Above all, the fact that the institution prescribes neither creed, nor class, nor color—and there was a goodly representation from every source—must, in itself, commend the broad and noble principle upon which the asylum is based. That this crime of infanticide has been successfully grappled with and diminished through the instrumentality of the institution, trustworthy statistics already show.

"All the wards are now full, there being at present about three hundred and fifty children cared for in the building, which, from the basement to the roof, presents in the interior a picture of order, cleanliness and regularity, which speaks volumes for the untiring exertions of the good sisters whose lives are devoted to a cause than which no nobler is known to the devotees of charity and religion. That deep interest is taken in the asylum, is evident from the throng of ladies, embracing in their number those whose labors and substantial support in the cause of charity are well known, and the fact that they almost rivalled each other in contributing the living day, with needle and thread, to clothe the little waifs, is in itself significant of their commendable devotion on behalf of an asylum whose cause appeals to all the world. Sister Irene—and her

name is synonymous with the success of the institution—had yesterday, as she ever has, a gigantic task on hand, but the regiment of nurses and their charges were well provided for ere they left the building.”

Under Difficulties.

SOMETHING of the old barbaric spirit that set woman under the heel of man still clings to our civilization, and is perpetually revealing itself in efforts to limit her intellectual freedom and development. Failing to recognize her equal right with himself to determine what work she shall do in the world, the man draws a circle, and says to the woman, “You must keep within this sphere.” All of what are known as the learned professions are on the outside of this circle, and the moment a woman attempts to enter any one of them, she finds herself met by a stern repulse. If she persist in her efforts, she encounters ridicule, insult, or an iron-handed rejection. No question is asked as to her peculiar fitness for the life-work upon which she desires to enter. She is a woman; and the man says, she shall not, if he can prevent it, become a doctor, a lawyer, or a preacher.

This is the old barbaric “Might is right” spirit, and a poor commentary on the christian civilization of the nineteenth century. A notable instance is given of the courage and perseverance of an American lady, who, denied the advantages she sought in her own country, went to Germany for larger facilities in the study of medicine. But the same barrier met her there. On being refused admittance to a course of medical lectures in one of the most noted universities in Germany, she determined to put on male costume and pass herself off for a young man. One day an American consul was summoned to a hotel to see a lady from the United States. As there was no reception room in the hotel, he was shown up to the room indicated in the note he had received, by the servant. He looked in vain for the lady, but saw what he supposed was a young man sitting on a trunk. He was soon undeceived. The “boy” said he was simply in disguise, and set forth at length the reasons for such extraordinary conduct. She said she was resolved to attend that course of lectures, and had called in the consul to give her real name and place of residence in the United States, so that in case of trouble she could appeal to him for protection. The position of the consul was a novel one, but he finally consented to take the lady’s statement, and promised to keep the secret inviolate unless she should be discovered. This did not happen. The disguise answered its purpose; the lady remained at the institution a year, passed through the course with honor, and is doubtless now applying the knowledge gained, in her practice somewhere in the United States.

A fact like this, and it is one of many that could be cited, should call a blush of shame to the face of every narrow-minded professor, or member of a faculty, who obtrudes his little self in the way of a woman’s inborn right to enter upon any field of work for which God has given her a natural fitness.

The Progress of Woman.

PROFESSOR SWING, in a discourse on the “Progress of Woman,” says:

“Whether woman is advancing toward the ballot-box and toward all the professions, I know not, but she is unfolding into a measureless usefulness. May no coldness of man silence the great debate, nor check her spirit of progress. Long enough has Christianity advanced upon one foot. It will require all souls that love it to make its banner of love successful. The harvest is so great that we may excuse no one from the field. To excuse one-half the human family, a half gifted with sentiment, with spirituality, with soul, is a madness, a crime, against the dearest of our race. A progress toward usefulness must be considered the best advance for all, and those graves must be confessed great, not into which generals, or kings, or orators, or poets alone may have fallen, but also those into which humble ones go down, beneath flowers placed by the hand of gratitude, and beneath the tears from hearts made nobler and happier by the life that goes so humbly and silently back to its God.”

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
Half “ “ “	- - - - -	60
Quarter “ “ “	- - - - -	35
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.		

COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$150
“ Half “ “ “	- - - - -	90
“ Quarter “ “ “	- - - - -	50
Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.		
Inside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$125
“ Half “ “ “	- - - - -	75
“ Quarter “ “ “	- - - - -	45
Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.		

OUR PREMIUM PICTURES.

1. The Interrupted Reader.
2. The Lion in Love.
3. Bed-Time.
4. The Wreath of Immortelles.
5. Peace be unto this House.
6. The Christian Graces.
7. The Angel of Peace.

Every subscriber to “ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE” for 1875 will have the right to order one of these large, beautiful Steel Engravings free.

If no choice is made “THE INTERRUPTED READER” will be sent.

If more than one picture is wanted, our subscribers can have them for 50 cents each, on receipt of which they will be promptly sent by mail, carefully put up on strong rollers. Engravings of like character and quality with these, do not sell at the picture stores for less than \$5.00; and none of the above subjects are to be had from picture dealers for less than \$6.00, and some of them for not less than \$15.00.

Our subscribers will see, therefore, that we offer them a rare opportunity to supply themselves with first-class engravings at a trifling cost.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

“HOME MAGAZINE” AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Butterick's patterns are now acknowledged to be the most practical and reliable that are issued, and enable any lady to be not only her own dressmaker, but to appear as well and tastefully dressed as any of her neighbors.

See new patterns in this number of *Home Magazine*, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO PROCURE VALUABLE BOOKS.

We particularly refer those who have made up clubs for the HOME MAGAZINE, as well as others, to our offer to send “CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA” and “THE LIBRARY OF WONDERS” as premiums for subscribers at club rates. See our “Book-Clubbing List No. 3,” on third page cover. We have made the terms so easy, that almost any one who desires to possess these valuable books may now obtain them. Each set is a library in itself, and as books of reference and general information both are invaluable.

A READY BINDER FOR THE HOME MAGAZINE.

This Binder is so arranged that each number of the magazine can be inserted *as soon as received*, and so kept *smooth and clean*; and has, when all the numbers for the year have been thus inserted, the appearance of a bound volume. It is got up handsomely in fancy cloth, with gilt and embossed side. Price \$1.00; on receipt of which it will be sent by mail. Subscribers who have complete back volumes of the HOME MAGAZINE that they wish bound, can, by the use of this binder, put them in a permanent and substantial book form.

WORDS OF COMMENDATION.

The HOME MAGAZINE for this year is receiving a more cordial welcome and a higher approval than ever before. Our efforts to make it the best magazine for home reading in the country are being more and more widely acknowledged. Commendation from subscribers and the press are of the strongest and most flattering character. We give an extract from a single letter:

"I write to let you know how highly we prize the magazine. Like the angels, it grows young and beautiful as it advances in years; and its monthly visits bring angelic influences into our hearts and homes. My wife and daughter are impatient for the day of its arrival, and read nothing else till its contents are devoured.

"The two pictures you have sent us this year are of rare excellence, and illustrate admirably the home virtues which your magazine so well inculcates and fosters."

The Danville (Ill.) News says of our magazine:

"It is always pure in tone, elevated in character, and has been growing better for years."

The Hudson (Mich.) Post says:

"Among the numerous valuable magazines that come to our table, none are more welcome than the HOME. Mr. Arthur takes high rank among literary men, and no books are more eagerly sought for than his, in all of which he has succeeded in making fiction the vehicle to convey excellent moral and religious thoughts to tender minds. He has now turned his entire attention to his magazine, and the January number is evidently the first of an improved series. No mother can afford to do without Pipsissitway's hints to mothers and housekeepers, valuable because always practical."

We could fill pages with such notices, but these will suffice to show the estimate in which our magazine is held. We hope to make it still better and better as the months go by.

TO YOUNG LADIES, TEACHERS and PARENTS.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR

EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.

A lady of culture and some literary attainments, having joined the select class that will go abroad in April on his annual tour with Prof. A. J. Ebell, Director of the International Academy of New York and Berlin, solicits correspondence with those who would desire to accompany her; also with parents who would like to place their daughters in her more especial care.

Unsurpassed advantages for culture and enjoyment are offered at *less than one-half* what their cost would be to parties not possessing the facilities perfected by the International Academy, under plans which have now been in operation three or four years. No loss, illness or accident of any kind whatever has attended any previous tour. Invalids have joined the class and returned in blooming health.

THE LINE OF TRAVEL lies through Scotland, Germany, comprises ten weeks' stay in Berlin for study, thence through Austria, part of Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, France and England.

TERMS.—The expenses of the entire term of five to six months—comprising first-class board in first-class hotels, carriage rides wherever desirable, cost of sight-seeing, museums, concerts, etc., lecturers' and professors' fees in Berlin, private lessons from the best instructors in music, the languages, drawing, etc., the services of a lady directress, and the lectures to be given *daily* on history, art criticism, and subjects concurrent with the tour, by Prof. Ebell, who has been over most of the ground twelve times—will be \$800, gold, in advance.

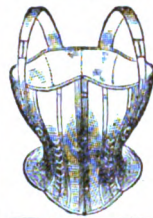
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Io Triomphe, Io Peana.—The world admires beauty, but in no one thing more than the human face, and he who contributes to making people beautiful does good, for no one can be good-looking and not be better, honester, and consequently happier. This country has long looked to Paris, that city of wondrous fair women and polite men, for its fashions and for those rarer cosmetics for beautifying the complexion and preserving it in all its natural color and freshness, and not until Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER was discovered and placed in the market, did this country realize the consummation of Parisian skill and science here in its midst. For thirty-five years Dr. Gouraud's name has been as familiar in fashionable circles, as the discoverer of a beautifier that has no equal in the annals of modern science, as is the name of Parepa-Rosa to the lovers of song. Indeed, so meritorious in his celebrated Oriental Cream, that the gifted Parepa-Rosa and other celebrities have taken it with them to Europe, and unite with thousands in this country in testimonials of its merit. It is used by the beautiful and fair wherever society is, and no lady's dressing-table is complete without it. Its use is like drinking at the spring of perpetual youth, or being touched by the magic wand of beauty. The ladies even say that the shy god Cupid carries a bottle of it strung to his bow, in which he dips the barbed point of those instruments of torture to the busy breasts of obdurate old bachelors, for it is the fair face, with its rich and rosy hue, that demoralizes the most practical philosophy. Dr. Gouraud may well be proud of the favor in which he is held by the fashion of society, by reason of the popularity of his preparation; but prouder still of his reputation for fair and honorable dealing, gained through thirty-one years of honest dealing with the trade, during which time he has seen hundreds of preparations pass from sight, while his has continued to grow in popular favor. Prepared by Dr. GOURAUD, 48 Bond Street, New York.—*Rock Island (Ill.) Argus.*

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Medicated Soap cures Pimples, Scaly Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Moth Patches, Comedones, Tetter, Flesh-worms, Scald Heads, Nettle Rash, Sores, Chafed Thighs; in a word, all cuticular disfigurements. This soap is a specialty, and must not be confounded with the various lotions and nostrums so extensively advertised for the purpose. GOURAUD'S compound acts on the blood through the hair-like tegumentary tissues, and disperses, instead of repelling all rebellions of the blood. This remedy needs no publication of certificates. It has received the stamp of public approbation the past thirty-five years without a solitary complaint. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S depot, 48 Bond street, New York, and druggists; 50 cents a cake.

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MARY L. WINELAND, Youngstown, Pa.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. FELIX GOURAUD—Dear Sir: I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion, **SOLELY FROM THE USE** of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment half a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

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Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUME.

The suit represented on the preceding page is composed of a basque, over-skirt, and handsome walking skirt. The jaunty basque has a long tab skirt at the back like a dress-coat, while the short oval front is enclosed by a lapel-collar rolling toward the bottom. The pattern by which it was cut is No. 3672, price 20 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The over-skirt, which is deep and graceful, is plaited very high at the sides, the front being drawn backward by tapes underneath. The pattern used in cutting it is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure;

it is No. 3663, price 20 cents. The skirt, which was cut by pattern No. 3625, falls in graceful folds at the back, and clings closely to the figure at the front and sides. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the suit illustrated, 17 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary; the waist requiring $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards, the over-skirt $5\frac{1}{4}$, and the skirt 8 yards.

The Parisian hat is handsomely trimmed with feathers and flowers, and is very becoming to most faces.

LADIES'
POLONAISE, WITH
DIAGONAL FRONT.

No. 3733.—The garment represented may be made of cashmere, serge, print, piqué or any seasonable and fashionable material. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $11\frac{1}{4}$ yards are necessary to make the garment illustrated for a lady of medium size. Passementeries, gimps, fringes or laces are suitable decorations. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3733

Front View.

3733

Back View.

CHILD'S SKIRT.

No. 3754.—The pattern represented by these engravings, is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, to make the skirt for a child of 4 years. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

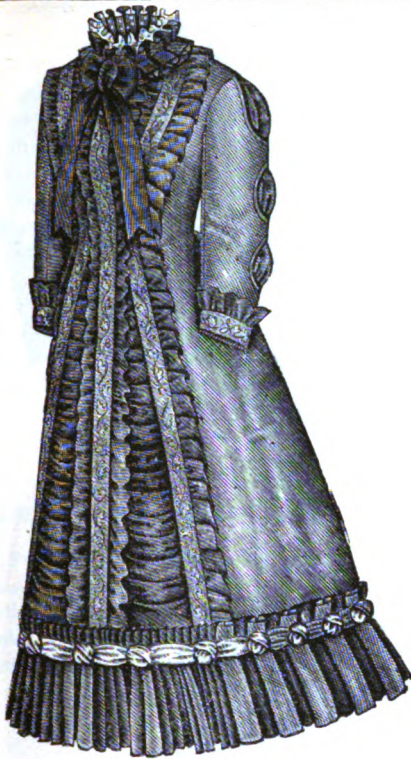


3754

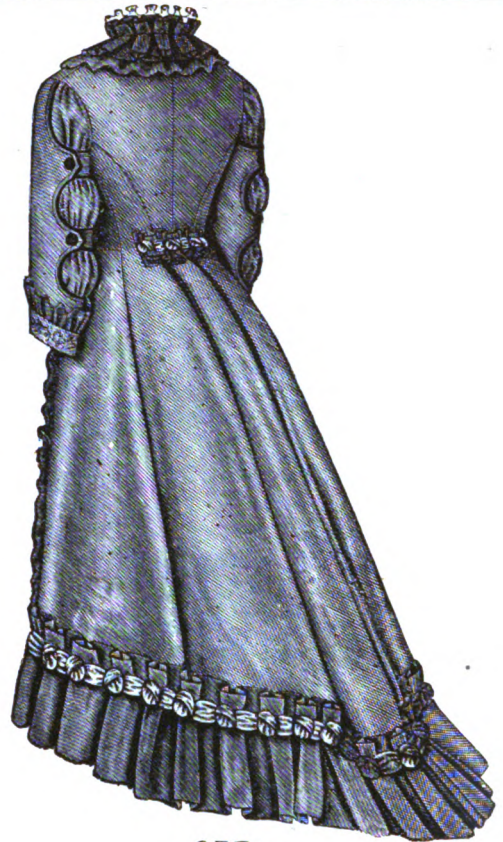
Front View.

3754

Back View.



3751

Front View.

3751

Back View.

LADIES' GABRIELLE HOUSE-DRESS.

No. 3751.—The garment pictured by these engravings is especially designed for house-wear, and can be made up in from the cheapest to the costliest

goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. Of any material, 27 inches wide, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards are requisite to make the dress for a lady of medium size.



3710.

Front View.

3710

Back View.

LADIES' PLAIN SHORT BASQUE.

No. 3710.—The pattern to this simple garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the waist for a lady of medium size, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3740

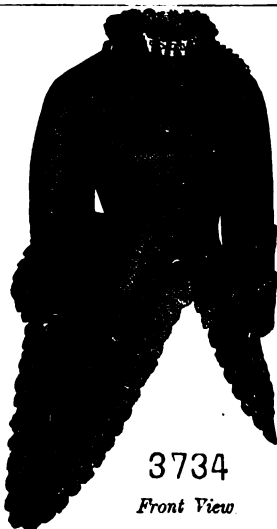
Front View.

3740

Back View.

CHILD'S CLOAK, WITH A CAPE.

No. 3740.—The pattern to the garment represented by these pictures is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age; 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary to make the garment for a child 5 years old. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3734

Front View

LADIES' POINTED, POSTILION BASQUE.

No. 3734.—To make the garment illustrated, for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents.



3734

Back View.

3729

Front View.

3729

Back View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED BASQUE, WITH PUFFED SLEEVES.

No. 3729.—The pattern to this novel and charming basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be necessary to make the waist for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 20 cents. The sleeves and collar may be of contrasting material.



3746

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE. WITH WIDE EN- GLISH BACK.

No. 3746.—The pattern to this basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3746

Back View.



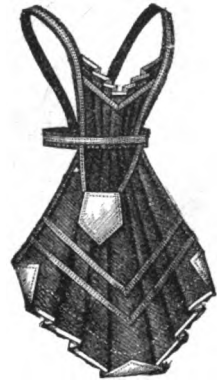
3756

Front View.

3756

*Back View.***LADIES' FRENCH BASQUE,
WITH SIDE TABS.**

No. 3756.—The pattern to this garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Price, 20 cents.



3718

MISSSES' APRON.

No. 3718.—This dressy little affair can be made of any fancy material and trimmed according to the taste. Of any 27-inch-wide goods, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be necessary for its construction. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3732

Front View.

3732

*Back View.***LADIES' DEMI-POLONAISE.**

No. 3732.—The garment illustrated allows high trimming at the back of the skirt, and is consequently very popular. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards are necessary to make the garment illustrated, for a lady of medium size. Any other decorations than those represented may be employed with equal effect.



3739

Front View.

3739

Back View.

• LADIES' PLAIN, GORED OVER-SKIRT, TIED AT THE BACK.

No. 3739.—The garment represented is one of the season's novelties, and the pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3742

Front View.

3742

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3742.—The pattern to the garment illustrated, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents. Grenadine, made and trimmed as illustrated, would be very handsome.



3714

Front View.

**GIRLS' MAN-
TILLA, WITH
BELTED BACK.**

No. 3714.—The pattern to this garment is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age. To make the mantilla for a girl of 6 years, 3 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3714

Back View.

3715

Front View.

3715

Back View.

BOYS' JACKET.

No. 3715.—The pattern to this garment is in 8 sizes for boys from 5 to 12 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a boy of 7 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are required.



3741

Front View.

3741

Back View.

BOYS' JACKET.

No. 3741.—To make the garment represented for a boy of 10 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be sufficient. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 5 to 12 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



3707

Front View.

3707

Back View.

MISSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3707.—The pretty and stylish pattern here illustrated, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods to make it, for a miss of 12 years. The style is well adapted to Spring goods of every description, and

may also be selected for any trimmings appropriate to the season. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 15 cents.



3738

Front View

MISSES' FRENCH BASQUE.

No. 3738.—To make this pretty garment for a miss of 12 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 15 cents.



3738

Back View.

3735

Front View.

3735

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 3735.—The pattern to the pretty costume illustrated is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required to make the garment represented, for a girl of 7 years.



3760

Front View.

3760

Back View.

BOYS' SCOTCH SUIT.

No. 3760.—Costumes like the one represented, are eminently popular for small boys, and may be made up of velvet, Scotch plaid or suit material. The pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 3 to 8 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the suit for a boy of 6 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide will be necessary.



3706

Front View.

MISSES' BASQUE WAIST.

No. 3706.—The garment represented by these engravings, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make it for a miss 11 years old. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 15 cents.



3706

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

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THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.—Page 276.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE

ALBANY, N. Y.

THE CONFIDANTE.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 4.



THE CONFIDANTE.

History, Biography and General Literature.

THE CONFIDANTE.

A LETTER, Lucy? for me to read?
Ah, tell-tale blushes, what secret now?
I am but teasing. There, never heed,
Nor blur with furrows that little brow.

Yes, as I thought. 'Tis the old, old tale:
He loves you; dreams of you night and day;
With hope he brightens, with dread turns pale.
Truths, dear sister, or babblings gray.

Love lives forever, if heart-born—real;
But fades like the roses I've now just clipped,
When told by one who your peace would steal,
Then flit to some blossom as honey-lipped.

To you each word here is truth's own mint;
To me, once cheated, there's room for doubt,
You, sister, could give him your love sans stint—
What? tears and trembling? a dawning pout?

Well, darling, believe, then, and cynic thought
Shall fade away in your love's sweet sun;
He is not worldly, nor fashion-taught;
I would not darken new light begun.

His words are manly; an honest ring
Sounds in each sentence. Ah! Lucy, live
Long in the love that can never wing,
Whilst I—well, yes—I have yet to give.

HEIDELBERG.

THIS ancient city, famous for its university, which, after those of Prague and Vienna, is the oldest in Germany, is situated on the left bank of the River Neckar, in a most beautiful district of country. It is built on a narrow strip of ground between the river on the north, and the northern extremity of the Geissberg Mountain on the south, and consists mainly of one street nearly three miles in length. It is thirteen miles south-east of Mannheim, and about fifty-four miles south of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Among the most important buildings in Heidelberg are the Church of the Holy Ghost, through which a partition-wall has been run, and in which Catholic and Protestant worship are carried on simultaneously; the Church of St. Peter's, on the door of which Jerome of Prague, the companion of Huss, nailed his celebrated Theses, at the same time publicly announcing his doctrines before a multitude assembled in the church-yard; and the ruins of the castle, which was formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine, and which, in 1764, was set on fire by lightning and totally destroyed. In the cellar under this castle is the famous Heidelberg Tun, thirty-six feet long and twenty-four high, capable of containing eight hundred hogsheads.

Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," thus speaks, in his poetic prose, of this castle:

"High and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbuhl, stands the Castle of Heidelberg. Behind it

rise the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaiserstuhl; and in front, from the wide terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the town, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the Chapel of St. Udalrich. On the left stands the slender octagon tower of the horologe; and on the right, a huge, round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shoves up with its broad shoulders the beautiful palace and garden-terrace of Elizabeth, wife of the Count Palatine Frederick. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle; Rudolph's ancient castle, with its Gothic glorie and fantastic gables; the Giant's Tower, guarding the draw-bridge over the moat; the Rent Tower, with the linden trees growing on its summit; and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho-Heuy, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Grand Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower in the great court-yard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye, and curious sculptures. In niches on the wall of St. Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armor, broken and dismembered; and on the font of Otho Rittersaal, the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin, and on every side are medallions and family arms; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece, or the Eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows, and door-ways, and chimney-pieces are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques, and rosettes, and fan-like fittings, and garlands of fruits and flowers and acorns, and bullock's heads with draperies of foliage and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of Art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning these walls; the mailed hands of time and war have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Grenada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages.

"In the valley below flows the rushing stream of the Neckar. Close to its margin, on the opposite side, rises the Mountain of All Saints, crowned with the ruins of a convent; and up the valley stretches the mountain-curtain of the Odenwald. So close and many are the hills which eastward shut the valley in, that the river seems a lake. But westward it opens upon the broad plain of the Rhine, like the mouth of a trumpet; and like the blast of a trumpet is, at times the wintry wind through this narrow mountain-pass. The blue Alsatian hills rise beyond; and, on a platform or strip of level land, between the Neckar and the mountains, right under the castle, stands the town of Heidelberg; as the old song says, 'a pleasant town, when it has done raining.'

The university which has been so often described

in connection with "student life in Germany," stands in the centre of the town. As an edifice it is plain and not very large. It comprises faculties of theology, law, medicine and philosophy. The number of students ranges from five to seven hundred; and there are about one hundred professors and teachers. Its valuable library contains nearly two hundred thousand volumes and three thousand manuscripts. The library, the anatomical and zoological museums are in separate buildings.

cast them carelessly aside, as no longer worthy of consideration or kindness; but, somehow, I find it impossible to treat my first silk dress in this cruel manner.

How well I remember the day it was bought! what a long time I was deciding between the many patterns that were spread out before me. Should I have a blue or a brown, a black or a gray? And when it was suggested that a stripe would be best, I was fully half an hour making up my mind whether a wide or a narrow stripe would be the



HEIDELBERG.

MY STRIPED SILK DRESS.

OBITUARY.

BY L. NINA HAZELTON.

YES, the poor thing is almost gone, there is no doubt about that. The flounce is soiled and frayed an inch deep, there is a dreadful darn right on the front breadth, the under sides of the sleeves are so ragged that I am obliged to keep my arms in a certain position, when I wear it without a sack, and in fact, the whole dress looks as though it might at any moment, without the slightest warning, suddenly go all to pieces, like the wonderful "One Hoss Shay."

Yet it goes to my heart to think of consigning my old gray silk to the dark depths of the rag-bag. It is customary, I know, when people or things have become useless after long years of service, to

prettier. But at last I fixed upon a certain black and gray silk, nor have I ever repented my choice.

Well, it was a beautiful dress when first finished. There were ruffles and bands of the material, and innumerable pipings of glossy grey satin, and the front of the overskirt was cut in points, while the back was ruffled, and here and there were bows of the silk. The last stitch was taken Saturday night, and when Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful, I felt in an unusually religious mood, and was ready, that day, to go to church twice, Sunday School, and two or three prayer meetings thrown in between; so great was my humble piety.

I was perfectly satisfied to have no other good dress that whole summer, for I went out very little, and it looked new and fresh; but when October came, and the concerts, and operas, and lectures

began, and I found I must wear my gray silk everywhere that I went, then, the novelty soon wore off—and the bottom of the skirt also, I am sorry to say.

Did you hear Miss Kellogg last winter? In the balcony, just to the right, sat the girl in the striped silk dress. Did you hear Thomas's Orchestra, or De Murska? Did you attend the Star Course of Lectures? If you had looked where the editors sit, you would have discovered the girl in the striped silk dress. If you walked down Chestnut Street, there she was. If you went to the library, there she was again. If you rode in the Twelfth Street cars, you were sure to meet her. I fear people began to wonder whether I ever took off that dress, but did not eat, and sleep, and live in it, week after week.

But I would not remain in-doors because I had only one dress to wear, although I disliked to ride on the same line of cars too frequently, and sometimes slipped out the back gate instead of going around the front way, for fear of the neighbors.

The happiest moment of my life came to me when wearing that same despised silk. Not that I got a husband in it. Oh, dear me, no! A girl with only one good dress stands a very poor chance of getting a suitor now-a-days. But something almost as delightful happened one afternoon.

I believe I trembled from the time I threw the old gray silk over my head when preparing to go, until I found myself safe back home again. It was a very cold day, the first of November, and I remember I wore a black velvet basque almost as venerable as myself, and which showed its age, I think, rather more, and a gray felt hat that I got at a milliner's way down in the lower part of the city, where they owed my father some money—a very fortunate thing for me, by the by. I had a pink ribbon bow with long ends at my throat, and carried a certain small roll, the disposal of which was to make my fortune.

How the wind blew as I left the cars and hurried down Chestnut Street! My face began to grow dreadfully cold; and how could I ever confront the great publisher with a red nose! I shall never forget with what fear and trembling I passed and repassed his office before I could find courage to enter. Finally I made one desperate effort, and opened the door. But the moment it closed gently behind me, I would have given anything to have been out in the cold street again. It was too late to turn back, however, so I timidly inquired for the "editor," and was ushered into his private office.

The dear old gentleman! How kind he was to me, and how pleasantly he said as he took the little roll from my hand: "I presume we shall take it."

And then, a few days later, with what a proud step did I walk into that same private office to receive a ten-dollar bill for my sketch—the first money I had ever earned in my life. I doubt if on the whole length of Chestnut Street that afternoon you could have found a happier girl than the one in the striped silk dress.

You would scarcely have known the old dress when I wore it again the next spring. The silver gray pipings had disappeared, and were replaced

by bands of black velvet. The yard that had been left over, with the overskirt, made a polonaise, which was edged with some guipure lace that formerly adorned a cashmere suit of my mother's, and altogether the old silk looked almost as fresh as new. I did not appear in it more than perhaps twenty times that spring, but when fall came again I began to wear it in earnest. It certainly was a most wonderful dress, suited to almost any occasion when a dress of some kind was necessary. For a trip down town of a rainy morning, what could be more suitable than a black and gray striped silk, I should like to know? For a ceremonious call, an opera toilet, a costume for shopping, riding or excursions to the park, I found a striped silk dress eminently serviceable, and am willing to certify to the same if desired. It was a consoling thought that, if I never became known as an authoress, I stood a very good chance of becoming exceedingly well known as the girl in the striped silk dress.

O dear old dress, thy reign is over! It will soon be a moral impossibility to wear thee again. Thou art gone; and what shall I say of thy many virtues, thy untiring service, thy marvellous durability! It is only a year and a half since thou came to me fresh from the shop window; and now thy short but busy life has just ended; an hour's work with the scissors, and thou wilt lie at my feet a mass of old, worn, dirty silk, no longer of use in the world, but which I shall ever regard with a tender feeling because of the precious memories hidden among its folds!

And as I am writing from Philadelphia, perhaps it would be well, in closing this brief sketch of thy life, to add a verse of obituary poetry, but I can only think of one line which would be appropriate, and that is,

"Gone, but not forgotten."

BONNETS.

BY K. B. D.

THE proper, legitimate shape of a bonnet will probably be always a vexed question to humanity. There will always be three distinct opinions, to say nothing of the right opinion, about them. Women, taken as a class, will admire the coming bonnet; men, taken as a class, will revile that particular bonnet, and be loud in their praises of the bonnet just departing. Old ladies and gentlemen who abjure the present, and live only in their remembrance of "the good old times," will declare that no bonnet of later date than the bonnets of their youth is either becoming or modest, or in any way proper for a lady to wear. Oh, these good old times, when all the fashions were sensible! Yet, my mother tells me of wearing a hat with three upright ostrich feathers—very similar, I should judge, to the style of to-day—and my grandmother has described to me I know not what absurdities of head-gear.

The author remembers seeing the last departing form of the hideous bonnet on the middle of the right side of the picture. And, moreover, she has heard elderly people talk of the times when bonnets were made to cover the head and shield the

face. This style certainly did that with a vengeance!

It is quite an amusing recreation for the mind for a person to recall all the changing forms of bonnets during even half an ordinary lifetime.

Succeeding these coal-scuttles came in the much vaunted cottage bonnet, of which no representation is given in the picture. This was straight in its outlines, with square-edged, flat crown, and

worn for two or three years, and then suddenly long tabs came in, meeting completely under the chin.

Again fashion halted and dallied, and evidently did not know what to do next. Now it was a round crown, then a flat crown; now the cape or curtain high and narrow, and of the material of the bonnet; then it must be low and broad, and of silk or ribbon. Next the bonnets began to spread out



about as graceful and artistic as a log of wood chopped off the proper length, and hewn out to admit the head. This form, slightly altered from year to year, was in favor for some little time; and then suddenly came the gypsy bonnet, a modified form of the bonnet seen at the bottom of the left hand, only it was smaller, more graceful, not so astoundingly trimmed, and very pretty and coquettish on a young girl. The form of bonnet with the sides rounding away from the face was

at the sides, while they remained flat on the forehead; and retaining this general form, they gradually receded from the head until they merely rested on the hair at the back. Then by a sudden jump they came back to the forehead, and setting close to the sides of the face, they proceeded to project further and further until the front of the top towered high above and beyond the head, and its height was further enhanced by the style of piling all the trimming just on this highest point.

Then fashion considered what she should do next; and, desirous of making a sensation, she said bonnets without curtains. Women sighed and obeyed. Her next order was bonnets without crowns. Women sighed again, and some refused to obey at first, but succumbed at last. Then she said pancakes, and then all her followers said, "Aye, aye, pancakes it is!" Then she ordered a puff of lace and wisp of ribbon, and all who wished to be in the fashion went out bareheaded to all practical purposes.

Since then, fashion has led us such a dance that it is possible to describe all her gyrations.

A little before the time of the last coal-scuttle bonnet—say fifteen years ago—hats were introduced as a legitimate head apparel for women, and the forms of these have been more varied even than those of bonnets. Some have been exceedingly pretty; others exceedingly ugly; and to-day the styles are so many and so varied, that "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

Now the especial point which every one would like to see settled, at least abstractly—what is a proper and artistic form of covering for the head?

Now the first definition given in Webster of the case of both bonnet and hat is, "a covering for the head." Still, as there must be a slight distinction between these two, else we should never have had the separate names, they must represent two different and distinctive styles—the hat the round and regular form, the bonnet the irregular. Thus reduced down to the simplest forms, the bonnet is best represented by the half-handkerchief thrown over the head and tied under the chin, the hat by the round, flat form, fastened on the top of the head by a ribbon passing over it, and tied also under the chin.

Thus we see that fashion at one point did touch the artistic, just at the very time we were howling out against her for ordering us to wear capeless and crownless bonnets and "pancake" hats. She only touched, she did not stop to dwell and amplify. These forms must always be considered as the most nearly representing the truly artistic when we speak of bonnets and hats for use.

When we regard them as for ornament, there are two forms they may adopt and still be artistic—the helmet and the coronet. Some of the styles at the present time represent these forms well, and, though differing so noticeably from the shapes of twenty years ago as to seem grotesque and absurd to any one whose tastes were formed then, are yet very pretty and very becoming to some faces, and not to be objected to on the score of being in-artistic.

The flat, round hat grows naturally to the seaside, the sundown, and from thence into all shapes of crowned or crownless hats. There are two of these, both of them very becoming, though one looks a little top-heavy from its abundance of trimming. The hat at the top is coquettish in design, and would be very pretty if it were not notably too large for the head it covers. The hat immediately below describes a halo rather than a diadem around the very pretty face, which it either becomes or else is beautified by. The bonnet or hat at the bottom of the picture is contrary

to all our received ideas of such articles; yet who shall say it is not quaintly becoming, and certainly not inconvenient, since it serves the purpose of both bonnet and parasol.

THE RIVER WYE.

BY E. I. N. SAMMLER.

THIS beautiful British stream has its source in "lofty Plinlimmon," a mountain of South Wales, the summit of which is two thousand four hundred and sixty-three feet above the level of the sea. The Wye flows from the south side of the mountain, in Montgomeryshire, south-eastward, through a portion of Radnorshire, and then running more directly south, forms the boundary between the counties of Radnor and Brecon. Turning to the east, and intersecting Herefordshire, it again takes a southerly course, dividing Honchester from Monmouth, and enters the estuary of the Severn, two miles below Chepstone. Although of Welsh birth, and distinguished in all early Welsh documents as Gwy—"the river"—in its maturity it is English. It is the fairest of five other streams to which Plinlimmon gives birth, running its course of a hundred and thirty miles through luxuriant scenery—hill and dale, rock and valley—in its earlier progress over many falls, through reaches of green meadow land, "a wanderer 'midst the woods," encircling prosperous towns, and navigable for seventy miles from the sea.

One of the most attractive points on the Wye—to the general tourist—is the renowned town of Ross—a town which owes its fame to the "Man" who, a century and a half ago, gave it an illustrious page in history, and whose name Pope has thus immortalized:

"Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga* echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But, clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

* The Wye.

"Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Say, oh, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?"

"Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.

"And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?"

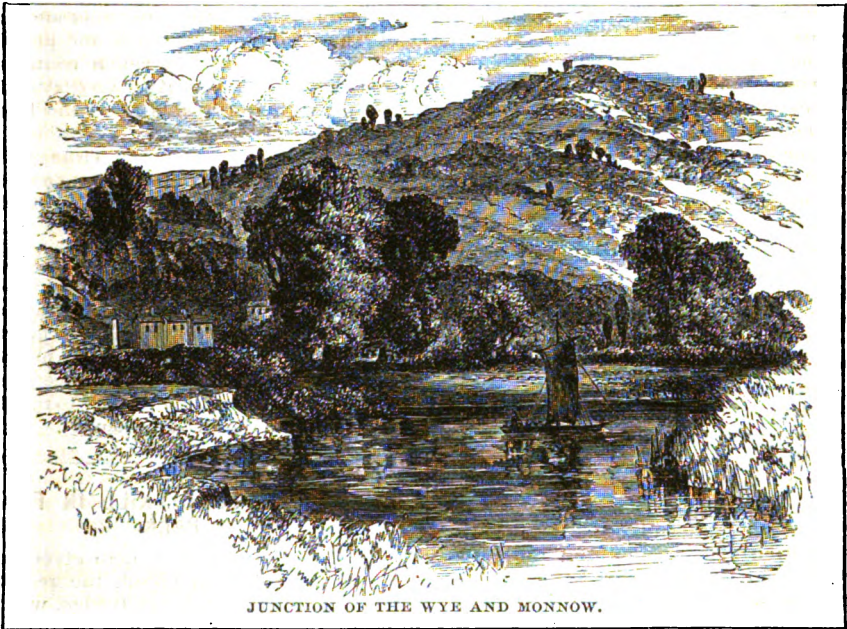
"Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name;
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that Virtue filled the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been."

The hotel of Ross is a stately building, occupying a portion of the once honored "Prospect," a

embracing a fine expanse of country—hill and dale, green meadows, crowded farm-yards, church spires, pleasant villages and venerable ruins, records of the old Romans and their British predecessors.

There are in Ross several memorials of "the Man." One of these is the house in which he lived, and where Coleridge, nearly a century after his death, wrote the beautiful lines commencing—

"Richer than miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O traveller, hear!
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He heard the widow's Heaven-breathed prayer of praise;
He mark'd the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze;



JUNCTION OF THE WYE AND MONNOW.

height just outside the town, the grounds comprising which were given, for "five hundred years," to his fellow-townsmen by the Man of Ross. It was prettily laid out for "their convenience and recreation." Here he constructed a reservoir to supply them with water—

"Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Nor in proud falls magnificently lost;"

but that it might pour "health" and "solace" "through the plain" to all who needed. The entire character of the place is now changed, though the name remains. The reservoir is now a dry hollow, the fountains gone, the "seats" destroyed, "the shady rows" of elms cut down; "in a word," says Mr. Hall, "all that could do honor to the memory of 'the Man,' and continue his benevolence from generation to generation, has been removed by one innovator after another."

From the hotel there is a wide-spread view,

Or, where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
Pour'd the bright blaze of freedom's noontide ray."

The church is another memorial of this worthy man. Under a plain stone, beside the altar, he is buried. Since Pope wrote, a tomb has been erected to his memory. On it is a bas-relief, purporting to be a portrait, and a tablet representing Charity and Benevolence. But the chief interest of the church is derived from another source. Growing from the pew where the good man was wont to sit, are two elm-trees, which, when in full leaf, are singular adornments of the sacred edifice. They are, it is said, about fifty years old, but not thicker than a man's arm, and are necessarily cut at the tops when they reach the roof, which is their boundary.

Blessed be the memory of good John Kyrle, the Man of Ross! and may the prophet yet find in his

own country the honors that have been bestowed upon him by all the rest of the world.*

Descending the Wye from Ross to Monmouth, the tourist generally goes by one of the native boats. The coracle, which boatmen use to-day on the Wye, differs little from that in which their forefathers floated when the Romans were rulers on its banks. In shape it resembles half a walnut-shell. Some laths, or rude sticks, laid crosswise, form the skeleton. This is covered with canvas, or zinc, instead of the ancient horse-hide. A plank across the middle makes the seat; a small paddle is used for directing its movements. The whole affair is so light, that a man can easily carry it on his back. It draws very little water, and is easily upset, so that considerable skill is needed in its navigation.

A very brief voyage on the Wye suffices to make the tourist acquainted with its peculiarities. Its "winding bounds," like those of the lower Mississippi, are so remarkable that frequently, after his boat has floated four or five miles; the voyager finds himself within gunshot of the place from which he started—a tree-clad hill, or a church spire, seen directly in front, presently appearing at the side of, or, in another moment, behind the spectator; while, perhaps, in a few minutes, it is immediately in front of him again; and all these changes come so suddenly as to seem incomprehensible.

The Wye has been well described as a "capricious and headlong current," its sudden rises and falls rendering it but little available to commerce. During, or after rains, it rushes along at immense speed, overflowing its banks, and, in some instances, washing its rock boundaries. In fine weather, though even then a rapid stream, it becomes very shallow in parts. Through nearly the whole of its course from Ross to Chepstow, where it joins the Severn, the Wye is, as Wordsworth describes it, "a wanderer through the woods;" indeed, during its lower portion, the foliage and rocks are so closely intermixed as to afford no passage—not even a foot-path—from the banks. These trees are, for the most part, oak and beech. The great attraction of the Wye, however, consists in the singularly picturesque limestone rocks which continually, as it were, look down upon and guard the river. From every hole and crevice creep ivy and other parasitic plants, covering these rocks with various shades of green, except on jutting crags where the wind has power—these are stripped bare, or garmented only with lichens.

* John Kyrie, celebrated by Pope as the Man of Ross, was born at Whitehouse, in Gloucestershire, and possessed an estate of five hundred pounds a year at Ross, in Herefordshire, where he died in 1754, aged ninety. The good deeds of this estimable man so highly eulogized by Pope in his "Moral Essays," do not appear to be overrated. Warton says, Kyrie was the Howard of his age, and that he deserved to be celebrated beyond any of the heroes of Pindas. Johnson says of him: "The truth is, that Kyrie was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitations the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes. This influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had."

They are "simple and grand, rarely formal and fantastic." The Wye is a lonely river. For miles together along its banks there are no habitations. An extensive forest, dense, deep and gloomy, as some old primeval wood, shuts it in during a large portion of its lower course. The only peasantry living near it are the boatmen and charcoal-burners, who are rarely seen—the one laboring only when the tide serves, and the other toiling among the trees that hide them from sight:

"Wreaths of smoke

Sent up in silence from among the trees;
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods."

To its natural gifts of beauty, and they are many, may be added others derived from pretty villages, the spires of near or distant churches, secluded farm-houses, cultivated demesnes and mansions, populous towns and venerable bridges, and more especially the ruins of ancient castles and "holy abbeys"—some of the grandest "remains" in England—all which contribute their attractions to the lovely river-scenery of the Wye; recalling with impressive effect the lines of the poet:

"Time

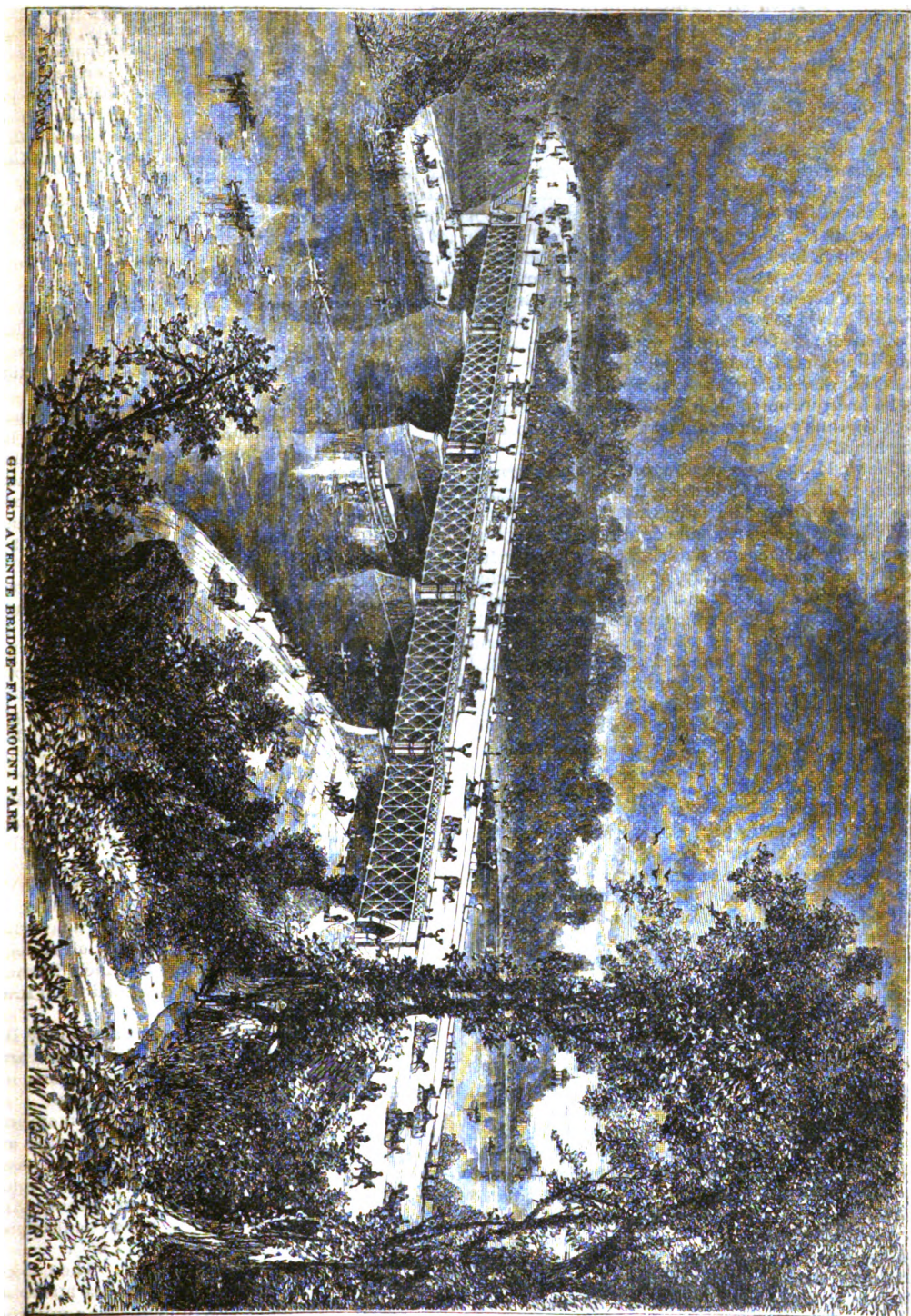
Hath moulded into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

Our engraving gives a view of the Wye at its junction with the Monnow below Monmouth, just under a tree-clad hill, to which is given the unaccountable name of "Gibraltar." The two rivers run at either side of a flat, green meadow, and embrace as they turn its corner, proceeding thence together to Chepstow town, thence to rapid Severn, and thence into the Bristol Channel.

VIEW ON THE SCHUYLKILL IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

THE picturesque view here given embraces, as the principal object, the recently-completed Girard Avenue Bridge, which is said to be one of the finest and broadest bridges in the world, the width being one hundred feet. The length is a thousand feet. It has a centre roadway of sixty-seven feet, with footpaths on each side, sixteen and a half feet in width. It is built of iron on solid stone piers and abutments, and is handsomely painted. The railings are panelled, each pannel being filled with designs in bronze, eight in number, three being of cotton plant, one of the heron, one of the Phoenix, one of the eagle, one of the swan, one of the owl. The cost of this elegant structure was one million four hundred thousand dollars.

It spans the Schuylkill at Girard Avenue, connecting the East and West Fairmount Parks at that point, from which is obtained one of the many charming views that constantly break on visitors to our magnificent Park. The view is taken from the west side of the river, looking down toward the city, half a mile distant, but wholly concealed by woods and rising ground. Just below the



GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE—FAIRMOUNT PARK

west end of the bridge is the Zoological Garden, destined to be one of the finest in our country, and only a little way back the grounds on which the great Centennial buildings are now being constructed. This is only one of the many bits of fine scenery in Fairmount Park, which embraces an area of over two thousand acres, being nearly three times as large as Central Park, New York.

J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born April 23d, 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London. His father was a barber of small means, uneducated and penurious.

"He never praised me," says the son, "except for having saved a half-penny." And this, perhaps, explains the son's parsimony in after life.

At the age of thirteen, Turner was sent to school at Margate. According to one biographer, he there fell in love with the sister of a schoolfellow, was constant to the attachment, and six years later declared his passion and was accepted. But the young lady's step-mother, not liking the match, took advantage of a tour he made into Yorkshire, and intercepted their letters. So his betrothed, thinking herself forsaken, accepted a new lover, as so many women do, out of sheer desperation, seeking thus to hide wounded feeling and a breaking heart.

The wedding-day was set when Turner returned. Judge what he felt on hearing this! Too late came his explanation. The lady was inexorable; she had pledged her word, and could not break it, she thought, with honor to herself. She was married soon afterward, unhappily, of course—for in what else but wretchedness can a loveless union result?

It is said that Turner never recovered from this blow. He grew every year more eccentric and misanthropic, and to the end of his life remained a bachelor. Art became his sole mistress, and to her he devoted himself thereafter with undivided heart. Who shall say the world is not a gainer by his disappointment? Had he possessed other ties, he could not have worshipped art so exclusively.

Ruskin speaks of Turner's tour into Yorkshire as the beginning of his true life. Born and bred in London, this was his first impressive acquaintance with the country. "For the first time the silence of nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cartwheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is here, then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck or cruel faces—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills!"

Here, too, Turner first saw ruins. "And thus," continues Ruskin, "the fate and issue of all his work were determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; he must paint also the labor and sorrow and passing away of men; this was the great human truth visible to him."

Turner seems to have shown a love for art almost

in his cradle. He was only fourteen when admitted a student in the Royal Academy, but long before that had been employed to color prints for an engraver, and had offered for sale certain juvenile sketches in the windows of his father's shop. The first picture he exhibited on the walls of the Academy was in 1790, when he had reached the age of fifteen. It was entitled "A View of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth."

He began his art by sketching from nature, a practice he continued to the very last. He used all methods, yet constantly preferred water-colors to oil. Some of his sketches are mere pencil outlines, but as clear and definite in their details as if traced from a camera. Their fidelity seems wonderful when we remember the circumstances under which they were often taken; on a coach top, perhaps, or on the deck of a boat tossed upon the waters.

There was nothing in nature that he did not represent; frail leaflet, humble weed, lofty, branching tree, tinted rock, or cloud-capped mountain, were alike transferred to his sketch-book. Human beings were there, too, in every form of repose and action; and cities, and "wayside bits," and birds, and beasts, and cathedrals, rich with architectural ornaments.

Some idea of his industry may be gained from the fact that Ruskin, who was appointed to arrange his drawings after his death, found "upwards of nineteen thousand pieces of paper, drawn upon by Turner in one way or another. Many on both sides; some with four, five or six subjects on each side (the pencil point digging spiritedly through from the foregrounds of the front into the tender pieces of sky on the back); some in chalk, which the touch of the finger would sweep away; others in ink, rotted into holes; others (some splendid colored drawings among them) long eaten away by damp and mildew, and falling into dust at the edges, in capes and bays of fragile decay; others worm-eaten, some mouse-eaten, many torn half way through; numbers doubled (quadrupled, I should say,) up into four, being Turner's favorite mode of packing for travelling; nearly all rudely flattened out from the bundles in which Turner had finally rolled them up and squeezed them into his drawers in Queen Anne Street."

It is said that his studies of skies alone may be reckoned by thousands. Many of his sketches are so exquisitely colored, and interpret nature so faithfully, as to seem like complete pictures.

To appreciate his labors, one must remember that travelling was not so easy in his early days as at present. Yet he never allowed a season to pass without fresh excursions into the country, and had exhibited works ranging over twenty-six counties of England and Wales before he became an associate of the Royal Academy, in 1800. True, he made these excursions profitable. The booksellers bought his "views," and he thus attained two objects—pecuniary emolument and a minute and thorough knowledge of nature. Later in life, he undertook a series of works, illustrating the rivers and coast-scenery of England and France.

Wyatt once employed him to make some drawings of Oxford, and tells this characteristic story:

A liberal price was to be paid for the work, but to do it the artist must sit in the public street. Of course, a crowd of curious spectators at once assembled, and Turner was so annoyed that he borrowed an old post-chaise, and placed it in such a position that he could work from the window. But when the bill for the drawings came to be settled, he insisted that the three shillings and sixpence which he had paid for the use of the vehicle, should be refunded him by Wyatt.

Turner's genius soon rose above merely representative landscapes, and he began to embody sentiment and poetry in the treatment of his subjects. In 1798, he exhibited a picture entitled "Morning among the Coniston Fells, Cumberland," appending to it the following quotation:

"Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise."

These lines have been regarded as almost pathetic, for it is in painting the effects of mist and vapor, and their glorious coloring, that Turner reaches the highest point of greatness in his art. He offers a striking contrast to Claude, whom he studied at first, it is said, with "tears of despairing admiration in his eyes." That he realized, at last, his own superiority, seems evident, or he would not have insisted so strongly, in his will, on one of his own great pictures being hung up in the National Gallery between two of Claude's.

After the date mentioned, Turner made frequent quotations from the poets, sometimes from Milton's "Paradise Lost," or Thomson's "Seasons," but oftener from a mythical manuscript, called "The Fallacies of Hope." Of this Turner was doubtless himself the author; at least, no other was ever found. There is the same ambiguous, eccentric style in "The Fallacies of Hope," as in his own conversation. He dearly loved mystery, and it was just like one of his freaks to compose the lines as occasion required, and then stimulate curiosity by appending the name of an unknown poem.

In 1839, he exhibited a picture called "The Fountain of Fallacy," under which was a quotation from the manuscript, incomprehensible, one would think, to everybody but himself:

"Its rainbow dew diffused fell on each anxious lip,
Working wild fantasy, imagining;
First, Science, in the immeasurable
Abyss of thought,
Measured his orbit slumbering."

Turner did not at once strike out a new path when he commenced painting in oil, but continued for some time to imitate the art of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was not until 1820, that a marked change became manifest in his works—a change, it is said, partly owing to his practice of painting in water-colors. This, says a critic, "led him to the use of the white ground. He soon perceived the far greater luminousness thus to be obtained; that works so treated, when seen in a room, had, as it were, light in themselves, and appeared as if the spectator were looking forth into the open air, as compared with the solid paintiness of the works of his contemporaries. But how to

use his color in sufficiently delicate gradations to achieve the same result on a light ground in oil as on the paper ground in water-colors, was one of his first difficulties; and he was led to adopt the use of scumbling, that is to say, of driving very thin films of white, or of color mixed with white, over a properly-prepared ground. By this means he not only obtained infinitely delicate gradations, but successfully imitated the effects of air and mist; the brighter tints beneath being rendered grayer and more distant at the same time by the film of white. This enabled him to make the points of the composition—his figures, and other colored objects in the foreground—stand out in extreme brilliancy, from the use of transparent color boldly and purely used over the white."

But the method was a dangerous one, and almost fatal to the permanence of his pictures. Some of his most exquisite works are fast disappearing; the tints fading, and time will soon effect their total ruin.

Turner's popularity was of slow growth; he was over forty years old when his pictures began to command high prices. His "Carthage" was so abused by the critics that the gentleman who had ordered and was to pay one hundred pounds for it, refused to complete the bargain. Not long afterward, Turner was offered thousands for the same work.

"This is indeed a triumph," he exclaimed, exultingly.

But think of the places where he wrought out his beautiful conceptions. First, in the dingy bedroom over his father's shop in Maiden Lane, and then in the studio at 48 Queen Anne Street—studio and residence both—rightly called "Turner's Den." Broom and dusting-brush were unknown there; the sky-lights and windows were never cleaned, and had broken panes, patched with old newspapers, through which the moisture dripped in damp weather; the door was black and blistered; the hangings dingy; the carpet worn and musty; and from some of the pictures large pieces had chipped or scaled off in places.

It seems incomprehensible that a man could treat with such utter neglect and carelessness the creations of his own genius. For Turner well knew the greatness of his powers, and was jealous of their recognition. Yet he left his pictures in that mouldy atmosphere year after year, apparently unconcerned for their proper preservation.

Visitors he rarely received. If any one knocked or rang, it was long before the summons was answered. Finally, perhaps, the door would be opened a little way by his housekeeper, who would thrust her head out, and say, "You can't come in."

On one occasion, though, this female dragon was outwitted by Mr. Gillot, the steel-pen manufacturer. He called at the "Den," determined not only to get in, but to buy some of Turner's pictures. He rang the bell again and again, and at last the housekeeper came to the door, and, as usual, said, "You can't come in."

But Mr. Gillot thought he would try, and wedging his toes in the doorway forced himself through the aperture. Up the stairs he went, the housekeeper scolding him all the way.

Turner, hearing the noise, made his appearance overhead, and wrathfully confronted the intruder. "What do you want here?"

"I am come to purchase some of your pictures."

"I have none to sell."

"But you won't mind exchanging them for some of mine," said Mr. Gillot, with ready wit, pulling out a roll of Bank-of-England notes to the amount of five thousand pounds.

It was a successful maneuver. Turner could appreciate the point, and Mr. Gillot obtained his pictures.

Turner could not bear to sell a favorite painting. It seemed a part of himself, and he was always dejected and melancholy afterward.

"I lost one of my children this week," he would exclaim, mournfully, with tears in his eyes.

Many stories are told of his parsimony; among others, the following:

Turner had paid a visit to Edinburgh, and been hospitably entertained during his whole stay there by a Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson afterward came to London, and Turner, contrary to his usual custom in such matters, invited the gentleman to dinner. Greatly to his consternation, and that of his father, who lived with him at the time, the invitation was accepted.

But as good fortune would have it, Mr. Thompson was invited to dine with a nobleman the same day. Hearing of the previous engagement, the nobleman said, "Bring Turner with you."

Mr. Thompson delivered the message. Turner was delighted, but pretended at first to hesitate. "Well, I suppose I must, but—"

"Go, Billy," exclaimed his father, who had been listening at the key-hole. "Go, Billy; the mutton need not be boiled."

Yet, though parsimonious, says Leslie, Turner was not miserly. At one of the artists' dinners, where it was customary for each to contribute toward the cost of the entertainment, Chantrey, the sculptor, sat at the head of the table, and by way of joke, threw the bill to Turner. Surprising to say, he discharged it in full, and steadily refused re-imbursement from the others.

At another time, a gentleman, who had bought Turner's sketches when he was a boy, and prophesied his future greatness, fell into difficulties, and was greatly embarrassed for want of ready money, Turner heard of it, and at once sent a large sum—some versions of the story say twenty thousand pounds—to the gentleman's steward. It was gratefully acknowledged, and afterward repaid.

From a number of anecdotes, illustrating his kindness to young artists, I select two. At one time he was on the hanging committee, as it is called, of the Royal Academy, and after the walls were full, discovered a picture by an unknown artist named Bird. He examined it carefully, and then exclaimed, "A good picture! It must be hung up and exhibited."

"Impossible!" replied the others; "the arrangement can't be disturbed. Quite impossible!"

"A good picture," repeated Turner; "it must be hung up," and finding them still obstinate, he took down one of his own pictures and substituted Bird's.

Another time, a young artist who had painted "Galileo in the Prison of the Inquisition," showed him the work.

"A good picture," said Turner; "full of promise." And seizing a brush, he dashed in some geometrical figures upon the prison walls, that added fifty guineas to the value of the painting.

One of Turner's most poetical works, according to Redgrave, is "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," exhibited in 1829, with the following quotation from Pope's "Odyssey":

"Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no cowards, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?
Say, 'twas Ulysses, 'twas his deed declare—
Laertes's son, of Ithaca the fair,
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renowned,
Before whose arms Troy tumbled to the ground."

"It is impossible," says Redgrave, "to go beyond the power of color here achieved; it is on the very verge of extravagance, and yet is no way gaudy. How near it is, is seen in any attempt to copy the picture; such copies are more surely failures than those from any other of the painter's works. The mere handling is a marvel; the ease and freedom of the work, the thick impasto of tints that are heaped on the upper sky, making the lower parts recede in true perspective to the rising sun; the grand way in which the vessel moves over the watery floor; the dream-like poetry of the whole, make up a picture without a parallel in the world of art."

It was greatly admired even by those who could not fully enter into its meaning.

Turner was one day dining with a large party, and sat opposite a gentleman and lady, who every now and then glanced at him furtively, and then whispered to each other.

"I know what you are talking about," said Turner, his eyes full of fun. "You are talking of my picture."

The gentleman bowed, and acknowledged the fact.

"And where do you think I got the subject from?" asked Turner.

"Why, from the *Odyssey*, of course."

"Not a bit of it, my dear sir; I took it from Tom Dibdin. Don't you remember the words?"

"He ate his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he poked his eye out."

Another of Turner's great pictures is, "The Slave Ship," purchased for thirty thousand dollars by J. Taylor Johnson, of New York. Ruskin says he would choose this, "were he reduced to rest Turner's immortality on any single work." And the picture must, indeed, be grandly impressive to answer his description.

"It is a sunset on the Atlantic," he writes, "after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges

of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dying it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under-strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water; now lighted with green and lamp-like fire; now flashing back the gold of the declining sun; now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea."

Toward the last, it is said, Turner completely ignored details, so that his works seemed rather schemes for pictures than attempts at realization. He appeared to think it enough to render the great truths of sun and shade, and so confused and commingled forms that it was difficult, if not impossible, to make them out. Being asked once what a certain object in one corner of his picture was meant to represent, he replied: "I don't know, but will call it a wheelbarrow."

Critics have alluded to his later style as occasioned by declining powers; but how came it then that the change was observed in his oil painting only, and not in his water-color? Ruskin indignantly refutes the accusation, and explains the infinite truth and meaning underlying Turner's mystery.

Perfect and delicate were the water-colors he painted, even in old age. Great as he was in the nobler medium of oil, he rises almost higher in this other art, inventing, as it were, the very methods he used, or at least applying those of others so judiciously that one never thinks of the process in admiring the effect produced.

"Water-color," says Redgrave, "seemed to lend itself readily to the imitation of those effects in nature he so much loved to represent—nature lost in a blaze of light rather than dimmed with a twilight gloom—and thus it happens that his works in this medium mostly embody some evanescent effect, be it flood of sunshine bursting forth after storms, or careering in gleams over the plain, the mountain or the sea; or some wrack of clouds,

some passing shower or rainbow of promise refreshing the gladdened and glistening earth."

Turner's idealism, rather than his realism, made him the greatest landscape painter of the world. As early as 1816, Leslie wrote to his friends in America: "Turner is my great favorite of all the artists here. He combines the highest poetical imagination with an exquisite feeling for all the truth and individuality of nature; and he has shown that the ideal, as it is called, is not the improving of nature, but the selecting and combining objects that are most in harmony and character with each other."

We all know that a picture's real value depends upon its suggestiveness. One must be led on and on, as it were, right into the heart of a painting, and at each step grasp new and beautiful meanings, or it will finally cease to give pleasure either to eye or heart. And this is why a mere blot of Turner's will often stimulate thought more than a finished production by another artist.

From Leslie's estimate of Turner, let us turn now to that of Thackeray. He is describing "The Fighting Téméraire," "as grand a painting," he asserts, "as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old Téméraire is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold, gray moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. * * * It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh or any other Briton to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colors, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power."

Of "The Slave Ship" Thackeray says with delightful candor, "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous." He lays it down that the "first quality of an artist is to have a large heart, believing that all art, all imaginative work of the highest order, must originate in and be addressed to the best powers of the soul, must submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

In person Turner did not look like a man of genius. He was short and stout, with a red face, aquiline nose, and keen, restless eyes. He had a sturdy sailor-like walk, and a voice deep and musical, but was a confused and unintelligible speaker. Yet "in careless conversation," says Leslie, "he often expressed himself happily, and was very playful." He was social by nature, and

at a dinner-table joyous, yet at times secluded himself completely from the world. He usually wore while painting a dingy black coat, and two comforters, one wrapped round his head, the other his throat. This, together with his rollicking eye and unintelligible jokes, gave him something of a resemblance to the elder Weller. He never would sit for a portrait, and seemed to know, as if by intuition, when a student in the Academy attempted to sketch it, and at once changed his position. The only authentic likeness of him extant is a profile drawing by Dance.

Fishing was his sole amusement. On rainy days, he might often be seen wending his way to the river-side, carrying a dilapidated cotton umbrella and a fishing-rod, and dressed in the oddest fashion—a flabby hat, ill-fitting green coat, and nankeen trousers much too short. From early morning till late nightfall he would sit upon the river bank, shielded by his umbrella, the rain pouring down, and patiently wait for a nibble. Sometimes he was successful, sometimes not, and he was always proud of a good day's sport.

All through his life he was in the habit of absenting himself for uncertain periods from the knowledge of his household and his friends. At last, during one of these absences, he died, under an assumed name, in a cottage at Chelsea, on the 19th of December, 1851. Some years before he had said to Chantrey, referring to his picture of "Carthage," "I have appointed you one of my executors. When I am dead, will you promise to see me rolled up in that picture?"

"Yes," said Chantrey, "and I promise you also that as soon as you are buried I will see you taken up and unrolled."

Chantrey died first, but Turner's words were remembered, and Dean Milman said at his funeral, "I will not read the service over him if he is to be wrapped up in that picture."

Of course he was not, and it made one of the noble collection he bequeathed to his country. For some years before his death he refused to sell his pictures and was evidently preserving them for the great purpose expressed in his will. This was to leave them to the nation as a permanent record of his genius. So much of his will has been carried out, and England possesses nearly twenty thousand specimens of his work.

His funded property, amounting to nearly two hundred thousand pounds, he left to found an asylum for decayed artists. This project, too, he had cherished for years, and it partially excuses his strange and sordid love of money. Yet, owing to some technical defect in the wording of his will, it has never been carried out.

It has been asserted that Turner did not believe in a future life, but let us hope that at the last some ray of divine comfort visited his lonely death-bed, and taught him the faith in things celestial that would so have enhanced the splendor of his genius.

DRUNKENNESS and covetousness do much resemble one another; for the more a man drinketh, the more he thirsteth; and the more he hath, still the more he coveteth.

TWELVE YEARS AGO.

BY E. MILLER CONKLIN.

TWELVE years ago, beloved one!
Twelve rapid, changeful years;
And some brought joy and gladness,
And some brought loss and tears!
Some days were bright with sunshine,
And some were dark with rain;
But, taking the years together,
We've known more joy than pain!

Twelve years ago, my dearest!
It scarcely seems so long,
Since hand in hand we started
In holy purpose strong.
The fields grow ever whiter,
The laborers fall and die,
And we must work the faster,
For night is drawing nigh!

SCORN.

BY EMMA SANBORN.

YOU heard it—a woman's laugh—
Light, and mocking, and vain,
Borne on the evening air,
Which the light winds echoed again.

You heard it—the cruel word;
You saw it—the covert sneer,
With hidden meaning fraught,
Doing such mischief here.

O lady in silken robes!
Scorning the one at your side,
Moving in stately pomp,
Breaking a heart in your pride.

Think of the nights of pain,
Think of her weary woe,
Think of her watchings vain,
Be merciful ere you go!

WHINING.

THERE is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too sunny; they whine because they have "no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; and they whine no one can tell why. Now we would like to say a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you not know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is meant only to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

LITTLE maiden, where away
 On this lovely summer day?
 Don't you hear the robins sing?
 Humming-birds are on the wing,
 Flowers are blooming everywhere,
 Making sweet the pleasant air.
 Stop awhile and play with me
 By the cool stream running free;
 Come, my little maid! I know
 Where the mint and cresses grow;
 Where the grass is soft and green,
 And the brightest flowers are seen.
 Come!"

And the little maiden said,
 As she shook her dainty head,
 "I am on my way to school,
 And I cannot break the rule."

In my face she gravely smiled;
 Then I stooped and kissed the child.
 She went singing on her way,
 Bright and beautiful as May;
 I went homeward, saying low,
 In my thought of long ago,
 "Ah, if in life's daily school
 I had never broke the rule!"

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICK.

No. 4.

EVERYBODY knew Tom Lawton and Bessie Carnahan were engaged, and people said it came of that husking-bee at Judge Lee's, the November before. All came about because of that one ear of red corn! What great events do spring from little things!

They danced together a good deal that night, and Tom kept watching Bessie and hovering about her, and when the vine of bitter-sweet berries that were twined in among her black curls came loose, Tom's deft fingers were the first to put in place the pretty ornament.

Uncle Dick said he mistrusted something uncommon when Parson Belden preached in the barn back of Judge Lee's cabin, for, instead of Bessie riding to meeting that day with the family in the ox-wagon, as she usually did, she came a-foot down across the thorn-thicket and the creek bottom to the rifle, and then she and Tom waded. Tom wanted to carry her over, but she wouldn't hear to it, and just slipped off her shoes and stepped across behind him as nimbly as an Indian girl would.

It was considered a little unsafe, then, going to meeting, or going almost any place, so that day of which I speak, the men all carried their muskets and rifles, and when they got to the barn they stacked them. Parson Belden stood beside some kind of a receptacle for grain. It was made out of a hollow sycamore log about four feet high, with circumference in proportion, and covered with flat strips of bark. His Bible and David's Psalms lay on this, and his musket leaned up against it. The people sat around him on logs, and blocks, and on the clean puncheon floor. Some of the women put their babies over into the mows on the straw, and hay, and flax, and set older children to watch them and keep them quiet. The preacher's wife, a white-faced, little woman, sat with Mother Fisher and Hannah Gwin on the flax-break, a heavy, cumbersome utensil which, in those days, held a post of honor in barns as high as a piano does now in our parlors. Tom Lawton and Bessie Carnahan sat on the scutching-block as it lay tipped over on one side.

One of Fisher's boys was living at Carnahan's when Tom Lawton asked Bessie in marriage of her father. He was a witness of the transaction, and we used to hear him laugh over it and tell all about it, after he was an old man himself. This was the way he told it:

"I seed all the time that there was suthin' a-brewin', an' I's bound to watch Tom, 'cause I didn't know but I'd have fur to ask some old man fur his darter some day. Tom he kep' a-hangin' reound, an' a-hangin' reound, an' I made bizzness to be about all the time. I headed that feller mor' 'n a thousan' times, I did, jus' when the 'portant words were a-stickin' in his thrapple; hee, hee! heeh! Poor Tom! 'f I'd a kneown all I wouldn't a-pestered him no how, like as I did, but I was young-like, an' full o' the old scratch

an' willin' to do 'most anything that was kind o' larfable and mischievous-like. Times was pretty hard that summer—the old man was in a pinch to raise money, an' we had all turned out and dug reuts—columbo, and spignut, and gingsang—an' arter we'd got 'em clean an' about half dry, the old man said we'd hitch up the ox-team and take 'em to town to sell. Old man he was a-dickerin' an' a-hagglin' about the price o' reuts, fur the marchant stuck a heap on 't 'cause they want fust-class an' clean dry, but arter 'while he gin in, an' he an' the old man made a bargain.

"Wall, Tom, he stuck like a burr to the old man—cluster mor' any brother would—an' while they was a-hitchin' up Buck an' Bright, I was inside o' the shed purtendin' to be gittin' the kiverlid an' things, an' all to onct I hearn Tom hem, and haw, and cough-like, an' then he blurted right out, like as if he was a-speakin' a piece at an exhibition: 'Mister Carnahan, may I have your darter Betsey?'

"An' then old man Carnahan he turned reound, like as if he'd hearn a clap o' thunder, an' he said: 'What say, Tom?' An' then poor Tom he had fur to go over the whole lingo again, an' I tell you he hussled through it as though the old Harry was arter him.

"'Mister Carnahan, may I have your darter Betsey?'

"The poor, old, dumbfounded critter, he looked right deown at the two noistrils in Buck's nose, an' he hurried an' said: 'I s'pose so, Tom.' An' that's all there was of it, an' there I was e'en a'most bustin' to larf, an' a peekin' through a leetle crack in the shed.

"Well, what does that old man do but go right off to Purdy's store an' buy Bessie a weddin' dress an' a pair o' slippers out o' the interest-money that he'd dug, an' tolled, and turmolded to get. The gown was o' that sort of stuff we called painted muslin—whitish, with pea-vines, and roses, and poppies, and hunny-suckles just a-runnin' helter-skelter, hippity-click, all over it. It was the perfectest thing I ever seed. I swear if it didn't make a feller think of a reg'lar flower-gardin, heaps on heaps o' posies! But afore we got three miles on our way hum'ards, I knowed that that stuff 'd never be Bessie's weddin' gown! The bag in which the old man put his things drapt out, an' we didn't miss it till we'd gone a right smart step, an' then I got eout an' run back to get it. I kneowed 't wa'n't very fur back, 'cause I'd noticed the bag lyin' there, like as if it was dumb an' hed no secret inside of it. Wall, I found it in a little holler at the side o' the road, an' I'll be beound if it wa'n't layin' on a little, longish hill-lock that looked exactly like a reg'lar grave! It looked as smooth, and green, an' mournful-like—abeaut six feet long and 'portioned accordin'ly. My heart stood still for a minnet, the larf was all gone out o' me, the sweat started an' I felt as if I'd hed a tech o' palsey. The bag lay right on the grave, or what 'peared to be a grave, an' when I stooped to pick it up my hair seemed to raise up, an' I fairly groaned. It was e'en a'most sunset then, an' the katydids an' crickets had begun their lonesome singin' in the brambly fence corners a-

near me, an' as I laid the bag acrost my arm some sort of a great, black night-bird, with a queer whirr in its big, loose wings, swep' down, cuttin' the air clost to my head an' 'lighted on a fence-stake that leaned over towards the grave. Its tail an' wings hung kind o' loose-like an' sort o' mournful, an' it screamed out the pitifulest cry I ever hearn tell of. Laws! I couldn't compare it to nothin' but the wailin' cry of a broken-hearted, despairin' woman! I never believed much in signs an' tokens, but Grand'ther Jones allus did, an' he'd kind o' teach'd me such things—I kind o' 'herited it from him, somehow. As soon as I could pucker up courage enough, I tell you I got out o' that lonesome place; the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way back to where the old man an' Tom was a-waitin' fur me. The ride home was a very quiet one; I couldn't converse, I hadn't the heart to do it; I felt more as if I was froze, or turned to stun, or suthin'."

There was a rude pathos in the way Fisher used to tell this story that touched me more than the most eloquent language would have done.

Well, while Bessie Carnahan went on spinning and weaving webs of linen to make sheets and tablecloths, Tom worked away and paid for a little bit of land. It was a pretty nook, in sight of the big bend in the creek; part of it was bottom land, and part bluff and broken. A ripple, or "riffle," the old settlers will persist in calling it, was so near, that the rushing and rippling and the swash of the clear waters, so beautifully broken into white foam, could distinctly be heard from the bluff bank on which Tom had selected a site for the cabin which was to be the home.

There never was a happier prospective bride than Bessie. How she toiled! Would you like to see some of the handiwork of a girl of fifty years ago? Step into the double log-house, the dwelling, the home of her well-to-do-father, and see for yourself. First, there is a bed made of goose and duck feathers, weight fifteen pounds, all of Bessie's own pickin', her mother said. Even the feather tick was home-made, cotton filling and fine flax chain well beaten together, two bangs of the sleys to every throw of the shuttle; then before the feathers were put in it was nicely starched on the wrong side, the starch made thick and rubbed on with the hand. Three frolicsome generations might kick such a feather bed to their hearts' content, and it never would "shed a feather"—at least that was what all the old women said; and they took pinches of the tick between thumb and fingers, and rubbed it so vigorously that if there had been any deception they would have proven it. Then there were pillows to match, encased in slips of snow-white linen. The upper sheets were fine flax, both warp and woof; the lower sheets were half tow, and would wear very soft and smooth. She had three quilts; the nicest was made of "boughten stuff," pieced in a figure called Washington's March; though why it was dignified by this name no one could tell, for there was nothing in it that smacked of the military, nothing that suggested a march; but some one said the blocks did look a leetle like the soles of men's feet a-tramping round in a kind of a forlorn chase.

The other two quilts were made of the flaps of worn-out linen shirts, pieced in with copperas and white half-worn breadths of linen dresses. Batching could not be obtained, so Bessie made bats out of soft tow on the hard cards, on her knees; each bat could be split open, and they made a very good substitute. Her straw tick was thin tow cloth, woven in what was called "half-sleyed" goods, that meant half as thick as good, firm cloth.

She had a half-dozen tablecloths, and the same of towels, besides three or four bleached towels that were intended to be hung up on the walls in the prettiest and most conspicuous places. One large towel of the diamond pattern was already fixed to hang under the mirror that her mother had given her. She had an old cat surrounded by nine kittens cut out of black cloth and stitched on the white background of the towel.

No good housewife would deem herself competent for household duties and honors if the customary cat and kittens held not their place on the wall. Sometimes the cat looked as though she had dropsey in the head, and the kittens gave evidence of being similarly afflicted; but that was a matter of little consequence.

Then Bessie had a needle-cushion made out of bits of the gay gowns of grandma's, and aunt's, and cousin's. A curious cushion that was as full of points as a prickly cactus, and on the tip of every point was a tuft or tassel of bright woollen yarn.

Of edibles there were little bags full of dried plums, and cherries, and wild grapes, and sweet corn, and currants, and dewberries; crocks and jars of pickles and crab-apples; and funniest of all, she had three pairs of worn-out, snow-white linen pantaloons full of good cheer. The bottoms of the legs were tied up, and then they were stuffed full and buttoned up. One pair was filled with dried pumpkin, another with dried squash, and the third with hazelnuts. To have them out of the way, they were set astride of a pole in one corner, and an old quilt thrown over them. They looked like three headless horsemen. But in every thrifty cabin home in those early days it was common during the winter months to see last summer's linen pantaloons doing good service in this way.

Fisher, our old story-teller, used to tell us of a tornado that swept across the country of the far West in the year of 1812. It levelled the forest trees in its course, unroofed cabins, and left desolation in its track. Fisher's eyes would stick out in terror while he pursued the narration, but he always ended with a laugh that made rosy and dimpled his round old face. The incident that finished up the story—that was like the cracker on a whiplash—came in after this rollicking fashion: "Well, you see, me and Joe, we hed our old trousers filled with hicker'nuts an' hazelnuts, had 'em up next to the ruff settin' straddle of a pole-like, out o' mam's way an' Reuth's, an' when the pesky storm come a-tearin' across the hills, an' up the crick vally, oh, wuss nor any swearin' or cussin'! Wy, me an' Joe, we was grubbin' in the lot ferment the still-housen, an' all we could do was to fall flat on our faces right down in the muck. The

sky was black as a hat, an' the air was full o' trees, an' brush, an' litter, and such, just a-turnin' eend over eend, awful-like. Joe said we ort to pray, an' he begun to pray, 'Now I lay me deown to sleep.' I rolled up my eyes just in time to see the ruff swep o' 'n the cabin, an' then I closed 'em, an' the last I remember was hearin' Joe sayin', 'If I should die afore I wake.' 'I thought my time hed come sure an' sartin, but it didn't last no longer than I'm tellin' on't. But the fun of it was that Joe's britches full of hazelnuts were clean gone, lifted up an' kerried off, and nobody knowed hide nor hair o' them. It must 'a' been a month arter that, one day I was out cuttin' a hick'ry to make mam a new broom, an' what should I see away up in the very tip top of a tall tree but Joe's white linen britches, settin' there straddle o' the topmost fork o' the tree, as compo-zed as a preacher! It was a joke on Joe, I tell you, an' he lost no time a-gitten them out o' that. Nary a nut was lost; he had buttoned them up snug-like, an' then sowed 'em, an' so they come back all right; but, Jereusalem! how mad Joe ust to git when any of us 'd remind him o' thet prayer down in the muck durin' the windfall of '12—hee! hee! heeh! But, then, poor fellar, 'twas all the prayer he knowed. Dear me, he got to be pretty glib-like at prayin' arter he jined the Methody. I've seed him pray till the sweat 'd roll deown his face like punkins rollin' deown a hill. He was mighty in prayer when he got well stirred up, and his blood warmed, and his sperits roused like. Why he'd make the mourners howl like wolves when he got fairly under way, Joe would! But then Joe's gin cout long ago; he made his peace with his Maker, an' he drawed up his cold shanks, an' shet his own eyes with his own han's, an' just went easy as a taller dip that was snuffed out."

The little log cabin was raised. It stood on the bluff Tom had selected and Bessie approved. It was small—perhaps twelve by sixteen feet. Tom furnished the whisky the day of the raising, and all went off pleasantly. Sometimes on such occasions men would take too much and get to feeling too rich, and wise, and stout, and self-important, and then fights would be the result.

Old settlers tell us of one laughable incident that occurred on the day of Tom Lawson's raising. A poor man had entered a quarter section of land, and by dint of close economy had made two payments on it, and another was nearly due. He expected to raise the money by selling some pork. He had it on hands, hoping a waiting for a better price. The day before the raising, he heard that there was no market whatever for pork, that it would not bring money at all. His spirits sank down to zero. What would or could he do? He ate no supper. He knew his land must be forfeited, his family left homeless. He tossed in bed all night, and in the morning at the table he played with his corn dodger, but ate it not. His cup of rye coffee stood untasted. When he went to the raising, he walked along like a slinking dog, and smiled a ghastly smile when his comrades hailed him with, "Look as though ye'd lost the boss race!" "Look as though the corporal'd be called on to hold an conquest over ye!" People pitied

him, and the well disposed ones passed him the jug frequently.

It was not long until his spirits rallied, his gloomy prospects began to brighten; maybe pork would be worth something; and soon he felt so well that he leaped up in the air, essayed to clap his feet together three times before alighting, and in a wonderfully elated voice squealed out: "Yeep! yeep! pork'll be all right yit! Yeep! yeep!"

As the job progressed, the poor man felt better and better; a prospect for the sale of pork grew to be a sure thing. Unusual merriment prevailed among the men when they witnessed the change in their companion. He leaped, and whirled, and capered about on one shambling leg, using his arms for a fiddle and a bow, all the while piping out in a thin, shrill voice: "Yeep! yeep! po-rick's riz! po-rick's up! I'm all right, fren's. Yeep! yeep!"

And now, after the lapse of fifty-five long years, we almost held our breath as we waited for the answer to our query, "How did it end with the poor man?"

"Oh, he came out all right; pork did come up, and he made his payment," was the gratifying answer.

Grand'ther Jones, as everybody called him, because he was the oldest man in the neighborhood, was at Tom's raising, and he drank just enough to make him a little flushed and a little mellow. He was a very superstitious man, had signs for everything—could stop blood, and cure felons, and blow out fire, and tell fortunes, and find lost money, and foretell events—indeed, he was the astrologer in those early days. One class of persons regarded him with a holy veneration.

When they were putting the clap-board roof on the cabin, the old man, who was sitting on a stump in front, stared suddenly, opened his mouth, wiped his hand across his face, and said in a low voice: "Gad, sure! Tom'll never live in that housen! Poor feller, that's hard on 'im. I'd a gin the best keow on my place 'n that hadn't happened."

Fisher was near, and he said: "What see, grand'ther?"

But the old man worked his lips as if they were dry and needed a wetting, and he only looked wise and glum, and said: "Jess, parse me the joog."

And forthwith the cob was taken out of the ample jug, and it was lifted up to the eager lips, and steadied in the hands of Grand'ther Jones. The old man averred afterward that at the same moment he had seen two Toms.

The Sabbath day following the raising there was meeting at the house of Judge Lee. The judge read one of Whitfield's sermons, and they had singing of hymns and prayer. This was customary service in those early days. It made the Sabbath seem holy, and it held in restraint those who would have spent the day in visiting, strolling, or, perhaps, hunting. All honor to those Christian pioneers in their observances of that day.

Tom walked home with Bessie from meeting. He was generally cheerful and his words were even, and serene, and pleasant, but this day he was gloomy. Bessie rallied him on his despondency, but Tom's eyes filled with tears, his lips

quivered and he leaned his head down on his arm on the rude puncheon table. Fanny, the puppy, always ready for a frolic with Tom, nestled her little pink nose between his feet and whined pettishly, and then she toyed with the rosette on his moccasin, but Tom heeded her not.

In the afternoon, Tom took down Bessie's little, blue sunbonnet from its peg on the wall, and, with a mournful smile, put it on her head and tied the bow under the pretty curve of her chin and then said: "Let us take a walk."

Their walk led to the new cabin. They went inside, and Bessie, with girlish glee, told how she would arrange their little stock of household goods, what would stand here, and what there. Then they went outside, and she thanked Tom for his thoughtfulness in leaving the young maple close to the window, and the forked elm where it would droop down upon one end of the cabin roof, and the pretty cluster of dogwoods on the shelving bank above the spring.

Tom was still gloomy. He drew her arm within his, and they walked down to the beautiful bank of the creek, and then followed its curve around to where he had cut the logs to finish the cabin. The white chips lay thick upon the green ivy that covered the ground like a carpet.

"And now, Bessie, I have something to tell you," said Tom, laying his hand on her shoulder, and turning her face full upon his own. "I don't think I'm whimsical, or full o' notions, or a bit like Grand'ther Jones, but I've seen something that I can't account for, no how. Don't be scared, now, but just listen to me and see what you make of it yourself. I was standing right here, yesterday, kind o' thinking and looking up the creek—it was well on toward evening—and what should I see but a coffin come drifting along. Just as plain and fair a coffin as I ever laid eyes on in my life! I moved up closer and bent over and looked, and rubbed my eyes and looked, and shifted about, but yet it was the very same—a dark, red, stained coffin about six feet long. Some of the time the water'd splash up over one end of it, and sometimes it would veer around and float sidewise, and when it come about even with where I stood, it slowly sank—just like a coffin as it was going down into the grave—slowly and mournfully. I don't believe in signs or whims, but, Bessie, I can't help but think that one of us is going to die, and I believe it's myself. The coffin was nearer my length than yours. But how could the good Lord part us now, just when we're so happy," and the poor fellow sobbed a long, quivering sob that broke into a piteous cry of sore distress.

The two sat down with their arms entwined about each other and wept. Then Bessie slowly ceased sobbing and said: "O Tom, we are silly—just as like as not the coffin you saw was a bit of a log, or a box, or something of the kind," and the poor girl essayed to smile.

"Bessie, dear child!" was all the sorrowing lover said, as he pushed back her hair and looked so tenderly into her large brown eyes.

So they tried to comfort each other as they walked home in the gray twilight, and the twinkling stars came out one by one, and seemed to look down upon

the pair in pity—poor Tom and poor Bessie. They were loth to part that evening; they said good-bye again and again, and then when Tom closed the gate, he turned and, as she entered the door, he waved his hand. Bessie thought he never appeared so pretty as he did that day and evening, and she stood and watched him until he crossed the bars that led into the sugar camp.

The next day, Bessie was down at the meadow brook rinsing some skeins of flax thread that she had boiled in ashes and water. The last skein was shaken out and she stood floating it in the water and watching the brown threads separate, when she heard the tramp of a horse's hoofs swiftly coming down the lane. She looked up and saw a neighbor, Ralph Waterson, riding on Jack Slater's dapple gray. Strange! Jack never would loan Ralph his horse! What could be the matter?

"Ho, Bessie!" hailed the familiar voice; "awful, isn't it? Tom's killed down on the bank o' the crick! awful for the Lawson's!" and he dashed past her in his shirt sleeves, without a hat, his hair blown back by the wind, and nothing on the horse save a rude halter.

Bessie remembered only of flying to the house and falling into her mother's arms, after that came a blessed season of unconsciousness.

Fisher told us the rest of the story as he sat, one winter evening, in the warmest corner with his arm-chair tipped back against the wall.

"I seed Tom as he went to his work that very mornin' with his ax on his shoulder. He was a-whistlin' some sort of a mournful song that was rale techin'. He went to fall a tree an' it fell agin' another, leas'taways that's how it 'peared to be, an' a big limb glanced and struck 'im right in the forehead an' it must 'a' been done so sudden that the poor feller never dreamt o' what killed him. There wa'n't a piece of his skull left as big as the half o' my hand, an' his poor brains were spattered round on the saplin's, an' ivy, and the logs, and the big white chips, awful like. Oh, it was a terrible blow fur the whole neighborhood! I thought the Carnahans and Lawsons would go clean daft over his death. Poor Tom! we gethered up the pieces and put 'em in a coffin in some sort o' ship-shape an' laid a white towel over what 'peared to be his head, an' then the girls, our Reuth an' some of 'em, heaped a lot o' posies into the jubious places inside the coffin an' made it seem kind o' tolerable like. I'd never a doubt in my mind but what Tom had a warnin' when he see the coffin come a driftin' down the crick—I think, as grand'ther Jones used to say, that folks offen hev warnin's of death an' that they'd ort for to heed them and profit by them."

More than twenty years ago the railway invaded the sacred spot near which poor Tom Lawson built his little cabin. The site of the lowly home is now in one corner of a broad and beautifully sloping meadow. The big bend in the creek is spanned by a massive bridge of iron, and the tall oaks and sycamores look down upon the thundering trains as they go whizzing by, freighted with busy human lives. Tired travellers look out and their eyes brighten as they gaze upon the sylvan spot, and they exclaim, "how beautiful; how per-

fect the picture!" Little do they dream of the sad story interlinked with this bit of pretty landscape, little reck they of the tragic scene these old trees looked down upon more than half a century ago.

After many years Bessie married. Stricken in years, now she sits in her easy chair and smiles as she watches the graceful gambols of her grandchildren. The traveller on the same line of railroad often sees her, an old lady with snowy hair parted smoothly on her placid brow, sitting out on the porch at a low white cottage by the wayside, rocking softly and dreamily to and fro, sometimes her knitting lying in her lap, and sometimes the

broad pages of the open Bible with the soft summer breezes playing with its precious leaves. Sometimes her head rests on a pillow that loving ones have gently placed there, and she sits and dreams and her little, shrunken hands lie folded over the gracious promises that soothed her to sleep.

When she smiles at the visions she sees in dream-land, and a glory seems to settle down on her calm face and make it radiant and beautiful, who knows but the old love of her girlhood has come back to her and together they hold sweet communion on the verge of that land which is bathed in the golden glow of immortality. Who knows?

The Story-Teller.

WHO MELINDA MARRIED.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"SO you're back again with your old employers, and at a first-class salary. I'm very glad, I assure you, and so will my husband be when I tell him. Sorry you can't stay to tea with us on account of the children. How old is your oldest, Tommy?"

"Let me see." The individual addressed balanced his hat between his knees on both little fingers, and carefully studied its interior, as though the information he sought lurked somewhere under the lining. A great, blonde-bearded man, but he always was and always would be Tommy. Never being able to rid himself of a certain awkward bashfulness, nor ever having lost the big, innocent eyes, honest mouth and ruddy complexion that made him look like an overgrown schoolboy. "Amanda's eleven this June. Lucy was nine in February. Melinda seven, and Vinnie—that's the baby my wife left, you know—will be three to-morrow."

"All girls?"

"Yes, ma'am, all girls."

"How long since you left the city?"

"Let me see," and Tommy again consulted his hat. Although in Mrs. Sandburn's parlor, he couldn't be persuaded to part with his head covering. It was a life-long habit. Before he married, the girls used to say Tommy Whittlesey knew that if he let them take his hat, he'd never have the courage to get it again and go. Perhaps they were right; I don't know; at any rate he had contracted another habit, and that was referring to it in the way described. "I left the spring I was twenty-one, didn't I? Well, I've been away thirteen years. I married Amanda White just six months after I left."

"She made a good wife, didn't she?"

"The very best; but, then, it wasn't as though I'd married Melinda."

"No. I suppose not; and yet, Tommy, I tell you, as I've always told you, Melinda's not altogether worthy of you. Not that she isn't good principled, warm-hearted, and all that, but her views of life are false. Then, too, although she's

my sister, my only one, I must say she sets too high a value on herself. Is not by any means as brilliant as she thinks she is. Doesn't know gold from glitter. Why, my dear, young friend, you might have been a pretty bad sort of man, but if you'd come along with a flash and dash, made believe to be somebody great, and courted in Jane Eyre's Rochester's style, you would have won her years ago."

"Then you think there's no chance for me. Is anybody else in the way?"

"Nobody, and never has been, excepting the girl herself. To my certain knowledge, she's had but one offer beside yours. That was from old Mr. Hulks, the great shipper. I thought Melinda would tear his eyes out. So, you see, she won't marry merely for money."

"Still, you think there's no chance for me? I daren't ask her, you know; she said the last time—when I came on after Amanda died, you remember—that if ever I did it again she'd never speak to me."

"Saying that she meant it, best not to venture. Let matters take their course. See her as often as possible, but keep a certain distance. Maybe things will work around somehow. She's got in with a new set lately—clever people—but they have a fancy they've discovered a new way to put the world to rights, and are just the ones to do it. It's all well enough, I suppose. Amuses them and don't hurt anybody, but I'm out of patience, for all. Why couldn't Melinda have married you years ago, in her first youth? She is so capable, so domestic—or was before she got in with these new folks—and as for children, I really believe mine think as much of her as they do of me. She's sharp with them at times, it's true, but then it always turns out for their best good, and they see it. See here, Tommy, I've an idea. She visits the Park the day the society meets—that's to-morrow—to commune with nature, she says. I know her favorite spot; she's always alone; you go there, take the children, and get somewhere near her."

"Take the children! I'd frighten her miles and miles away."

"No, you wouldn't. The more I reflect on this

plan, the better I like it. Ask for a half-holiday, gather up your girls, and go."

The day was all that could be desired. A May-blue sky, with a drift of clouds like departing snow across it; warm, penetrating sunbeams; soft airs, alive with children's voices and bird-warblings.

Spring's blossom-host pitched their tents of white and pink on hill and valley-side; tender mists of green melted in golden distance. Earth and air were awake, jubilant, under the stir and whirl of new life and growth. Yet could not my heroine find herself in harmony with the scene. She succeeded in securing her favorite seat in the Park, a niche on the hillside, with an interlacing of boughs, and glimpses of rock and river. It contained only two settees. Occupying one, she spread her shawl on the other, thus keeping intruders at bay. A quiet little spot, festooned with hanging-vines and fringed with ferns; and yet to-day no restful influence pervaded it.

Melinda met Tommy Whittlesy just as he was leaving the afternoon previous. Somehow those big, blue, reproachful eyes met hers whichever way she looked. More especially did they haunt the page she tried in vain to read, and moved in her pencil's wake when she turned to writing for relief. Not that she cared for their owner. Oh, never a particle. Any time since her fifteenth birthday, she had but to say, "I love you," to make Tommy the happiest of men. Yet she never did say it—never intended saying it. True, life was unsatisfactory. One dream after another faded; still there was a hope of her becoming something, being somebody; tied to Tommy, that was gone. As Mrs. Whittlesy, her days would be bounded on the east by breakfast, south by dinner, north by supper, and west by a basket of undarned stockings.

No, she never had said yes—never intended to say yes—emphasizing her resolution in angles and triangles on the soft soil sparkling with its myriad particles of mica.

Was there ever—no, there never was—such impudence? Tommy Whittlesy and one, two, three, four feminine Whittlesys, walking in upon her seclusion quite as a matter of course. Yet, no, not altogether so. Tommy swayed awkwardly from side to side an instant, then, with a lift of the hat and a scrape meant for a bow, turned as red as the Giant of Battles, and dropped upon the other bench, also upon her shawl.

"This is Miss Denver, children," and Tommy almost stammered in his embarrassment. "Come and speak to the lady."

To rise and leave would be an acknowledgment of weakness; so, outwardly cool, yet inwardly burning, Melinda kept her seat, turning her attention to the children. A pink-dressed brood, each one a trifle overgrown, like their father, staring at her with his eyes, and making not the slightest pretence of manners.

"Who fastened your clothes?" she asked, seeing that Amanda's and Lucy's buttons began too soon and ended too late.

"The woman we board with."

"You're big enough to fasten them for each other. Come here, both of you."

After having straightened their backs, as Lucy afterward expressed it, she dismissed Amanda with, "Now look after your little sister, and turn your toes out. What's that on your dress?" to the third girl, who, singularly enough, reminded her of her own child-self.

"I don't know."

"It's a shame to have that pretty suit spoiled. I wonder if ammonia won't take it out? What's your name?"

"Melinda Denver Whittlesy."

Melinda senior actually flushed. "My name's Melinda Denver; did you know it? Keep your fingers out of your mouth!" and the sharpness of the tones betrayed unusual emotion of some sort.

Very shortly the oldest girls strayed away. Melinda said at once she must go, but taking Vinnie, who had got something in her shoe, delayed her. There proved to be nothing in that tiny pink boot. A hole in her stocking, through which peeped a toe as pink, caused the difficulty. Miss Denver rubbed the little foot, and was so long getting on the pink boot that the blonde, baby-head nodded against her breast, and at length found itself cradled there.

Tommy, sensible to a degree unparalleled in his history, asked to be excused for reading, and became so engrossed as to forget to turn his paper.

Below the river ran, flower-fringed rocks leaned out to catch a sunbeam, green boughs intertwined, the voices of unseen pleasure-seekers, mingled with bird-songs, made music in the air; dip of shadow, dart of wing, wind-whispers, how sweet it was!

While Melinda sat there with Tommy's youngest in her arms, and the man himself opposite, there came upon her a feeling that just such a scene was enacted once before. It was like the turning back of a leaf and finding the same passage, word for word, upon it. She was almost tempted to speak to her companion, and ask him about it, when all of a sudden there was a flutter of pink dresses, and Amanda and Lucy appeared before them, breathless.

"Is Melinda here?"

She was not, that was quite certain. Tommy took himself off, listening to their hurried explanations as he went, and the only woman in the world he ever loved was left alone with his baby.

The trio returned without the missing one. Thought there was a chance of finding her there. Their united voices arousing Vinnie, Melinda gave her into Tommy's arms.

"I'll go and see what I can do," she said, with the mien of a conqueror. "Children, you come right along with me. You're to tell me just where you went, and when you missed her. Tommy, you stay about here, there's a probability of her finding her way back."

Having issued her orders—short, sharp, decisive—Melinda hurried away; to be met by Tommy half an hour later, completely crest-fallen. Her search had failed. Tommy looked ready to drop; the girls sobbed bitterly, declaring "M'lin" was drowned in the river; while Melinda scanned the horizon for a guard whom she had not already consulted.

Suddenly a voice: "Madam, there's a little lost girl at the mansion, dressed like these; is she yours?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," replied Miss Denver, promptly, and headed the party that went toward the place indicated as fast as feet could carry them.

"We all go the same way," said Melinda, holding fast her namesake's hand, "and may as well start home at once."

"One word, Melinda. When the gentleman asked was this your little girl, you said yes; is she?"

"Of course," replied Miss Denver, her cheeks in a blaze. "These children need somebody to take care of them, and I'm the one to do it."

"Melinda Denver—excuse me, Mrs. Whittlesy, I should say—I'm surprised; completely so!" and the light of the new society shook her head sadly. "You told me again and again you never meant to marry that man."

"I haven't married him. I've married the children; that's all."

Still, Tommy looks as radiant as if it were himself.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT was many days before Daisy was able to bear her weight upon the lame ankle. But, for a while, she hardly minded the confinement. Every pleasant morning, Rose and Roy wheeled the low lounge on which she lay, out on the verandah where, when the waves ran high, she could feel the touch of the salt spray upon her forehead. The child's couch became the centre round which the little household revolved. Rachel hovered about her with almost a mother's tenderness. Robert petted and played with her, and never came in without a store of pretty shells, sea-weeds, and mosses for her delectation. Roy sent to Linborough for such marvellous books, with pictures that were wonderful to behold. Janet told her stories, quaint and sweet as herself; and they two had such charming little dinners together, while the others were dining at the Ocean House. Daisy told Rose, confidentially—and at length announced the same fact to the assembled family—that she thought she was having ever so much better a time than if she had not sprained her ankle. To be sure, she could not run about, but what did that matter? She could look at the sea and feel it; and, then, every one was so kind to her.

Rose was very happy. In spite of the occasional hours of pain, the bloom seemed to be coming back to Daisy's cheeks again, and the light to the eyes that had grown so heavy. For herself, she was as one in a dream. Where had it all flown—the sense of isolation that had been so hard to bear? the feeling that she was shut out from the life to which she was born? that she had no longer any part or lot in the social world to which her mother had belonged? that it made no difference

now, save as far as her own self-respect was concerned, whether she kept her youth, and freshness, and brightness, and whether her dresses were becoming or not? Life has lost much of its savor to a young girl, my friends, when she feels that it does not matter whether the pretty spring bonnet suits her complexion, or not!

"Now aren't you glad you took my advice, Rosy-posy?" said Daisy, one evening, as Rose was dressing for a hop at the Ocean House. "You would not have brought one of those lovely dresses and things, if it had not been for me."

Rose was glad as she put on the dainty, white dress, with its airy puffs and flutings, and the ornaments of frosted silver that she had not worn for over a twelvemonth. It had seemed such an absurdity when she packed them—merely to please Daisy; and, it maybe, moved by a thought of the dead mother, who was wont to say that a lady should never go anywhere without being prepared for all emergencies. Yes, she was glad, with a young girl's delight in freshness and daintiness; and in the consciousness that there were friendly, yet critical, eyes to see her, and to care whether she looked well or ill.

For these strangers of three weeks ago were friends now. Somehow, she felt that her life could never again be just what it had been before she knew them. Through them, she clasped hands with her kindred.

"Come and kiss me, Rose!" cried Daisy, her eyes suddenly brimming over. "I wish mamma could see you! You look just as lovely as Mrs. Dilloway."

There could be no higher compliment than that, Daisy thought. Rachel had won the child's heart completely.

"No," answered Rose, simply and honestly, "for I have not had her years to grow lovely in. No young girl could have a face like hers. There is so much in it, Daisy."

Daisy comprehended. "Yes," she said, with a gentle sigh. "But isn't it a little like what you read to me last Sunday? 'There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars?' You are not alike, but you are both lovely—and, Rosy-posy, that dress is too sweet for anything, now that you have the puffs pulled out!"

This climax was too much for Rose; and the little peal of laughter that followed was like the chiming of silver bells.

"What are you two so merry about?" asked Rachel, appearing in the door a moment after with a little basket in her hand, and glancing at Rose with well-pleased eyes. "Your toilet is just right, and hardly needs another touch. But Roy discovered, this afternoon, that there was a greenhouse over the bay, and he has just rowed across to get us some flowers. So here are roses for you, and pansies for me, and these violets must be for Daisy. They are just the color of her eyes."

The roses on her breast and in her hair were not brighter than those on Rose Sterling's cheeks as, an hour later, she and Roy floated down the long room, keeping time to the bewildering music.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Robert and Rachel stood at the upper end of the hall watching them.

"That girl dances like a fairy," said Robert. "Rachel! I should not wonder if our boy had met his fate. What do you think?"

Her face flushed.

"Has he said anything to you?"

"Not a word. There is nothing to say—yet. They are as unconscious as children. But—if there ever should be?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she said, with a long breath. "I don't know whether it would be easy for me to take the second place. Yet I have always said I hoped Roy would marry young. I have always longed for a daughter."

"You can hardly hope to find a sweeter one than that fair girl yonder," said Robert. "Rachel, I suspect this had something to do—all unconsciously on his part—with Roy's disinclination to go abroad."

"Nonsense!" cried Rachel. "Why, he hardly knew her!"

"Can't help it, my dear madame. He has known her by sight for over a year; he has been interested in her, and, in a way, fancied her. She has been in his thoughts, after a certain vague fashion, as no girl or woman ever was before. I believe it has been a stimulus of which he was himself unaware, making him eager to live a man's life, and to do a man's work. If they had not met again, it would have passed like so many of the sweet, intangible dreams that help to form every young soul, and then, having done their work, vanish into thin air. But they did meet, you see, and that alters the case. It looks to me as if it might change a dream into a very sober reality."

"You take a good deal for granted, as men are prone to do," said Rachel, smiling. "It by no means follows that Miss Sterling would say 'yes,' to whatever question Roy might choose to ask her."

Robert looked at her narrowly. "Was it not hard work for you to say that?" he asked, laughing. "Mothers are supposed to believe their sons irresistible. But, seriously, if Roy really loves, I hope that love may crown his life. Men do not often marry their first loves—nor women either. But you, Rachel, have saved Roy from the thousand callow fancies of boyhood. You took the place of the shallow goddesses boys are prone to worship. He reached the bright threshold of his manhood heart free; and now, if he loves, I pray God to give him the desire of his soul, that he may be satisfied."

He turned away abruptly as the young pair approached, and Rachel saw him no more that night. The next morning, the uncle and nephew having gone off on some long-talked-of excursion, Mrs. Dilloway and Rose were pacing the sands in front of the verandah where Daisy lay, looking off on the far blue sea with a certain wistful longing. She had not been quite as well for a few days; and though she could walk a little, she did not seem inclined to try.

"Look at that child's eyes," said Rachel. "What can she be thinking of?"

"Mrs. Dilloway," answered Rose, stopping sud-

denly, "do you suppose it is the sprain that keeps her back? I have noticed for several days that she does not gain at all. For a week or two, in spite of her ankle, whether it was the change, or the excitement, or because you all made her so happy," laying her hand impulsively on Rachel's, "she seemed to be growing round and rosy. But it is not so now. She has that tired, languid air whenever she is left to herself."

"I have noticed it myself," said Rachel, "and I suspect the breath of the sea is too stimulating. She cannot bear it."

"But she cannot go back to Linborough," cried Rose, in dismay. "What can I do with her?"

Just then they both stooped to pick up Rose's handkerchief, which had fallen at their feet. Rachel reached it first, and the name in the corner caught her eye.

"'R. L. Sterling,'" she read, as she handed it to Rose. "It is odd that that name sounds so familiar to me."

The swift color rushed to Rose's face.

"Did your agent, Mr. Farrington, never mention it to you?" she asked, in a low voice.

"My agent—Mr. Farrington?" Rachel repeated, wonderingly. "Oh—those designs! I remember it all now. And they were yours? Why didn't you tell me, dear? They were yours, my child?"

"Yes, they were mine," answered Rose, half-laughing, half-crying. "I am one of your employes, you see, Mrs. Dilloway!"

"But the designs were beautiful—far better than you imagined, I suspect. Why did you not send us more?"

"I did. I sent others the week before we came here. We could not have come if it had not been for that, Mrs. Dilloway. The money was a god-send."

Rachel was silent for a moment, her color coming and going. She had not yet lost that pretty trick of her youth. Then she put her arm round Rose's slender waist, and kissed her.

"If there is anything in fate," she said, "I believe you belong to me—you and Daisy. At all events, what you have just told me makes the next step very clear. I am going to take you home with me, to Woodleigh; and you are to stay there until that child looks less like a spirit than she does to-day. Nay," she added, laughing, as Rose made a faint little murmur of dissent. "You just said you were one of my employes; and your first duty is to obey. Perhaps we can find a little cottage for you, after awhile, if you like the place, and it seems best for Daisy."

Daisy had fallen asleep. Janet was in her own room, looking over the clothes that had just been brought in from the laundry. Rachel and Rose sat down upon the steps of the verandah and had a long, quiet talk—such an one as, with all their liking for one another, they had never had before; during which Rose told the whole changeful story of her life, its struggles, and vicissitudes. They drew very near each other in that still hour of heart-communion.

"And now is it all settled?" asked Rachel, as a little boat appeared in the blue distance, and Roy's strong, steady pull at the oars sent it flying toward

the shore. "We Woodleigh people are very clan-nish. We feel that we belong to each other; and are you not one of us? Say that you will go home with me, at least for a little while, until Daisy finds her bloom again!"

Rose said "Yes;" how could she help it? and then ran away to bathe her flushed cheeks, as the keel of the boat grated on the sands.

Great was the amazement of the two gentlemen when, in the course of that afternoon, Rose was presented to them as John Farrington's *rara avis*—the new designer who was destined, according to that gentleman's enthusiastic belief, to raise the calico-printing of the Dilloway Mills to the level of the fine arts!

"It is like a story-book," said Robert, warmly, as he clasped Rose's hand in his. "Are you sure there is not a fairy god-mother somewhere about here? Never say again that a woman cannot keep a secret! Did you know it, little Dot? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because Rose told me not to," was the sober answer. "How could I? But I wanted to, dread-fully!"

Roy, after his first exclamation of astonishment, said nothing. He was beginning to feel as if the ways of Providence were past finding out.

"We are going home the day after to-morrow," Rachel announced, shortly afterward. "'We' meaning these two young ladies, Janet, and myself. You gentlemen can remain here, as long as you please."

"Thank you. The world seems to have turned a somersault since we went out this morning, Roy. What is your hurry, Mrs. Dilloway? I thought we were to remain another fortnight."

There was plenty of small talk and merry badinage for the next hour. Then, when Daisy, supported by Rose and Roy, had gone for a little walk round the point, to see the sun set, and the red lights kindle in the light-house tower, Robert turned gravely to Rachel.

"What is it?" he asked; "this new plan of yours? Are you really going to take these girls to Woodleigh?"

"I really am," was the answer. "Don't you see for yourself that Daisy must not stay here? And she must not go back to Linborough at present."

"What will come of it?"

"I do not know; and I am not going to trouble myself about it. It has never been my way, Robert," she added, earnestly. "All my life long I have tried to do what seemed best and right, and then not to worry about consequences. When God gives us light enough for the one next step, we must take it, and leave results with Him. Is it not plain enough in this case?"

"The next step?"

"Yes. We have been so strangely thrown together. Does it mean nothing? Why, the very money that brought them here came out of my pocket, figuratively speaking. Rose told me so to-day."

"I think you are entirely right," said Robert, laughing, "and I have not the slightest doubt that Roy thinks so, too. He is calling you 'blessed

among women,' this very minute. There's no question about that."

Rachel looked up with a quick, bright glance.

"Robert, that must settle itself. If Heaven means them for each other, there is little doubt they will find it out. And I would quite as lief the knowledge should come to them under my roof as anywhere. I think, on the whole, I should prefer it to 'Aunt Jane's linter.'"

Young girls had been rare visitors at Dilloway House. There were no fair cousins or nieces to form a nucleus round which others might gather. Rose and Daisy had not been in the house a week, filling the house with the bright glow and freshness of girlhood, before their hostess began to feel as if she could never part with them.

She had been right as regarded Daisy. It was the air of the hills—not that of the sea—that she needed. Her ankle was nearly as well as ever, before they left the Gray Beaches; and Rose soon had the joy of seeing that her sister was growing plump, and round, and rosy. At the end of three delightful weeks—weeks that must be imagined rather than described—she began to talk of going back to Linborough.

"What for?" asked Rachel.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Dilloway, you are spoiling me!" she cried. "I can never take up the old life again, if I stay here much longer. I must go home and go to work."

"You can do your work here as well as there," answered Mrs. Dilloway, coolly. "Besides, I can't spare Daisy yet. She cannot go until she has seen the hills light their torches in October. I promised her that when she first came here—didn't I, Dot?"

Thus hospitably urged, how could Rose help staying? And all the while the sweet home feeling grew stronger and stronger. She did not ask herself what it meant, or how this summer idyl would end. I hardly think she cared, the present was so all-sufficient. She was quietly content with the present hour, and asked no questions of the future.

Meanwhile Roy spent much of his time at the mills. He had begun his work, he said. He was going to learn the whole alphabet, from Alpha to Omega. He was going to know everything that John Farrington knew.

So you are not to suppose he was at Rose's feet all this time, playing the part of a gallant Esquire of Dames. She would have run away in a week if he had been.

But one night he came up from the mills, a little flushed and heated with his rapid walk. His mother was sitting on the piazza, with some soft, white wools in her lap, and her crochet-hook in her hand. The two girls were in the garden, strolling up and down the paths, pelting each other with the falling rose-leaves, and gathering the freshest and brightest buds for the vases in the drawing-room. Roy dropped on the steps at his mother's feet, nodding brightly in the direction of the fragrant shower.

"I'll be there presently, Daisy," he called, "and have a hand in that frolic."

"Are you tired?" she shouted in return.

"Frightfully," he rejoined. "You can't imagine such fatigue, little Dot," and his head sank upon his mother's knee.

She softly smoothed back the hair from his forehead; but his eyes were in the garden.

"Rosamond," he said, presently, in a low voice; "Rose of the world!"

Rachel's heart beat quickly. Was it coming—the story she dreaded to hear, and yet which, if she did not hear, she would feel herself defrauded of her birthright?

"Rose of the world!" he repeated, lifting the hand that lay upon his breast, and carrying it to his lips.

"Tell me, Roy," she whispered, bending over him. "Is it the one rose of all the world to you?"

He raised his eyes, filled with a sudden light, to hers.

"The one rose, mother," he said; "the sweetest rose in all the world. I have known it a long time, but I did not wish you to think me hasty or over-rash. Shall I gather it, if I can, and wear it on my breast for your joy—and mine? Speak, mother!"

Her tears were dropping fast.

"Yes, Roy," she answered.

There was silence between them—the silence that is holier than prayer.

In a few moments Roy rose, kissed his mother with quivering lips, and went into the garden.

Rachel watched him as he approached the two sisters, and stood still, at Daisy's command, while she fastened a rose-bud in his buttonhole. Then she went into the house, passing up the broad staircase into her own room.

Rose had been to Linborough the day before to see Aunt Jane, and to get a few articles they needed from the little home in the "linter." They were in a small trunk that had not yet been fully unpacked. A dress or two, a sacque for Daisy, and other dainty bits of feminine wearing apparel, lay upon the bed and chairs, as Rachel paused a moment at the door of their chamber. The window was open, and the fresh wind blowing in had swept some pretty laces to the floor. She stepped in to pick them up, inwardly commenting, after the manner of women, upon their fineness and the delicacy of the pattern.

"Their mother was a lady," she thought. "A woman of refined and delicate tastes. Everything they wear shows that. There's no sham, and no overdoing."

She stood at the window, with a little happy smile upon her lips, looking off into the far distance ere she closed the sash. How glad she ought to be that this young girl whom Roy loved was in every sense so fair, and pure, and sweet—so fitting a rose for him to wear upon his breast! Then she shut the window and turned away.

But, as she did so, a box that had been taken from the trunk and placed upon the bureau, caught her eye. She gave a little scream, her face crimsoned to the roots of her hair, and then turned white as ashes. Claspings both hands over her heart, she stood in a stooping attitude, not touching the box, but staring at it as if it had been a basilisk.

Gray shadows gathered about her eyes, her mouth. Her lips grew set and rigid. Her breathing was short and heavy; she gasped as one suffocating.

How came it there—that box? She had seen it before—shallow, oblong, of exquisite workmanship. Ebony, inlaid with pearl and gold. There was Aurora, resplendent in her rose-colored chariot. There was the rich blue of the lapis-lazuli. There were the arabesque designs and the curious devices. There was the straight, narrow slit for the key; and there was the key lying beside it. And—there was the monogram with the letters interlaced. Her eyes grew dim, and she could see no more.

She did not faint; though she never knew what happened during the next quarter of an hour. She must have walked out of that chamber, and down the whole length of the hall to her own room, as people walk in their sleep. For when she next knew that she was alive and in the world, she was sitting in her own little sewing-chair, alone. She wondered vaguely what was the matter, and if she had been ill, pressing both hands to her forehead. She wanted to remember something. What was it?

It all came back to her presently. That box—in Rose's room. *Her* box—no, not her box, but *the* box that she had locked up, buried, as it were, in the little recess under the stairs so many years ago, and that she had never looked at but once since. Once since that dreadful day—but she could not remember how long ago—she was seized with the conviction that it was all a delusion, that there was no such box; or that, if there were, it was all some horrible mistake. She had misinterpreted the letters, and distorted the facts. So she opened the door of the tomb, and forced herself to unlock the sarcophagus. She read the letters over again carefully—and—put them back. She had never touched them, or looked upon them from that hour to this. And now the box was there—in Rose's room. Her head whirled under the pressure of the swift tide of thought.

Pretty soon she got up and went into the closet. There was the little trap-door, undisturbed apparently, and invisible save to instructed eyes. She tried to slip the tiny bolt. It had rusted fast, and she could not move it, until she pried it with a pair of scissors.

It flew back at last. The box was there—just where she had put it with her own hands. She closed the door again, too bewildered for connected thought.

Were there two of them, then—perfect duplicates of each other? What did it mean? Was it merely a coincidence? Was it nothing more than a mere chance happening that the very counterpart of the box she had hidden away—the one bane and sorrow of her life—should be in Rose Sterling's hands?

And there were the monograms!

Suddenly it occurred to her that she had not examined that upon Rose's box closely. She had been so startled, that, while she had been aware of the existence of the monogram, she had made no attempt to decipher the characters.

The young people had not come in, for all was still below stairs. She must settle that question; and gliding swiftly and silently through the hall, she stood in Rose's chamber again. It was growing dark in the shadowy corners, but the red sunset light was still gilding the window. She took up the box and carried it into the golden glow.

The letters forming the monogram were I. L. She had a vague impression that they *must* be R. A. D., like those upon the other box. Thank God that they were not!

The lid yielded to the pressure of her trembling fingers, and moved by an irresistible impulse, she raised it. Innocent and peaceful looking it was, holding nothing but a few trinkets; an ivory cross, a coral necklace, and a string of amber beads, with a curiously-wrought clasp. Rachel could not smile yet, but she began to wonder if she had been frightened at a shadow.

It was strange, certainly; but there were many strange things in the world. Boxes like that might be made by the dozen, for aught she knew. It was by no means impossible.

She set the box back on the bureau, and turned to leave the room. Just then the last, long, slanting sunbeam shot across the valley, and fell upon her face. It fell upon the monogram, also, bringing out the letters with startling vividness.

"I. L.!" cried Rachel. "Isabel Leighton!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ISABEL LEIGHTON! Was *she* Rose Sterling's mother? Was that the cruel solution of this mystery?

Doubly cruel in that she had that very night bade Roy good-speed in his wooing, and told him to win his Rose of the world if he could! What wonder if it seemed to Rachel that this burden was more than she could bear?

She went, staggering under its weight, back to her own room again—the room so sanctified by joy, and pain, and loss; by struggle, and prayer, and conquest. Some one knocked at the door, and she opened it mechanically. It was a telegram from Robert, who had been in Linborough for the past week, reading thus:

"Off for New York on business for the museum. Grey goes with me. Back next week."

The dispatch fell from her hands. She must meet this new complication, then, as she had met all the sorrows of her life—alone.

But what difference would it make if Robert were there? What could she tell him? How could he help her? What could she say about the matter to him, or to any one else, without compromising her husband, whose honor, after the lapse of all these years, was still dearer to her than her own life? After hiding the sad story of his error in her own pitiful breast through all the lonely days of her widowhood, was she to betray it now? What was she to say to Roy, to whom all his life long the thought of his father had been a constant inspiration, an incentive to all high and noble endeavor? Could she tell him that the ideal of his worship was but common clay? Never, so help her all good angels!

And yet, if there had been any wrong, this woman, this Isabel Leighton, had been a party to it. Was it her daughter who, out of the whole "rosebud garland of girls," out of the whole bevy of fair young maidens the world over, who were waiting to be chosen as the happy, loyal wives of happy, loyal men—was it her daughter who, out of all these, must be Roy's wife? the mother of his children—his closest friend—supplanting, perhaps, even his own mother who had borne for him the unutterable agony?

Her watch slipped from her belt; the little, old-fashioned, open-faced watch, with its circlet of jewels, that her husband had given her on her wedding-day. Rachel glanced at it as she replaced it. It was not yet an hour since she was sitting on the piazza with her boy's head upon her knee, listening to the few words in which he told her the story of his love. Only forty-eight minutes; and yet since then the whole aspect of her life had changed. If only nothing had been said! If only she had been deaf and dumb and blind that night, when Roy came up from the mill! But she had listened to him with her whole heart, knowing how much his simple, earnest words meant. He was not given to heroics, or hyperboles. Yet she, who could read him so well, knew that all the pure passion of his loyal, manly nature was in that thought—"the one rose of all the world."

She had seen the light in his steady eyes when he turned away from her; the elevation of his whole carriage; the lifted bearing; the earnest purpose informing lip, and brow, and step. She had thought he was like a young king going to claim his own; not by might, but by the divinest right of love. She had been certain that before she saw him again, by some one—or by all—of love's innumerable languages, he would have revealed his secret to Rose. If, indeed, it was a secret. Rachel could not tell. There was a delicate, womanly reserve about Rose that was an impalpable veil. You knew that her heart beat warmly, and you felt its subtle magnetism. But you could not count its pulsations.

Why, Isabel Leighton might not be Rose's mother, after all! Rachel sprang to her feet as this thought darted tingling through her brain. She did not for one moment doubt that she had read the monogram aright. The law of mere coincidence could hardly reach so far as that. But it did not follow that because the box was in Rose's possession, its owner must have been her mother. It might have been her friend, aunt, cousin—anything.

Rachel went to her window and looked out. Some one must answer her questionings. Some voice, from heaven or on earth, must settle that point. And as if in response to her inarticulate cry, there was Daisy coming slowly up the gravel walk alone. She was stringing some red hips from the rose-bushes. As she came under the window, Rachel leaned out, speaking very quietly. She was not one to betray herself unawares by undue appearance of anxiety.

"Are you stringing a rosary, dear?" she asked. Then, after a little talk about the berries, she said: "I was thinking of your mother, Daisy. Rose told me of her decline and of her sudden death."

But I never have heard her name. What was it, dear? Her name before she was married?"

She held her breath to listen.

"Her name," said Daisy, slowly, intent on piercing the hip exactly in the centre. "Her name was Isabel. Isabel Leighton. Grandpa's name was Ambrose Leighton."

Isabel Leighton's daughter! Then she had warmed in her own bosom the viper that should sting her; and through this golden-haired woman who had lured her husband's heart away from her, she might lose her son, also. For how could she consent to this marriage? It was repugnant to every instinct of her womanhood.

But had she not already consented? It seemed to her, as she threw herself upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow to shut out the late remaining daylight, that she had lost Roy in any event. It was not Rose Sterling's fault that she was born of this mother. Poor child—was it not rather her misfortune? Yet that she *was* born of her, placed an impassable distance between her and Rachel. Rachel felt, as she lay there in a cold tremor, that she could never give her a daughter's place in her heart; and if she did not, she knew well enough what her own teachings to her son had been. It was she herself who had taught him the words of the Master: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh."

But if he did not marry Rose? if he should yield to her entreaties and give up the whole matter? She felt that, in this case, she would have lost him all the same. There could never be between them again the sweet trust, the implicit confidence, the abiding faith, that had made her motherhood so blessed a relationship. For if she withdrew her consent, she could not explain herself to Roy; and how could he ever trust her, when she would seem to have proved herself so weak, so capricious, so utterly in the wrong? His heart would be with Isabel Leighton's daughter, whether he married her or not; and there was the sting of it.

It was just groping in the dark. She sat up, with the resolve that as soon as Roy came in she would send for him. All a-flush he would be, very probably, from his happy, successful wooing; for, strange to say, it never occurred to Rachel even to hope that Rose herself might cut this Gordian knot by a simple "nay!" All a-flush he would be; but she would send for him all the same. She would fall at his feet. Her soul should cry out to his, and she would say: "Roy, my life has had one great grief of which you never knew. I have learned this night that Rosamond Sterling is so closely connected with it that I cannot live and know she is your wife. I would rather die than see you marry her."

But what ineffable nonsense it seemed—like the maundering of a sentimental school-girl. Roy was too sensible, too manly, to be moved by such an utterance. She knew just how he would look at her with his clear, straightforward eyes, and answer: "Mother, if I must not marry Rose Sterling, tell me why! What is this grief of which

you speak? Let me know all, and then I will do my best."

So that plan failed her.

It has taken me a long time to give you this faint glimpse of the changeful current of Rachel Dilloway's thoughts. But the current itself moved fast. They were just lighting the lamps downstairs now. She heard the servants moving about, closing the blinds, and dropping the curtains. Daisy had been sitting on the steps all this time, stringing the rest of her crimson hips. Where were Rose and Roy?

It was a soft, warm night, early in October. Fireflies were darting about in the meadows, forgetting that it was not midsummer. Once in a while a bat flapped its heavy wings almost in one's very face, and then sailed noiselessly away. The great, round moon was like a disk of burnished silver lying against the purple sky. The air was spicy with the breath of the late, odor-laden flowers, that seemed to hold the garnered sweetness of the whole summer in their chalice. And down at the foot of the garden stood the young pair, even as the first recorded lovers stood in their Eden, alone with God. Their hands were clasped; they leaned toward each other with a slight, unconscious leaning; their faces were solemn, tender, uplifted, as of those who saw a great light, and yet scarcely comprehended its meaning.

Roy turned at last with a slow smile, looking about him with a sort of wonder.

"I am glad that this is the scene of our engagement," he said; "this very garden where I have been gathering roses all my life. Rose, I thank God that to-night he has given me the best, and sweetest, and dearest of all!" and bending his head he kissed the pure, sweet lips that did not turn away from his caresses.

But presently Rose drew herself from his encircling arms.

"We—we know that we love each other," she said, blushing and smiling. "We could not quite help that, maybe. But that does not make us engaged. Your mother—"

"Oh, if that's all!" interrupted Roy—"Mother knows all about it. She will be glad to welcome her daughter, Rose. She loves you."

With that assurance Rose was well content, and Roy was silent for many minutes thinking.

"I wonder if my father knows all about it, too," he said, very softly, at last. "I wonder if he knows I have won my Rose, and if he rejoices with me. He has never been dead to me, Rose. He has been a vital power in my life as far back as I can remember."

"Being dead he yet speaketh," she whispered. "Is not that what it means?"

"He was so fond of roses," Roy went on. "Always, Janet says, even when a mere child. It was almost a passion with him, as it has been with me. I suppose 'a rose by any other name might smell as sweet,' " he quoted lightly; "but I have my doubts about it after all. It was your name that first made me turn to look at you one day, as you stood under the hop-vine, and Daisy kissed her hand to you with her merry 'good by, Rose!' That look sealed my fate, I suspect."

"How much do I not owe to my 'sponsors in baptism!'" was the laughing reply.

Rachel, sitting alone in her chamber, heard them come in, a few moments after; heard the low murmur of voices as they passed under her window, and knew that they paused for a few moments in the darkened porch, before they stepped into the glow and brightness of the hall. She understood it all perfectly well. It seemed to her that she could hear the very words that Roy whispered, as he led his betrothed wife over the threshold of his own ancestral home.

Two hours ago she would have been solemnly glad. But now—!

There was a little stir and bustle down stairs; the opening and shutting of doors; questions and answers; the drawing up of chairs about the large library table. Presently some one touched the keys of the grand-piano, and a "song without words" told its own sweet story. Then two voices—a clear, bird-like soprano, and a strong, sweet tenor—swelled out on the night air; Rose and Roy chanting: "Cast thy burden on the Lord."

"He will sustain—and—comfort—thee!" sang the blended voices in long and lingering cadence, tender, thrilling, triumphant.

Then the music ceased. She heard Roy's step on the stairs—a light, bounding step, as of winged feet. He came down the hall; he tapped at her door.

"Mother! mother!" he cried. "Where are you?"

Ah, how it carried her back over the tide of years! It was the old, old question of his very babyhood. She did not answer. She could not.

"Mother!" he repeated, knocking louder, "where have you hidden yourself? Why don't you come down? We want you."

"I think I won't go down again to-night, Roy," she answered quietly, after a moment's thought. "I am rather tired, and shall go to bed early. Good night."

"But come to the door a minute," he said, "just one minute, mother!"

She knew what he wanted. He had something to tell her. But she could not listen that night; she had not strength enough. He *must* wait. She could not look upon his face again until she had settled this whole grievous question, and had determined what to do.

"Just a minute, mother!"

"I cannot open the door to-night, Roy," she said. "Do not tease me."

He turned away and walked slowly down-stairs, disappointed and ill at ease. She undressed herself in the dark, in a sort of desperation, and crept into bed.

She remembered how once before she had refused, in a moment of sore anguish, to open the door of that very room to Roy; and it seemed to her that she could hear the wail of the piteous little voice that rose up in dismay and expostulation. That was a child's voice. The man turned silently away, and made no sign.

She remembered, too, how the child had aroused her from a trance of sorrow by the touch of his soft, caressing hands; and how he had said in his

baby accents: "I always shall wake you up when you have had dreams, mamma!"

He could not waken her now. He could not help her in any way. Her motherhood seemed to her of no avail. She had no son to lean upon.

Then, from the far corners of the room, there seemed to come other well-remembered words—words that had echoed through that chamber more than once. They were these: "My son shall not be punished for his father's sake."

Who had spoken them?

Yet, even as she recalled them, another voice rang through the chambers of her memory, saying: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation."

(To be continued.)

THE BROCADED SILK.

"GOODNESS gracious, what a cheerful night!" wearily sighed Nellie, as she sank into the old arm-chair, and held two mud-disguised feet out toward the fire.

It certainly was a "cheerful night," if "cheerful" be taken ironically. It had been an unpleasant day, beginning with enough snow to make the ground white, and then changing to a drizzling rain, turning each street into a greasy slide, which made walking an abomination and a snare, and inspired one with bitter hatred toward each rib of one's fellow-passengers' umbrellas as they flaunted the rain-drops into one's face.

"Why, Nellie dear, you don't look as if you would 'rise and rin' even 'to see your dearie'—does she, mother?" said Arthur, looking at her critically.

"No, indeed, dear," was the reply; "and the sooner her things are off the better."

It needed no fewer than three gentle admonitions from our mother to start Nellie up-stairs to change her soaking dress and shoes. The waterproof cloak—there was only one in the family—was out at a music lesson. It came in presently with the one who was wanting to complete the "group"—our little Clarie, as our mother always called her, I suppose because she was the youngest, for she was a head taller than Nellie, and a head and shoulders taller than I was, which I always thought was a pity, for I was the oldest of them all, and ought to have been—after our mother—the "head of the family;" but they all treated me as if I was six years old, and I have taken more good advice in the course of my life than the celebrated old man who once had a donkey to sell.

Of course we were poor. Nellie and Clarie did not give French and music lessons at all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather, just for amusement. We were in hopes that some one would leave us "something" "some day;" but, as we had no idea who he was, nor when he would do it, we were obliged to work hard for our living in the meantime. We must all have been "Saturday's bairns," I think, if there is any truth in the old rhyme.

Next to the legacy—which, *en passant*, has not come yet—our hopes were centred in Arthur, as

the coming man who was to raise the fortunes of the family. He was only eighteen at the time of which I am writing, but was already, for a young man of his age, in receipt of a very good salary as a merchant's clerk. However, that was not enough for everybody, so Nellie gave French lessons and Clarie music lessons, and I helped our mother to keep house and do the sewing and mending for the family, and in my spare hours I "copied" for a lawyer. We managed to keep the house going and our clothes respectable; but such turning and twisting it took to do it! I think there are some people in this world to whom certain passages in the lives of other people would be a perfect revelation. That is rather vague, I admit; but I was thinking of the people who, when they want anything reasonable, go out and buy it. Now, if it became absolutely necessary that one of us should have a new dress, it was a matter of debate in solemn family council for two or three weeks, and we tried to discover "how we could make up for it" by going without something else. And as for a new carpet—the fate of a nation has been settled with less consultation. There is this to be said, however—people who get things whenever they want them certainly cannot enjoy them as poor people do.

On this stormy afternoon we gathered round the grate, as it began to grow too dark for us to write or sew any longer, and took the full comfort of our "blind man's holiday." It was Saturday evening, and we were all glad of that; and Arthur had received that day—it was early in the year—what he called a love-token from his employer, in the shape of a ten-pound note; and, as there were at least fifty ten-pound-note ways of spending it, the conversation was rather animated. We did have good times in that shabby little parlor! I often smile to myself now, recalling the "smart speeches" that my mother and the girls and Arthur used to make. I could not make them myself, which was as well perhaps, for I served as "admiring audience."

We had just begun to think it was time to light the gas and go to work again, when the maid-of-all-work came in with two letters—one for my mother and one for Clarie. The gas was lighted at once, and the two favorites of fortune sat down to read their letters. They finished them together, and Clarie turned to my mother with a flushed cheek and an "O mother!" of regret and very faint hope.

Of course they were besieged with inquiries, and the letters were read aloud. Clarie's was from her "dearest friend"—no, it was not a lover, it was a girl-friend—and mother's was from the said friend's married sister, Mrs. Merivale, and the gist of both was an earnest invitation to Clarie to come to Yorkshire for her friend's approaching wedding, to be one of the bridesmaids, and to stay for the ensuing festivities.

We all knew there was no quicker way to spend money than in travelling. Yorkshire was a long way from home, too. This, as Arthur, dear fellow, eagerly suggested, might be met with part of the ten pounds; but people cannot be bridesmaids at weddings, and go to parties for two or three

weeks afterwards, with only one "best dress"—no matter how handsome the dress may be—and Clarie's was nothing extraordinary. To be sure, she looked lovely whatever dress she had on; but even lovely-looking people might feel a little uncomfortable at a wedding, if they, being bridesmaids, had on dark-green poplins. So, after a great deal of discussion and a little wild speech from Arthur, who could not bear to see Clarie's disappointment, it was sorrowfully decided that Clarie must decline. There was nothing we could sell conveniently, though the suggestions on the subject made a little diversion—for somehow we could not help joking, if we were as poor as rats; and I think that was one reason why we stood poverty as well as we did. Nellie and I offered to sell our hair, but mine was of a shade of red which Arthur declared was matchless; and Nellie's was about two inches long, and in such close little curls that we all told her that whoever she made the offer to would think she was "fishing" for an offer for her head.

We subsided at last, and everybody's face was a little serious, for we felt sorry about Clarie. She was far from strong, and the endless round in which she was engaged did not tend to make her stronger; indeed, she was not fit to face the storms she often had to encounter in going to give her lessons, as a troublesome cough was proving. But we had to "accept the inevitable," so Clarie took her desk and began her answer, "to put herself out of her misery," she said, when Arthur, who was reading the evening paper, gave an exclamation, and said excitedly: "Hold up a minute, Clarie. Will it make any difference if you don't write that till Monday evening?"

"No, I suppose not," she answered, reluctantly. "It is not to be till next month; but I wanted to have it off my mind. Why, Arthur?"

"Never you mind why," responded that young gentleman, loftily; "if it really doesn't matter, just please to wait; I'd do that much for you any day."

Half laughingly, Clarie replied: "Well, I 'learned to labor' some time ago, so now I suppose I may as well 'learn to wait,' and took up her sewing again.

She knew it was useless to question Arthur; his air of mystery was overwhelming. After he had gone to bed we studied the paper attentively, hoping to find out the cause of his request, but in vain.

So our mother stopped at Arthur's door on her way to bed, and gave him a gentle admonition "not to do anything foolish," which was met with a prompt, "I don't mean to, ma'am."

The next day being Sunday, we had to stifle our curiosity and impatience. Monday morning came, and we indulged in various speculations as to what Arthur's mighty secret might be. I could see that our mother was a little uneasy, and Clarie, too, for it would be "just like him," as our mother said, "to get out of his newly-acquired 'fortune' what he thought was necessary to enable Clarie to go."

"And, if he should do so," Clarie said, "which prudence forbid, I still could not go, for you know I have no trunk."

This was sadly true. The "family trunk"—it was the one our mother had on her wedding journey—was "past all surgery," having been ruthlessly handled by a mighty Irish porter on its last trip.

Arthur came rushing in half an hour before dinner-time, still excited, and still deigning no information, save that he had leave of absence from the office that afternoon, and that he wanted me to "hurry up dinner," as he had important business to transact. He ate his dinner hastily, and we saw no more of him for the afternoon. He came in just at dusk, evidently flushed with triumph, and took up a post of observation at the window, where he had not waited long before he went quickly to the front door. Clarie and I were in the room, and we went to the window, wondering what it could all mean, and half expecting to see the forty white slaves leading forty black ones, with basins of jewels on their heads, although, as Clarie remarked, we had not seen him rub the lamp. There was only one man there, however—a porter—wheeling a very stylish-looking trunk up to the door, which, with Arthur's assistance, he speedily transferred to the hall.

"Where will you have it, Clarie?" asked Arthur, composedly. "You'd better make up your mind before the man goes—it is too heavy for me to carry it by myself."

I was speechless with amazement, and thought I should certainly wake up presently and find it all a dream; but Clarie behaved admirably.

"It had better go into the sewing-room, Arthur," she said, with composure equal to his own; and into the sewing-room it was accordingly taken by Arthur and the porter—upon which the latter was dismissed in a lordly style by Arthur, and then that potentate was driven into the parlor at the point of a needle.

Nellie was cutting the bread for tea, and had come to see what the commotion meant, followed by our mother; and Arthur was assailed with questions by everybody at once.

"If you will all stop talking for a few minutes, I shall be very happy to tell you," said the hero of the evening; and then it occurred to us that he could make his explanation much better if we all kept still—which we accordingly did.

"Now you will please not interrupt me," he began, majestically; "and, when I have finished, you can all say what you please. I saw in the paper on Saturday evening that there was to be a railway sale to-day of unclaimed trunks and parcels; and it occurred to me that I might find a trunk there that would do for Clarie. I did not expect her to use what was inside it, unless it was something very superb; but I thought perhaps we could raise the wind for a new dress or two, if we only had the trunk. So I went to the sale this afternoon, and I shall never again doubt that 'Fortune favors the brave,' for it was raining cats and dogs, and there was scarcely any one there; and this trunk was put up toward the last, when some of the bidders had got tired and gone home. I had looked at it carefully before the sale commenced. There is no mark on it anywhere—it has not even a card; it is, besides, nearly new.

And so I bid for it; and, if there were any chance of your guessing rightly, I would make you guess how much I gave for it; but there is not the least, ladies," said Arthur, holding up an imaginary hammer, and making his voice sound as much like the auctioneer's as possible. "This trunk, which is nearly new, and quite as good as if it were, bound with iron, and with a hump on its back, which adapts it to carry several bonnets of the present fashion, and with room for any reasonable young woman's entire wardrobe inside it, went for the incredibly low price of two pounds."

The orator had evidently finished; but I will not attempt to give the remarks that followed. Clarie thanked and kissed him; and, although we all felt uncomfortable about owning a trunk procured in this manner, we tried not to damp his pleasure by letting him see it. We agreed to wait until after tea to examine the contents of the newly-acquired treasure; so we adjourned to the dining-room, full of excitement, and speculating largely as to what the mysterious article might disclose. We were too full of curiosity to be long at table, and as soon as tea was over we adjourned to the sewing-room to investigate the mystery, when it suddenly occurred to us that it would be easier to do so if we had a key to the trunk. Arthur, nothing daunted, set off to a locksmith's, whence he quickly returned with a large bunch of keys to try. We had come nearly to the end of the bunch, and were just beginning to think we should have to wrench the lock off, when Arthur managed to unlock it with a key that did not quite fit; then he motioned us all to the other side of the room, and said that Clarie was the proper person to make the investigation.

"It was a little like having the 'wonderful lamp' to get that trunk and its contents for two pounds," Arthur said.

It was filled with beautiful dresses, chosen and made with a taste that bespoke a lady-like owner. The place for the bonnets was occupied with pretty fichus and sleeves—not of lace, however, but of blonde, which is quite a different thing, as every woman knows. Then there were kid gloves—half-a-dozen pairs at least—it is true they were sixes, and Clarie's number was five and three-quarters, but that was a trifle—and pretty ribbons, and belts for the different dresses. Some of the dresses had been worn a little, others were quite new. There was no jewellery, and not a single article of white clothing, except the blonde things, so that of course nothing was marked. The probabilities were that it was one of a number of trunks with which some one had started for a long sojourn at some watering-place. The dresses had evidently belonged to some rich and rather fashionable person of about our mother's age; for there were two or three small articles of real lace among the variety of blonde things, which were evidently intended to conceal the fact that "the parting was all too wide for her ladyship's head." At the very bottom of the trunk was one dress which had never been made up, and looked as if it were meant for some one younger than the owner of the other things must have been. It was a curious article, looking as if it had been made to order

in some foreign country—a heavy white silk, brocaded with pink rosebuds, which were so beautiful that we almost thought they must have been wrought with a needle.

The debate that followed, when everything had been inspected, lasted until nearly midnight. Clarie declared she could not use the things with any comfort, at least until after the trunk had been advertised. Arthur reassured her on this point, by the information that it had been advertised by the railway company, and that it was only after a sufficient time had elapsed to allow of an answer coming from any part of the United Kingdom that the sale had taken place. This was some consolation, but still it did not reconcile Clarie to the idea of wearing clothes that had belonged to some one else. I could see that our mother had the same feeling, and that she would have preferred that Clarie should give up the visit, rather than use these things. She felt less scruple about the trunk, and even suggested that Clarie should buy one or two dresses, simple and inexpensive; but Clarie well knew the pinching that would come upon the rest of us, if she consented to this.

At last she agreed to go, using only such of the dresses as were necessary to make her present a respectable appearance. Arthur was triumphant again, and mother, Nellie, Clarie and I all stitched away, at every spare moment we had, at the dresses, which were so ample that there was no difficulty in altering them to great advantage to fit Clarie's slender figure.

When she wrote her letter of acceptance, she inquired particularly how the bridesmaids were to dress, and received, of course, a minute description in reply. We could not help thinking that her warm-hearted friend had adapted the dress to Clarie's circumstances, for the material she mentioned was simple white tulle. Clarie was filled with dismay, however, at the announcement. The fact that there was a heavy white silk among the dresses had chiefly induced her to consent; and now, determined that no more should be spent on her, she again declared her intention of declining. But here one of the family, who does not care to be particularized, came to the rescue, and sternly forbade Clarie to write the proposed letter, saying, with an appearance of conviction that hid a quaking heart, that the dress should be forthcoming in time, and that none of the family should do without anything else to obtain it. Clarie, beginning to feel herself in the hands of destiny, submitted; and the aforesaid individual wasted a small amount of midnight gas, while she wrote out of her large experience a very poor "article" for one of the magazines, which, strange to say, was accepted, and, what was much more important, paid for, and the dress was bought.

So at last everything was ready, including the rosebud dress—which was so beautiful that we had persuaded Clarie into having it made up—and our darling set off one bright winter morning, full of pleasant excitement and delightful anticipations, and almost forgetting the compunctions about the trunk and its contents. Arthur had painted her name on one end of the trunk and her initials on the other: and it was so like the trunks of forty

other people at the station that Clarie said that she did not more than half expect to have it demanded of her before she reached the end of her journey. She had made arrangements with her scholars for an absence of three weeks, and we all rejoiced in her temporary freedom, hoping much from its effect upon her health.

"Of course," she said, as we stood on the platform waiting for the train, "I shall tell Alice and Rosie how I came by my 'fine feathers,' or else they would think I had been robbing a bank, or making mother sell the spoons; but I do not know that any one else need know it."

We all agreed that it concerned no one else; and then the train came, and away she went, her bright face at the window as long as we could see it.

Her first two or three letters were radiant; the wedding had "gone off" beautifully, and the bride had been *fêted* by a host of relatives and friends. Then came a short, hurried note—she had been gone about ten days—saying that we might expect her home next day, and asking Arthur to meet her at the station. We were still wondering about this, and forming anxious conjectures as to the cause of this change in her plans, when the next post brought a longer but equally unsatisfactory letter, saying that Mrs. Merivale would not hear of her going before the three weeks were up, and was much grieved that she had limited herself to that space of time: so that, "to please Rosie, and for other reasons," she had consented to stay.

"I know," she wrote, "that you will all think me very mysterious and 'contrary,' but I really cannot explain until I see you; it would take more paper than I have with me to write it all out, and I never did like to borrow."

Of course there was but one opinion in the family—it must be a love affair; and we all agreed in thinking that Clarie was treating us very shabbily, and that she certainly had paper enough with her to tell us his name and where he lived, and a few other important particulars, such as the color of his eyes and hair. But we were well aware that the youngest daughter of the house had her share of firmness, and that it would be useless to ask any questions until "her ladyship" came home. We were so fully persuaded that it was a love affair that we fell into a way of talking and speculating about the "great unknown" which has since struck me as excessively funny. Clarie had always been fastidious, and the family was divided in its mind as to whether the "great unknown" would be the impossible collection of perfections which we had occasionally heard described, or one of the extraordinary ordinary men who too often take the places reserved for paragons.

Our impatience made Clarie's absence seem longer, but it came to an end at last, and the day arrived which was to bring the absentee back to us. Nellie and Arthur went to the station, while mother and I put the finishing touches to Clarie's room, and to the preparations for dinner and tea in one, which we had decided would be an acceptable offering to the traveller.

"Though, to be sure," said Nellie, "if she is in love, we are wasting provisions."

At last she came, the dear youngest, without her cough, and looking so much better for her holiday that I think we all felt as if we had had a holiday ourselves. We half expected to see the "great unknown" with her, and I said, a little disappointedly, when she was fairly settled in the parlor: "So he did not come with you?"

"You, too!" she exclaimed, half laughing and half crying. "What ails all you children? Mother is the only member of the family still in her senses, for Nell and Arthur no sooner had me fairly out of the train than they said the very same thing to me, and when I asked what on earth they meant, they called me a humbug. Now, mother, what do they mean?"

"Why, my dear," began our mother, "it is only what your letters led us to expect. You have made a great mystery about it—more, I think, than was necessary to your own family—but I hope we shall hear all about him now."

"My last hope is gone!" exclaimed Clarie, in despair. "Mother is as bad as the rest of you; but, if any one would tell me what you are all driving at—"

I thought it high time to cut the knot.

"Why, Clarie," I said, "aren't you engaged to be married? Or, at least, we thought that must be the secret."

"You've been asleep on the Queen's highway, little woman," said Clarie, laughing, "or you would never have dreamt of such a thing. No, you dear, foolish folk, I have not got into any such foolish scrape as that. I did not find what you call my impossible combination in Yorkshire; my mystery is much more prosaic than that, and I am sorry for all your disappointment. But, indeed, I am as hungry as a hawk; let me eat first, and I promise to talk afterward, and tell you a story that will last half the evening, although it is not a love story."

When tea was over, we all drew round the fire, with the modern Scheherazade in the middle of the group, and also in the biggest chair, in consideration of her fatigue.

"You know," she began, "what a discussion we had as to whether we should or should not make up that beautiful odd piece of new silk that was in that trunk?" We all nodded. "Well, 'thereby hangs the tale' which I am about to tell you. I have myself to thank for consenting to have it made; but somehow I fancied it more than all the others, because I knew it had never been worn. Of course I told Rosie all about the trunk and things, and she said that Arthur was an angel, and that I might tell him so, and that she thought it was good fun, and that I need not have hesitated a moment—she wouldn't. She promised not to mention it, however, for, as I suggested to her, other people might not look at it precisely as she did."

"I wore my bridesmaid's dress at the first two or three parties; but one morning, as we were talking about a particularly large and magnificent one which was to take place that evening, Rosie insisted that I should wear my 'rosebud' dress. One of her reasons, she said, for wanting me to look my best was that an aunt of her husband's

was to come that afternoon, and would probably accompany us in the evening. She was very handsome, and went into society a great deal; and Rosie said, if I made a good impression, it would reflect credit on her for her choice of a friend. Of course this was all her nonsense; but I saw she really wanted me to wear the dress; so, to please her, I yielded, although I felt a greater reluctance to put it on than I thought I should.

"Mrs. Clifford—the aunt—arrived in the afternoon, but I did not see anything of her until we went to tea; then I was introduced, and fell in love with her immediately. She is one of the most fascinating women I have ever met—very handsome, and just a little bit stately, with the sweetest voice I have ever heard. She must be very 'well preserved,' for she certainly does not look old enough to be Mr. Merivale's aunt, except that her hair is white; she wears it in lovely soft curls at her temples, and it looks as thick as mine. She is an Italian by extraction, but has spent most of her life in this country. She must have seen how she fascinated me; and she was very gracious—though, to be sure, she was that to everybody. Rosie told me after tea, when we went up to dress, that she should be jealous of me if her aunt liked me much, for she was as much in love with her as I was."

"Rosie came into my room when she was dressed, and fixed the flowers in my hair—some rosebuds as nearly like those in the dress as possible, which she had selected for me without my knowledge—and said all sorts of flattering things about how I looked; and then we went down to the drawing-room together. Mrs. Clifford was already there, standing before the fire, and looking like an empress in her purple velvet dress. As soon as we came in, and she caught sight of us, I saw her give a great start and then turn pale. If she had not been such a thorough lady, she would have stared, and my guilty conscience about the dress made me blush."

"Doesn't she look lovely, Aunt Margaret?" said Rosie, like a goose; though I will do her the justice to say that she had not spoken of what I wore."

"She would justly regard such a remark from so new an acquaintance as I am in the light of an impertinence," observed Mrs. Clifford, with dignity."

"Poor little Rose froze in a moment. You may imagine I did not feel much more comfortable; and we were all glad—at least I know I was—that Mr. Merivale came in just then and told us the carriage was ready. He did not notice how constrained we all were—being 'only a man,' you know—and talked very pleasantly all the way; but, although Rosie and I did our best to second him, we felt too much chilled to succeed very well. Rosie—poor child!—thought that she, with her unlucky speech, was 'the cause of our anguish;' but I had a feeling in my heart that it was something worse. I knew that I had met with the rightful owner of my trunk; still I could not see why she had turned pale on recognizing the dress. I do not think that either Rosie or I enjoyed the party. I had the pleasure of thinking that I was

the 'innocent cause,' besides the knowledge that I must either enter into an explanation with Mrs. Clifford of my own accord, or have her ask me for one, or suffer from her freezing manner should she be too proud to say anything.

"My dilemma had three horns, you see, so I chose the first. When we came home, Mrs. Clifford and I were left alone together in the drawing-room for a few minutes; so I resolved to take action, and asked her if I might come to her room for a little while, when we went up-stairs, as I had something to say to her. She looked surprised, but said, 'Certainly,' and, before anything more could be said, Rosie came back, and we all went up-stairs. Rose was so sleepy that she just bade me good-night at my door, instead of coming into my room to talk over the party, as she usually did; I hurriedly took off the hateful dress, and wrote you the little note that surprised you all so much, and then put on my wrapper, and, with the calmness of despair, went and tapped at Mrs. Clifford's door. She let me in, and asked me to sit down, and then sat down herself quite near me. She did not look so freezing as she had looked all the evening. I did not wait for her to ask me what I wanted, but plunged into my subject, and told her the story from beginning to end, not making out that we were in a destitute condition generally, but trying to make her understand that it was only extras we had to do without. She never said a word until I stopped, and then, when I looked up to see how she took it, she came and stood right in front of me, and took my face in her hands, and kissed me. I burst out crying at this, like a great baby; but I could not help it, for I felt so relieved, and it was so sweet of her to behave in that way. She petted and comforted me, just as you might have done, mother; and when I was quiet again, she said: 'My child, you have saved us both much pain by your frankness, and relieved my mind in a manner of which you can form no idea until you hear my part of the story.' And then she told me all about the trunk.

"She lost it more than a year ago, as she was travelling to Italy on a visit. She had several trunks, and this was a new one she bought expressly to hold some dresses and laces after the others were filled. Through the carelessness of her son, who had charge of all her luggage, this trunk was sent off without any name or direction—without even a card on it. The trunk having nothing whatever by which it might be distinguished, she gave up all hope of recovering it. Her nephew did inquire and advertise for it after she and her son had gone, but was never able to hear anything of it. She resigned herself to her fate, caring more for the loss of that beautiful dress—which she was taking over to a favorite niece of hers—than she did for her own things. That was my 'rosebud' dress. But now comes the real romance of the trunk, which I have been saving till the last, seeing that it most concerns myself.

"Mrs. Clifford asked me if I had any objection to her seeing the trunk, as she had a particular reason for wishing to do so. Of course I had not; so she came with me to my room, where it was

lying, and waited for me to raise the lid. Then she asked me if I had any papers in that little pocket on one of the trays that you perhaps remember seeing. I said I had not; whereupon she asked me for a penknife, and opened the pocket and passed the blade along the inner edge somewhere. She smiled at my look of astonishment, saying that she would explain her strange proceedings in a moment; and from between the two linings which she had separated in this way she drew out a little folded paper. Then she took my hand and said, with her voice all trembling: 'My child, how can I ever thank you?'

"She could not say anything more for a few minutes, but when she could speak steadily again she told me what it all meant. I do not understand legal technicalities, but the paper was a deed or something which involved the possession of nearly all her property. I did not quite understand her statement, but it was something to this effect: when she first lost her trunk, she was not at all anxious about the document, for there was another just as good with her lawyer; but his office was burnt down within a month or two afterwards, and a relation of her husband's—her husband died many years ago—had laid claim to the property. She had no proof to sustain her rights—though of course everybody who knew her believed her to be the rightful owner—and now this deed, or whatever it was, might save the property for her. She had to go on to London to consult with her lawyer about it, and was going to begin a fresh search for the trunk the next day. The reason she had turned so pale when she saw me in that dress was that the niece to whom she was taking it had died soon after Mrs. Clifford last went to Italy. I had reminded her of this niece, she said, when she first met me, and when she saw me in that dress she was painfully startled.

"I still meant to come home the next day after we had had this talk, for I thought it would be pleasanter for everybody, and so I told Rosie in the morning after she had heard all about it. But they were both so loving, and really seemed to want me to stay so much, that I concluded to do so. Mrs. Clifford would not hear of taking the trunk and other things back. At first I felt discomposed about it. But if you could only have heard how she talked! She said that she had never had a daughter, and that it would pain her if I did not accept the things as a remembrance of the great service I had done her. As if I had done it on purpose! And Rosie sided with her, so that I had to yield; and Mrs. Clifford said I was to be sure and have the rest of the dresses made up when I went home—it would please her so to know that I was wearing them.

"And now comes that which most relates to myself. Mrs. Clifford is going back to Italy in three or four weeks to visit her son, who is married and settled there, and she says she is commissioned by her daughter-in-law to bring a governess for her children—and she wants to take me. The salary is just three times as much as I get now for my music lessons; and Mrs. Clifford says that, although she may be partial, she thinks that I cannot fail to like her relations, and to be happy

with them. She did not want me to decide without consulting mother and all of you, but she would like an answer as soon as possible. There—my story's ended! And now, my very patient and attentive audience, you may all make your remarks."

These were many, as may be supposed, and we sat up talking of Clarie's good fortune till our mother fairly drove us to bed. Of course it was decided that Clarie should accept the situation.

Mrs. Clifford answered her note of acceptance with one of cordial thanks, in which she begged permission to stay a night with us on her way to her son's home; afterwards Clarie and she could proceed together. It was a little out of her way, we knew, and Clarie had expected to meet her at the railway-station, so that we felt very much pleased with the thoughtful kindness which the proposal showed. She came, and we were all as much charmed with her as Clarie had been, and it took away much of the sorrow of parting with our darling when we saw what a friend she had secured.

Clarie passed three happy years in her Italian home—for such she felt it to be—coming home for her vacation every summer, and looking stronger and prettier each time, we thought. She often saw the kind friend who had been the cause of her good fortune, and the love between them seemed to increase with each meeting. At the end of these years two of the children of whom Clarie had charge were sent to school; and, although her employers urged her to stay until the third should be prepared for school also, she could not disappoint Arthur by turning a deaf ear to his proud and happy letter of entreaty that she would come to the home where he could "keep us all now, and let us do nothing from morning till night if we liked." So we are all together once more—not "doing nothing from morning till night" by any means, but consulting our own inclinations about the style of our work a little more than we used to do.

Arthur talked of buying another trunk for himself, and setting out to make his fortune, but concluded to stick to the surer—if somewhat slower—way in which he had started; and he has had no reason to regret having done so.

THE softest road is not always the best road. It is on the smooth ice we slip; a rough path is usually safer for our feet.

ONE cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions, may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they can never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight.

"As no one," says Mrs. Steele, "is abused save to a willing listener, the friend who tells you she has heard you calumniated must be ranked with the calumniators." She is even worse than they are; for, if it had not been for her, you might never have known the unpleasant things they said of you. This, at any rate, is one of those numerous circumstances in which ignorance is really bliss.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

ON retiring from the residence of Deacon Strong, Deborah Norman made a visit to "Coulter's Row." She found Mrs. Pyne more comfortable than she had expected. Her room had been put in order by some of the women upon whom she had urged the duty of caring for a sick neighbor; and many things needed for the baby and her mother had been supplied from their scanty stores.

"Where is thy husband?" asked Deborah of the sick wife.

The pale face of the woman brightened as she answered: "He's at Mr. Logan's again to-day. He worked there all yesterday, and Mr. Logan sent us sugar, and tea, and flour, and ever so many things we needed—a great deal more I am sure than the wages would have bought; and he told John to come again this morning, as he had something more for him to do. And John says he's never going to drink anything again as long as he lives."

A glad expression broke into the woman's countenance.

"Oh, if he'll only keep to it!" she added. "John's industrious, and capable, and honest. There's no fear about our getting along if he'll only let drink alone."

The light faded from her wan face, and a dreary expression came over it.

"His help must come from God," said Deborah. "Thou remembers what I said yesterday? If we look to our Father in Heaven, He will give us strength to overcome. Has thee a Bible?"

The woman shook her head. "We had a large family Bible once; and our marriage was in it, and the births and deaths of our children. But it went with the rest, when things got to the worst. How, I don't know." She caught her breath and sobbed.

Deborah drew from her pocket a small Testament, and, opening it, read from one of the Gospels a few comforting passages. Then closing the book, she said: "There is a power in God's Holy Word by which we may conquer in every temptation. I will leave this Testament; and I want thee to promise me to read in it every day; and not only to read in it thyself, but to get thy husband to read it also. When he comes home at dinner-time to-day, show him the book, and say that I left it particularly for him, and that I want him to read a chapter before he goes away in the morning, and a chapter before he goes to bed at night; and not to read it only, but to think often through the day of its precepts and its promises."

A few of the women who met Deborah on the day before, hearing that she had called again, came into Mrs. Pyne's room, some drawn by curiosity, some by the hope of a little charity toward themselves, and some attracted by a latent

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

desire to come once more under the influences which had moved them so strangely; the tender impressions of which they were not yet able to shake off.

Deborah spoke kindly to them all, saying how pleasant it was to see the comfort their neighborly care had brought to their sick sister. "God sees and knows it all," she said in her sweet, assuring way; "for He is everywhere present. Not alone in temples and in great congregations, but in poor, little places like this. And where two or three are gathered together in His name, He tells us that He is in their midst. I think you must all have felt His presence yesterday. I am sure I did. The house of God and the gate of Heaven are not always grand and glorious to human eyes; but often very humble and poor. It was not to the rich, and great, and powerful that our blessed Lord came two thousand years ago, but to the lost sheep of the House of Israel. He fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and gave comfort to those who mourned. He is still the same kind and loving Saviour; and though we cannot see Him with our bodily eyes, He is yet very near to each one of us. 'Behold,' He says, 'I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' Let me read you some of the beautiful and precious things He said to His disciples. And He is saying them always to those who try to follow Him, even though they be very far off, and though they halt and stumble in their steps."

And she opened to Matthew and read a portion of the Lord's Sermon on the Mount. After this she prayed with them; and so tenderly uttered and in such homely phrase, as fitting the occasion, were her petitions, that most of the women had wet eyes when they rose from their knees.

Then she took each of them by the hand in turn, saying an encouraging word, and particularly enjoining on them to be considerate of each other and helpful when it lay in their power.

"And don't forget our sick sister here," she added. "It does my heart good to see how much has been done for her. How nice and clean her room has been made, and how many little comforts have been brought to her. And I can see in your faces that you are all glad and happy over what has been done; and is not that feeling a sweet reward? Surely it is! Do you know what it means? The Saviour stood and knocked at the door of your hearts; and you opened the door when you put forth a hand to help and comfort our sick and suffering neighbor; when you obeyed His divine precept, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' And then He was able to come in and bless you."

"Dear sisters! I am not talking idly. The Lord our God has indeed been very near to you all, even in your very hearts. Oh, do not cast Him out, and shut and bar the door! Do not turn away from Him. I know your lot is hard. That some of you have want, and suffering, and sin to contend with, and that temptation meets you at every turn. So much the greater need have you of a divine Helper and Saviour. So much the greater need of a

Friend who will stick closer than a brother. You all know what is right and what is wrong. Doing right is obeying God's laws; doing wrong is breaking them. Doing right brings us so near to Him that He can help and bless us; doing wrong sets us off to a distance—shuts the door against Him—and leaves us helpless among the enemies who are seeking to destroy our souls. Doing right is coming into the light and warmth of God's presence; doing wrong is going away in cold and darkness."

So she talked with them, until she lifted their souls into a higher region, and enabled them to see by a new light, until juster ideas of God than they had heretofore known became clear to their minds, and a sense of His love, and care, and perpetual effort to save the lowliest, and vilest, and most sinful of His unhappy children, took hold of their perceptions.

"We have had a pleasant time together in this room," said Deborah, as she was going away. "Will you all meet me here again to-morrow morning?"

They promised with a hearty assent.

"And don't forget," she added, "that the pleasantness and profit of our meeting to-morrow will be all the greater for our good life till then. What I mean by a good life, is keeping ourselves from wrong doing; for not to do evil is the first step in doing good. Indeed, it has been said that not to do evil is to do good. But each one of you understands her duty well enough. As far as you see it, try to do it; and the very effort will bring God nearer and make doing right an easier thing than any of you imagine. Oh, my sisters! God loves and cares for each one of you as much as He does for the purest and saintliest in the land; and if you will turn to Him and let Him be your Friend, He will lead you into straight paths and make the dreary wastes of life blossom as the rose."

She went away, leaving the women to talk for a while together, and strengthen each other in good resolutions. Mrs. Pyne's small garret received a few more orderly touches; her bed was made a little softer; a bowl of warm gruel was prepared, and the baby's comfort looked after. The poor chamber would not have been known as the dreary one into which Deborah Norman came on the day before. Not by her own hands had these changes been wrought, but by the hands of those into whom she had been able to infuse a portion of that spirit by which her own life was influenced.

Sandy Spieler tried, but in vain, to throw off the effect produced by Deborah's visit. As he had declared it would be, so it proved; for he could not look at a certain place in his bar-room without seeing the form of the kneeling young Quakeress, with her pure and saintly face uplifted to heaven. He still felt the gentle pressure of her hand in his; still heard the sweet but serious tones of her voice as she talked with God as to a friend, face to face, and asked that he might be led to see the evil work he was doing and moved to abandon it. There were periods, in the wakeful night that followed, in which he felt real distress of mind; and in which he more than half resolved to shut the door of his saloon and pour his liquor into the street.

He was not a thoroughly bad man, caring little as to who suffered so he obtained the desire of his heart. His childhood had not been passed among the base and vicious, but in a Christian home, back to which his memory could never go without unveiling the image of his mother with a white-robed child kneeling before her and saying his evening prayer. She died while he was yet a little boy, and then he drifted out upon a sea of temptation, and lost the better influences that would have led him to a higher and nobler manhood than the one he had obtained. He had sought in many ways to earn his livelihood; but never took the gains of dishonesty or oppression. Something that remained with him from childhood held him back, and kept him from the reckless abandonment of many of those with whom he was thrown into association. He had been in Spangler's employment as an agent when the stages ran between Kedron and the State capitol, but lost his position when the railroad threw out the stage line; and not finding anything to do that just suited him, took the advice of Spangler, who advanced him a few hundred dollars, and opened a drinking-saloon. The business had been profitable, and Spieler, at the time of his introduction to the reader, was in possession of a snug little property, and was growing more comfortably off each year.

It cannot be said that he liked his business. There were many things about it that were disagreeable and annoying; and many things that often disturbed his peace of mind. The fall of young men always troubled him; and it was no uncommon thing for him to refuse a second or a third glass, when he saw that a customer had already taken sufficient to confuse his brain.

Desperate wives and sad-hearted mothers came, sometimes, to the bar-room of Sandy Spieler, and begged him not to sell liquor to their husbands or their sons. Such visitations were particularly unpleasant. He was not hardened or brutal enough to spurn them with insult. Their tearful eyes, their suffering faces and pleading sentences, made a painful impression on his feelings that did not quickly pass away.

On the morning that succeeded Deborah's visit, Spieler had in an unusual number of people, among whom were Spangler and the young man named Howe. An incident so singular and almost startling in its character as the visit referred to, had already become town talk, and given to Spieler's bar-room a kind of notoriety that attracted more than its ordinary run of customers.

Spangler, loud and coarse, threw off his vulgar jests and witticisms, at which the company laughed as usual. He did not spare the young Quakeress in his vile talk; but to this few gave a hearty response; and it was noticed that Spieler looked grave and disapproving.

"Where's Parson Gilbert?" asked Spangler, looking about the room.

"Oh, he'll be along soon," replied Howe, with a laugh.

"Get the anxious-bench ready, Sandy, my boy!" And Spangler laid his hand on a settee. "We're going to have a prayer-meeting. Catch hold, Vic-

tor! There! Right in front of the bar—pulpit I mean—and we'll call it the chan—"

"Stop!" cried Spieler, in a quick, angry voice, ere Spangler could utter the word that was on his lips. "There's been enough of this!"

"Highly-tighty!" ejaculated Spangler, as he raised himself erect. "What's to pay now? Hold your horses, my boy, and don't let's have a smash up!"

"Hold your own horses," replied Spieler, his brows growing hot; "or turn them into another road."

"Not at your bidding," said Spangler, the surprise which had come into his face changing to an angry frown.

At this moment the door of the bar-room opened, and Deborah came in so noiselessly that no one heard the sound of her entrance. But all who were looking at the saloon-keeper saw him start, and his countenance change. A moment afterwards, and the hush was so deep that the fall of a pin could have been heard on the floor.

The face of Deborah Norman, as she advanced a few steps into the room, was pale almost to whiteness; but the very peace of God rested upon it. Out of her calm, tender eyes an angel looked in love and pity. Even Spangler felt a subduing power. She stood silent for a little while; then her voice broke out clear and serious, every heart answering with a strange thrill: "If I could say, 'Peace be unto this house!' how gladly would I say it. But I cannot."

Then she was silent for a brief space longer. No one could speak or in any way set her at defiance. There was a spell like that of some fabled enchantress in her presence.

"We are all God's children," she said, her voice rising to a firmer pitch; "and He loves us with an equal love; letting His sun shine upon the evil and the good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. To those who keep His laws, He gives a peace that passeth all understanding—a peace that He cannot give to those who set His counsels at naught, because in so doing they shut their hearts against Him. We keep His laws when we do good to the neighbor; and we break them when we do evil."

She was silent again for some moments; but the weird power of her presence remained unbroken.

"We cannot exist for a single instant without Him," she went on, with a deeper impressiveness in her tones. "Nor can we hide ourselves from His presence. He is with us in the daytime and in the night; sees all that we do, and knows our most secret thoughts and purposes. Should we not be very circumspect, my friends—very careful as to what we do and say—thus living each moment under the eyes of God? A pure, and loving, and just, and merciful God? Think of it, friends! And do not feel angry with His servant, who comes moved by His Spirit, and not of her own accord, to speak to you of these things. She would rather hide herself in some secret place than appear in your presence; but she cannot keep back this testimony and be innocent before God."

Then, sinking upon her knees in the midst of this company of deeply-impressed men, Deborah

Norman lifted her sweet face and large, tender eyes heavenward, and in a clear voice, the alight tremor of which betrayed the strain on her feelings, prayed, briefly, thus:

"There is an evil thing, Lord, in our midst, and the hurt of the people is very great. A cry of bitter anguish is going up to Thee night and day. Out of this place in which we now call unto Thee for help, a stream of desolation pours its waters of sorrow and despair. They are very bitter, and destroy every green and beautiful thing that comes in their way. Standing in Thy presence, now, is one made in Thy image and likeness; born that he might become an angel; endowed with infinite capacities for doing good. His hand is on the source of this fiery stream. At his will it flows; at his will it can cease. Touch his heart, oh, tender and loving God! Open his eyes that he may see the awful work that he is doing. Lead him into a better way. Let him not be angry with Thy servant, whom Thou hast sent hither, for her seeming boldness. Thou knowest her heart, and how she has striven with Thy Spirit that she might not do this thing. Pity and help us all in our weakness; and if we cannot do any good to our neighbor, hold us back, Lord, from doing him any harm. And may Thy peace dwell in our hearts. Amen."

She arose quickly, like one who had been compelled to stand at a post of danger up to an appointed moment, and then, in returning weakness, fled away. Dropping her eyes to the floor, she went out hastily, not looking to the right nor to the left.

The first to speak, because the least impressed, was Len Spangler. Wheeling round to the bar, over which Spieler was leaning with his head bent forward, he reached out one of his hands, saying, with affected eagerness: "Brandy! Quick! Or I shall faint! That young woman will be the death of me!"

But Spieler did not stir from his position; he only lifted his eyes to the face of Spangler and looked at him in an absent kind of way.

"Brandy, man! Are you moonstruck?" exclaimed the latter, with rising impatience.

At this Spieler drew himself up slowly, and stood with the air of a man in debate over some question involving grave considerations. His singular manner and the growing excitement of Spangler caused the rest of the company to move forward, curious to see what would follow. A bottle of spirits was standing on the counter.

"Brandy! Do you hear?" shouted Spangler.

At this Spieler's mind leaped to a decision. His eyes flashed with a sudden light; his mouth became firm. Reaching for the bottle that stood before him; he put it back upon the shelf from which he had taken it just as Deborah came in, and said in a low but resolute voice: "No more brandy! I am done with this business!"

The blank amazement which came into Spangler's face was curious to see. It had in it something almost ludicrous. He stepped back several paces from the bar, looking at the saloon-keeper as at some strange apparition. Before he could speak, Spieler continued: "If any one here wishes

to try his hand at this business, there's a chance open to him. As for me, I've sold my last drink."

"I swear!" ejaculated Spangler, his countenance expressing the utmost astonishment.

"And I swear, too," said Spieler, turning to the shelves behind his bar, and pushing back the decanters one after another, as if to add an emphasis to his purpose.

"You can't be in earnest, Sandy Spieler!" remarked one of the company.

"Never more so in my life," he returned. "If you can stand praying like that, all right, come along and try it. I'll sell out cheap."

The man shook his head, saying: "I might have taken your offer a week ago; but don't just fancy the look of things now. If prayer-meetings are to be mixed up with liquor-selling, I shall not try my hand at the business."

"Wouldn't advise you," returned Spieler. "If the devil were to come here and kick up a row, I'd pitch in and see who'd come off second best; but I can't fight with angels. Don't know what to do with them. And then, you see," lowering his voice, "we may laugh and joke and say what we please about it, but they have One on their side who is stronger than we are."

There was an impressiveness in Spieler's manner that gave power to what he said and made it felt by all except Spangler, who broke in upon him with oaths and jeers. He parried these without any show of resentment; but kept firm to his expressed determination.

"If you want the place you can have it at your own price," he said. "I'm out of the business from this hour and don't mean to sell another glass. Much obliged to you all for your custom. We've had some jolly times; but I'm afraid some have had to pay the piper who didn't enjoy the music, and that while we were merry many were sad because of our merriment. It isn't an agreeable thought, when we come right down to it, that in our gains others have loss, and in our pleasures others have sorrow. There is no good in this business except the money-good that comes over the counter; what goes over helps no one and hurts many. You all know this as well as I do. Peter!" He turned to a bar-tender.

The man came forward, saying: "Well, sir?"

"Shut up the windows, and close the doors."

"Sir?" In no feigned surprise.

"Shut the doors and windows."

"Yes, sir." And the man moved to do his bidding.

"Well, if you aren't the cussedest fool I ever heard of!" cried Spangler.

"Perhaps I am; but you know the fools are not all dead," returned Spieler, turning off the rough speech with a laugh.

The shutters were closed and the blinds put up. One after another of Spieler's customers went drifting out slowly, and going off thoughtful and serious, until only Len Spangler remained. By this time even his excitement had cooled down considerably.

"This does beat the devil, Sandy!" he said, in a tone of remonstrance, when they were alone. "Have you lost your seven senses?"

"I don't know how many senses I've lost, Mr. Spangler," was the steadily-spoken reply, "but I've found something that was mislaid a good many years ago."

"What do you call it?"

"Humanity."

"Faugh!"

"I heard you denounce Deacon Strong only yesterday for his inhumanity toward that young girl Victor Howe was telling us about, because he docked her four and a half days' wages for three days lost through sickness."

"A cursed hypocrite!" exclaimed Spangler, almost savagely.

"It was hard and inhuman, certainly; but what better am I if I take from some half-crazed wretch the money that should buy bread for his starving children, and put it into my own till, giving him in return a draught that will make him madder than before?"

"Oh, pshaw! Don't pile it on after that fashion! You do nothing of the kind."

"It comes so near to it often, that the difference lies only in words," returned Spieler. "Deacon Strong grinds and robs the poor in one way, and tavern-keepers in another. We're all in the same boat."

"But you're not a set of whining hypocrites. You don't pretend to be serving God while working for the devil."

"Thank you for the last word, Mr. Spangler! It comes in pat, and strikes the nail I have just driven in a clinching blow."

"You never pretended that you were working for God," said the other, with a laugh.

"No; I was working for myself and the devil, as you said just now; trying, like your Deacon Strong, to get as much and give as little as possible. To make money, no matter who lost it or who was hurt. That's the long and short of it, and there's no use in trying to put any other face on the thing. It may be very generous in me to hand out a few dollars, as I did last week, to keep a poor sick woman from starving, because Deacon Strong had, on some shabby pretense, held back her daughter's wages. But my self-praise and denunciation of the deacon ar'n't worth much as things are. If the money that sick woman's husband pays every week to tavern-keepers—I've had my full share of it, as you know—had been taken home, there'd have been no necessity for the girl's working in Strong's mill, and no lack of bread for his wife and children."

"You didn't compel him to drink at your bar," was answered.

"I took his money and gave him drink when I knew that his wife and children were cold and hungry," said Spieler. "I spoke to him pleasantly, and made him welcome. I encouraged him to visit my saloon that I might get the bread-money of his starving babes. It was I who helped to send his poor weakly child to labor for long, tiresome hours in the deacon's mill, that she might earn the bread the price of which was in my till!"

"Good heavens, Sandy! Are you losing your your mind? What's come over you?"

"You're not a fool, Spangler. You know what's what as well as any other man. I'm talking on the square, and you know it. Neither you nor I go through the world with our eyes shut. When I went into this business, I understood what I was doing, and knew that so long as I remained in it I would do more harm than good. But I was cornered like, and this seemed the only way out. You stood my friend and helped me to a start. I never meant to stay in it longer than was needed to get a pile. I haven't got a very big one yet, but I'm going out. I heard a preacher say once that money got through fraud, or wrong, or any hurt to the neighbor, never did good to any one, and often proved a curse. And I shouldn't wonder if he was right. Tavern-keepers, as a class, don't come out very well in the long run. They're not a happy, contented or prosperous set of men. Trouble is always coming to them in one way or another; and they are almost always cursed in their children, if they have any. They make a good deal of money when they stick close to business; but, somehow, it slips easily through their fingers, and if they happen to get a liking for drink, it's all over with them in a few years. And then, you see, this business doesn't bring a man into safe company. If he's at all weak or confiding, his 'friends' will clean him out in little or no time, and then kick him into the gutter if he complains of ill usage."

"Good for you, Sandy!" exclaimed Spangler, half-amused and half-surprised. "I see where you're drifting. Going into the temperance-lecture business."

"No, going out of the drunkard-making business," replied the other. "It's of no use mincing words. You know, and I know, that the greatest curse of this and every other American city is to be found in bars and drinking-saloons. That two-thirds of all the misery and crime from which the people suffer flow directly from them. We've had our own time abusing Deacon Strong for robbing the poor of their hard-earned wages; but if there were no taverns in Kedron to drain the life out of them first, and then drive helpless women and children to his mill in order to save themselves from starvation, he would find less opportunity for grinding oppression. We take the loaf, and he scrimps the crust. It's an upper and a lower millstone business; and God help the wretches who get between them!"

There was an impressiveness in the manner of Sandy Spieler that added force to what he said. The effect on Spangler was a surprise to him.

"God help them, sure enough!" responded that individual, with an emphasis that revealed a change in both sentiment and feeling.

"It's the old story of the mote and the beam, Mr. Spangler. I shall see much clearer to pluck the mote out of Deacon Strong's eye if I get the beam out of my own."

"That's Scripture," said Spangler, with returning levity. "Hope you're not going to turn preacher, my boy!"

"There's no harm in Scripture and a sight of good," was replied. "If we all went by Scripture, we'd be better and happier, I'm thinking."

"Do as you'd be done by. That's Scripture, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's in Deacon Strong's Bible, I presume."

"Oh, certainly."

"How does he get over it?"

"Can't say: but he's long-headed and sharp-witted, and thinks, no doubt, that he can hocus the Judge at the last day. But I call it a risky business for a deacon. If I belonged to his regiment, and paid as little regard to army orders as he does, I shouldn't expect much mercy when the court-martial was ordered on my case. He'll be brought up with a round turn one of these days; you may bet on that."

"Isn't Vic Howe after one of the girls who works in his mill?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Who is she?"

"Don't know. He's been buzzing about her for the last few weeks; and cursing old Strong up hill and down."

"What for?"

"The girl isn't able to work two-thirds of her time, and the deacon, to make it even, docks her one-third, or something like that."

"Is she handsome?"

"So Vic says."

"More's the pity for her. Howe isn't a saint, you know. What's her name?"

"I've heard it; but I forget. Oh! it's Williams—Fanny Williams."

"Williams—Williams? Fanny Williams, did you say?" inquired Spangler, his manner changing suddenly.

"Yes, that's the name."

Spangler stood thinking for several moments, an unusually sober expression on his face. He did not again refer to the subject, but entered into a new discussion with Spieler about his proposed abandonment of the liquor traffic, urging him to reconsider the matter and not throw himself entirely out until he saw an opportunity to get into some other business. But Sandy was not to be moved.

"It's no use to talk about it," he answered, finally. "That young Quakeress has killed the business for me. She's set me to thinking in a way I never thought before. If I were a devil and didn't care who went to hell, it would be different; but I'm not. I do care. And there's another thing; I can never again stand at this bar and look down the room without seeing Deborah Norman kneeling on the floor, with her pure, pale face looking up to heaven. You may laugh, if you will; but it's so. I'm not hard enough for this trade, and I'm going out of it."

CHAPTER X.

ON leaving Spieler's saloon, Deborah took her way homeward with hurrying feet, not pausing until she reached Mrs. Conrad's and gained the seclusion of her own chamber. Her face was pale; the brows a little contracted as if she were suffering in mind or body; her lips pressed closely together. The moment she was inside of her

room, she dropped upon the bed, burying her face in a pillow. For full twenty minutes she lay as motionless as one asleep.

When she awoke, at length, and pushed back the hair from her temples, there was a flush on her face, a wonderful depth and brightness in her eyes, and a serene softness on the lips a little while before so pale and compressed. She had been communing with God. Angels had come very near to her as she lifted her heart and prayed for strength and courage to walk as the Spirit seemed leading her, and their peace and blessedness were filling her soul. Her reward was with her; and she found it inexpressibly sweet. Whether any good would come of what she had been doing she knew not; but whenever a question as to results arose in her mind, she answered it with this well-known text: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou canst not tell which shall prosper, this or that."

Deborah had been home for about half an hour, when Mrs. Conrad knocked at her door, and then came in. Her eyebrows were arched considerably higher than usual, and Deborah saw that she had some communication of more than common interest to make.

"Who do you think has called to see you?" she asked, looking mysterious.

"I am not good at guessing," Deborah replied, keeping out of her voice and manner any sign of curiosity.

"I don't believe you'd guess in a week. Why, Deacon Strong?"

"Deacon Strong, did thee say?" Deborah was not able to master her surprise.

"Yes; it's Deacon Strong, the old heathen! if he does call himself a Christian. He's a whited sepulchre, if there ever was one!"

"Judge not that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again," said Deborah, in a tone of quiet reproof.

But Mrs. Conrad was not to be put down by a text of Scripture, particularly when she had another as good for her own side.

"By their fruits ye shall know them, Miss Norman. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of God, but he that doeth the will of my Father. And I hardly think you will call grinding the poor, or renting houses for rum-selling and even worse, if that be possible, doing the will of our Father in Heaven! I'm sure I don't; and I'm not half so nice as you are about somethings. Shall I tell him you're coming down?"

"Yes. I'll see him in a moment."

Deborah found Deacon Strong walking uneasily about the little parlor. He stood still, turning around with a quick motion when he heard her light step at the entry door.

"Miss Norman," he said, in a respectful voice, as he held out his hand. She gave him hers, and he grasped the soft, little member with a nervous pressure.

"Will thee take a chair?" returned the maiden,

not a shade of excitement in her manner, and she pointed to a seat. The deacon sat down, and Deborah took a chair near him.

It was some moments before the visitor was able to compose himself enough to speak in an even tone of voice.

"What you said to me this morning," he began, "has set me to thinking, and troubles me."

"May the trouble bring thee peace, friend Strong; as I am sure it will, if thee lets the Spirit of God lead thee," replied Deborah, in her sweet, penetrative voice that stirred the deacon's heart, and made it burn within him."

"Something has happened since then that troubles me still more. There is a soul in peril; a soul for whose safety I am in great concern." The deacon grew visibly agitated.

"If this be so, God has laid upon thee a great responsibility, and I do not wonder thee feels troubled," replied Deborah, with a solemn warning in her tones.

"Do you know a young girl named Fanny Williams?"

But Deborah had not heard of her.

"She has been working in my mill," said the deacon, "but went away this morning. She's pretty, and fond of dress, and is keeping company with a young man who will lead her, I fear, into no good—an idle, godless fellow, who spends half his time in taverns."

"I don't wonder thee feels anxious about her, friend Strong," returned Deborah, with a quiver of concern in her voice. "Does thee know anything about the girl's family?"

The deacon shook his head.

"How long as she been in thy mill?"

"For nearly a year, I think."

"And thee hasn't learned anything about her family, nor how she lives at home in all this time?"

"We can't, as a rule, look after the people who work for us, Miss Norman. We pay them their wages, and there the matter ends. The presumption is that they know how to take care of themselves. If they do not, there are people whose duty it is to look after them, and to whom they can go in time of need. Business is business. Looking after the social needs and well-being of individuals in any community is another thing. You cannot mix the two together any more than you can mix oil and water."

The face of Deborah became very serious, and the deacon saw that she was no better satisfied with his excuse than he was himself.

"Does thee know where the girl lives?" she asked.

"She has a room, my overseer tells me, near the corner of James and Myrtle Streets."

"Then she is not living with her mother, or sister, or friend?"

"No; as I understand it, she rents a room and lives in it by herself."

"Not always a good way," said Deborah.

"Then she must be a lone girl in Kedron?"

"I think so."

"Pretty and fond of dress?"

"Yes."

"And keeping company with a young man who does not bear a good character?"

"I wouldn't just like to say that his character is bad, Miss Norman. But he's a godless young man; and, in my opinion, no more to be trusted with a young girl like Fanny Williams than a wolf with a lamb."

"You say that she left thy mill this morning?"

"Yes."

"Why did she do so?"

The deacon hesitated, and showed some uneasiness of manner as he replied: "There was a little trouble between her and the overseer about wages. She loses a great deal of time, and is short every week."

"Why does she lose so much time?" asked Deborah.

"Her excuse is sickness."

"Indeed! Is she frail in constitution?"

"I don't think her very strong. She is troubled with sick headaches, I believe."

"How much time does she generally lose in a week?"

"Never less than two or three days. She lost three days last week."

"Poor child!" said Deborah, her voice full of pity. She had heard of the mill-owner's hard system of docking, and was beginning to understand something of the girl's desperate condition. If she were losing three days in a week from sickness, and had nothing but her own meager earnings to depend upon; if she were young and pretty, and fond of dress; if she were weak from hunger and sickness; if she had no wise, true and loving friend to watch over and care for her in her extremity, and with a tempter by her side, then indeed was her soul in danger!

Deborah laid her hands across her bosom, and dropping her eyes to the floor, sat for some moments without speaking. She was looking up with a question on her lips, when the deacon, who had glanced from the window, exclaimed: "There they are now!"

Following the direction of Deacon Strong's eyes, Deborah saw a young man and woman moving slowly along the sidewalk, he talking very earnestly, and she leaning toward him in a weak, confiding manner.

"What is the young man's name?" asked Deborah, as she arose with a quick movement, and the air of one who had formed a sudden purpose.

"Victor Howe," replied the deacon.

"And the girl's?"

"Fanny Williams."

"Is there anything thee would have me say to her?" asked Deborah, already moving toward the door.

"What are you going to do?" The deacon had risen also, and was showing considerable agitation.

"Save a soul, if I can," Deborah answered, disappearing through the door. Her light steps sounded along the narrow hall and up the short flight of stairs. In a few moments she came down, moving lightly but swiftly. She had drawn on her bonnet and shawl.

"Farewell! I will call and see thee at thy house," she said, stopping for an instant at the parlor door, and then passing into the street.

It took Deacon Strong a considerable time to get out of the mental bewilderment into which he was thrown. Mrs. Conrad, whose curiosity had been greatly excited by his visit to Deborah, was very naturally surprised at seeing the latter go off in so hurried a manner, leaving the deacon alone in the parlor. It gave her an excuse to present herself, and she did not fail to take advantage thereof. On seeing Mrs. Conrad, the deacon's heavy brows fell, and his hard mouth shut firmly. Not that he knew her, or had anything against her; but the intrusion of any third party was annoying. He bowed formally, not speaking, and passing her at the door, went out.

"Old hunks!" ejaculated Mrs. Conrad, in infinite contempt. "Old heathen! Old skinkflint! If I had my will of you!" And she stretched out toward his retiring form a firmly-clenched hand.

"What's in the wind now, I wonder?" she queried, in a more subdued voice, as she seated herself in a rocking-chair, and clapping her hands over her knees, began moving her body backward and forward. "Deacon Strong calling to see Miss Norman, and she going off in hot haste as if the sheriff was after her! I can't make it out. What can he want with her? Somebody's in trouble about something, of course! When people get into trouble, they're quick enough to run after Miss Norman. But Deacon Strong! I'm just beat out!" And she rocked herself more vigorously.

On going into the street, Deborah saw Victor Howe and Miss Williams standing on the pavement not far off; the young man still talking earnestly. When they passed the window, she was leaning toward him in a half-fond, confiding manner. Now she stood quite erect, and a little drawn away from him. Deborah could see her face. It was white and thin, and the expression sad and almost helpless. She came forward without a sign of haste or purpose in her manner, pausing as she reached them. Laying a hand gently on the girl, who started and flushed with surprise, Deborah said, in that soft, sweet voice which nothing seemed able to resist: "Come, dear, I am going home with thee!"

As Miss Norman spoke, Howe, who had not observed her approach, turned with a start. No words passed between them. Only for an instant did the young man look into Deborah's calm, but sorrowful and accusing eyes. He could not bear their steady gaze. Dropping his own to the ground, he turned and walked away, leaving the weak soul he might have tempted to ruin in the safe guardianship of an angel, before whose pure presence he was unable to stand.

As the young man left them, Deborah drew her arm into one of the girl's, and pressing her closely to her side, said, in a voice tender and loving as a mother's: "Thee is sick, dear, and must go right home. Come."

Deborah drew upon the arm she had taken, and Fanny yielded as passively as a child; not speaking or in any way manifesting surprise. As they

walked along, Deborah noticed that the girl leaned upon her more and more heavily, like one very tired and failing in strength. They were not very far from the neighborhood of James and Myrtle Streets, and soon reached the poor dwelling in which Miss Williams had her room. Not until then had either spoken again. At the door, Fanny drew herself away from Deborah and said: "Thank you very much! It was kind and good to bring me home."

Her voice was steady as she commenced speaking, but it broke down into a sob as she closed the sentence; then, like one struck with sudden faintness, she reached out and caught hold of Miss Norman and began trembling violently.

"I am going in with thee," said the latter, drawing an arm about the girl and moving toward the door. They passed in and up to a little back chamber, in which were a low, narrow bed, two or three chairs, a toilet-table and a washstand. Beyond these there was nothing that could be called furniture. On the mantelpiece were a few pieces of ornamental glass and china and two photograph stands holding *carte-de-visite* portraits. Three or four small pictures, with home-made, rustic frames hung on the walls; and a white muslin curtain was drawn across the window. Everything looked orderly, and the atmosphere of the room was sweet and wholesome.

They did not reach this little chamber a moment too soon. Scarcely were they inside, ere the failing strength of Miss Williams gave way, and Deborah's full strength was required to lift her upon the bed. She sunk back upon the pillows with a heavy sigh. As Deborah bent over her, she saw a deep pallor settle upon her face. She spoke to her, but she did not answer—shook her, but there was no response. The girl had fainted.

Tenderly, as if she had been her sister, Deborah loosened her garments, and after removing some of them, placed her in bed. She then took water, and after bathing her face and hands, chafed her limbs, and did all in her power, by simple means, to restore the vital action which had become temporarily suspended. She preferred not to summon aid if she could herself restore the fainting girl to life. It was half an hour before signs of returning animation were visible; and nearly an hour before consciousness was fully restored. But life did not flow back with even the old force. The heart-beats were very feeble; and the strength that came was scarcely more than the strength of an infant. The poor girl could not lift her head from the pillow, and the hands she attempted to raise fell powerless by her side. The eyes that looked up at the pure face bending over her, were pitiful in their expression of utter helplessness.

"It is all well," murmured Deborah, touching Fanny's lips with a soft kiss. "God does not forget His lambs."

The girl shut her eyes quickly to hold back the sudden rush of tears. But the closed lids would not keep them in. They pressed through and fell in great drops over her cheeks.

"If thee needs a friend, thee can have one now, Fanny. Thee sees that I know thy name. Thee has a loving Father in Heaven, who knoweth all

thy ways, and the hardness of the paths thy feet have been treading. He pities and cares for thee, and has sent me to thy side to hold thee up in weakness."

She kissed her again. Sobs followed the gush of tears. Then Deborah put an arm under her neck and drew her head against her bosom, smoothing, as she did so, the hair from her temples, and sending sweet thrills, like magnetic pulses, through all her nerves. To the lonely, friendless girl it was like an introduction into Heaven! How her heart had yearned through weary years for love—for love like this—mother-love! sister-love!

But more than simple love must be offered now. The ministrations of love were needed, and must be quickly given. Food for the exhausted body was a pressing necessity; and to the provision of this Deborah now set herself.

She found the woman in whose house Fanny lived kindly disposed toward her, and ready to do anything that lay in her power. From her she learned many things of which she desired to be informed in order that she might act intelligently. All that the reader knows about Fanny's steadily falling health, loss of time at the mill and diminishing income, Deborah learned, and a great deal more besides, that deepened her interest in the case. The girl, as Deacon Strong had alleged, was fond of dress, and a little vain of her person; but not a word could be said against her conduct or her character. Of late, however, the woman said that she had been troubled about her, because of a young man who was calling for her almost every evening and taking her out to walk. She had asked Fanny about him two or three times, but the girl's replies made her feel less easy in her mind. She had seen the young man's face two or three times, and didn't like his looks. Why, she was not just able to say. It was a feeling she had. She did not know his name. But of one thing she was very positive, Fanny's health was breaking down rapidly.

"She's just starving, and that's the mortal truth Miss Norman; and I'm only too glad you've found her out!" was the closing and emphatic sentence in one of her answers to Deborah's many questions.

"Not literally starving! thee does not mean that?" said Deborah.

"Yes, Miss, just that. It's a case of slow starvation. I've seen for a good while how it was going. If they'd paid her at the mill for what she earned every week, instead of docking her for more time than she lost, because of her dreadful headaches, she might have kept up better. But they pinched so much off that what was left wouldn't pay her rent and buy enough good food to keep her alive. And then you see, she's one of the kind of girls that don't care for eating; one of the kind that's as hungry for a bit of ribbon as for a slice of bread. She's been living on mere slops for I don't know how long. I've talked to and scolded her; but it didn't do any good."

Deborah's first duty to Fanny Williams was plain. She must have nourishing food, tender care, and freedom from depressing anxiety about the future. She must be made to feel that she had

a friend who would be to her as a sister or a mother. She must be lifted up and held up until able to walk in her own strength again. Then her feet could be led into an easier and safer way than that in which she had stumbled and well nigh fallen to rise no more.

After doing all that the girl's present condition required, Deborah went away leaving a kiss of tender assurance on her lips and promising to see her again before evening.

From the poor little chamber where the sick girl lay, Deborah went to the large and well-appointed residence of Deacon Strong, whom she found anxiously awaiting her appearance. There was a troubled, questioning look on his heavy face as she came in. He offered a chair in silence and waited for her to speak.

"Thee wishes to know about Fanny Williams?" said Deborah, resting her calm eyes upon the deacon.

"Yes—yes. What of her?"

"I took her home."

The deacon drew a breath of relief.

"What did she say?" he asked.

"Nothing. She's too sick."

"Sick! She did not look sick when I saw her this morning, nor when she passed your house."

"There's a point beyond which we may not strain anything. It will break if we do," answered Deborah. "Human strength is no exception to the rule. The strain upon this poor, friendless girl, has been too great."

Deborah's eyes, that were still resting upon the deacon, had in them this accusation: "Thou art the man?"

"I knew nothing about her—nothing of any strain," answered the mill owner, a little fretfully, as one who felt himself unjustly put to fault.

"Perhaps not; but in walking through this world we all have need to consider our steps lest we tread some weak or helpless one under our feet," replied Deborah. "The crushed limb does not suffer any the less because the iron heel that tramples upon it is unconscious of pain."

She saw the veins swell into cords on the deacon's temples.

"Our Lord was very tender and considerate of the poor and weak ones of the earth," continued Deborah. "None of them were ever wounded by the unheeding tread of His blessed feet. And shall we not also take heed unto our steps? If we would be His disciples, must we not walk as He walked, and consider the poor as He considered them? Are they not His legacy unto us? 'The poor ye have always with you.'"

She paused, waiting for the deacon to reply.

"If," he said, "the girl has suffered through my neglect, or because of any undue pressure of our rules, I am ready to make any amend that lies in my power. Can I do more?"

"Yes, thee may do a great deal more, friend Strong, if thee will."

"What?" Deep lines cut themselves into his forehead.

"Thee may look to it that others suffer not in like manner through thy neglect or because of thy business requirements. Flesh and blood are weak

and sensitive things, and cannot be dealt with as we deal with iron and brass. They cover human souls, for each one of whom Christ died, and for whose salvation all Heaven is concerned. 'What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?' These sees, by our Lord's own words, of what priceless value are human souls. Ah! if any are lost through us, will they not be required at our hands? There are, I am told, more than a hundred souls in thy mill. Does thee think of them only as so many machines that are to do a certain amount of work; and has thee no thought or care for them beyond this?"

Deborah was pressing the deacon too closely. She saw it by the change in his countenance, and a certain restlessness of movement, as if he were trying to hold down his rising anger.

"If," she said, after a slight pause, her tone and manner changing, "the Spirit did not constrain me, I would not say all this. But I cannot remain guiltless and keep silence. I pray thee, be not offended. It is of God's providence that I am here. Does thee not believe this?"

She waited for the deacon to reply, knowing that if he reflected for an instant his state of mind would change. She saw the change in his face, though he did not answer her question.

"I will say no more to thee now if thee is unwilling to hear," she remarked, with a gentleness of manner that subdued the deacon and brought him again within the sphere of her subtle influence.

"Enough for the present," he replied, a little coldly, but in a respectful tone. "You bewilder me. Another time we may talk of these things. And now, what can I do for Fanny Williams?"

"Her strength broke all down, and she fainted as soon as I got her home," replied Deborah. "The woman in whose house she is living says

that she has been literally starving and wasting away, until there's hardly anything left of her. It took a long time to bring her back to life; and then she had no more strength than a baby. It may be weeks before she is well enough to get out, and longer before she is able to go to work again and take care of herself. She must have rest and ease of mind. I am willing to do all for her in my power. To see her every day; to minister to her needs; to watch over her as if she were my sister, and lead her feet into safer ways than the ones into which I fear they were about straying. But my portion of this world's goods is very small, and I have little or nothing to spare."

The deacon thrust his hand into his pocket, saying: "I will bear any cost. Here are ten dollars," handing Deborah a bank bill; "and when that is gone come to me for more. Don't let her want for anything. And, as you value her soul, don't let that young Howe come near her."

"I will see to that," replied Deborah, as she took the money from the deacon's hand. "And in the name of one of Christ's little ones, who is very weak and in sore need, I thank thee, friend Strong, for this timely aid! May it have a double blessing, and the best and largest come to thy own heart!"

She rose, a gentle "farewell" on her lips, and was about leaving the room, when Deacon Strong said: "I shall always be glad to see you, Miss Norman."

She turned, looking at him intently.

"Does thee mean it in compliment only?" she asked.

"No," said the deacon; "I mean it in earnest."

"I will come to see thee again," said the maiden, dropping her eyes from the deacon's face and going out with almost noiseless feet.

(To be continued.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 4.

I DID tell you my easy way of washing blankets once, but the HOME MAGAZINE has many new readers this year, and we want to tell them the very best things we know. Put a tub full of blankets to soak in tepid water in which you have dissolved three cents' worth of good borax. Do this the afternoon or evening before the day you want to wash your blankets. Occasionally press them down or turn them over. In the morning, pour on hot water, add a little soap, and press and squeeze them thoroughly before wringing. Then put them through one clean, hot suds, and they will be soft and white. We hope you all have washers and wringers, and that you use them and take good care of them and award to them a just sense of appreciation.

A great deal depends on taking care of the utensils we use. We always wash, rinse well and wipe

dry, our washer, wringer, tubs, boiler and kettles, and put them in their proper places. A wash-boiler should be cared for as carefully as a tureen—dried thoroughly by the stove, and then hung in its proper place, and used for no other purpose. I have seen women slop a cow out of the good boiler, and then let it lie about dirty until it was needed on washing-day—let it stand by the day with water or suds in it—use it to make dye in, to boil a ham, or a turkey, or a mess of pigs' feet, to pare apples in, to stand under the eaves, and, perhaps, freeze full of water.

Why, I'd just as lief use my best silk calash to feed a cow out of or to cook pigs' feet in as our good wash-boiler.

Brother Jones's son Diar has been out to "the Illinois," as his mother calls it, and while there he married the pretty daughter of a good old Baptist deacon. Diar came home during the holidays, and has been visiting about ever since. Our turn came, being we are Baptist folks, so they visited

us, stayed two days and two nights. She is a dear little body, Diar's wife is, and we all liked her very much.

But Diar! it does beat all how little it takes to lift up some people; now, he taught school while he was gone, and since then he can't talk much else but "school, school." The deacon and the girls and I were so amused at him. We were looking at the sea-shells, and the specimens of gold and silver quartz that our brother brought home from Nevada, two years ago, and among other things was a curious little Indian hatchet, very rare, of which Ida said Dr. Henderson had a duplicate.

"Oh, hds he!" said Diar's wife, Theresa; and then, as soon as she thought none of us saw her, she leaned over and whispered: "Say, Diar, honey, tell me what 'duplicate' means."

He pursed out his fat, red mouth, plucked vigorously at the yellow beard that fringed it lavishly, and sticking his nose up at an acute angle, spoke aloud: "I should think you'd be ashamed fur to not know wat dupliout means; better go to the dictionary with your little questions," and he looked around and laughed, as though he had spoken a witty thing.

Not one of us even noticed him at all, the ugly, unkind fellow, to try to hold his bride up to ridicule! Lily saw the flush of shame mantling the cheek of the abashed young wife, and long before I could have said "Jack Robison," she had drawn Theresa's attention to a little button of solid gold that was all our brother got in payment for six months' hard work in California, because his employer broke up.

Theresa held it in her palm and looked at it, but there was a pitiful quiver about her mouth, and we could see that she was hurt, the poor dear! So, while Diar talked school and boasted how he had thrashed young men larger than himself, and how he had made the grown girls stand out on the floor for punishment, we just talked away to his wife and paid no attention to him. He sat and rocked back and forth, and stuck his feet up as high as his head, and clicked the blade of his knife, but he felt mean, I know.

One of Theresa's aunts is a laundress in a city of the West, and can starch and iron shirts to make them look the same as when they are bought.

A lady asked me once, by letter, how this was done, but I could not answer her.

I can tell her now. This is the way to make starch polish: Take of white wax one ounce, spermaceti two ounces, and a good pinch of salt. Mix and melt these together, and when cold it will be a hard, white cake that will not mould or sour in hot weather. Put a piece the size of a pea in the hot starch that is intended for every three or four shirts. When ironing, go over it a second time quickly, which increases the gloss or polish. Theresa's aunt uses a polishing-iron, one with a bulge at both ends—a kind that costs a dollar at the hardware store. She irons it well once, then dampens with a perfectly clean, soft, white, damp cloth, then rubs with the polishing-iron until it is so glossy she can almost see her face in it. The iron must not be very hot or it will scorch, if it is

a little too cool the polish will be longer coming. There, ladies! now you have the secret that many of you have almost groaned for, lo! these many years I wrote it down just as the little girl-wife told me, standing up before me with one forefinger laid in her little white palm. And the first time Deacon Potts goes to the city, I shall send for a polishing-iron myself. Just because we live in little, out-of-the-way Pottsville, is no reason we should not have all the luxuries, and necessities, and comforts that our friends in the city have.

Theresa told us a good many new things. The girls were going to clean a large map while she was here, but she did it for them. First she rubbed it with fresh, moist bread-crumbs, and then varnished it with the following preparation: To twelve ounces of rectified spirits of turpentine she added six ounces of fir balsam, shook it well, and it was ready for use. It did not take more than one-half or one-third of this quantity for our large map of the State.

To recompense Theresa, I told her my certain, sure, positive preventive of bed-bugs. Diar will move into Father Jones's old house about the 20th of March—the very time you women-readers will receive this number—and I know that the old Jones's house is sticking full of these varminits. Well, it remains to be seen whether the young bride-Jones is an appreciative woman or not. When I meet her, one of the hot days of next summer, if she hugs me and says, "You dear old saint, Pipsey, you ought to stand on a pedestal," why, then, I'll know that she means, "that preventive is all you recommended it to be."

To one pint of spirits of turpentine add one ounce of corrosive sublimate, put in a bottle, shake well and apply with a feather to every joint or suspected place about your bedsteads. Of course, the bedsteads must be clean, well washed and wiped first. They will not need more than two or three applications. Apply to all the cracks in the plastering or walls; do this thoroughly. Mark your bottle "*poison*," and keep it in a safe place. If you dislike the odor of spirits of turpentine, a substitute can be found in alcohol. I regard this as one of the blessings for which a housekeeper should be thankful, for there is no pest so annoying or so much to be abhorred as the loathsome vermin that, without our most vigilant efforts, will infest our sleeping rooms. They will make the lines and wrinkles of care come in a poor woman's face the quickest of anything. March is the month in which they hatch, so bestir yourselves, ye tidy housekeepers.

I told this preventive to Sister Muffet two or three times, because I have passed her house more than one hot summer morning, and have seen her out with her skirts tucked up and a towel pinned on her head, gyrating around her old bedsteads, swashing them with boiling hot soapsuds, but she is proud and says: "I do 'no' certin as we have 'em, I thought I felt suffin nip my neck in the night, but it might 'a' been my cap-string; howsumever, for all o' that, I thought I better be on the safe side; hee! hee!"

Now, Sister Muffet knows that they're buggy, and she needn't be ashamed to own up, for we're

all subject to the ills of this mundane sphere. La! I would no more take off my calash and hang it on her bed-post, than I'd hang it on the poolpit in Pottsville meeting-house during service; and if she had a mite of foreknowledge, she could guess why I never take it off at her house. No more would I hang my reticule on her bed-post, either, for I am so afraid of this mortal enemy.

The Muffet girls are always making flounces, and bias bands, and headings, and flutings; and they tumble over each other when the fashion magazine comes, in their haste to see what are the latest styles. Oh, they do talk so much about "the style," I get so weary of the ceaseless ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling of their soft, even, monotonous voices—voices that never rise or fall, or have any melody in them, unless it be a piping, pitched shriek of: "Oh, how sweet! What a dear, sweet style! Patience alive! could any style be invented that would be any sweeter or dearer!"

I never saw Prudy Muffet—she's the oldest girl, the main stand-by in the Muffet family—never saw her animated and enthusiastic but once. It was at a mite party at Sister Bodkin's, one time when we were trying to raise money to pay for the music-stool that goes with the church organ. I was sitting alongside of Deacon Skiles then—it was when me and the deacon were entertaining a kind of warm, fair-to-middling attachment for each other. I was sitting beside him, and we were playing tit-tat-too; and just as both of my hands were up, and I was looking romantic, I heard Prudy say in an excited voice: "For the land sake! Yes, I think it will be beautiful! It will be just in style, too."

I looked around, and there was Prue on her knees before Becky Van Doodle, holding both of Beck's hands, and telling her how to have her new green poplin dress made.

Said she: "Let me tell you now just how to have it made. I would have seven ruffles round the bottom, and then a narrow heading made somehow this way," and she gathered up a corner of her limp overskirt, and folded, and fixed, and twisted it into something that in her estimation was something. That she called style. "Then I would have seven more ruffles, narrower than the first; and then I would have a French fluted melange a-top o' that, and I would have a sash to match of checkered green and blue ribbon, tied in a kind of a loop to hang so;" and she rose and twisted herself about; and me and the deacon we both got to laughing, but we turned it off as quick as we could, and pretended we were laughing at the silliness of an old pair like ourselves playing tit-tat-too with all the zest of children.

Now I don't want to talk about my neighbors, but that is just a specimen of the way those buggy Muffets behave.

It will soon be time to put away our last winter's woollen garments, furs, etc. But do not be in a hurry about laying aside the woollen clothing; stick to it as long as the weather is unsettled, and cold spells come upon us suddenly. We Pottses have learned how to take care of ourselves in a way that we escape colds almost entirely. We

dress warm, and never change our clothing from heavy to light except when we rise in the morning. Any important change can be made then without incurring danger; but no other time is entirely safe.

The greatest risk one incurs is to sit in a draft of air; or to sit down and chat awhile with one's passing neighbor out on the fence, or by the steps of the portico; or to sit by a window where even a tiny rill of cool air strikes directly upon one. That is a sure way of taking cold, and the first symptom is a chilly sensation creeping down the back.

When you are ready to put away furs and woollens, and want to guard against the depredations of moths, pack them securely in paper flour-sacks, and tie them up well. This is better than camphor, or tobacco, or snuff scattered among them in trunks and drawers. If you want to put away blankets or shawls, or large articles, shake them well and pack them snugly in a sound, new sheet sewed up like a sack. Moths will not attack things that are properly and carefully secured out of the reach of flies, millers and insects. Before putting your muffs away for summer, twirl them by the cords at the ends, so that every hair will straighten. Paste a strip of paper where the lid fits on.

One of my neighbors—a good sort of a woman she is, too—says: "If I could only take times easy, like Pizziway Potts does, I wouldn't be this broken-down old hack that I am. There she will set and spend a whole evenin' a readin', and laughin', and enjoyin' herself, while I may set and patch and work till late bed-time, and git no thanks for it."

"Bah!" is all I say. I know well enough that a woman can find some easy, resting-spells within two days' time, anyhow, if she is determined to do it. I always did, and my days and months and years used to be packed full of work, heaped up; but I did find some glorious, green, shady, resting-places. When I did all the work myself, surrounded by every known disadvantage, I could care for a family of seven, and find time to read after they were all a-bed. I would sit close before the wood-fire in the wide old fire-place, with my shawl on, and the tallow candle on a stand beside me, and read, thankful and grateful for the privilege which I so much enjoyed and appreciated. I thought I was blessed of all women. Oh, I read with such an unctuous sense of enjoyment! Often I would draw my woollen shawl closer about my shoulders, or tuck my red outside hand under its folds and say: "How delectable! Oh, this is so pleasant!"

This morning, when I heard what my neighbor had so enviously spoken, I said: "It is her own fault if she makes life burdensome, and drudgery of its most sacred obligations, for everything is so good if we will let it be thus."

Ida said: "Just for the gratification of such women, you ought to tell precisely what one day brings forth, take it just as it comes, and put it down in writing, then they would see that one woman's daily life and daily duties is only a

duplicate of all others. Put it right in with what you are writing."

I will. When I rose yesterday morning, the deacon had gone out to milk. The teakettle was boiling, and the kitchen was warm, but right under the stove he had left a stick of green wood, and the smell of it filled the room to suffocation. Now you headachy women know what that means. Before I hooked my dress I carried out the offending billet, whose sap was oozing out of it. Then I opened the doors and windows. That was the best I could do under the circumstances. It is of no use to tell that deacon that the smell of strong wood under the stove is offensive. If I did, he would say: "Now I do like the smell of it; it is most delicious; it carries me back to my boyhood, and to the days when we were clearing the very ground on which this house stands." Good for the deacon.

Ida had seen the melodeon all taken apart, and had helped to put it together again, the day and evening before, and I knew by the way she tossed in bed that she was dreaming of the intricate workmanship of melodeons all night, so I let the girls sleep later than usual yesterday morning. While father sipped his coffee and ate his toast and spare-rib at breakfast, I hurried and started a good fire in the sitting-room. Then I drank my tea; and while the girls were eating, looked over my manuscript, combed my hair, fixed my collar, and made preparation to write all day. I wanted to write a Christmas story for the *Farmer*, called "Mamma's Uncle Peter."

While I was sitting looking out of the window, with my thoughts all on the plan of my child-story, one of the girls came in and said: "I wonder what father is going to do to-day? I see he is whetting the butcher-knife."

"He musn't go off anywhere without telling us," said I, hurrying out to the porch and making inquiry.

"W'y I am going to help kill hogs at Cousin Sally's," said he.

"Why, deacon," said I, "you should have told me, and let me have given you other trousers. You see these are your second-best, and you will get them bloody and dirty, and you won't be fit to sit down in the house. You know what a time I had coaxing you to take off the other ones that you wore when you butchered last week."

I saw the snarl beginning to come at the corners of his mouth, poor old man! His boots came off hard, and it was asking too much of him to change his pantaloons, so I soothingly said: "Your other ones have not been washed yet, but I'll look up something, and you can change after you come home. You know you don't want to be offensive in the evening when we all sit down to read together."

"Very well," he said; "but then I wish folks were not quite so nice;" and his nose began to turn up with a world-weary crook.

But I smoothed matters over by saying: "Take off your best coat, then, and put on this old one, and don't forget your good, sharp knife, for maybe knives will be scarce."

Then I went back to my writing, and was get-

ting the plot laid, and recalling all the nice things I could think of about "Mamma's Uncle Peter," when Ida came softly and said: "If you'd do it, I would like to have you move to the little dining-room to-day to write, for while this melodeon is out I would like to fix things all in good order here in the sitting-room. The book-case has not been moved for so long, and maybe the mouse that had carried watermelon seeds into the melodeon is under it now. There is no other hiding-place, only that space under the book-case; and, Pipsey, when I am clear ready to look for the mouse, won't you take the place of danger?"

"Yes, I'll do it," said I, gathering up my papers and going to the dining-room.

Then, while Ida was rattling around in there, moving lounge, and plant-stand, and chairs, I tried to get my thoughts all centered on "Mamma's Uncle Peter," and had partially succeeded, when Lily came in from the post-office. An editor had written me a week ago asking permission to fix up into new shape an article that I had written for him years ago, and use it in his new paper as an original contribution. I wrote back, granting permission, and saying that, in all I had written for him through a course of years, he had never in all that time commended anything from my pen, and if he would have done so it might have encouraged me in my poor, unpraised efforts. His reply was so funny, that all plans of introducing "Mamma's Uncle Peter" to the public were gone in an instant, like a puff of thistle-down on the wings of the wind.

He said: "If I never did praise you to your face, I said mighty fine things about you to others."

That funny, fulsome flattery! It was so amusing that we all laughed heartily. Now, wasn't that funny?

So, while Lily was ripping her red empress cloth dress, I drew my chair up to a corner, and began thinking about "Mamma's Uncle Peter." In less than six minutes I heard a muffled rap at the kitchen door, and a stuffy voice mumbling something.

Lily said: "Tell it over, I do not understand." And the mumbling was heard again.

She called me in her dilemma, and I could distinctly hear the words: "If you please, I am hungry."

It was an old, doubled-up tramp, in a brand-new army-blue overcoat, carrying a bundle.

"Let me wait on him," said I, "and you go on with your work."

I gave him some bread and pigs' feet in a folded paper, and some apples. He stepped up to a table, opened the paper and examined its contents, and called for some hot coffee. I told him there was none made. He then put the pigs' feet in his pocket, the bread in his bosom, and left the apples lying on the table. He hobbled off slowly. I saw him pass this morning, running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with the tails of his army-blue sailing behind like azure banners.

After he was gone, yesterday, I crept back to the dining-room and had been communing on the Uncle Peter subject fully twenty minutes when I heard a little, tinkling voice asking to see me.

The girls inquired if it was anything that they could do as well as me, but the little, bell-like voice tinkled "Oh, no!"

I went out and saw my old-time neighbor, Mrs. Jarvis. I stood, so she would take a hint to make brief her call. Her man, she said, had made her come over to see if Deacon Potts could sell any of his sassage, that he allus liked the deacon's sassage and that with a mess o' the deacon's sassage for breakfast he could do more work in one day than he could in two if he didn't have o' the deacon's sassage to eat. Somehow, it was strengthnin' like, the deacon's sassage was, not so peppery or salty as other folks' sassage, an' if he couldn't git any o' the deacon's, did I know who made the next best to the deacon's.

I told her we only kept one jar full and that was in sweet pickle, but if she would carry it home to her man I would send him a mess of it. How the little woman did talk! what news she did tell! Job Risley's boy had a white swelling; Sam Starkey had been suspicioned of forgery; the Wallace girls were teaching and trying to pay off their dead father's debts; Jack Simpson had run away with a married woman, in the Illinoi; Parson Rigby's daughter had the school in Possum Holler; Kate Thompson had married the porter at the Miller House; the heirs of Daddy Boutwell's estate were quarrelling like cats and dogs; and pretty Lu Davidson, report said, was no better than she ort to be. Oh, I could almost hear the spirit of "Mamma's Uncle Peter" kicking up his heels back in the corner of the dining-room, and I hustled about uneasily enough. I leaned on the window-frame, and played with the knob on the stair door, and looked out of the window, and at last the little creature went away. I sent one of the girls out to hold old sorrel while the good woman mounted. Then I hurried back and had just planned my story when father came home. He was dirty from head to foot—if I had not seen him I would have thought a wet dog was out in the kitchen. I hailed to him where he would find his clean clothes while I sighed at the thought of my poor little girls washing two pairs of heavy cloth pantaloons that had been needlessly soiled on butchering days. Had I known in time, he could have worn old cotton ones outside of shabby cloth and saved all this work. It made me feel sad, for women need to husband all their strength.

While father was out at the back porch kitchen, putting on other trousers, Ida called me to come and help hunt the mouse. She stood on a chair in as small a compass as possible, while I tucked myself all up compactly, until I looked like a big fried cruller. I tipped the book-case forward with a good many misgivings, and she peeped in under. Not a sign of a mouse was visible. While we were making comments and she was assuring me that she did actually hear a mouse nibble one time in that corner, I thought I felt a queer sensation just under the belt of my dress but I soon thought no more of it. Pretty soon I felt it again; it moved; it crawled; it hustled among the gathers in my skirts; and with a piercing scream I flung up my arms and yelled out: "A mouse! a mouse!" and ran to climb up on the chair Ida had just vacated.

She screamed, and ran for the same chair, and we both stood on it and held to each other and cried: "A mouse! a mouse!" I shook my clothes, and leaped, and writhed, and called for the deacon. He rushed in, half-dressed, and pale with fright, and found me out on the portico waltzing like a polar bear. "A mouse! a mouse!" was all I could articulate.

"You unconverted creetur!" said he. "What do you mean? I wouldn't make that much fuss if Satan would get hold of me, and all the bulls of Bashan;" and he took me by the arm and shook me like a sack.

I was so exhausted, I just stood and whimpered like a calfy school-boy. If there had been a mouse hidden about my clothes, it could not be found then. I took my own part, and told the deacon he need not boast of his coolness, that I remembered distinctly of seeing him perform once in the harvest-field when he thought a little green snake had run up the leg of his trousers. I never heard such yells or saw such gyrations in my life.

After I rested and got over my fright, we had dinner; then I stole off and took up "Mamma's Uncle Peter." In about half an hour I heard a full, pompous voice asking if this was where Deacon Potts resided. I went out and entertained a young Baptist minister until father had taken his noonday nap. I could not write much while he stayed, for I could hear every word they said. The Peter story is all mixed up with missions, and societies, and statistics, and it does not please me at all.

Then Lily had the headache, and I sat in the rocking-chair and held her an hour or two. Then I set the yeast for to-day's baking, and I have just taken six loaves out of the oven. I can bake and write very well at the same time.

Last night after supper I patched a pair of pantaloons for the deacon—three patches—fixed things handy for breakfast, and then took "my largesse of delight" in reading the last number of *Appleton's Journal*.

This was the record of one day, with many of its annoyances left out; and yet I find such busy days brimful of enjoyment. "And so the days round to fulness."

HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THE love of beauty is instinctive in most natures. In those where this love seems to be lacking, I am convinced that this instinct has been suppressed in its development rather than that it has had no existence. There are doubtless exceptions to this rule, but the rule may be considered as general none the less.

The most desirable thing in a family is that home should be the most attractive spot on earth—that the members, having been away for a longer or shorter period, should one and all say from the very depths of their hearts, "there is no place like home." One of the material aids in producing this happy result is to make home beautiful. Fortunately, beauty is one of the cheapest things on earth, if people would only think so. It can be

obtained almost literally without money and without price. Rich upholstery, velvet carpets, magnificent mirrors, costly pictures, rare china, are not essential in producing beautiful effects. A room may be wondrously pleasing with all these when they are arranged with a tasteful and artistic hand. But some of the ugliest apartments I have ever known contained them also. Simple elements are much easier to deal with, and far more satisfactory in their results, as a general thing. Besides, these rare and costly surroundings have little really home-like in their character. One never feels quite at their ease amidst them, and a little child—the very heart and core of the family—is entirely out of place.

In arranging the real, true home, give us home-like, inexpensive furniture made for use, and which, if defaced past remedy, can be easily replaced. Then children can come and go in perfect freedom, without the necessity of constant caution.

"What are you doing now?" asked an intimate friend of a lady once, expecting to hear some report of her literary work.

"Trying to get rag carpeting enough for my whole house," was the reply. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to get all the rag carpeting out of ours," was the rejoinder.

And these were the relative circumstances of the two friends. The lady first addressed had a household of young children, to whom, on principle, she allowed free range of her premises from parlor to attic. No room was too good for daily and constant use, so what more sensible than the plain, serviceable, inexpensive, easily swept and not unpleasant rag carpet, over which they might run at will without fear of doing damage. Besides, in so large a family, there was a constant accumulation of clothes, utterly past wear, which if not utilized in carpeting were wholly wasted. Carpet-making, properly and economically conducted both as regards time and money, proved far cheaper than the cheapest ingrain.

On the other hand, her friend was one of a family of grown-up daughters. They had all passed the era which made rag carpeting desirable to the prudent housewife and mother, and were not only ambitious for something nicer, but perfectly capable of giving it proper care and attention when it should be obtained. So they were quite as justified in trying to get all the rag carpeting out of their house as was the young mother in trying to get it in.

I do not insist that rag carpets are the only proper ones in a family of children. But they have an old-fashioned, homely look that I like, and I do not think any housewife and mother need regret it if she finds herself pecuniarily unable to procure anything better. Rag carpeting, ingrain or brussels, it matters little what the material shall be, so that the colors in that and other articles of the room shall be in harmony.

Large figures in a carpet are only suitable for hotel parlors, or for saloons of more than ordinary size. The prettiest, most tasteful pattern is that which is small and of few colors. A red and

black or green and black, in small geometrical figures, is always pleasing, and serves as an excellent groundwork for the furniture. Green and oak are pretty, only the latter color will not always bear the test of light. When the room is tolerably large, green and red in figures of moderate size is not inappropriate. This style of carpet possesses one advantage in that these two contrasting colors will look well to the last, as they each heighten the effect of the other. Even if they fade somewhat, the fading will not be so perceptible in consequence.

But of more importance than the carpeting even is the wall-paper. There are few people who are capable of selecting wall-paper properly, until they have had a certain amount of experience. There is one mistake amateurs in paper buying invariably make—that of getting paper too dark. It must be remembered that paper always looks darker upon the wall than in the piece.

There are several general rules which may be laid down in the selection of paper, some of which would never occur to the ordinary buyer.

First of all, if one desires a light, cheerful room, the wall-paper should be light. For a kitchen, an oak color is very appropriate as it is pleasing, and will not easily become soiled by the necessary wear of kitchen work. With this style of paper, the woodwork will look well painted and grained in oak. But this color is only allowable where there is ample light. Neither a kitchen nor any other room which is partially shaded should have a paper approximating in any degree to a buff or cream color. Yellow, although it seems to be light itself, for some unaccountable reason, produces a depressing effect on the nerves, and is very trying to the eyesight, except where there is an abundance of light to bring out its full brilliancy. A room which has few windows, or which is shaded by trees or porch, should have a paper of a light, cool tint, pearl, gray or greenish—not a positive green, however. My latest, and as I consider my most successful experiments in paper-hanging, was in a kitchen which labored under the disadvantages of partial shade. I had had a paper of a very light pearl color, but it proved too light and too easily soiled for the place. So I set out to the paper store with the difficult task before me of selecting a paper which should possess the contrary characteristics of lightness and cheerfulness, and not show dirt. And I succeeded beyond my utmost hopes. The paper I selected was what was generally known as hall-paper, and probably no one else would have dared to put it so out of its place as in a kitchen. But I always did hate conventionality, and as the paper seemed to suit my purpose, I did not care for what it was intended. On one side of the paper was a dark grayish green marble column with beveled edges, while the balance of the paper was of a light pearl tint, marbled with darker pearl, white, grayish green and reddish brown. I feared, before hanging it, that it might prove too dark, but it lighted up on the wall. The side column cut off made a beautiful and appropriate border at the top, forming perfect panels of the marbled ground work. It is a paper almost impossible to deface, as every spot

upon it assumes the appearance of the marbled figures.

Never, in buying wall-paper, select a pattern with any positive color in it, except it be in a stripe or column, when reds, greens or blues are allowable. A paper with a gay bouquet of flowers will look brilliant in the piece, perhaps, but once upon the walls it will be glaring and tasteless, a constant weariness to the eye. The ground work of any and all paper should approximate nearly to white, and the tints of the pattern should be of a delicate pearl, cream or gray. A light wood color sometimes does not look badly, if it is not too strong in tone, and there is not too much of it.

In selecting paper it must be taken into consideration whether or no it is to serve as a background for pictures. If it is not, then it will bear to be a little darker, and slightly more prominent in figure. But if pictures are to hang upon it, then it can scarcely be too negative in character. The border should match the carpet in color, and here let me protest against either of these being blue. The carpet should give a look of warmth to the room, and blue is the coldest of colors. Only in summer is such a tint allowable. As a carpet is exceedingly vulgar with a multiplicity of colors, so let the bordering of the wall-paper have as few as possible.

Pictures ought to be considered as indispensable in furnishing a room. There is now positively no excuse for being without them, or even for being without good ones. The price of a good oil painting may be beyond the means of many, but there are plenty of chromos attainable which almost equal them in effect, and are so excellent that even those possessed of the most artistic tastes need feel no shame in using them in the adornment of their walls. Cheaper even than these are excellent steel engravings of various sizes and prices, a few of which even the poorest can obtain by a little effort. A more important consideration, in a money point of view, than the pictures, are their frames, as they are really more expensive. As I have had questions frequently asked me concerning the framing of pictures, I will give some general rules regarding them. An oil painting or chromo should have a gilt frame in order to bring out the colors in their full brilliancy. If a gilt frame is really too expensive, then a dark frame with a broad gilt band next the picture will do very well. These pictures should have the frame fitted to them leaving no white margin, nor should they have any glass over them. An engraving, on the contrary, looks best in a walnut or dark frame, and all the gilt allowable is, perhaps, a very narrow band next the picture. Engravings should be so framed as to leave a broad and uniform margin of white all around them. Remember, in framing them, the letters of the name do not count as part of the picture, but are included in the white margin; and there should be the same width and no more between the bottom of the picture and the frame that there is at the sides and top.

But there are other and less expensive ways of framing pictures, especially small ones, than sending them to the frame-makers. Those who are

familiar with the details of leather-work already know how to make really beautiful frames, which rival the most intricate carvings, but which, like them, are difficult to keep free from dust. Then there are rice, coffee, beans, barley, acorns, pinecones and other articles, which can be glued on a flat surface in pretty patterns, stained and varnished, and make beautiful surroundings for photographs and small engravings. One of the prettiest little frames I ever saw was made of old hoop-skirt springs and raisin stems tied together, and dipped in melted beeswax colored red with a little powdered vermillion.

There is hanging before me now a very pretty frame made by tacking different kinds of lichen on a flat surface. Another one is made of the dried seed stalks of various kinds of grasses and weeds glued on a plain flat frame. These frames are quickly and easily made, and are especially suitable for light, water-color pictures. Frames to imitate black walnut can be made of different shades of brown glazed and coarse black thread. Others can be made of straws tacked together, which straws can be obtained at the stores either plain or in fancy colors, or can be found in any farmer's barn.

Passe partout frames are made by binding glass, having a picture back of it, with black paper or cloth pasted around the edge. This style is suited for the smallest photographs up to engravings of quite a large size, and they show well upon a plain, light wall.

With all these contrivances for framing, the expense of frames is no excuse for the absence of pictures.

Next in importance to pictures in the ornamentation of a room are brackets for statuettes, vases or miscellaneous fancy articles. There are pretty and inexpensive ones of plastic, parian and black walnut. But they can be made even cheaper than these. As pretty ones as I ever saw were a kind of small hanging what-nots, suspended in the corners of a room, and made of pasteboard and wall-paper. They were made of two or three graduated shelves, the lower one perhaps fifteen inches in diameter, and rounding in shape, and the upper one not more than one-third the width. They were made of stiff pasteboard sewed together in the desired shape, the shelves stayed underneath to keep from warping by strips of wood, through the ends of which holes were bored, and the cord which suspended the whole passed through. They were covered, one with a bright crimson, the other with a bright green, mottled satin wall-paper—waste scraps begged from a country store; and from each shelf depended lambrequins made also from scraps of rich gilt and green or crimson bordering paper obtained from the same source. The cords and tassels with which they were suspended were the only items of expense about them, while by their brilliant colors they lightened up the room wonderfully.

Books are even more important than pictures. A house without books is like a body without a soul. It is to its inmates like a dreary desert without an outlook. Books and periodicals should be considered in every family as next in import-

ance to food, to be obtained before clothing even. A home in which the taste for good reading is cultivated and gratified, has placed around it one of the strongest safeguards to its inmates. There is so much less inducement to leave such a house for the dangers and evils of the outside world, if there are always at hand the means for amusement and mental occupation. Such homes always send out into the world the most intelligent and useful men and women.

But there are books and books. And parents cannot be too guarded in what they place in the hands of their children. In this age of the multiplicity of excellent reading for both young and old, there is really no excuse for buying books of doubtful character, and newspapers and magazines which foster only a love of sensational literature—a kind of literature which excites the imagination, inflames the passions and warps the judgment. Good reading costs no more than bad, and if parents have not sufficient knowledge themselves of current literature to make a judicious choice, there is always some one at hand capable and willing to assist them in their selections.

But while avoiding books of doubtful or positively evil tendencies, do not commit the equally great error of going to the other extreme. Children will not read books of a serious moral and religious character. It is useless to buy them for their reading. If lively stories, interesting histories and entertaining travels are not furnished them, they will provide themselves with books of a worse character to read. It is useless and unwise to cry out against the evils of fictitious literature. Novels are among the greatest of modern educators, and if the right sort are chosen, they are productive of good rather than evil. The taste for more solid reading comes only with maturer years.

Every child loves pictures; even older people can spend pleasant and profitable hours in their contemplation. I have already spoken of pictures upon the wall; but there is another means by which with their aid the home can be made attractive. Let every picture which falls in the way of the family which seems worth preserving, and which would otherwise be lost or destroyed, be carefully cut from the book or newspaper, and laid aside in some convenient place appropriated for this especial purpose. At first, no doubt there will be many cut out wholly worthless, in an artistic point of view; but practice, as it cultivates the taste, will finally teach discrimination, and the collection can be winnowed from time to time, until those that remain shall all be good. When there is a sufficient number to justify a beginning, these pictures can be put neatly and carefully in a scrap-book made of sheets of either white or brown paper folded, each sheet stitched separately, and the whole fastened together by four holes being punched through them, shoestrings run through the holes and tied at the back. Any member of the family an adept in the use of pasteboard, paper, paste and scissors, can make a neat and tasteful cover. Such books as these are continual sources of delight, not only to the children of a

family, but to casual visitors, and are really evidences of taste and refinement.

One who has never tried to make such a collection can form no idea of the rapidity with which pictures will accumulate. A dozen years since I began such a collection, thinking that perhaps in the course of years I might have enough to fill a scrap-book. During the past winter, finding closets, bookcases and drawers overflowing with portfolios and rolls of pictures, I sat down to their systematic arrangement. It was a work of time, for they amounted literally to thousands. The scrap-books, when completed, were seven in number, some of them ranging as high as four hundred pages. I have two books of art pictures, one of them of a very large size; two large geographical scrap-books, in which are scenes in almost every country on the globe; one architectural book, containing views of notable or handsome buildings in all portions of the world; one book of natural history, containing a perfect menagerie of birds, beasts and fishes; and the seventh, and last, views of works of art, beautiful vases, statues, monuments, unique furniture, etc.

These volumes, the separate items of which were gathered with little loss of time, and often at little or no cost, whenever opportunity offered, I count among my most valuable possessions. Such volumes not only furnish many hours of amusement to visitors when I am too busy with household affairs to entertain them, but are invaluable aids in the education of children. They form the nucleus of an encyclopædia on a magnificent scale, for I have not only preserved pictures, but the reading descriptive of them as far as possible. Whatever the people or country under discussion, there is always sure to be at hand one or more pictures and descriptions illustrating the very point. These pictures, when I have completed their indexing, will always be found without difficulty.

I have given this somewhat lengthy description, because what I have done is no more than any one can do with a like pains, and with the prospect of as satisfactory results. Perhaps it hardly belongs to the subject of house furnishing, but is of importance in considering how to make home attractive.

Furniture should next be considered. Each one, of course, has special tastes. Whatever the choice may be, try to avoid producing the effect that the house has been furnished by order by the upholsterer. If all your neighbors have one certain style of furniture, try to assert your individuality by obtaining something more or less different. Others may do as they please, but while I would try to have none of my furniture incongruous in either form or color, I would never be persuaded into buying sets of anything. They are monotonous. I would rather put up with a little discord than such uniform, insipid harmony. Whatever else is bought, let there be plenty of easy-chairs. They are the only chairs made which are really for use. The others are merely to fill up a room and to look at, or possibly to sit an unwelcome visitor upon, that his or her stay may be short.

No room is furnished without a sofa or lounge of some sort. No matter if it is plain and home-made, so that it is comfortable. It is a place for the tired housekeeper to rest herself for a moment in the midst of her duties. It is a place for the weary husband, returned from his day's labors, to get a few moments' relaxation while waiting for the dinner or tea bell. It is, most important of all, a place where an ailing child can lie without being banished to the solitude of the sick chamber, and where the mother can attend to it, and at the same time keep an eye upon other duties. Such a piece of furniture should be for use and not for show. So it should have no costly and delicate carvings, easily broken and defaced, and catch-alls for dust. It should have no silken or velvet cover, upon which one is afraid to lie for fear of soiling it. Still less should it be of that uncomfortable, cold, stiff, rough hair-cloth, which always gives an apartment an air of funeral gloom, and upon which no one can lie without feeling that he is doing penance for remembered or forgotten sins.

I have seen it frequently recommended to oil and varnish the woodwork of the interior of a house instead of painting it. This should always be done where the woodwork is of walnut, oak, chestnut or maple or any hard, handsomely-grained wood. Even pine shows a very pretty grain when oiled and time has darkened it a little. But don't let any one imagine they can do this themselves, unless they are possessed of rare powers of strength and patience. We fancied we should like our new house oiled instead of painted. So, with infinite trouble, we tinted putty to match the color of the wood with which to fill the nail-holes. Then began the task of sand-papering, for the wood must present a smooth surface, if one would be satisfied with results. The labor of half an hour or more resulted in the polishing of the framework of a single door, and a lame wrist. But the carpenters had done their work with anything but clean hands, and there were fingerprints all over the woodwork which no washing or sand-papering could remove, and the oil served to bring them out only the stronger. Others may be more fortunate in their amateur efforts, or they may be able to engage the services of a professional who will understand how best to overcome all difficulties.

Most people prefer white for the woodwork of their houses, and it is superior to any dark color, unless that color be in imitation of some special wood.

For halls and dining-rooms, painting and graining in imitation of oak is very appropriate. With this color the paper is best a light pearl tint.

A pretty effect is produced by painting the main body of the woodwork a pearly tint, the mouldings of doors and windows a shade or two darker of the same tint, and the panels of the doors either a very light pearl, or a brilliant yellowish white. Those who do their own painting—and almost any one can do it with a little practice—can produce the pearl tints by putting in small portions of vermilion, permanent blue and yellow ochre in white paint. The white is bought by the

pound or can, at any druggist's or paint store; the colors must be obtained in tubes at an artists' material store, or possibly at a druggist's, if there is no store of the former character in the place. But very little is put in at once, and the paint is occasionally tested, until the desired tint is obtained. The great danger is in getting it too dark, as it looks much darker when applied to the wood than in the pot. It even looks much darker when the wood is completely covered than it does when only partially so. The paper appropriate for a room painted in this style would be a pearl tint of a very light shade, matching, perhaps, that of the door panels, supposing them to be painted in pearl.

The painting of the outside of a house can scarcely be considered part of a housekeeper's care, still, as an equal partner in the matrimonial firm, and as the one, after all, most interested in the appearance of the house, the mistress of the house should have a vote in the matter. Besides, its external appearance has much to do with the general attractiveness of home.

White is the most common color for painting houses, and generally preferred. Still, white is in exceedingly bad taste, unless the house be well embowered in trees, so that it cannot become a staring feature in the landscape.

The eminent English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was once consulted by a landed proprietor who had just built himself a new residence, concerning the color he ought to paint it. Sir Joshua stooped to the ground, and taking up a handful of earth, showed it to his questioner, and told him to paint it the same color as that. Singular as this rule may seem, it is an excellent one. The house should be painted as nearly as possible the color of the rocks or ground which surround it. The regular lines of the building breaking in upon the irregular ones of the ground, will cause it to stand out with sufficient distinctness.

To produce the most pleasing effects, the trimmings of a house should be darker in color than the main body of the house. Thus if the house be a light yellowish tint (I do not mean a cream or a canary, but a yellow approximating more to oak), a much darker shade of the same tint, or a warm brown will look the best. The shutters should be of a still darker shade; or if the proper shades of buff and brown are used, green will look well with them. A light pearly gray, with trimmings a few shades darker, is exceedingly pleasing. But there is little use in suggesting different colors, for it is so hard to describe the exact tints. The best way for any one who has newly built a house, before he settles as a matter of course on the apparently inevitable white, to make little excursions in different directions around the country, and he will be astonished to see the different styles and colors used in painting houses; and though some of them are undoubtedly horrid, there will be sure to be some one style that will meet the approval of the excursionist, and which he will prefer instead of the white.

While the trimmings are always prettier to be darker than the main body of the house, there should not be too great a contrast. For instance,

there is nothing so ugly as a house painted white, with dark-brown window and door casings and cornices. It is only excelled in ugliness by the brown or gray house with white trimmings.

While house-painting is still under consideration, let me remark that it has often struck me

with wonder that kitchen floors are not more frequently painted. It adds so much to their looks, and is such a saving in labor to the housewife. If the floors of porches were also painted, it would be a great advantage, as it would prevent the boards from rotting under the action of the weather.

Mother's Department.

BABIES AND THEIR BELONGINGS.

THE following excellent article is from the New York *Metropolitan*. Every mother should read it carefully.

The discipline of the child and the time when the baby takes its out-of-door exercise are very generally made the convenience of the nurse. The young mother forgets how important it is to serve baby in this matter, instead of obliging the attendant, and she, never having been told that one hour in the morning, or at least before the sun begins to decline, is worth three in the afternoon, does not know it is worth while to have any mind or care about it.

The baby is usually an early riser, if it has its own way. It receives its bath and takes its breakfast, and then it is weary and sleepy, and requires a comfortable rest. By the time it wakens the air is dry, and if there is any shade, even the hottest day is at its best by nine or ten o'clock. When a child can be made comfortable in the sunshine, it should remain in it as long as possible. The sun-brown painted on its cheeks and hands may be distasteful to the mother's eyes, but tenderness and intelligence discover health through these tawny tints that have fallen from the sunbeams. As perfect health is the most beautiful of all things which we can look upon, we must conclude that the lack of healthy color is a defect in any human being.

Health belongs to all infants by a divine right, and whoever defrauds them of this by reason of unnecessary ignorance is guilty of a wrong for which an after-life of care is insufficient compensation. Sickness is a rare visitor in the nursery where children are intelligently treated, and the first business of the mother is their physical development. It is inconsistent to prepare an elaborate and costly wardrobe for the coming child, and thus waste the vitality that should be conferred upon baby, or expend an excess of money upon the child's laces and embroidery, and then economize by furnishing it with an inferior nurse. So also it is not wise or discreet to keep baby at home during the early morning hours, depriving it of the life-giving sunshine, so that it may be finely dressed in the afternoon, and be exhibited in the park or on the streets for a spectacle to the fashionable crowd, who promenade about four o'clock.

If the babe can go out in the afternoon also—not too late—so much the better, but there are few families so situated that the infant's clothing can be kept in order by a second attendant upon such a mite of humanity. Nurse likes to do this part of her work early in the day, and very naturally; but as the guarantee of future vigor and present

comfort is better assured by inconveniencing the child's servant, we beg the young mother to be firm, and insist upon this arrangement.

A French writer says: "It is better to care for a man's health than for his disease;" and the same may be said about the baby. It is not necessary to enter upon the philosophical reasons for the morning walk, because all nature explains this. Of course all sunlight is beneficial, and an Italian proverb justly asserts that "where the sun does not enter, the doctor does." All excitable children are unpleasantly affected by the crowds which surround them in an afternoon walk in the city, and the refreshment of a night's repose is the better assured if the latter part of the day has had no disturbing sights or sounds.

If the mother performs all the little attentions that her offspring requires, she may not be able to do just as she pleases with her times and seasons, and for such mothers we have a word of advice.

So select the apartment in which the child must spend its time, that the sun shall enter it with its best beams. A south room, with no curtains in winter, is the place of all others in which disease finds no welcome, and where a vigorous growth of all nature is sure to be found. Place a soft rug on a cushion upon the floor, tumble the baby upon it with its hands and legs free, and its face upward, and its eyes turned away from the light. Its delight in living will soon express itself in the strong thrusts of its chubby fists and in vigorous kicks with its dimpled feet, while its attempts at vocal manifestations of bliss will become eloquent and musical.

The habit of guarding baby from sunlight is a very pernicious one. Of course its tender eyes must be shaded, but this can be done by the way in which it is held, and no veil is ever required to keep out warmth—indeed veils are a torment and a secret enemy to all eyes, and except in keen, windy weather they are injurious vanities that may well be carefully avoided.

Yes, if the mother is careful of all the early habits of the child, a firmer foundation is fixed for its future health, and the easier it will be to guide its after conduct. Physicians say that they have two kinds of children to deal with in cases of acute disease. One has been trained by intelligent discipline, and submits, with mild protests, to medical treatment. The other is violent and ungovernable, and jeopardizes its life by its disobedience and its nervous excitement. So there are two sorts of mothers. One loves well but wisely, and lives for the child's highest good, while the other one imagines that she is tender, when she is only

weakly, giving a weapon of self-destruction into the ignorant hands of her undisciplined darling. She believes herself to be amiable when she thwarts no wish of the hireling to whom she commits the child's future, by weakly yielding to her all the sacred duties of the parent. Maternity ennobles every necessary attention paid to a little human being, and all brave, good women will lift the lowest duty of nurse up into a close sympathy with the most refined tastes.

MEND THE TOYS, MOTHER.

BY MRS B. C. RUDE.

"**M**AMMA, mamma, fix my moosick-box, won't ye?" And little four-year-old Ben trotted up and laid a dilapidated mouth-organ on my lap.

It was just before Christmas, and I was so busy, I didn't know how to stop sewing; but I did. I couldn't refuse—how could I?—Ben looked at me so. Well, I worked at the thing twenty minutes, riveting on the sides and straightening them out, until at last it went as well as ever, and little Ben trotted off tooting—or blowing, if that's any better—happy as a whole band.

Now I took the shortest way to dispose of Ben. If I had grumbled out after this fashion, "You *know* I'm busy, and can't be bothered!" he would have pulled at my apron, and fretted for at least twenty minutes; at the end of which time I might have punished him, for aught I know. And, just think of it, I should have lost the sweet satisfaction of having him look up into my eyes with

those pretty blue orbs of his and say: "I'm so glad, mamma—so glad you fixed my moosick—so glad! Toot, toot! I loves my mamma; and I sees little Bennie in mamma's eyes!"

O mothers! it isn't long that we can have them with us, they grow up so soon. They'll find life a rough road at best. Some of them will find it all up-hill, and briars on either side. And many times they will sit down—oh, so weary!—and then they'll think back, farther and farther, until, perhaps, a vision of dear mamma mending a music-box will float before them, and in that moment they will *thrill* with a joy they have not known for years. It will all come back—the *gladness*—and it will *rest* them so.

Dear mothers, we are singing lullabies to our darlings to-day that shall echo and re-echo, and lull and soothe as long as life lasts; and even in eternity they may sing because we sing to them to-day; or they may wail because we rave at them to-day.

Oh, *can* we remember this, I wonder? Yes, you say, but it sounds harsh, this last. You wish I hadn't said it. Why didn't I leave off with the lullaby? Why did I take up the wail?

"Why?" I ask.

"Oh, because it grates."

"It is the truth, is it not? You believe it?"

"Yes, it is the truth, but it stands out so bold and naked."

"You see it, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear woman, that's just what I wanted."

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

NOVEL EXPERIMENT.—If a piece of pasteboard with one small hole in it be placed before three lighted candles, three distinct bright spots will be thrown on a sheet of paper placed behind, showing that the rays of light do not intercept one another in passing through the hole.

WORDS HAPHAZARD.—Obtain a boxful of alphabetical letters—let there be eight or ten of each, if possible—and distribute them indiscriminately to such members of the party as may wish to join in the game. With these letters each individual is bound to form a word, or series of words. When each person has constructed what words he can with his share of letters, the words are read aloud in succession. As a result, some amusing combinations will be revealed.

IMPENETRABILITY APPARENTLY DESTROYED.—Impenetrability is a term used to express the fact that it is impossible for two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time. Take a wineglass and fill it as full of water as possible without spilling, and then, being provided with an ounce or so of ordinary pins, drop them in a few at a time; it will be found that they occupy but little space, and do not cause the water to overflow. This will

appear the more wonderful, as they seem to take up so much room in the glass, which in reality they do not; for an ounce weight is a very small thing in the bottom of a wineglass, but, drawn into wire and cut into pins, it looks bulky, although no more capable of taking up room than in the solid form.

BLOWING COTTON.—This is a sitting-room game of the pleasantest sort. Let as many as may be sit around the table, with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him. Take a small piece of common cotton wool picked so as to be made as light and airy as possible. Put this in the centre of the table. Let some one count "One, two, three," and then let each one blow his best to keep the cotton away from himself and drive it upon some one else. The person on whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start anew. It will be a very sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in the healthiest sort of uproarious laughter.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Take a piece of pasteboard about five inches square, roll it into a tube

versation commences by a sound from the box which says, "Let me out, I say!" This must be equal in pitch and quality to the assumed voice of the puppet when out of the box, but not so loud. The box-lid is opened an inch, and the voice, a little louder, asks again to be let out; it is then supposed, and proved by subsequent observations, that "little Johnny," in an attempt to get out, has put out a hand, which you shut in between the lid and box; whereupon you produce most awful but muffled screams. Finally the puppet is taken out and put on a chair, upon which you inadvertently sit, and nearly crush "little Johnny." At last, however, a friendly conversation commences between you, and, if well carried on, the illusion is complete.

The "sweep up the chimney," as well as various other familiar personages, also affords capital amusement; but it must be borne in mind that

the pitch and quality of the voice must be always kept up, although the loudness has frequently to be changed.

When imitating the voice of a woman, speak in falsetto, and answer gruffly in another tone, so that the voices may be as diverse as possible.

Practise intonation of sentences, and above all let your ear catch and your tongue imitate all the varied sounds that occur in every-day life. Practise by yourself, using every effort to produce the sounds you require in your representation, and trying every variety of position for the tongue.

If you are one of the male sex, a heavy moustache will be found useful to hide slight movements of the lips. In early practice do not continue your efforts too long, as it will be found that the strain on the chest produces undue fatigue, and it is necessary to move the chest very little when giving vent to low, muffled sounds.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 11.

THE woods are still brown and bare, and there is so little of fresh interest outside to look at or speak of, that by the time I have finished the chat I want to have with the "Home Circle," they would say it was no window picture at all; so I shall not call it one, but just snug up in my corner, out of the way of the blustering March winds, and hope, from there, to say what will be as entertaining as anything this gloomy outlook would suggest.

This is the very month for lichens, so I ought to be inspired. Hardly an armful of wood is brought in but they are clinging to some of it. I hate to see them burned, but after one has made lichen-baskets, and laid others over the earth in the flower-pots, and made little mounds of them for mantel or table ornament, what else can they do with them? I always save the prettiest ones we find, however, until they are faded and spoiled. At this season many of them are a beautiful, delicate green. Some are miniature trees, with a perfect network of branches. Others are complete little bushes, with fuzzy stems, something like those of a moss-rose, and tiny imitations of flat, white flowers on the end of every one. Strange little creations they are; so like and yet unlike a plant or flower. I believe I admire most the flat, scale-like ones, which cling so closely to the bark or rock. Some of them are so beautifully formed, and sometimes are mingled with a dark, rich moss, which makes them lovely. Yet many people, not looking closely to find the beauty, see in them only "some greenish gray stuff, of no account, which makes a dirt when it gets on the floor," and they wonder what others can find to admire in it. But so different are we made. I well remember, when a child, my admiration for the large, brown, furry caterpillars, with rich brown stripes of varied

shades across their backs. I used to take them up and let them crawl upon my dress, while every one else around shrank away, and asked how I could touch the "horrid things." I never could see anything horrid about them. They were clean, and soft, and rich colored, and they changed into beautiful butterflies. I think we allow ourselves to have a feeling of dread or disgust for some things merely because it is customary to do so, and not from anything really repulsive in themselves, as we will see if we look at it seriously. Then, too, there is beauty in so many insignificant things, if people only stop to find it, just as there is beauty in many an humble, toilsome life, if we know how to look for it aright, and do not miss it in searching after something grand. When I was a young, gay girl, I once went with an older friend to see an old lady who had long been an invalid, and who partially supported herself by making shirts—lying propped on her side, to sew. My companion asked her how she could manage to accomplish so much, in what seemed such a painful way.

She replied: "I do not know, but the strength seems given to me, little by little. I used to think I could not do anything like work, but as time went on, and I was not really ill, and knew I might lie here for years with these crippled limbs, I saw more and more the necessity for some useful exertion on my part. Then I undertook this work, expecting to be able to do very little, but asked each morning, as I dedicated myself anew to God's service, for strength to do the work which my hands could find to employ them. And it has seemed, during the last two years, as if I grew a little stronger continually. It seems as if it were an answer to my prayer. You know the promise is, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

"I have been taught to believe that only related to spiritual good," said my companion.

"Of course, that is its most important meaning," said the old lady, "and we generally take it

so altogether; but I have thought sometimes that the patient, humble petition for other blessings, trustfully made, helps to bring them when they are good for us to have."

Then our talk drifted off gradually to other subjects; and as I noticed how helpless she was in some things, yet so energetic in her manner and movements, I said: "Mrs. Race, don't you sometimes grow so tired lying there, never able to walk at all, that you long to die, just to be free from it? I am sure I should."

"Not now," she said. "That used to be the case, but not now."

"Well, I would like to know how you learned so much patience."

She smiled, a half-sad smile, as she looked at me.

"It is hard for you, so young and active and untried as yet, to understand how any one can; but," and she lowered her voice reverently, "I do not depend on my own strength. When I ask a silent blessing on my solitary meals as they are brought me each day, I ask also to be fed on spiritual as well as natural food, that the soul may be strengthened as well as the body, and fitted for all the trials it is to meet with."

Was there not a deep and pathetic beauty in this lowly, hidden life, which looked so hard and dreary to the most of the few people who knew anything about it?

Last week little Jessie's birthday came again. Only two snow-drops were out to see it, but her bright eyes were quick to find them. Our "little snow-drop," we used to call her. So fair and fragile, and these little blossoms were the first ones held in her tiny hands, which we once feared would never grow out of babyhood. But great care and attention to nature's laws have strengthened her apparently delicate constitution, until now, on her sixth birthday, she seems as hearty as almost any child. Though learning to read before she was five years old, she is no pale, quiet child, with an over-worked brain, but whatever she does is done in earnest. She studies with all her heart, then plays with might and main, and her clear, rippling laugh is music worth hearing. Yet there is a serious earnestness about her, amusing to see sometimes in one so young.

I was trying not long ago to awaken in her mind some idea of the other world, and of our living there after we had left this one. Hers is not an old head, and we have not forced such things upon her before she seemed able to understand them—partially at least; but now I spoke to her of Heaven, of its being a beautiful place, where those who were good would live always after they went away from this earth, and asked if she did not remember her dear little cousin who had gone to live with the angels.

"Yes," she replied; and after a few moments' thought, while some perplexity was showing itself through her eyes: "Does the sky never break through with them?"

It was very plain some one else had already been talking to her on the subject, and she had seized that idea which comes so naturally to many minds, that Heaven is a place right above us,

separated from us by the blue arch of sky, which looks so like a real, material dome.

At another time, when talking of such things, she said: "And when the angels want to see each other, do they just fly around wherever they want to go, like birds do?"

I told her that I had never found any place in the Bible that said angels had wings, and I did not see any reason why we should think they had, for they were described in both the Old and New Testaments as looking just like men. And that the reason why we could see each other in Heaven without having to travel about as we do on earth, was because our bodies are spiritual ones, instead of the kind of ones we have here, and we could see anything we wanted to, and move a good deal faster than with our flesh and bones. But I knew her young mind would have to grow much older before she could comprehend satisfactorily the meaning of that spiritual body, or the blissful possibilities it was capable of.

"O land that sees no sorrow!
O land that fears no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!"

What bliss it will be where desire brings the presence of the loved ones whose souls are nearest akin to ours, and we need part no more *forever*!

How sweet the odor of that tea-rose is as evening draws near. Whenever the air about it is stirred, the whole corner of the room is filled with its delicious fragrance. Doubly precious such bloom and sweetness are when there is no beauty to attract outside; and this little bush, the gift of a friend, brings many a pleasant thought with every flower it bears.

Roy came in a few minutes ago, and sat down with the magazine to read.

"I like the 'Home Circle' in this book," he said presently. "It is so nice of Mr. Arthur to have a place where any of the people who read the magazine can talk to each other, and say any pleasant or useful little things they choose—like 'Earnest' and 'Hattie Bell' do, for instance."

"And I like that piece they had a way before Christmas," chimed in little Jessie, "about feeding the chickens on sour dough, and the old rooster that called, 'Tucky, tuck, tuck.' I wish they'd write some more things like that for us children."

"Yes, Pussie," said Roy, "you like anything about chickens, don't you—even to eating nice young tender ones? When old 'Speck' raises that pretty brood you are making such pets of now, you'll actually want to eat some of them, I expect."

"Now, auntie, please make Roy quit a teasin' me," coaxes the little girl.

So Roy settles down to his reading, and Jessie comes and nestles close to my side to hear the story of "The White Violet," and I lay aside my pencil, hoping that my little chat, although not what I intended making it, will not be quite worthless.

THE shortest way to be rich is not by enlarging our estates, but by contracting our desires.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 4.

MARY'S father came to Millwood to-day and called to see her. Our dinner was over and the work all done up. The fire in the kitchen had gone out. I do wish people could manage to come near one's meal-time, so as not to put them to so much unnecessary trouble. Now, there are the Bowerses—a family who claim relationship with mine—they come to Millwood frequently, and they always come to my house for dinner, and never at the usual dinner-hour. It's pretty hard to make such people welcome. But Mary had all her recitations over, and I told her to get her father a cup of hot tea and a nice little lunch.

Well, I heard her clattering and rattling for fully an hour in the kitchen, when fifteen minutes was long enough, and I went down to see what kept her so. Ah, the old story! How many times must a girl be told the one way of making a fire, in a hurry? Our cook-stove is large, a number nine, and instead of putting a handful of shavings, dry twigs, sticks and chips at one end and directly under the teakettle, she had gone and put in long, big wood and sticks, and had the heat as much under all four of the plates as under one. So the whole stove was moderately hot, and the teakettle never would have boiled. All I could do was to raise one end of the fuel the highest—that directly under the teakettle—put on a few dry chips, and I soon had the tea made.

This comes from the merest heedlessness. Now, when Maggie Warren lived with me—that was the summer before my dear, dead husband died—he had two apprentices then—if I didn't watch her and build her fires for her on ironing-days, she would poke around and work at it all day, when a smart woman, who knew how to manage, would have done the whole job in three hours. Instead of making a heaped-up fire in one end of the stove, and having all the heat in one place, under the irons, the whole surface of the stove was moderately hot all the time. I never got out of patience entirely and scolded Maggie but once—a long, hot day in July, in which she ironed all day, and then, at sunset, was obliged to lay aside the collars and laces. I remember how my dear George Nelson pitied me, and stood beside me, and smoothed my hair, and peeped around and looked into my eyes, and made me laugh.

The girls ask me, sometimes, why I do not marry again—just as if I could for one moment entertain the thought of changing the name my dear husband gave me for another.

Evening.—I didn't like to do it, but it had to be done, and there was no other person on whom it devolved except myself. That was, to tell Margie of a naughty trick at the table. If she is eating it is no uncommon thing to see her let bits of food fall from her mouth upon her plate, especially the seeds of fruit. It is a little habit that dates away back to her very babyhood—a bad, low habit that is very disgusting. Then she inclines to bend her head down over her plate, too. Such things are

very unladylike, and though I would not tell her of it, I have left the table more than once on account of it. She blushed and promised to reform.

I had to scold a couple of the girls, too, this evening; Lottie and one of the new ones. Lottie inclines to be a little tardy at her meals, and you all know how that vexatious habit does try the temper of the housewife. It seems a little thing, indeed, but it always did ruffle my temper to be obliged to keep a nice, warm meal waiting until it was cold, or dry, or stale, or overdone. Now, my George Nelson was a very prompt man at his meals. He relished a good dinner, and just as soon as I would say: "Come, Georgie," he would flip off from the tailor's bench like a whip cracker, and come and offer me his arm in such a jolly, cunning way, as though making believe that we were a royal couple, he the lord and I the lady. Now, some men will find fault and say: "Seems to me there's something left out of this soup;" or, "Didn't you forget the salt, or something?" but never did my George throw out any such insinuations or hints at fault-finding. Whatever I did he approved. I do remember once, however, that he was called upon to punish me, and only once. He was down town taking the measure of an invalid—a man who intended to go back to his Eastern home as soon as he was well enough, and my husband was to measure him and make him a new suit of clothes. The man was convalescent and glad to have some one to converse with him, and George stayed and visited until long after our usual dinner-hour. When he came bustling in, he sat right down at the table and laughed and said: "There! I came before dinner was ready, after all!"

Now, dinner had been waiting an hour at least; the baked sweet potatoes were shrunken and half cold; the tea had stood a long time; the roast was overdone and nothing was good. I was very hungry, and as I put the things on the table I said, in a kind of a hurt way: "That is rather shabby treatment; I don't thank any man for keeping a meal waiting that long, I'm sure."

"Well, eat your dinner alone, then," he said, rising from the table, placing the heavy goose upon the stove and curling himself up on the bench and resuming his work.

Oh, I was so sorry that I had spoken so sharply! I essayed to eat, however, but every morsel stuck in my throat. Then I rose, cleared off the table, set away the half-cold dinner and resumed my work. That was a long, cheerless, miserable afternoon. Toward evening I could stand it no longer, and stole up behind my husband, cautiously, and stood there. I did wish he'd speak first. I held in as long as I could, and then I caught him round the neck and cried: "O George Nelson! George Nelson!"

"Well, what is it?" he said, laying his hand on the side of my face.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" was all I could say.

"Poor little Chatty! does she feel badly—poor girl," said he, and the tears came into his eyes—and mournful, sad eyes they had been, too, all that afternoon.

Then I told him how sorry I was that I had spoken so harshly when he came in to dinner, and he said: "Well, never mind it; I was to blame. You are the dearest little wife in the world, anyhow."

But that only made me feel worse than ever, and I lay on his dear 'bused bosom and cried until I was as weak as a baby.

Now this may seem like the merest little tiff in the world to you girls who read it, but such things are very sad indeed, and should never come into any one's married life. They may be healed by apologies, and bridged over by kind words, and the stings of bitterness extracted by humble confessions, but the hurt and the scar will remain through all time. The remembrance of it cannot be blotted out; memory will keep her trust inviolate, and the shadow will remain in the domestic horizon so long as they both do live. Sharper than barbed arrows are unkind words, and only in married life is felt the keenness of the sting that wounds so severely.

But, woman-fashion, I have wandered from my subject, and been telling of the most serious matrimonial tiff that myself and my dear dead husband ever had.

Well, when the girls came in late, panting and puffing, and tossing their hats to one side, rosy with fast walking and hungry for their suppers, I asked them if the professor had kept them late on account of imperfect recitations. Without a bit of embarrassment, they said: "Oh, no, we were through with our lessons long ago, but we stopped at Jenny Castor's to play croquet, and so we kept on, and kept on, until after sunset."

I reprimanded them in good earnest, and told them we were all hungry, and our supper had been deferred fully an hour on their account, and if they ever served us so again they should go without their suppers.

The new girl said in a low, sweet voice, meant to be very kind and conciliating: "Why, Mrs. Brooks, never mind us; I am willing to go to the cupboard and take a piece any time."

I told her very decidedly that the regulations of my household should never come to that loose way—to allow the girls to run to the cupboard for pieces at any time, or whenever they missed a meal. I could not allow them to eat lunch when they chose, or to go to the cupboard when they pleased, and learn habits injurious to their health. They must retire at night at the usual hour, and they must eat their meals when the family did.

The new girl drew her lips and looked wise, while Lottie, dear Lottie, frank and sincere as she is beautiful, caught me round the waist and shook me as she would shake a baby, saying: "You blessed Chatty! I believe every word you say, and I know you are the best friend we girls have in this world."

A lady said to me once: "My boarders are so troublesome; after I go to bed at night I can hear the cupboard door slam, and the clinking of dishes, and the tread of feet on the cellar stairs, and the clattering of the cover on the barrel of apples, and often they go to bed and leave their boots standing in the middle of the floor, and the lamp left to

burn all night. What would you do if you were in my place?" she asked.

"I'd be the mistress in my own house," I replied. "You cannot blame the boys, because you led them probably into those very habits yourself. Did you not, in your generosity of heart, when they first entered your home, say, 'Now, boys, do just as you would at home. There hangs the night-key; use it whenever you have occasion. There is the cupboard, and you will always find cold victuals in it. Try and make this seem like home.'"

"Yes, that is just what I always say to them," was the reply.

Then I told her how I did once when my George Nelson was living, and we boarded the boys in Kemp's saddler shop.

I said: "Now, boys, I hope we'll have pleasant times together. We have rules and regulations in our little family, but I hope in living up to them you will not find them to be too rigid or binding. Then I told them that I would expect them to keep regular hours, and be prompt in the observances of our home, and I hoped we would all be benefited by mingling together. I never had any trouble but once. One of the boys was sick, and I requested another who slept in a warm room to change beds with him one night. He promised me he would, but when bed-time came he refused to allow the sick boy to have his room. I very kindly made the same request the next evening, and he did exactly the same thing. Then, without any words of fault-finding, I said to him alone the next morning, 'Mr. —, it is not convenient for us to board you any longer.' I spoke it softly and kindly, looking in his guilty red face. He tried to speak, but the mumble of words was not intelligible. Poor selfish boy! he did not like to give up his warm room, and could not possibly see how I could expect it from him when he paid for his boarding. I never saw such an example of utter selfishness as he exhibited."

THOUGHT-PICTURES.

BY S. S. GORBY.

I SAW a winsome maid,
With a simple and child-like air;
Adown her temples her tresses strayed,
And the sunlight gleamed, and the zephyrs played
In the mesh of her golden hair.

I saw a woman grown,
And the artless ways were gone;
The pure, sweet ways that the child had known
Had one by one, like the sad years, flown—
Or a dream, ere the morning's dawn.

I saw a tired wife,
Worn with a ceaseless care—
Worn and wearied with inward strife,
That marred her beauty, and scarr'd her life—
'Twas a burden hard to bear.

And I saw them make a grave
At the close of a weary life;
And a marble—cold to the touch, to the sight—
Had carved on its surface smooth and white,
This—"MAIDEN, WOMAN, WIFE."

HOW TO BEAUTIFY OUR HOMES.

IN many a house there may be found, perhaps away among the rubbish of the garret, a small round stand with wooden standard, the sight of which, perhaps, brings to mind the face of some dear old lady now gone to the better land, who used to darn stockings near it by the light of her favorite candle. Her precious piece of furniture is now considered too old-fashioned for use; but let us bring it out to the light, and see if something cannot be done with it. A little black walnut stain, made of burnt umber and vinegar, finished, when dry, with a coating of copal varnish, will improve the standard. For the top is needed a piece of black or brown cloth (broad-cloth or light beaver will do), cut the size of the table, and bind with black or scarlet braid. A straight piece, five or six inches in width, long enough to encircle the top of the stand, is now needed. This cut in scallops or points, pinked around the edges with a *small* iron, and braided with scarlet and gold or other pretty colors, or ornamented with applique figures such as may be found in *Harpers' Bazar*, will make a pretty border for the edge. A tassel between each scallop is an improvement. After the top has been ornamented in the same manner and the straight strip bound at the top with braid and the two pieces neatly sewed together, we will find that we have a piece of furniture not only useful but decidedly ornamental for any parlor, and we think if dear grandma could see it, she would give us an approving smile.

A pretty ornament for our stand will be the little collection of ferns, mosses, maiden-hair and long sprays of the vine commonly known as partridge-berry which we obtained in the autumn and placed under a small glass-receiver. These, taken up carefully, with the moist earth clinging to the roots, and pressed into a shallow earthen dish, in the centre a small wooden cross painted white, the vine of glossy green, with its scarlet berries climbing over it, has been a cheerful sight through the long, dreary winter days. It does not require any care, and will bear a great amount of heat or cold, light or shade, without injury.

A pretty, inexpensive table or stand-spread may be made of ladies' cloth or flannel with a border worked upon ordinary coarse canvas. The canvas should be placed upon the spread about two inches from the edge, basted around and embroidered in cross stitch with zephyr worsted and the threads of canvas removed.

A Grecian pattern worked upon a drab spread with green or blue in two shades, and two shades of gold color, upon a rich dark-brown or black are exceedingly pretty.

A SUBSCRIBER.

GOODNESS AND SMARTNESS.

"HOW is my boy getting on, Mr. Carter?" asked a father of his son's teacher.

"He is one of the best boys in my school," said the teacher, emphatically. "A very conscientious, truthful lad, and one whom I can always trust as pure-hearted and generous."

"Glad to hear it," said the father, indifferently. "I always knew he was a pretty good boy about home, but what I wish to ask particularly is, how is he getting along in his studies. I want him to be sharp and smart for business when he is through school."

"Well, as to that," said the teacher, hesitatingly, "he is a very industrious boy, but he is not very quick to learn, especially in mathematics. He likes rhetoric and moral science better, and always has good lessons in geology."

"A fiddlesticks," said the father, impatiently. "If he isn't good at cyphering, he isn't for anything. Drop off the other things and put him through on arithmetic. I always knew he had too soft a head for business. I brought him here to be made something of, and not to fool away his time over moral science and all that. I am afraid you make quite too much of these things and don't toughen up the boys for every-day work. If a boy isn't smart, of what advantage is his goodness to him, I should like to know. Might almost as well send him to a girl's school," he added, with a half sneer, as he rose to leave. He could not hide his dissatisfaction at having his boy commended chiefly for his good moral qualities. These, he took for granted, could be taken up and developed at any odd leisure hour or two.

Had the teacher been able to say, "Your boy is at the head of his classes in almost everything. He will win the first prize," there would have been no bounds to his delight and satisfaction. If he had been compelled to add, "I wish I could speak as confidently about his purity of character and the good influence he exerts over the other boys," the father would have been very ready with his excuse.

"We must not think too hardly of a boy who is just sowing his wild oats. No doubt you and I did the same, but we forget these things as we grow old. The boy will come out all right, never fear. Watch him closely that he does not get into mischief that will bring trouble on him and me; and don't be too hard on small offences. It sours a boy's disposition."

And so the "wild oats" are allowed to be sowed plentifully; the result is the same that it was when those terrible words were first spoken: "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

J. E. M'C.

HOME.

LOVE watches over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of the aged, over the welfare and comfort of all; to be happy, man retires from the out-door world into his home. In the household circle, the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed find rest, the joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say they are going home. Their longing for Heaven is to them a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal happiness under the picture of a house, a father's house. Does not this tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of Heaven, and a foretaste of that higher home?

S.

Evenings with the Poets.

EARLY SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, BY AYTOUN.

COME ye so early, days of delight?
Making the hillside blithesome and bright.

Merrily, merrily, little brooks rush,
Down by the meadow, under the bush.

Welkin and hilltop, azure and cool;
Fishes are sporting in streamlet and pool.

Birds of gay feather flit through the grove,
Singing together ditties of love.

Busily coning from moss-covered bowers,
Brown bees are humming, questing for flowers.

Lightsome emotion, life everywhere;
Faint wafts of fragrance scenting the air.

Now comes there sounding a sough of the breeze,
Shakes through the thicket, sinks in the trees.

Sinks, but returning, it ruffles the hair;
Aid me this rapture, Muses, to bear!

Know ye the passion that stirs in me here?
Yestere'en at gloaming was I with my dear.

THE NEWLY WEDDED.

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED.

NOW the rite is duly done;
Now the word is spoken;
And the spell has made us one
Which may ne'er be broken:
Rest we, dearest, in our home,—
Roam we o'er the heather,—
We shall rest, and we shall roam,
Shall we not? together.

From this hour the summer rose
Sweeter breathes to charm us;
From this hour the winter snows
Lighter fall to harm us;
Fair or foul—on land or sea—
Come the wind or weather,
Best and worst, whate'er they be,
We shall share together.

Death, who friend from friend can part,
Brother rend from brother,
Shall but link us, heart and heart,
Closer to each other;
We shall call his anger play,
Deem his dart a feather,
When we meet him on our way
Hand in hand together.

THY KINGDOM COME.

I CANNOT heal, I cannot hide,
My leprosy of lust and pride;
And, were I summon'd, thus unmeet,
To join the saints in Zion street,
Now would my envy knit her frown,
At one who wore a brighter crown;
And now, my sullen discontent
On some angelic task be bent;
Still for this world my soul would long,
Soon weary of the Church's song,
Her sweet unrest, her holy care,
Her yoke of love and raiment fair;
How idly falls the prayer divine,
"Thy Kingdom come," from lips like mine!

But, spite of sins which Thou dost hate,
Before Thy throne of grace I wait,
Lord, listen to me, day by day,
Until I mean the words I say;
Upon this heart, bright Finger glide,
Spite of its treachery and pride,
Nor leave it, till another prayer,
'Thy will be done,' is written there;
Then shall I do my Lord's desire,
With face of flint, and tongue of fire;
And never more shall evil thought
Pollute the shrine which Thou hast bought,
Nor passion shake, nor doubt molest
Thy throne, O God, within my breast!

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

I PAUSE beside the darkening pane,
With homesick heart and weary hand;
To watch the fair day die again,
And evening with its shadowy train
Creep slow along the lonesome land.

The west has lost its line of gold—
The clouds hang threatening, near and far,
Heavy and hopeless, fold on fold—
And night comes moaning, unconsoled
By glimmer of a single star.

Ah, why does hope depart with light?
And why do griefs and fears away,
And bitter thoughts of loss and blight
Come crowding back again with night
Like evil things which fear the day?

Yet none but feeble souls complain—
The world is only dark, not lost—
The day will shine on wave and plain,
The grass and flowers will spring again,
Despite the night, despite the frost.

And when the east, like some far shore
Of promise, broadens rosy-bright,
Visions of darkness vex no more,
For all their legions flee before
The level lances of the light.

The grief that seemed too hard to bear,
The thought which stung to sharpest pain—
Faded in the rich and golden air—
The heart grows calm, the world grows fair,
And life is sweet and dear again.

Portland Transcript.

TO-DAY.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

WHAT dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift
feet?

All the young birds make haste thy steps to greet,
And all the dewy roses of the May
Turn red and white with joy. The breezes play
On their soft harps a welcome low and sweet:
All nature hails thee, glad thy face to meet,
And owns thy presence in a brighter ray,
But my poor soul distrusts thee! One as fair
As thou art, O To-day, drew near to me
Serene and smiling, yet she bade me wear
The sudden sackcloth of a great despair!
Oh, pitiless! that through the wandering air
Sent no kind warning of the ill to be!

Atlantic Monthly.

Housekeepers' Department.

SPONGE CAKE.

CHATTY BROOKS—Dear Friend: I am very much interested in your girls and you. I thank you ever so much for the useful hints I am continually receiving through your monthly chats. I can put "the coat" on, and wear it, too, when it particularly fits me, without being in the least angry, because no one but myself knows when you are hitting me.

I have an excellent recipe for sponge-cake lovers who are unable to beat the cake as much as it is generally thought it should be beaten, and I would like you to give it to your readers some time. I know it is just as nice without the beating, but my right wrist is lame, and I use this recipe in preference to all others (when eggs are cheap) for common use.

Three eggs and two cups of sugar stirred together smooth; stir in three cups of flour; in the last cup of flour have two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Last of all stir in one cup of sweet milk, in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt.

This makes quite a good-sized loaf. I think it nicer than some of the many sponge-cake recipes that require so much hard work from my stiff wrist.

Yours truly,

MEG ARLAND.

RECIPES.

APPLE PUDDING.—Fill a dish one and one-half inches deep with sour apples, pared and quartered. Spread over them a batter made of one and one-half cupfuls of flour, a little salt, half teaspoonful of saleratus, and wet with milk—lapped milk is best—to make it as thick as the batter can be spread. Bake in a quick oven, and, when done, turn it bottom upwards on a platter, and sprinkle with sugar, or serve with any sauce.

RICE FRITTERS.—Boil a teacupful of rice until it is tender; strain upon it one quart of milk, and let it boil ten minutes; cool it, and add flour enough to make a batter as thick as will fry easily on the griddle, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast; let it rise three hours; then add two well-beaten eggs and cook on a heated griddle.

LEMON PIE.—Take one tablespoonful of corn-starch, moisten with a little cold water, then add one cup of boiling water, one cup of sugar, one egg, one table-

spoonful of butter, the juice and grated rind of one lemon.

VIRGINIA CORN-BREAD.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of butter in three pints and a half of boiling milk, and into this scald one quart of Indian meal. When cool, add half a pint of wheat flour, a little sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs well beaten. Mix well together, and bake in two cake-tins well buttered.

CREAM PIE.—Two-thirds of a cupful of white sugar, two eggs, a cup of flour, a tablespoonful of cream or milk, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in two flat tins. For the cream, take an egg, one-third of a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of corn-starch, and half a pint of milk. Beat the egg, sugar and starch together, with a little of the milk. Scald the remainder of the milk, and mix all together, letting it boil up well. When cold, flavor to suit the taste, and fill the pie.

ABOUT JELLY.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HOME: I have often thought I would like to add my mite to the Housekeepers' Department, if Mr. Arthur could find room. Perhaps I can tell Pipsey and Floy what ails their jelly; or at least can tell how we make ours, and it never fails of coming, even if the fruit is very ripe. We always cook the juice before putting in the sugar. Let it boil fifteen minutes, then add sugar, and let it just boil up good once; then it is done and ready to can. It is light-colored and thick. Boiling the juice and sugar together at first makes it dark.

Salt is an excellent thing to use in sweeping carpets; it takes up the dust, and makes the carpet bright and clean.

EVA.

THE unsatisfactory light frequently given by kerosene lamps is often due to the wick. The filtering of several quarts of oil through a wick, which stops every particle of dust in it, must necessarily gradually obstruct the pores of the wick. Consequently, although a wick may be long enough to last some time, its conductive power may be so impaired that a good light cannot be obtained.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE fashion chronicler labors under peculiar disadvantages at this period of the year in being obliged to predict the coming styles, before they have been heralded by any general display of spring goods, or by the spring openings. There is an indication that the present mode of uniting silken and woollen fabrics in the same costume will continue in favor. As spring advances, the rough woollen goods which have been received in such universal favor during the winter, will be more and more discarded, and the soft, more finely-finished fabrics will be introduced in their stead for both street and house wear. The most beautiful of these fabrics is cashmere, the lustreless folds of which bring out in full relief its quality and finish, and contrast with the lustre and half-tints of silk.

Where cashmere and silk are united in one costume, the cashmere should be a shade or two the lighter.

A pale, silvery-blue silk skirt and sleeves, with an

overskirt and corset, or eniras basque of cashmere, forms one of the daintiest of evening costumes. The cashmere skirt may be trimmed with a tiny side-plaiting of silk, or a ruche of raveled silk, or a bordering of feathers, and possibly with a line of white lace; but the cashmere basque must be double-corded with silk, or possibly triple-corded, with the centre cord of cashmere. The silk sleeves should be ornamented with cashmere bands from the shoulders to the wrists, and the latter decorated with cuffs or plaitings, under pretty bows of silk and cashmere combined. This same costume will be beautiful in any color, of which the cashmere should always be a shade or two the lighter.

There is an effort being made to substitute sashes in the place of the polonaise and overskirt; but it will hardly prove successful for two reasons: first, they are unbecoming, unless the wearer be statuesque, and remain always in a composed posture; and, secondly, they are very difficult of arrangement.

There has been a prediction that polonaises were to

go out of favor, but so far it seems unfounded. Various garments are described under novel names, but, with slight modifications in form, they still are polonaises and overskirts.

The summer prints already exposed in the windows of the stores, display very rich and attractive patterns, in which small checks and narrow stripes predominate.

New Publications.

Nature and Culture. By Harvey Rice. Boston: Lee & Shepard. A volume of somewhat commonplace essays, neither worthy of particular commendation nor calling for special censure. Many persons will no doubt find them pleasant and profitable reading, though they present little or nothing that is novel or striking, either in fact or sentiment. Of the six essays comprised in the volume, the best, in our opinion, are "Nature and her Lessons," "Education and its Errors," and "America and her Future." For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Rational First Reader. For Phonetic and Elocutional Instruction. By Dr. Ad. Douai. Second edition.

The Rational Second Reader. For Phonetic, Elocutional, Etymological and Grammatical Instruction. By Dr. Ad. Douai.

The Rational Third Reader. For Instruction in the Laws of Pronunciation, Orthography, Grammar and Elocution. By Dr. Ad. Douai.

Manual for Teachers. An Introduction to the series of Rational Readers. By Dr. Ad. Douai. We have received from the publisher, E. Stelger, 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, New York, the series of readers and accompanying manual whose titles are given above. The design of these readers, briefly stated, is to bring about a reform, long needed, in teaching the elementary principles of our language; first, by a reduction of the hitherto absurdly multiplied rules of pronunciation; and, second, by the introduction, in an easy and gradual manner, of a phonographic system, requiring no new signs, and greatly lightening and simplifying the labors both of teacher and pupil. Though there may be no royal road to learning, that, surely, does not render it necessary for us to pursue our way groping along in dark alleys and through rough, crooked by-ways, stumbling and falling, and oftentimes lying down and giving up the journey out of sheer weariness. We think that no one who may take the trouble to examine these handsomely-printed little volumes, will deny that they present many, very many, points of excellence, of superiority, indeed, as compared with even the most progressive books of their class. That they will entirely do away with the present one-sided, slow-coach system of education in the elements of our language, is hardly to be hoped; but it is not too much to expect from their wide adoption a very considerable advance in the right direction.

Temperance Lectures. By Thomas McMurray. With Autobiography. Toronto: Hunter, Rosé & Co. The addresses embraced in this unpretending volume, while they can lay little claim to literary excellence, are yet worthy of a wide circulation for the plain, practical arguments they present. Lively with anecdote, and addressing themselves with common-sense directness to the popular comprehension, they cannot but do good just where it is most needed. What they lack in rhetoric, they make up for with pertinent, convincing, hard facts.

Songs of Joy. By J. H. Tenney, author of "Golden Sunbeams," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a very desirable collection of hymns and tunes, especially adapted for prayer, praise, camp meetings, revivals, Christian associations and family worship.

For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Eating for Strength. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor of the *Herald of Health*, etc., aided by Numerous Competent Assistants. New York: Wood & Holbrook. This volume is divided into four parts, which treat respectively of "The Science of Eating," "Recipes for Wholesome Cookery," "Recipes for Wholesome Drinks," and "Answers to Ever-recurring Questions." One of the most important questions as regards health is, What shall we eat? That we all constantly violate hygienic rules in this matter is undoubtedly true. Sometimes this violation is caused by indifference, but more frequently by ignorance. This volume furnishes the reader with scientific facts regarding food, supplemented with practical recipes and directions. We commend the volume to the attention of all, and especially to that of intelligent women, superintendents of households. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Young Folks' History of the United States. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. We have examined this little volume with much pleasure. Although, in embracing from the very earliest geological records of the inhabitants of the United States down to the present time, it is necessarily very brief in its recital of events, it still is clear and concise in its statements; and there are many older persons than the "young folks" for whom it is intended, who would regard their attainments with a considerable degree of satisfaction did they include all that is told in these pages. While evidently not intended specially as a text-book in schools, we think it might be introduced in that capacity, and to the displacement of the text-books now used, with advantage and satisfaction to the pupils.

The Island of Fire; or, A Thousand Years of the Old Northmen's Home. By Rev. P. C. Headley, author of "Life of the Empress Josephine," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is an exceedingly interesting volume, giving to the reader a clear conception of the history, geographic features and inhabitants, with their manners, customs and religions, of Sweden, Norway and Iceland for the past thousand years. These countries are little known to-day, but at a remote period in the past the Norsemen were a power in the barbarian world, and made themselves known by sea and land. Their history is more or less connected with that of England and our own race. The book will be alike acceptable to young and old. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Danger; or, Wounded in the House of a Friend. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. The scope and character of this book will be learned from the preface, which we copy entire.

"All efforts at eradicating evil must, to be successful, begin as near the beginning as possible. It is easier to destroy a weed when but an inch above the ground than after it has attained a rank growth and set its hundred rootlets in the soil. Better if the evil seed were not sown at all; better if the ground received only good seed into its fertile bosom. How much richer and sweeter the harvest!"
"Bare and drinking-saloons are, in reality, not so much the causes as the effects of intemperance. The chief causes lie back of these, and are to be found in

our homes. Bars and drinking-saloons minister to, stimulate and increase the appetite already formed, and give accelerated speed to those whose feet have begun to move along the road to ruin.

In "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP" the author of this volume uncovered the terrible evils of the liquor traffic; in this he goes deeper, and unveils the more hidden sources of that widespread ruin which is cursing our land. From the public licensed saloon, where liquor is sold to men—not to boys, except in violation of law—he turns to the private home saloon, where it is given away in unstinted measure to guests of both sexes and of all ages, and seeks to show in a series of swiftly-moving panoramic scenes the dreadful consequences that flow therefrom.

This book is meant by the author to be a startling cry of "DANGER!" Different from "THE MAN-TRAP," as dealing with another aspect of the temperance question, its pictures are wholly unlike those presented in that book, but none the less vivid or intense. It is given as an argument against what is called the temperate use of liquor, and as an exhibition of the fearful disasters that flow from our social drinking customs. In making this argument and exhibition the author has given his best effort to the work."

"Danger" is sold by subscription, and cannot, therefore, be found at the book-stores. If any of our sub-

scribers wish a copy, we will mail it on receipt of the price, \$2.00.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Lee & Walker, 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, send us the following pieces of new music: "I wish Mamma was here," as sung by Mrs. Geo. Ware; "Peerless Astarte," music by Shattuck, and "I want to see Mamma once more," the words of little Charlie Ross. Also "Mrs. Jones and her Baggage," a comic song. Among the instrumental music we find "Killarney," fantasia and variation by Chas. Grobe, also "Marion Schottische," by Sweeney, with pretty lithographic title-page.

From W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, we have "Praise of Tears," and "Rondo-Mignon," two of a collection of popular music by favorite authors, entitled "Chosen Friends," also two songs, words by Burns, music by Cauffman, "I Love my Jean," and "The Red, Red Rose," very pleasing melodies, and "Casting all on Jesus," sacred quartette, by F. J. Boiler, which is suitable for church choirs, into which it is being introduced.

Editor's Department.

The Cathedral at Milan.

OUR frontispiece this month is a view of that marvellous piece of architecture, the Milan Cathedral, which, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome, is the grandest ecclesiastical structure in the world. It astonishes and enchants the beholder by the wonderful delicacy of its sculptured ornaments, and the infinite detail of its architecture.

The building of this sublime creation of art, with "its forest of pinnacles and its wilderness of tracery," was commenced in 1386, by Giovanni G. Visconti, and so liberal were his plans that it is not finished even now. The form on the ground is that of a Latin cross, terminated by an apsis or domed extension. Its length is four hundred and eighty-five feet; breadth of the main body, two hundred and fifty-two feet; the whole covering an area of one hundred and seven thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two square feet. The height of the crown of the vaulting in the nave is one hundred and fifty-three feet, while the statue of the Madonna in the apex of the dome is three hundred and fifty-five above the pavement. The material of which it is built is white marble. The façade, which is of the finest Carrara, presents a splendid general effect, and the central tower and spire are extremely beautiful. There are places for several thousand statues; McCulloch says four thousand, five hundred; Dr. Prime affirms ten thousand, of which seven thousand are already in place.

The successive masters of architecture who, during the long period it has been in course of erection, have lavished the treasures of their genius and experience upon this wonderful structure, have given a somewhat varied character to its style; yet it is admitted on all sides to be of exquisite beauty. Still, one cannot deny that there is a certain justice in the criticism of Forsyth, who, some sixty years ago, thus expressed his views of the cathedral:

"It has been wonderfully contrived," he says, "to bury millions of money in ornaments which are never to be seen. Whole quarries of marble have been manufactured here into statues, relieves, niches and noches; and high sculpture has been squandered on objects which vanish individually in the man. Were two or three thousand of those statues removed, the rest would regain their due importance, and the fabric itself become more intelligible."

The interior of the cathedral is very imposing.

"Ascending the marble steps which lead to the front," says Bayard Taylor, "I lifted the folds of the heavy curtain and entered. What a glorious aisle! The mighty pillars support a magnificent arched ceiling, painted to resemble fretwork, and the little light that falls through the small windows above, enters tinged with a dim golden hue. A feeling of solemn awe comes over one as he steps, with a hushed tread, along the colored marble floor, and measures the massive columns until they blend with the gorgeous arches above. There are four rows of these, nearly fifty in all, and when I state that they are eight feet in diameter, and sixty or seventy [ninety is the exact measure] in height, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of the building. The Duomo is not yet entirely finished, the workmen being still employed in various parts.

"The design of the Duomo is said to be taken from Monte Rosa, one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps. Its hundreds of sculptured pinnacles, rising from every part of the body of the church, certainly bear a striking resemblance to the splintered ice-crag of Savoy. Thus we see how Art, mighty and endless in her forms though she be, is in everything but the child of Nature. Her divinest conceptions are but copies of objects which we behold every day. The faultless beauty of the Corinthian capital, the springing and intermingling arches of the Gothic aisle, the pillared portico, or the massive and sky-piercing pyramid, are but attempts at reproducing, by the studied regularity of art, the ever-varied and ever-beautiful forms of mountain, rock and forest."

A rich tone is diffused over the interior, it being entirely composed of a particular description of marble, to which time gives a fine yellow tint. The pavement is laid in a mosaic pattern of red, blue and white marble. The capitals of the great pillars are of remarkable beauty. The bases of these capitals are formed by a wreath of foliage mixed with figures of children and animals; above is a circle of eight niches or shrines, corresponding to the intervals between the eight shafts of the clustered pillar, each containing a statue covered by a canopy. This shrine-work is perfectly unique, and there is nothing parallel to it, either in the work itself, or in the manner it is here introduced.

In order to appreciate fully the grandeur of the Duomo, one should ascend the flight of one hundred and sixty steps to the roof. The most delightful time for enjoying this, the widest and loveliest prospect in Italy, is before sunrise or after sunset, particularly the

latter, as an Italian sky, like our own, at this hour of the day, is surprisingly beautiful.

"All its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse;
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, 'til—'tis gone, and all is gray."

A New Invention—The Type-Writer.

AT last we have a mechanical result that promises to the slow pen-worker the same facility attained by the needle-woman through the sewing-machine. A description of this "Type-writer," as it is called, will show its great value to authors, editors, lawyers, merchants, and all who use the pen. The machine is very simple in construction, a little less in size than a sewing-machine, and so light that a boy can easily lift and carry it. The writer sits before it, and strikes a number of keys, just as he would the keys of a piano, save that he touches but one at a time.

There are four rows of these keys, and eleven in each row. The touching of one of these keys prints a letter on a piece of paper which revolves around a cylinder at the top of the machine. Thus the speed of the writing depends entirely upon the rapidity with which the writer can touch these keys. A very little practice enables one to write with this machine as fast, or faster, than ordinary writing can be done.

Experienced operators can produce from sixty to one hundred words a minute. The machine is entirely under the control of the operator. Any width of paper not exceeding wide cap, and any length whatever, can be used. The width between the lines is entirely at the operator's command through a simple adjustment of the machine. A scale directly before his eyes, along which a guide or pointer proceeds, always indicates to the writer the precise spot on the paper where the letter is being produced, and also enables him to put the printing just where he pleases. Thus the machine can do not only ordinary writing, but the most intricate and exact of figure work, with columns and display lines.

The type-writer is simple in construction, almost impossible to put out of order, and capable of being worked with the utmost ease by any child who knows how to spell, or the aged and infirm, even if vision is impaired. Unlike its predecessor, the sewing-machine, it is not worked by a treadle, the touch of the fingers alone serving to operate it. This machine is called a type-writer, but it does not write, it prints in plain capital letters, a little larger than ordinary type, yet taking up less space than writing.

We shall have occasion to refer to this machine again, as our assistant has procured one, and will report upon it in a future number. So far she is delighted with its operation.

Mr. J. W. Bain, 888 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is General Agent for the "Type-writer."

Bazaar of the Young Men's Christian Association.

THE Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association has determined upon the erection of a building adapted to its needs, and where it will not be so straitened as now for want of room. Subscriptions amounting to sixty thousand dollars have already been obtained for this purpose. But, to ensure the erection of the new building in time for the great Centennial, a much larger fund is needed. To obtain this addition to their fund, it has been decided to open at Horticultural Hall, in Philadelphia, on the 6th of March, 1875, a Bazaar, to consist of the buildings and goods of all nations, with attendants in the costumes of the various countries represented. This bazaar, which will undoubtedly be a unique and attractive exhibition, will

remain open until the 17th of April. To secure as large and varied display of articles as possible, an appeal is made to the ladies of Philadelphia, and the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey, for contributions. These contributions may consist of wearing apparel, needle or shell work, specimens of potichomania, carvings, autographs, engravings, crayon or pencil sketches, antiquarian, foreign or national curiosities, and toys or ornamental and useful articles. All communications and articles to be addressed to the "Bazaar Committee, 811 Chestnut, or 1210 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia."

Cashmere Shawls.

IN his recently published volume, "Remains of Lost Empires," an exceedingly interesting book, Mr. P. V. N. Myers gives an account of his visit to the famed *Valle of Cashmere*, and incidentally describes the manufacture of the true Cashmere shawl, which is one of the industries of the region. This lovely valley, nestled among the Himalayas, is walled in by lofty mountains, some of them rising to a height of fifteen thousand feet. The valley itself is nearly six thousand feet above the sea level, or almost as high as our Mount Washington. Mr. Myers describes it as "a beautiful upland mountain-environed garden or park, eighty miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth, sprinkled all over, like an English landscape, with trees and flowers, and diversified with river and lake, with villages embowered in groves, with pasture-land and irrigated field." The City of Cashmere, now containing a population of about a hundred and fifty thousand, is built on both sides of the Jhelum River, through which it runs like the Grand Canal in Venice, and on many smaller channels branching off from the main stream. A large number of the houses stand close to the water, which is covered with boats. These are used by the people, as in Venice, to go from place to place in the city, and for purposes of traffic.

The products of the shawl-looms of the City of Cashmere have given it a world-wide reputation. In 1823, out of a population of two hundred and forty thousand, it was estimated that at least one hundred and twenty thousand were engaged in the manufacture of these shawls. But both the population and the manufacture have steadily decreased since that time. Two centuries ago, the population of the entire Valley of Cashmere was about one million; now it is scarcely three hundred thousand, one-half the number being in the city.

"The wool of which these shawls are made," says Mr. Myers, "is furnished by several animals, the wild goat of the provinces of Lassa and Ladakh affording the best. The domestic goat and wild sheep furnish an inferior article. It is simply the inner coat or down that is used; the first step being carefully to separate this from the hair. This is then spun by the women, a work which engages a large proportion of the women of Cashmere. The skins are next dyed; and in this art the Cashmerians display much taste and skill in producing beautiful and brilliant tints. The weavers are always men or boys, and we generally found from twenty to fifty crowded into a small room, three or four being engaged at each loom. The warp is extended in the loom as though the wool were to be introduced by a shuttle; but instead of a shuttle, several hundred slim, wooden needles, each wound with a small amount of thread, are employed. With a sort of hieroglyphic pattern before his eye, indicating the color of thread to be used, the weaver passes these in rapid succession, according to the color required, through one or more threads of this warp.

Many of the shawls are woven in separate pieces, and then carefully joined, this being so skillfully done that the seams are scarcely discernible. The time required for weaving a shawl varies, of course, with the pattern, and the fineness of the thread used; usually three or

four weavers are engaged upon a single shawl from three months to two years. There are rarer patterns, of course, that embody infinitely more labor than this. The price of the more common shawls varies from four hundred to sixteen hundred rupees (\$200 to \$800).

"Besides these woven shawls, there is another variety manufactured, called 'worked shawls,' in which the pattern is first impressed upon the prepared cloth, and then the colors wrought in with common needles. Shawls thus embroidered are really prettier than the woven patterns, though not so rich, or, consequently, highly esteemed. Very beautiful shawls of this kind may be purchased for one hundred rupees. The patterns adapted for scarfs, table-spreads, and similar articles, are generally pretty and tasteful. The entire trade is now languishing in Cashmere, since European manufacturers have so successfully imitated all the different products of the Cashmerian looms, which have been so universally and deservedly admired."

Publishers' Department.

AMATEURS AND ARTISANS

Will find in the advertising columns of this number a cut of the "Philadelphia Foot-Lathe," well-known for years as the best-made lathe to be purchased in our market, and to which the Franklin Institute, endorsing its superiority, awarded, at the exhibition of October, 1874, the First Premium—a Silver Medal.

Beside the Lathe represented in the cut, Mr. Bacon makes several sizes and kinds adapted to the wants of amateur, model-maker, gunsmith, jeweller, or in fact any mechanic whose business or pleasure finds need for a Foot-Lathe. And it's just here that we wish to call the attention of gentlemen of leisure, and those having spare moments and constructive talent, to the store of pleasure and usefulness to be found in a Foot-Lathe. With it the fisherman can make his rods and reels; the croquet-player his balls and implements for field or parlor; the boy can build his model steam-engine, turn sleeve-buttons of pearl or ivory for his father, potato-masher and pie-roller for his mother, curling-stick and finger-ring for sister, and napkin-ring or hoop-beater for brother. In fact, the variety of uses to which a boy or man, with a little ingenuity, can turn a Foot-Lathe, is endless, and is worthy the careful attention of every thinking parent who would educate their boys to lives of thrift and usefulness.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
Half " " "	- - - - -	60
Quarter " " "	- - - - -	35
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.		

COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$150
" Half " " "	- - - - -	90
" Quarter " " "	- - - - -	50
Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.		
Inside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$125
" Half " " "	- - - - -	75
" Quarter " " "	- - - - -	45
Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.		

OUR PREMIUM PICTURES.

1. The Interrupted Reader.
2. The Lion in Love.
3. Bed-Time.
4. The Wreath of Immortelles.
5. Peace be unto this House.
6. The Christian Graces.
7. The Angel of Peace.

Every subscriber to "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE" for 1875 will have the right to order one of these large, beautiful Steel Engravings free.

If no choice is made "THE INTERRUPTED READER" will be sent.

If more than one picture is wanted, our subscribers can have them for 50 cents each, on receipt of which they will be promptly sent by mail, carefully put up on strong rollers. Engravings of like

VOL. XLIII.—20.

character and quality with these, do not sell at the picture stores for less than \$5.00; and none of the above subjects are to be had from picture dealers for less than \$6.00, and some of them for not less than \$15.00.

Our subscribers will see, therefore, that we offer them a rare opportunity to supply themselves with first-class engravings at a trifling cost.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Butterick's patterns are now acknowledged to be the most practical and reliable that are issued, and enable any lady to be not only her own dressmaker, but to appear as well and tastefully dressed as any of her neighbors.

See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

A READY BINDER FOR THE HOME MAGAZINE.

This Binder is so arranged that each number of the magazine can be inserted as soon as received, and so kept smooth and clean; and has, when all the numbers for the year have been thus inserted, the appearance of a bound volume. It is got up handsomely in fancy cloth, with gilt and embossed side. Price \$1.00; on receipt of which it will be sent by mail. Subscribers who have complete back volumes of the HOME MAGAZINE that they wish bound, can, by the use of this binder, put them in a permanent and substantial book form.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....	\$2 50
Three copies ".....	6 00
Six copies and one "getter-up" of Club.....	12 00
Ten ".....	20 00

Every subscriber, whether single or in clubs, will receive one of our beautiful Premium Engravings free. If no choice is made "THE INTERRUPTED READER" will be sent. If both pictures are wanted by any subscriber, 50 cents extra will secure them.

To those who send clubs of six subscribers a premium picture, besides the extra magazine, will be given. To the getter-up of a club of ten subscribers both pictures will be sent free.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS can always be made at the club price.

Specimen Numbers 15 cents, in currency or postage stamps.

POSTAGE.—Fifteen cents must be added to each subscription for prepayment of postage for the year. This will cover all postages on premium pictures as well as the magazine, and make the cost to subscribers less than heretofore, besides relieving them of all care and trouble at their own offices.

REMITTANCES.—Send Post-Office order or draft on Philadelphia, New York or Boston. If you cannot get a Post-Office order or draft, then have your letter registered at the Post-Office.

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And Men who have other business, wanted as agents. Novel plans, pleasant work, good pay. Send 3-cent stamp for particulars. THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, 39-41 Park Place, New York.

FRAGRANT

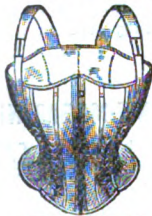
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Is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the vegetable kingdom. It cleanses, beautifies and preserves the *Teeth*, hardens and invigorates the gums, and cools and refreshes the mouth. Every ingredient of this *Balsamic* dentifrice has a beneficial effect on the *Teeth* and gums. *Impure Breath*, caused by neglected teeth, catarrh, tobacco or spirits, is not only neutralized but rendered fragrant by the daily use of *SOZODONT*. It is as harmless as water, and has been indorsed by the most scientific men of the day.

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For sale by all leading Jobbers and Retailers.

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The subscriber makes the printing of Visiting Cards a Specialty, and

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37 1/2 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.



Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

"THE BEST PRACTICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY EXTANT."—London Quarterly Review, Oct., 1873.

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engraved and printed expressly for the work, at large expense, viz.:

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ARMS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

FLAGS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

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50- The National Standard.

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The sales of Webster's Dictionaries throughout the country in 1873 were 20 times as large as the sales of any other Dictionaries. In proof will be sent to any person, on application, the statements of more than 100 Book-sellers, from every section of the country.

Published by **G. & C. MERRIAM,** Springfield, Mass.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES.

The first engraving represents a dainty costume for a lady, composed of a walking skirt and a deep, prettily shaped basque. A stylish frill surrounds the neck and turns away from the throat in lapels as represented. The pattern to the skirt is No. 3587, price 30 cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The pattern to the basque

is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Its number is 3734, and its cost is 25 cents.

The little girl's costume consists of a dress and jacket, and represents one of the prettiest of recent French models. The waist is sleeveless and fitted by darts in front, while sleeves are added to the jacket, which is prettily adjusted, and has an extra

postilion at the back. Both garments are included in one pattern, whose number is 3773, price 20 cents. It is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and is very pretty for suit material in one or two shades.

In constructing the large costume for a lady of

medium size, $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be requisite, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards being necessary for the skirt, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ for the basque.

The small costume will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, for a girl 6 years old.

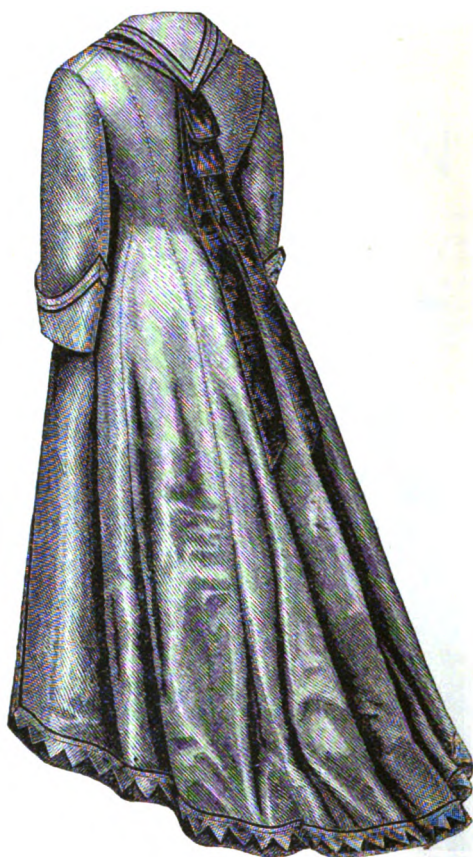


3820

Front View.

LADIES' PLAIN PRINCESS ROBE.

No. 3820.—The garment represented is very handsome for morning wear, and can be made of any suitable goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In



3820

Back View.

making the robe for a lady of medium size, $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3786

Front View.

LADIES' SHORT, FRENCH SACK.

No. 3786.—Of any material 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards are necessary in the construction of the garment illustrated, for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and the price is 20 cents.



3786

Back View.



3761

Front View.

3761

Back View.

3768

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH SIDE-TABS AND SASHES.

No. 3768.—The pattern to this charming garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents. Six yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be found sufficient for a basque in this style to be worn by a lady of medium size.

*Back View.*

3768



3817

LADIES' SLEEVE.

No. 3817.—This pattern is suitable for any material, either silk or worsted, and can be trimmed with the goods or to suit the taste. A pair of sleeves will use up $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3796

Front View.

LADIES' DOLMAN MANTLE.

No. 3796.—This charming pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards are necessary in making the garment, for a lady of medium size.



3796

Back View.

3790

Front View.

3790

Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 3790.—The pattern to this graceful skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. The garment can be

made of any stylish material, and will require $19\frac{1}{4}$ yards of any goods, 27 inches wide, in its construction.



3787

Front View.

3787

Back View.

LADIES' SACK, WITH PLAITED BACK.

No. 3787.—This pretty pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. In making the garment for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3812

Front View.

3812

Back View.

GIRLS' PLAITED BASQUE WAIST.

No. 3812.—This charming pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and of any material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards are necessary in making the garment for a girl of 6 years. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3789

Front View.

3789

Back View.

GIRLS' SLASHED SACK.

No. 3789.—This pattern, suitable for any fancy or dress material, is in 7 sizes for girls from 2 to 8 years of age, and costs 15 cents. The sack will need 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, in its formation for a girl of 6 years.



3763

Front View.

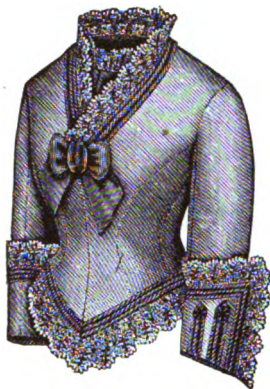
LADIES' SLEEVELESS SACK.

No. 3763.—This pretty little pattern is suitable for any of the Summer fabrics made into wraps, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be required in cutting and completing the sack, for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3763

Back View.



3764

Front View.

LADIES' GORED BASQUE, OPEN IN THE BACK.

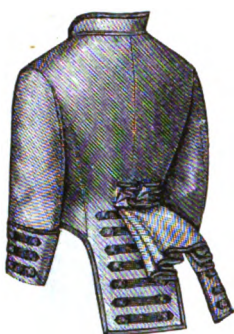
No. 3764.—For the stylish garment represented, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 20 cents.



3764

Back View.

3835

Front View.

3835

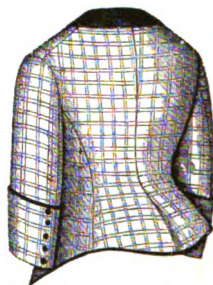
Back View.

MISSES' BASQUE, WITH SIDE-TABS.

No. 3835.—Of any material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required in making this basque for a miss of 12 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 15 cents.



3837

Front View.

3837

Back View.

MISSES' STREET JACKET.

No. 3837.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and can be used for any suitable material. It costs 15 cents, and requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, in the construction of the garment for a miss of 11 years.



3774

Front View.

MISSES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 3774.—This neat little pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents. In making the skirt for a miss of 12 years, 4 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be used.



3774

Back View.



3829

Front View.

**LADIES' SACK,
WITH ADJUSTABLE
VEST.**

No. 3829.—In constructing a garment after this style for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents.



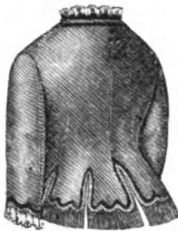
3829

Back View.



3815

Front View.



3815

Back View.

GIRLS' SLASHED SACK.

No. 3815.—This pretty little pattern calls for 2 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, in making the garment for a girl 6 years of age. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents.



3824

Front View.



3824

Back View.

CHILD'S PINAFORE.

No. 3824.—This charming little pattern can be made of any suitable material, and trimmed in accordance with the taste. It is in 5 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 years, and costs 10 cents. For a child 2 years old, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be found sufficient in making a pinafore of this kind.



3791

Front View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3791.—In making the over-skirt represented, for a miss of 12 years, 3 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be found sufficient. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 15 cents.



3791

Back View.



3771

Front View.

3771

Back View.

MISSSES' DOUBLE-BREADED, BELTED POLONAISE.

No. 3771.—The pattern to this garment is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the skirt can be put together for a miss of 12 years, from $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3780

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, WITH SHIRRED FRONT.

No. 3780.—In making this novel and attractive garment for a lady of medium size, $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 20 cents.

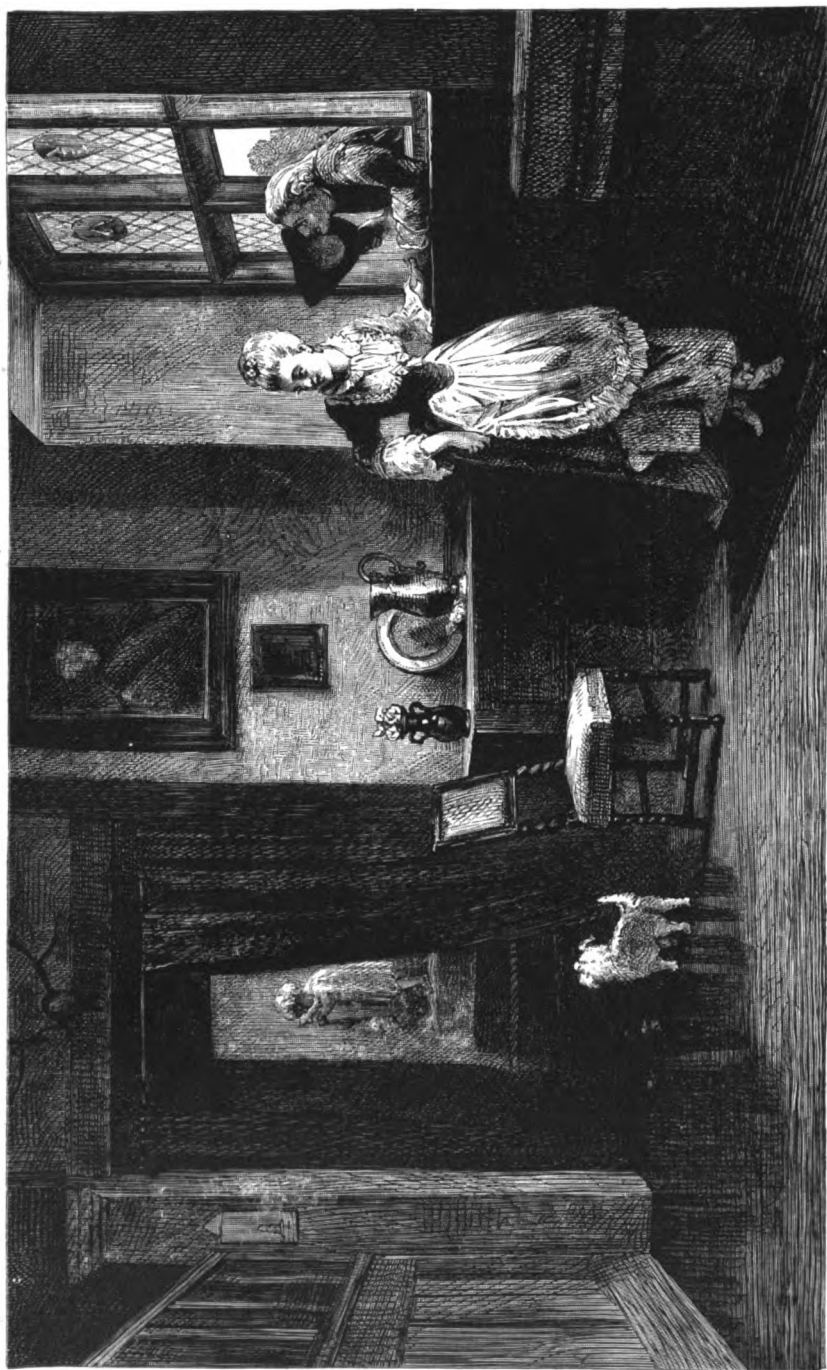


3780

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 & 811 Chestnut St., Phila.



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Results



1.5 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 10

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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1875.

No. 5.

History, Biography and General Literature.



CAVE AT TRESILLIAN, SOUTH WALES.

A GLIMPSE AT SOUTH WALES.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

DRIVEN from the plains of South Britain, from which they had dispossessed the Gael, the ancient Britons, or Kymry, a Celtic tribe, who had emigrated from the continent in prehistoric times, sought shelter and protection amid the mountain fastnesses of what is

now called Wales. Here, at first against the Romans and then against the Anglo-Saxons, they for several centuries maintained a fierce struggle for independence. Though often forced into quiet, the fiery Welshmen as often rushed again to arms, and, sweeping down upon the fruitful isles of which their forefathers had been robbed, they plundered the plunderers, and carried desolation to their firesides.

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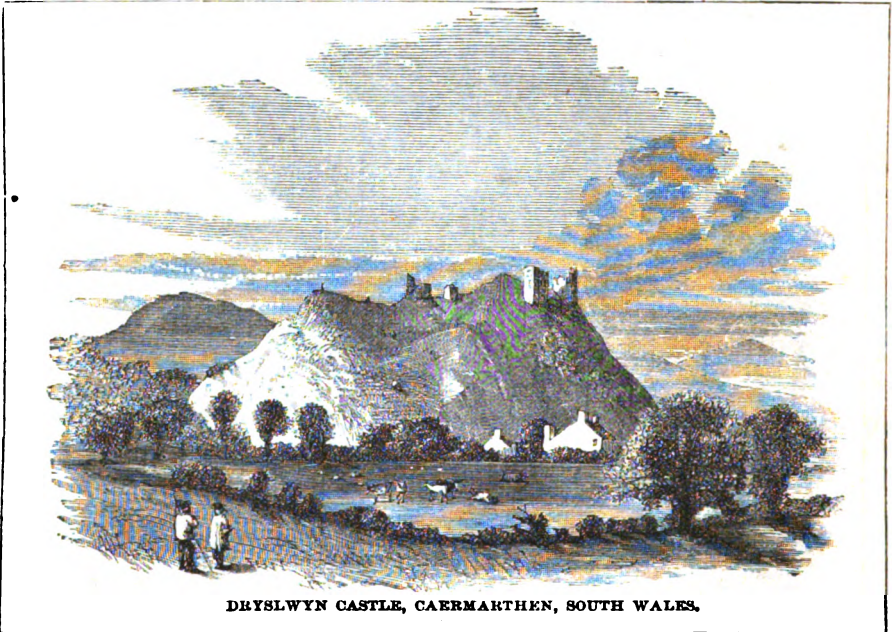
(279)

For many hundred years this contest raged with varying fortune, the Welsh, while under the sway of one prince, managing to keep a firm grasp on their independence. But, in the tenth century, Wales was divided into two principalities—North and South Wales. Soon after this division, Athelstan, King of England, succeeded in forcing the Welsh to acknowledge his feudal supremacy, and to pay an annual tribute to the English crown. Reluctantly continuing this tribute under the succeeding Saxon monarchs, the Welsh, on the accession of William the Conqueror, flatly refused to pay it any longer. Though the Norman tyrant soon reduced them to temporary obedience, they were not long in rising again into rebellion. Thus, alternately submitting and rebelling, always oppressed, but never subdued, the stubborn Welshmen clung tenaciously to their independence, until their final subjugation by Edward I.

presently put to death in the most barbarous manner. Welsh tradition asserts, though I have never seen an acknowledgment of it as a fact by any English historian, that Edward, in order to render his conquest complete, ordered all the bards that fell into the hands of his soldiers to be executed.

However this may be, the independence of Wales expired with David. And when, within a year afterward, the wife of Edward gave birth to a son at Caernarvon Castle, the natives claimed the child as their countryman; and when, at a still later period, this son received the title of Prince of Wales, they "joyfully hailed the event, as if it had proclaimed the restoration of their independence."

It is true, subsequent attempts were made to shake off the English yoke; but none of these were of any importance, with the exception of



DRYSLWYN CASTLE, CAERMARTHEN, SOUTH WALES.

At the opening of the contest which ended in that subjugation, Edward had for allies the Prince of South Wales and David, the brother of Llewellyn, prince of the northern division. David, however, seeing that the war was likely to result in the loss of what might at some future time become his own, suddenly turned against the English, joined his brother, who had but recently purchased peace by submission in which he yielded up the best part of his dominions, and North Wales was once more in arms. Sweeping from the hills, on the night of Palm Sunday, 1282, the Welsh for a time drove the English before them. But the tide soon turned. Llewellyn, driven from fastness to fastness, fell by the hands of a private trooper, in a skirmish near Builth, in Brecknockshire. David, who had succeeded Llewellyn, for a short time kept up the unequal contest, but in vain. His little army was soon scattered, and he himself, being made prisoner, was

that early in the fifteenth century, under Owen Glendower, who, claiming to be a lineal descendant of Llewellyn, for several years wore the crown of Wales, holding in check, and even disgracefully defeating the armies sent against him by Henry IV. The spirit of Owen, however, at last succumbed under the constant pressure. Compelled to fly to the mountains, he there wandered for a time, and finally, in the disguise of a shepherd, sought safety at the home of a daughter in Herefordshire, where he remained concealed until his death, in 1415, thirteen years after his coronation. Since his time, the Welsh, though still retaining their ancient fiery spirit of independence, have been content to live quietly as subjects of England.

South Wales is divided into six shires, or counties—Brecknock, Caermarthen, Cardigan, Glamorgan, Pembroke and Radnor. It comprises an area of nearly four thousand square miles, with a

population, at the present time, of about seven hundred and fifty thousand.

Glamorgan, the third county in area, and the first in point of population, having nearly as many inhabitants as all the rest of South Wales, may very truly be called a country of hills, though its loftiest mountain summits are overtopped by those of most of its neighbors. The only large level tract its surface presents is in the neighborhood of Cardiff. A large proportion of the mountain country is uninclosed, and used as a common for pasturing cattle and sheep. In the bosom of these hills, however, there lies a mineral wealth almost incredible. Of all the coal-fields of the world, not one rises in importance above that of Glamorgan. Its coal-mines, of both bituminous and anthracite, are of vast extent and richness, and near them are immense deposits of iron ore and fire-clay. Thus provided with all the materials necessary, this one

closed by two fine piers. Large floating docks have been constructed at this place.

Llandaf, another town in this county, is noted as being the seat of one of the two bishoprics into which South Wales is divided. It is some three miles northwest of Cardiff. It is a mere village, consisting chiefly of cottages arranged in two short streets, which terminate in a square, where there are a number of fine mansions. The situation is on elevated ground, gently sloping on all sides, except towards the river Taaf, where the descent is more precipitous. At the foot of this green declivity stands the cathedral, an imposing edifice, partially embosomed in trees, and with a branch of the river murmuring round the churchyard wall; hence the name "Llan ar Tâf," "the church on the Tâf," contracted into Llandaf. Llandaf has been the see of a bishop from a very early period—from A. D. 430, at least.



THE BUCKSTONE.

county in South Wales manufactures more iron than all the United States. To this mineral wealth Glamorgan owes its rapid increase in population, and its prosperity as a manufacturing district. Besides using up her own iron ore, Glamorgan draws for additional raw material for manufacture upon the tin and copper mines of Cornwall, on the opposite shore of Bristol Channel.

The principal towns of Glamorgan are Merthyr Tydvil, noted for its iron works, some of which are nowhere surpassed for magnitude and importance; Cardiff, the shire town, a seaport of large and increasing trade, near the mouth of the Taaf, here crossed by a fine bridge of five arches; and Swansea, also a seaport, a city of some sixty thousand inhabitants, and which ranks as the first in population and commercial prosperity in all Wales. Its harbor, at the mouth of the river, is nearly in-

The traveller through Glamorgan cannot fail to notice one peculiarity. It has been the custom from very remote antiquity to whitewash the farm-houses, outside as well as in; and even the barns, outhouses and the walls of yards and gardens are covered with this "poor man's paint." In a Welsh poem, written thirteen hundred years ago, we find a reference to this practice in the following couplet:

"In Glamorgan the people are courteous and kind,
Married women are honored, and white walls you find."

Another bard, who flourished in 1300, says of Glamorgan:

"This beautiful country the bard doth delight,
With its pleasant wines, and its houses so white."

And in another place he calls upon the sun "of the bright morning" to "beam joyfulness around, and salute the white houses of Glamorgan."

There are in the vicinity of Cardiff, and, in fact, all through this part of Wales, and scattered over a tract of country reaching into the adjoining English counties, numerous remains of the Druidical age, called *cromlechs*, some of them of great extent, and composed of stones of immense size. The "Buckstone," of which we give an engraving, though found near Monmouth, in the adjacent English shire of that name, may be spoken of in this connection, as illustrating these so-called Druidical remains. The "Buckstone" is one of those singular stones which derive their importance from the fact that though the gentlest touch will set them moving, nothing but an extraordinary application of power can possibly overturn them. Popularly they are known as "rocking-stones," and many such are to be found not only in South Wales, but also in other parts of the world. It may be remarked here, that geologists regard these "rocking-stones" as perfectly natural formations, and as having no connection with the Druids, unless it may have been that their strange peculiarity rendered them objects of veneration or worship to a primitive and superstitious people.

Largest in area, and second in population, of the shires of South Wales, is Caermarthen. It is eminently an agricultural district, having many beautiful and fertile valleys, and comparatively few high mountains. The pride of Caermarthen is the Vale of the Towy, which embraces in its windings of fifteen miles some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Wilder than the famed Valley of the Usk, the boast of a sister shire, its woodland views are, therefore, more romantic. Upon the Towy lies "Grongar Hill," of which the poet Dyer who was born within sight of it, so charmingly sings:

"Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells.

* * * * *
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!

* * * * *
Old castles on the cliff arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the wood, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumbered rise,—

* * * * *
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove.

* * * * *
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,

His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
And cast an awful look below;
Whose rugged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps.

* * * * *
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul.

* * * * *
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings:
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will!
 Search for peace with all your skill!
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor!
 In vain you search, she is not there!
 In vain you search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,

so many remains throughout the country. Across the Towy is "Golden Grove," where Jeremy Taylor wrote his "Great Exemplar," and others of his noblest productions. Near by is "Merlin's Grove," where, according to Spenser,

"The wise Merlin whylome wont, they say,
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,



ENTRANCE GATE OF GLAN USK VILLA, CRICKHOWELL (SOUTH WALES.)

Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill."

Though Dyer makes no allusion to the fact, from Grongar Hill the eye discovers traces of one of those ancient Roman camps, of which there are

In a deep delve, far from the view of day;
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 Whenso he counsell'd, with his sprites encom-
 pass'd round.

"And if thou ever happen that same way
 To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
 It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,
 Under a rock that lies a little space

From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
 Amongst the woody hills of Dynevower:
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
 To enter into that same baleful bower,
 For fear the cruel fiends should thee unawares
 devour.

"But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
 And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
 And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
 Which thousand sprites, with long-enduring
 pains,
 Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains;
 And oftentimes great groans and grievous sounds,
 When too huge toil and labor them constrains,
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds,
 From under that deep rock most horribly re-
 bounds."

The beautiful Vale of the Usk, to which allusion

feast, an earthquake swallowed up both them and their lands and houses, leaving the site covered with water. However this may be, popular tradition has it that a populous city once stood where the lake is now—a tradition to which old Camden gives implicit faith.

Brecknock also rejoices in quite a number of striking and romantic waterfalls. The tourist, moreover, will find there a remarkable cavern, into which the river Mellte enters, and through which it pursues its subterranean course for eight or nine hundred yards, before emerging again into the light of day. In the course of its passage through the cavern, the river is precipitated from a considerable height into a deep pool, and the roaring of its waters in this dark abyss adds not a little to the awe which the place inspires. Singularly enough, this cavern has never yet been thoroughly explored.



THE STACK ROCKS, SOUTH WALES.

has already been made, lies in Brecknockshire, mainly an agricultural district, and possessing numberless attractions to the tourist. Here are the largest lake and the highest mountains in all South Wales, to say nothing of its claim, disputed, however, by Caermarthen, to the ownership of the loveliest valley in the world. Its vaunted lake, it must be admitted, we should regard as rather a small pattern of a mill-pond, its greatest length being scarcely two miles, with a width of one mile. An ancient manuscript in the British Museum attributes the formation of this lake to the judgment of Heaven on the descendants, in the ninth generation, of a man who had robbed and murdered a carrier to obtain money with which to set up housekeeping. According to this account, when the whole of the family were assembled at a

Brecon, or Brecknock, the capital and chief town of Brecknockshire, is a place of some ten thousand inhabitants. "Few towns," says Sir Richard Hoare, "surpass Brecknock in picturesque beauties. The different mills and bridges on the rivers Usk and Honddu, the ivy-mantled walls and towers of the old castle, the massive embattled turret and gateway of the priory, with its luxuriant groves, added to the magnificent range of mountain scenery, on the southern side of the town, form, in many points of view, the most beautiful, rich and varied outline imaginable."

Passing over Cardigan and Radnor—the latter the smallest and least populous of the counties of South Wales—neither of which presents any points of special interest, we come to Pembroke, which,

reaching out into St. George's Channel, forms the westernmost point of Wales.

The coast line of Pembroke is irregular and broken, with many deep indentations and bays. Here the tourist finds the most attractive field for his explorations. Milford Haven, a rising town of some five thousand inhabitants, on a deep basin or inlet running in from the Atlantic, forms one of the very best ports in the British dominions. It has of late years been much improved by the government, and is, no doubt, destined to become a place of the first importance, commercially.

In Pembroke, on a point jutting out into the Atlantic, is St. David's, in its prime, hundreds of years ago, a city of much importance, but now a miserable little village, deriving its sole claim for mention from the fact that it is an episcopal seat, and has a fine Gothic cathedral of undoubted antiquity. St. David's, it is scarcely necessary to say, takes its name from the tutelary saint of Wales. He was the son of a Cardigan prince, whose name, from the fact that it calls for seven words, and those Welsh, I shall forbear to transcribe. His ascetic life, his zeal, his piety, and his alleged miracles, won for him a wide repute; and for centuries his shrine, in the cathedral which bears his name, was the point of interest for countless pilgrims from all parts of Britain.

Of St. David, we are told, that, on one occasion, when about to preach before a synod, against the Pelagian heresy, just then—in 519—appearing for a second time in Wales, he commanded a child which attended him, and had lately been restored to life by him, to spread a napkin under his feet. Standing upon this, he began his sermon. All the while that he was speaking, a snow-white dove, coming down from heaven, sat upon his shoulders. And, moreover, the earth on which he stood raised itself under him, till it became a hill, "from whence his voice, like a trumpet, was clearly heard and understood by all, both far and near." If any doubt this, let them visit the spot, and there to this day they will assuredly find a little hill, with a church built upon it to commemorate this event.

Lying off the coast, near Tenby, on the southern shore of Pembroke, are the famous "Stack Rocks." Long before we reach them, says Hall, we are made aware of our proximity to these rocks by the incessant noise and hum of the birds that occupy them, and when the spot is gained, the scene is one of the most interesting description. We are on the breeding-grounds of various birds, that, time out of mind, have selected this wild and little-frequented place. Here they congregate in vast numbers. From May to September, the two lofty, isolated rocks are the homes of the razor-bill, the waddling guillemot, which gives its name to the rocks, and that foolish creature called the puffin, who possesses the humorous propensity of driving rabbits from their warrens, and hatching in their holes. Every available ledge and cranny of the rocks is covered, and the crests seem one mass of animated nature. Indeed, the taller stack has the appearance of a great unheavened monumental column, covered with alto-relievos alive and in motion. Some are en-

gaged in setting on their one egg, some in paddling it out with their feet to the sun. Here may be seen a red-throated diver on the water, in the act of plunging for his prey; there a gull cradled on a wave, looking about him with the utmost nonchalance; while, on the craggy ledge of some rock, the green cormorant, stretching out his wings to dry, is waiting for his last meal to digest, preparatory to engaging in another.

Not far from the "Stacks," a frightful fissure in the cliff is shown, to which the name of "The Hunter's Leap" has been given. It is not visible till one is on the edge of it. Sea-pinks, heather and furze grow to its very edge. A creeping sensation comes over one, as, looking into the dizzy depths below, he hears the hollow murmuring of the incoming tide. Here it was that a frightened horse, in full career, plunged blindly across, bearing on his back the terrified huntsman, to give a name to the place, and to die with the terror of the recollection of his peril, on his arrival home.

ALONE.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

ON a desolate isle, far out at sea,
I am left alone, 'neath a stormy sky,
Where I watch from the bare rocks, silently,
The beautiful white-winged ships go by.

The waves break over the barren reef,
And toss their foam-capped heads in glee;
But they only mock at my tears and grief,
For they bring no ship, to my isle, for me.

Far out thro' the silent, boding gloom,
I can catch a glimpse of a passing sail,
Yet it nothing rocks of my weary doom,
As it glides away in the freshening gale.
I can see the glimmer of rosy light

In its wake, where the golden sunbeams play,
And the murmuring ripples are soft and bright,
That follow her when she glides away.

Another comes sweeping adown the bay,
With banners afloat in the stirring breeze,
And rapturous music, joyous and gay,
Swells out in the emerald-tinted seas.
'Tis the ship of Hope—the gayest of all—
And her crew are happy as crew can be;
Though I've hailed her oft, with piteous call,
She will never stop at my isle for me.

And the one that glides with such easy grace,
With sails as white as the winter snow—
Leaving a glittering, silvery trace
In the water that flashes across her bow—
Ah! that is the beautiful ship of Love;
And I've called as loud as call I might,
Yet with never a word, like a languid dove,
She floated silently out of sight.

And still on my isle, so bleak and bare,
While the storm comes down on my aching head,
When the mists and surf have drenched my hair,
And my feet on the bare, cold rocks have bled,
Yet, with never the ghost of a joy or a smile,
I sit and gaze far over the sea,
With a lingering hope that, after awhile,
Some white-winged ship will come for me.



FLORENCE.

A VISION of youth and gladness,
 She brightens the dim, old woods,
 And the joy of her laughing spirit
 Is thrilling their solitudes.

O maiden of wondrous beauty !
 Thou child so blooming and fair !
 Of the summer's beautiful roses,
 Not one may with thee compare.

Soon fades the rose's beauty—
 As a dream it passes away—

But thou bloomest brighter and fresher
 In the glow of each new-born day.

O'er the ferns thou trippiest, sinking,
 While the bark of thy playmate rings ;
 And the morning sun around thee
 His golden mantle flings.

Yon thicket thrills with the music
 Of some happy-hearted bird ;
 But, oh ! the song thou singest
 Is the sweetest ever heard !

On thy cheeks with youth-light flushing,
 On thy lips so melting and sweet,
 Of a thousand new-blown roses
 The bloom and the brightness meet.

A golden, enchanting net-work
 Is the sweep of thy sunny hair;
 Thine eyes, in their azure brightness,
 Are of shining stars a pair.

'Round thy lips, in youthful gladness,
 The gay jests merrily dart;
 Yet, brightest of all thy beauties,
 Is thy fresh and child-like heart.

D.

poet a small but well selected collection of books. These seem to have excited a thirst for knowledge in the boy, and, during the moments that he snatched from his work in the iron-foundry where he was employed, he speedily made himself master of their contents. His ambition thus excited, he gave himself up to the cultivation of literature by means of private study. A copy of Thomson's "Seasons," which came into his possession, inspired him with the desire to become a poet. That intense love of nature, which is the marked characteristic of every true poetic mind, he already possessed. How earnestly he must have pursued his studies, we may infer from the fact that in less



EBENEZER ELLIOTT,
 THE "CORN-LAW RHYMER."

BY J. B. D.

EBBENEZER ELLIOTT, the "Corn-Law Rhymers," as he has been popularly styled, was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, England, in 1781. His parentage was humble, his father occupying a subordinate clerkship in the iron-works at Rotherham. His early education is said to have been neglected, because he was thought too dull a boy to profit by instruction. When he was about fifteen, however, a clergyman, a friend of the family, bequeathed to the father of the future

than two years from this time, when he was just turned of seventeen, young Elliott published his first book, "The Vernal Walk," a poem by which his love of nature and his familiarity with "The Seasons" are strikingly shown. It also indicates by its charming descriptions, so evidently drawn from the life, how deeply the scenery of his native district had been impressed upon his mind.

"The Vernal Walk" was soon after followed by another poem entitled "Night." Neither of these pieces appears to have met with much success; nor did the public seem to appreciate the volume of poems with which the indefatigable young "rhymers" speedily ventured a third time before the

world. Elliott was now ready to give up; but Southey, with whom he had become acquainted, encouraged him to go on. "There is power in the least of these tales," said the older bard; "but the higher you pitch your tones, the better you succeed. Thirty years ago, they would have *made your reputation*; thirty years hence, the world will wonder that they did *not* do so."

Southey, however, seems, in this matter, to have failed as a prophet; for the poems upon which he laid such stress are now seldom read, and, though not without merit, most certainly are no cause of wonder as not having made the reputation of their author. And had not Elliott, whose limited education, combined with a rugged, though sympathetic, nature, hardly qualified him for successfully treating such gentle themes as he had so far attempted, been led by a great public event to turn his poetic talents into another channel, it is probable the world would have forgotten him long since.

The event to which I refer, was the agitation for the repeal of the corn-laws. This agitation was seriously begun, for the last time, by the formation, in 1841, of what was called the Anti-Corn-Law League. In the discussion of the questions to which it gave rise, the disclosures made of the appalling hardships of the working people, produced by the cruel import laid upon the necessities of life, stirred Elliott's rugged, but noble and kindly nature to its very depths, aroused his most earnest sympathies, and furnished him with topics calculated to call out all the resources of his vigorous and fiery intellect. The abolition of the Corn Laws now became the one great thought of his life. His celebrated "Corn-Law Rhymes" were the result. "They had the ring of the anvil in them." Their peculiar merits received immediate recognition. The generous and manly sympathy they expressed for the oppressed toilers of his country, won for their author the appellation, which he justly deserved, of "The Poet of the People." Nor is it too extravagant to say of them, that they were quite as instrumental, especially in the manufacturing districts, in fanning the excitement, and in stirring up those almost revolutionary outbreaks, which finally led to the repeal of the obnoxious laws, as was the combined eloquence of all the members of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

Besides being a poet, Elliott was, fortunately, a man of business, industrious, energetic and prudent. He had a happy talent of combining trade with literature. He did not deem it necessary that one should be idle in order to be a genius. Rising steadily in his employment, he realized, long enough before his death to be able to enjoy the fruits of it, a handsome competence as a steel refiner and iron merchant. He died, at his residence, near Barnsley, in 1849, having almost reached the scriptural limit of life—threescore and ten.

The last edition of his poems, over which he exercised personal supervision, appeared in one volume, in 1846. An edition, with a life and introduction by Griswold, was published in New York some twenty years ago—in 1850, I believe.

Speaking of Elliott's poetry, a distinguished

American critic remarks: "The inspiration of his verse is a fiery hatred of injustice. Without much creative power, he almost places himself beside men of genius, by the singular intensity and might of his sensibility. He understands the art of condensing passion. The great ambition of Elliott is to thunder. He is a brawny man, of nature's own make, with more than the usual portion of the old Adam stirring within him, and he says, 'I do well to be angry.' The mere sight of tyranny, bigotry, meanmess, prompts his smiting invective. His poetry would hardly have been written by a man who was not physically strong. You can hear the ring of his anvil, and see the sparks fly off from the furnace, as you read his verse."

In Elliott's "Poet's Epitaph," the subject of which is Burns, he seems to me to have pictured very happily the characteristics of his own nature. At all events, it is one of his pleasantest pieces, though not, perhaps, a fair sample of his power as a "rhymers." I give it, and a chatty little bit of description, entitled "Spring," together with a third piece, in a somewhat different vein, which last I have selected, not merely as affording a just idea of the general style and reflective habits of the author, but because it conveys a pleasant and well-deserved tribute to the labors of one whose genius has conferred so much honor upon our country.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies,—
The poet of the poor,
His books were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace,—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt and care,
He no exemption claimed.

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honoring in a peasant's form,
The equal of the great,
He blessed the steward whose wealth makes
—The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare,—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

SPRING.

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams rejoice that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn!
Wake, buried lily! Spirit, quit thy tomb!

And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
 Then haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine hymn
 the morn,
 Whose dew-drops shall illumine with pearly light
 Each grassy blade that thick-embattled stands
 From sea to sea, while daisies infinite,
 Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
 O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

ON SEEING AUDUBON'S "BIRDS OF AMERICA."

"Painting is silent music." So said one
 Whose prose is sweetest painting. Audubon!
 Thou Raphael of great Nature's woods and seas!
 Thy living forms and hues, thy plants, thy trees,
 Bring deathless music from the houseless waste—
 The immortality of truth and taste.
 Thou givest bright accents to the voiceless sod;
 And all thy pictures are mute hymns to God.
 Why hast thou power to bear the untraveled soul
 Through farthest wilds, o'er ocean's stormy roll,
 And to the prisoner of disease bring home
 The homeless birds of ocean's roaring foam,
 But that thy skill might bid the desert sing
 The sun-bright plumage of the Almighty's wing?
 With his own hues thy splendid lyre is strung;
 For genius speaks the universal tongue.
 "Come," cries the bigot, black with pride and
 wine—

"Come and hear *me*—the word of God is mine!"
 "But I," saith He, who paves with suns His car,
 And makes the storms His coursers from afar,
 And, with a glance of His all-dazzling eye,
 Smites into crashing fire the boundless sky—
 "I speak in this swift sea-bird's speaking eyes,
 These passion-shivered plumes, these lucid dyes;
 This beauty is my language! in this breeze
 I whisper love to forests and the seas;
 I speak in this lone flower—this dewdrop cold—
 That hornet's sting—yon serpent's neck of gold:
 These are my accents. Hear them! and behold
 How well my prophet-spoken truth agrees
 With the dread truth and mystery of these
 Sad, beauteous, grand, love-warbled mysteries!"
 Yes, Audubon! and men shall read in thee
 His language, written for eternity;
 And if, immortal in its thoughts, the soul
 Shall live in Heaven, and spurn the tomb's control,
 Angels shall re-transcribe, with pens of fire,
 Thy forms of nature's terror, love and ire,
 Thy copied words of God—when death-struck
 suns expire.

BOOKS AND LIBRARIES.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

IN these days of books, magazines and newspapers, it is hard for us to form any idea of ages that were bookless. Yet it is but a few centuries since a single volume was a luxury to be afforded by only a very few. In the year 1300, the library of Oxford consisted of "a few tracts kept in chests," and that of Louis IX. of France contained the works of but four classical writers. In 1364, the French royal library was increased to twenty volumes. Soon after the number was raised to nine hundred, and in the middle of the

next century it was purchased by the Duke of Bedford and carried to London. Twenty years before the discovery of America, Louis XI. wishing to borrow a manuscript from the library of the Faculty of Paris, was forced to sell a portion of his plate in order to deposit one hundred crowns of gold as security for its safe return. "A student of Paris, who was reduced, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law, and a grammarian who was ruined by a fire rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero." Fifty years later a collection of two thousand manuscripts, owned by a German abbot, was considered so wonderful that princes and learned men made long journeys to see it.

Wonderful stories are, however, told of the libraries of the ancients. The first one mentioned in history is said to have been formed by the Egyptian King Osymandyas. Little is known of it excepting the inscription "Storehouse of Medicine for the Mind," but that alone says much for the wisdom of the founder, for ages of ignorance have always been ages of barbarism. The Alexandrian Library was by far the most famous ancient collection of books. While in the hands of its first manager it reached the size of fifty thousand volumes, and, according to some authorities, at the time of its greatest prosperity it contained four hundred thousand, and according to others, seven hundred thousand books, embracing the literature of Rome, Greece, India and Egypt. When Alexandria was besieged by Julius Cæsar, a portion of the collection was burned, but was afterward replaced from the rival library of Pergamos, which was sent by Marc Anthony as a present to Cleopatra. In the fourth century a large portion was sacrificed at the general destruction of heathen temples by a mob of ignorant, fanatical Christians, and the work was completed at the taking of the city by the Calif Omar, three hundred years later. Thus was wantonly destroyed the noblest collection of books then in existence. No estimate can be formed of what the world has lost by such acts of careless or wilful destruction.

Until within a short period, conquerors have wrecked their vengeance not less upon the treasures of art and literature belonging to their victims than upon their persons. The Persians destroyed the books of the Phœnicians and the Egyptians. The conquerors of Ireland annihilated the ancient records, and those of Mexico burned works which we would pay any price to recover. As late as the days of Cromwell, it was proposed in the British Parliament that all the records in the Tower should be destroyed and the history of the nation begin from that date. The project was defeated by a speech from Sir Matthew Hale.

Religious zeal has been, if possible, more vindictive than political. It is said that the final destruction of the Alexandrian Library was ordered by the Caliph Omar on the ground that as the Koran contained the sum of all wisdom, his followers needed no other book. Whether this story be true or not, it is known that most of the Persian literature perished by such an edict issued by one of his faith. Nor has such mistaken zeal been

confined to the followers of Mahomet. "The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians and of the Philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans, and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews." The most valuable ancient works were effaced by the monks of the Middle Ages, that they might use the parchment for the trivial records of the monasteries and the lives of the saints. The library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasure collected by a succession of emperors, was burned by the order of Pope Gregory VII., to prevent the monks studying anything but the Holy Scriptures. At the time of the Reformation, the fact that a book had red letters on the title-page, insured its condemnation by the Reformers, and the Puritans never allowed anything to escape them which they suspected of being popish.

From these records of destruction it is a pleasure to turn to accounts of modern libraries. Almost every country in Europe has, at least, one noble collection of books, Germany, France and England taking the lead. In the United States we have none that can vie with those of these older nations, but, probably, no people were ever so well supplied with good reading. Almost every village has its little circulating library, and in our great cities they are growing to enormous proportions.

Perhaps, in selecting one great library to describe, we cannot do better than to take that of the British Museum. The reading-room alone was erected by order of Parliament, between the years 1854 and 1857, at an expense of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is principally of iron, strength, economy of space and safety from fire being the three chief requisites. The dome is but two feet smaller than that of the Pantheon at Rome, but while the piers that support that occupy nearly seven thousand five hundred feet, the iron columns of the Museum fill only two hundred. The book-shelves in the library are of iron, as are their supports, and everywhere, except against the outside walls, they are deep enough to hold two rows of books, which are separated by an iron lattice. All the partitions are formed of these double rows of books. They will hold one million volumes, and if stretched out in a single shelf would extend twenty-five miles. This is the library itself. The reading-room, which is directly under the dome, has accommodations for eighty thousand volumes more, and for three hundred persons. Each person has a sort of stall four feet and three inches long, and fitted up with two shelves, one for writing and one for books, and he is supplied with pen and ink. To insure his comfort, one part of the iron framework is contrived to bring him fresh air, and the other contains hot-water pipes, by which the temperature may be regulated. One drawback there is, indeed—the library cannot be used in the evening, for under no circumstances may a light be carried into it. Nor is it free in any such sense as the Astor and Peabody libraries. Certain formalities must be gone through with in order to obtain admittance. Application must be made in writing to the principal librarian, accompanied by a description of

person and residence, and a written recommendation. The librarian may then, if he pleases, grant a ticket of admission for not more than six months, or he may refer the applicant to the trustees.

The department of printed books is the largest in the Museum. The keeper has thirty-one assistants, and there are also employed sixteen transcribers and sixty-two attendants. In 1860, the library contained seven hundred thousand printed volumes, aside from all manuscripts, maps, charts, etc., and as the rate of increase is about twenty thousand a year, the number must now have reached one million.

This magnificent collection was founded in the middle of the last century, by Sir Hans Sloane, who ordered that, at his death, his library of fifty thousand volumes should be offered to the government for the sum of twenty thousand pounds, about a quarter of its value, to be used as the foundation of a public library. The offer was accepted, and George II. soon added the library which had been gathered by the kings of England since the days of Henry VIII., and which included some very valuable private collections. He also transferred to the library of the British Museum the privilege which had belonged to the royal collection of receiving free a copy of every work published in the empire—a right which is now shared by several other libraries. Since then it has been the fashion to make donations to the British Museum, and to its shelves have been transferred many splendid private collections, among which may be mentioned Dr. Bentley's classical and Dr. Burney's musical libraries, and the general collection made by George III., which was valued at two hundred thousand pounds, and was probably the finest ever made by one person. Besides all gifts from private persons to the library, the public expenses of keeping up the institution and purchasing additions, amounted to a million and a half pounds in the first century.

The value of a donation cannot be inferred from its size, a rare old manuscript being often more prized than the most magnificent modern publication. The price which will sometimes be paid for an old book is almost incredible. The highest exhibition of book madness which we have had yet, took place at the late sale of the Perkins collection, near London. Seven hundred and sixteen pounds were paid for a copy of Shakspeare; but the principal attraction was two copies of the Mazarin Bible, so called because they were discovered in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. They enjoyed the double distinction of being, probably, the first printed copies of the Latin Bible, and the first books struck off on Gutenberg's metal types. One was on paper and the other on vellum. The first brought the sum of two thousand six hundred and ninety pounds, and the second that of three thousand four hundred pounds, nearly double the amount that was ever paid for a printed book before. We can but wonder what will be the next exhibition of Bibliomania.

Honor and riches are the two wheels upon which the whole world is moved; these are the two springs of our discontent.

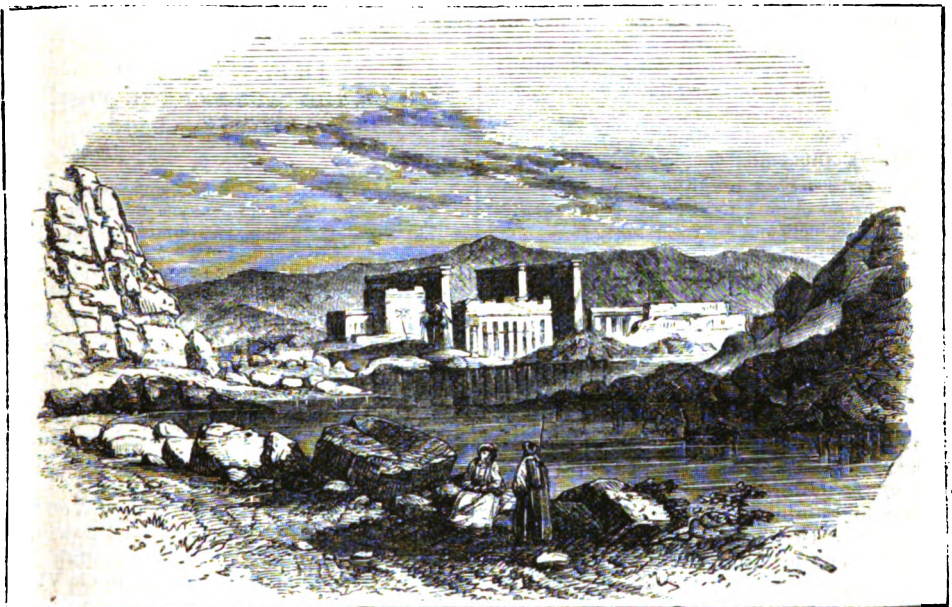
THE ISLE OF PHILÆ.

BY E. J. N. SAMMLER.

THOUGH only about four hundred yards in length by one hundred and thirty in width, the little island of Philæ makes a considerable figure, especially in the eyes of the antiquary, as containing some of the finest Egyptian remains to be found anywhere. It lies in the Nile, just above the first cataract, in Upper Egypt, and not far from the Nubian border. The City of Philæ is said to owe its existence to the Ptolemies, who designed it as a friendly meeting place and a common emporium for the Egyptians and the Ethiopians. Hence, according to some, the name of the place, *Philai*, from *Philos*, "a friend." Other authorities, however, derive the name from the Arabic *Phil*, "an elephant," thus making the name identical with Elephantina. By others still,

ractors on the faces of the ancient buildings which the Egyptians had erected; but those Greek inscriptions are themselves intersected, and in many parts destroyed, by figures cut upon *them*, in the true Egyptian style, thus proving that the native people retained their peculiar style of art under the dominion of the Greek kings and the Roman emperors.

There is a curious effect of light and shade produced by the position of the remains of Philæ near the Tropic of Cancer. As the sun approaches his northern limit and rises higher in the heavens, the shadows from the bold projecting cornices and mouldings sink lower and lower on the broad surface of the walls, till at last, when the sun has obtained his greatest elevation, the vertical walls remain in deep shade, forming a striking contrast with the blazing brightness that is cast over every surrounding object.



it is maintained that the name is from the Egyptian *Phi lakh*, "the end," or "extremity"—that is, of Egypt.

In the immediate vicinity of Philæ was a small, rocky island, called Abastos by the Greeks, from the circumstance of its being permitted the priests alone to set foot on it, and its house being *inaccessible* to others. Here was the tomb of Oriris, Isis having there deposited his remains. The modern name of Philæ is *Gesirat-el-Birbe*, or "Temple Island," in allusion to the remains of antiquity upon it.

As has already been said, Philæ is one of the richest spots of Egypt in architectural beauty. It is also one of the most instructive as to the evidence of buildings being raised in the real and the mixed Egyptian style at a period long after the race of native monarchs had ceased to rule. On the propyla of the great temple on this island there are some Greek inscriptions. At first we should be disposed to say that the Greeks cut these cha-

BURROWING BEES.

BY JOHN H. CLARK.

THE apidæ or bee family contains some of the most interesting, and one of the most useful of all insects. The different species are very numerous, and they are widely distributed over all parts of the earth.

There is one group of insects belonging to this family which has received the popular name of Pith-Boring Bees, on account of the habits of its members, which make their nests in tunnels which they burrow in the pith of various plants.

There are many species of pith-boring bees; and they all construct very curious nests, which, of course, differ according to the species of bee that makes them. There is one species which makes a very beautiful nest, consisting of a series of cells placed one above another, in the hollow stem or stalk of some plant. The manner in which it constructs its nest is very interesting.

After searching about until it has found a stalk suited to its purposes, *i. e.*, one that has the top either broken or cut off, it sets to work excavating the pith, and works away until it has made a tunnel some inches in depth. It then changes its employment, and flies off in search of honey and pollen, which are to be the food of its future offspring. After having deposited a small quantity of this substance in the bottom of the tunnel, it lays thereon an egg, and then proceeds to construct above it a ceiling, which will also serve as the floor to another cell. The ceiling is about an eighth of an inch in thickness, and is composed of the fine particles of pith which it has removed from the stalk. These particles it presses firmly together, forming with them a ceiling or partition so solid that it may easily be removed from its place without injuring it in the least. The pith is, probably, given this great adhesive power by some fluid secreted by the bee. After having completed the first ceiling, it starts off after more pollen and honey, and proceeds to construct another cell in the same manner. And so it continues until it has formed a series of cells, some eight or nine in number.

The ceilings are double-concave, that is, both sides of them are concave. And they are placed from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch apart, thus forming an oblong cylindrical cell with convex ends.

In such a nest, the females always occupy the lower cells, while the upper ones contain the males. "The bees," writes Mr. F. Smith, "which arrive at their perfect condition, or rather those which are first anxious to escape into day, are two or three in the upper cells—these are males; the females are usually ten or twelve days later."

Here we see manifested one of those wise provisions of nature by which God preserves all His creatures. If the order of nature was reversed, and those insects in the lower cells came first to their maturity, they could by no means escape, and would, in all probability, perish of starvation before they could reach the open air. But this difficulty, we see, is guarded against in the manner before stated; those in the upper cells escaping first, thus leaving an open passage-way for those lower down in the tunnel.

There is another group of burrowing bees named Leaf-Cutters. One species of this group, the Rose-Cutter Bee, also constructs its nest in a tunnel which it burrows in some branch or other wood. It seems, however, to prefer the real wood, to pith; and generally makes its tunnel in some old decaying post or tree. And, instead of making partitions in the tunnel, and thus forming its cells, it takes altogether a different method, and constructs them of semicircular pieces which it cuts from rose-leaves. These pieces it bends into a curved form, and then presses them, one after another, into the tunnel, fitting them into each other in such a manner that they form a small thimble-shaped cell, in which it deposits an egg together with some bee-bread, a substance which is composed of pollen mixed with honey. It then proceeds to make another cell in the same way, and

sometimes continues until it has formed a series some two inches in length.

Some species of burrowing bees make their nests in the ground; others in the mortar of old walls, and there is one large species, the Carpenter Bee, which makes a truly wonderful nest in a tube or tunnel which it bores in an old tree or post. It makes its cells by partitions in the tunnel, as does the Pith-Boring Bee, before mentioned, but its nest displays much more skill and beauty than does that of the Pith-Boring Bee.

Some species of burrowing bees, although they will dig industriously, when obliged to do so, are very apt to save themselves that trouble if possible, and make their nests in some hollow already existing. Nail or auger holes in old fences and out-houses may often be found to contain such nests, and so may the projecting straws of a straw-covered roof, and all other such places which afford the bees a suitable burrow in which to build them.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 5.

"All the fragrant air

Was tremulous with the sweet joy of life.

The thrilling of bird-music and the hum

Of honey-bees among the dewy flowers

Was woven through the sunny atmosphere,

Like the rich warp and woof of some fine web."

Rusha Punderson never read a line of poetry in her life, except what she read in her little camp-meeting hymn-book, but she felt the spirit of this as she stood that May morning leaning upon the bars, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and her hair pushed back from her sunburnt forehead. Adam, her husband, was coming down the path and she was waiting for him.

When he drew near she said, "Well?" in a questioning, waiting way, and he, knowing what she meant answered: "Yes, sure 'nough, there is a family over on sixteen, come from ole Virginny, man an' wife and two young 'uns, an' I reckon they're 'bout as poor as the law 'lows. Better go over an' see 'em soon 's you can; maybe they might be a wantin' somethin'; anyhow we must show fellar feelin' for human critters livin' in the woods. We know how it went two year ago," and the man, Adam, stooped down and tucked the rag into the toe of his dilapidated old shoe. "Cur'us that this 'fernal rag will come creepin' out in that pesky hole every time I set my foot in motion like; might jus' as well go clean barefoot an' done with, only fur the thorns, an' snags, and pesky snakes 'festin' the path."

"Well, I 'low I could go to-morrow 'f you can spare Jack fur me to ride," said she, drawing her brows in a thoughtful way, as though she were making calculations.

The next morning early, Jack stood at the bars with a little, old, worn, man's saddle on, fastened with a strip of home-made linen girth, and a bridle that had seen palmier days. It was a little matter whether he had on a saddle or not, for this

free, strong, brave, natural woman of fifty-five years ago could ride as well without a saddle as with one. Jack had not time to stand and gnaw the post or try to touch his white nose to the green sprouts that marked the places of last year's growing saplings, for Rusha had made a pot of mush and placed it in a warm corner for dinner, and the tin cups and clumsy pewter spoons stood in a row on the shelf against the wall, and the children had received their orders about good behavior, and this bustling, active woman was ready to start.

She wore a new linen gown of her own spinning and weaving, and thread stockings of her own making, and though she was plainly and coarsely clad, hers was a face that one would look upon, and turn and look at again and again. Her eyes were bright and dark, and her hair black and abundant, and her face, though tanned from outdoor exposure, was rosy and indicative of good health. Her little ones stood and watched her as she started on her first visit to the new family.

The dear woman! how cleverly she mounted the waiting horse! She threw the bridle over his neck, and sprang on his back from the ground like a nimble boy. Her children thought the spring was graceful, and the two little boys looked on admiringly, and something like a touch of electricity tingled in their veins, and made them shout with joy as the steed galloped along the path that terminated in the old Postage road, the only laid-out and made road in the country.

It was about four miles the nearest way across the wilderness to the new home of the new neighbors from "ole Virginny."

Rusha's eyes were very bright during that wild-wood ride, for the trees were blazed not more than half the way, and the other half she had to be guided by, perhaps, instinct.

A blazed tree meant a tree from which a patch of the bark, say the size of a man's hand, or larger, had been cut off by a glancing blow or two of an axe.

Sometimes she had to stop and think, or, as she said, "calkilate," so as to be sure of the right points of the compass. But her intimate years in the trackless woods had taught her many things. It was not long until she heard the ringing strokes of an axe, and then she emerged into a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a rude cabin, from whose wide-mouthed mud chimney the blue smoke curled gracefully. She rode up to the open door and sprang off the horse, and threw the bridle over his neck. Then stepping inside the doorway, she dropped a civil courtesy, at the same time waving both widely-spread hands with a motion that was intended to be very graceful.

A small, sad-faced woman sat on a low bench nursing her baby. She covered her bosom, and looked up in a startled, scared way.

"I'm Mis Punderson," said Rusha, dropping another courtesy; "an' I come over to see you, an' bid you welcome to this part of the country. What might your name be?"

The little newcomer rose and gathered the big baby up into a heap, and extending her hand with a cordial grasp, and a laugh that made her mouth open its very widest, said: "My name is Morgan;

we come from ole Virginny; an' I's beginning to get homesick to see a woman's face; an' I thank the Lord that you've come to see me, Mis—Mis—" and here she hesitated, blushing rosy red.

"Punderson," suggested Rusha, with another waving of outspread hands.

"O Sister Punderson, I'm so glad to see a woman's face!" said the homesick little wife, and she clutched Rusha round the neck and kissed her with fervor.

Then Rusha took the handkerchief off her head and smoothed back her wavy black hair, and in the kindness of her heart said: "I'm not used to being empty-handed; let me take the child and rest your little arms."

"What's your first name, Mis Morgan?" said Rusha, trotting the baby in a jolly way on her knees.

"Becky," was the reply. "An' as we're to be nigh neighbors like, I'd rather you'd call me Becky."

"An' you call me Rusha," was the answer.

And henceforth those two women called each other by their first names. In less than half an hour they knew each other's ages, how long they had been married, how many children they had, and their names, and ages, and all about their husbands, and their prospects, and how much linen they had made, and how much sugar the Pundersons had made since they came to the new country, how much wild honey they had gathered, how they tracked the bees to their hidden stores, and how many Methodists there were in the new country, and all those things that women of now-a-days would hardly tell to their sisters.

It was not long until Mr. Morgan came to the cabin, and his wife introduced him as "my Moses."

Moses sat a little while, and then said he would put Mis Punderson's critter in the stable. The stable was a large stump, to which he hitched Jack. His own horse was hitched on the other side. Poles laid into forks that were driven into the ground made stalls.

Afterwhile they had dinner. The table was a rude, split-out piece of puncheon, fastened on heavy pins that were driven into the log-wall. They had real tea to drink—the women had—"store tea," they called it, that came all the way from ole Virginny; and they had little "board-cake," a corn-cake mixed up with warm water and salt, and spread on a clean shingle, and baked before the fire until it was brown; then a knife was slipped under it and it was slid off the shingle and turned over and baked on the other side. When baked quickly, this is a delicious corn-cake. Then they had stewed plums, and maple sugar melted into syrup, and butter, and pickles, and dried venison, and stewed wild cherries.

Rusha did not quite like the new neighbor, Moses; he had "read right smart," he informed her, and he behaved as though he thought he was superior to the common folks in the new country. Rusha may have been mistaken, but this was her first impression of the new neighbor from ole Virginny.

After dinner, Rusha made Becky sit down and

rest, and let her wash the dishes. Then she slyly slipped a little parcel out of her pocket and tossed it into the lap of her new-found friend, saying: "Don't amount to much, but it shows good will an' good fellowship."

It was a yard of home-spun linen, small check, copperas and white, and meant to make an apron.

Before Rusha started home in the afternoon, she had told Becky how to find the way to their cabin—because the visit was to be returned in less than a week—told her what direction to go; what thicket to avoid; where she would cross Goudy's Run; which way to turn to leave the great wind-fall to the left; where she would strike the route marked by the blazed trees; where she would go 'long side of the Indian trail, and when to hallo, so that she could answer her and come out to meet her.

Moses wrinkled up his nose, and said he'd bet a wolf's scalp that she'd get bewildered, and go round and round, and not know her own head from a ramrod; but the women looked at each other, as much as to say: "Only a man talking!"

Jack was led up to a stump, and Rusha mounted and started homeward through the woods.

And now I want to tell a pretty sight that Rusha saw on that wildwood ride. She told me of it herself, fifty-eight years after it happened.

She said: "I'll never forgit the fust time I saw yer Uncle John an' yer Aunt Betsey. I was on my way home from my fust visit to Becky Morgan's, an' I stopt ole Jack while I'd watch a singularly beautiful bird that had 'lighted on a low sarviceberry limb. It flirited this way an' that, an' it glittered till it e'enamost hurt my eyes. It was the brightest o' green, an' black, an' red; all glossy, an' sparklin', an' shinin'. Well, while I's bendin' so's to ketch a good view o' the glowin' bird, I heard the sweetest kind o' singin'. At first I was terrified, an' thought it was the angels o' Heaven away in that solum place; but it cum nigher an' nigher, an' I begun to hear a russlin' an' a husslin' o' the de'd leaves, and the singin' closter and closter, an' I kep' Jack still in behind some tangled shrubbery, an' purty soon they cum in sight. There must 'a' been fifteen or twenty of 'em—the Methodys comin' home from a camp-meetin' that had jus' broke up that day. The path was narrer, and they hed to go it single file, two on one horse. Yer Uncle John an' Aunt Betsey rode before; they were young then, had been married about a year or so, an' they were both so handsome. She rode behind him, an' was in her bare head; her hair was a light bright brown, and was in curls. Oh, but she was pretty! Indeed, they all looked so beautiful, an' they were all singing in reg'lar Methody style, at the top of their voices, but yer aunt was leadin'. I remember the stirrin' old hymn well:

"What is this that casts you down?

What is this that grieves you?

Speak an' let the wust be known;

Speakin' may relieve you."

"Raly, I felt mean, an' little, an' wicked, a-sneakin' down there quietly on Jack's neck like a pore dispondin' sinner, an' they all looked so happy and purty an' as if their faces were ann'inted

with the ile o' gladness an' forgiveness. Oh, I felt as if I'd give anything to have the religion that they had; but, thank the Lord, me an' Adam had not long to wait—the blessin' was stored away jus' waitin' our 'ceptance. I mind when yer aunt led out with the line, 'Speakin' may relieve you,' I could have cried out as though I had twenty voices; my heart was full to bustin'."

Moses agreed to stay in the house and take care of the children the day his wife made her first visit to Rusha. She started early in the morning, and the last words her husband said were: "Now, if you get lost and bewildered and come back home, I won't let you try it the second time; and if you get so lost that you never find your way home, who shall I marry?"

She laughingly replied: "Don't marry too soon; but, Moses, if I should get lost, what will I do?"

He took the horse by the bridle and turned its head as though he intended leading it back to the impromptu stable, but she climbed on a stump and signified her readiness to go.

It was a beautiful morning, and it was the first time she had been out in the woods alone and unincumbered, and, as Moses predicted, she did become bewildered, and rode on, and on, but came not to the thicket, nor the run, nor the trail, but to a cabin, standing in a small clearing. She rode up to it to inquire where the Punderson's lived. She hailed, and a man came out; his countenance seemed familiar, but she could not tell where she had ever seen his face before. When she inquired where the Punderson's lived, he stared at her and broke into a loud laugh. She was at her own home, and the man with the strangely-familiar face was her own husband, Moses Morgan!

"Why, come in," he said; "dismount, you'll never find the way there; you are a great booby and not fit to go outside the house!"

That touched her; she struck the horse a stinging cut across the neck, and was soon out of the sight of the man who had called her a booby. She remembered the route as Rusha had told her, she kept saying it over to herself and watching the points in the course of the four miles' journey.

Astonishing! she rode, and rode, and came in sight of a cabin and a clearing, and again it was her own home. She hurried away lest her husband should see her and make her give up the attempt altogether. "He called me a booby," she said, and she shut her teeth, and her eyes sparkled, and she galloped down the path that led across the trail.

Oh, the beauty of the dense wildwood in those early days! But Becky Morgan had no time to note the tall oaks, the monster grape vines, the beds of plushy moss, the thickets a-quiver with bird-songs or the green aisles that seemed to reach away off and terminate in vast chambers over-arched with giant branches, outreaching and magnificent. Her quick eye was looking for the brook, and the thicket, and the blazed trees. At length she came upon a straggling little path, and she saw blazed trees to the right and the left, but she knew not in which direction to turn. She halted, and stared around her, and sighed. "He called me a booby," she said, bitterly, and then

she remembered that Rusha had told her to hallo, and she would reply.

And the ringing voice went out upon the wide forest in a long, loud "Rusha! Rusha!" She listened. Only the echoes came back to her in a mournfully prolonged "R-u-s-h-a." "He called me a booby," she thought, and again she called the name of her new neighbor. She listened, and an answer came back to her from, oh, so far away, that it seemed to come from over the sea! It took its rise in a wonderful pair of lungs, that long, loud "hoo-hoo!" did, and it stopped not with one answering call, it was repeated again and again, and all she had to do was to ride in the direction of the stentorian voice that rang like a bugle. Rusha and her children met her on the way. They were as glad to see her as though they were old friends. The children called her Aunt Becky, and she dismounted and let the little boys and their sister ride the rest of the way.

How the women did visit! how fast they talked and how fast they became acquainted.

The Pundersons had no clock, but Rusha could tell by the sunshine on the puncheon floor the hour of the day. If the day were cloudy then they had no time. She knew when to begin to get the dinner ready; when the sun shone in at the door and reached the fourth crack in the floor.

She got a good dinner that day. They had rye coffee, and white flour biscuit—not very white, but as good as could be had in the new country—potatoes, honey, and butter, and dried venison, and custard, and curd cheese, and plum pie, and preserved cherries and grapes.

They had no teaspoons, and they had to eat their custard and preserves with a knife and fork. Rusha had only one kettle, but she boiled water enough in it to make the coffee and cook the potatoes at one time, and then she hurried and had the biscuit ready to bake just as soon as the potatoes were done. The same kettle was used to make mush in, bake loaves of raised corn-bread, hull corn, preserve fruit and berries, and when small washings were done the clothes were boiled in it. It is wonderful how the ingenuity of woman can contrive when compelled by necessitous circumstances.

Becky wore her new linen apron that day, and that she might show "good will," likewise, she brought Rusha a piece of red ribbon to put on her best lace cap.

In the afternoon Rusha showed her new neighbor the way home in a way so positive and sure that Becky was never lost again. They both rode the same horse, and Rusha went with her until she was in sight of her own cabin.

I said to Rusha: "Were you always good friends with your old-time neighbor?"

"Well, 'yes, ruther; but a kind of a coldness come in a-tween us in three or four years after; but then 'twasn't her fault."

Dear Rusha! she was like good old Jenks with his Jane Whittlesey.

"Tell me about it," I said; "I am interested in knowing just how much the women of fifty and sixty years ago were like our women of the present day."

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"Well, 'twasn't her fault. You see we were all members of the Methody church together at this time, an' somehow talk got out that Sister Becky Morgan wasn't satisfied. Anyhow, she'd quit comin' to meetin' an' class, an' it got to be ser'us talk that she was unsatisfied, an' that old Mr. Mintringer, a Universalist preacher, had been at Moses Morgan's time an' ag'in. Well, it was talked over among us, an' Sister Hays an' me were 'p'inted to go an' talk with Becky. Now I was mortal 'fraid of Morgan hisself, he was so proud an' overbearin' an' scornful-like, and Sister Hays felt the same way, an' we 'lowed we wouldn't mind it if only we could happen there sometime when he was away from home. Well, it run on for weeks that way; we were still the a'p'inted ones, an' the church was dependin' on us. In the meantime Becky was confounded. Sister Hays an' me looked at each other, an' said, 'Well, we'll go and visit her when the right time comes.' In less than a week, Sister Hays was the new mother of a pair of twin boys—you've heard of 'em, Romilus an' Remus; they live out West now—an' the next Monday my Azariar was born. In about five weeks after, we heard that the nabors had all 'jined together with Mr. Morgan to buy salt, an' that he was going down to Zanesville with two critters to pack some home. There was no wagon-road then, an' stuff had to be packed on critters' backs, an' let 'em travel one behind t'other. It was a hard way o' gitten salt, but it was the only way, an' it was surprisen the lots that could be packed that way.

"That was our time to go then, while he was away, an' I sent word to Sister Hays to see if she was ready and willin'. She said she was, an' for me to come bright an' airly the next mornin', an' we'd ride down there an' visit, an' have our pious talk all to ourselves. I fixed things handy for the young uns' dinners, and toted Azariar, an' went cross lots.

"Now I want to tell you how we looked, Sister Hays an' me, when we started. I laffed then, an' I've laffed every time I've thought of it ever since; an' I'm nin'ty-two years old now, an' it's just as laffable as ever it was. Sister Hays an' I'd often gone visitin' together, an' off on church business, an' such, an' we allus rode their old Nell; I rode behind her on piece o' gray linsey-woolsey. Old Nell was led out this mornin' for us, an' behold a pair o' cute little twin colts came trottin' along at her heels. I hadn't heard about 'em, or I s'pect I'd rode our Jack.

"Hays' X Roads saw a funnier sight then than the beautiful village of Haysville ever saw since that day. Sister Hays carried the two babies, made up into one bundle; she rode before. I carried my Azariar, an' rode behind her. The little colts followed after us; but they soon got tired an' lagged, an' I had to whinny, and whicker, an' make all kinds of colty-talk an' endearin' horse-talk. It was the fust time the colts had ever been out of the barn-yard, an' they didn't know how large the airth was, an' acted as though they was afeard they'd fall over the edge of it. I never laughed so hard in my life. Sometimes I had to get off an' go back, an' almost pull 'em along by

the tails. We made quite a procession—three critters, an' three boys, and two women.

"Well, we got to Becky's, and were having a famous visit; we put the four new babies all together, heads even; an' we were all talkin' at once, an' gettin' dinner; I was cleanin' a chicken, an' Becky was makin' berry pie, an' Sister Hays was peelin' taters, when a shadder fell across the doorway, an' who should come in but Moses himself! The fordin' over Jerome Creek was not passable on account o' high water, an' he'd come home to wait till the next day.

"Oh, we were most mortally sorry! And there that old fellar sot an' sot, just as though Sattan was in him, an' he never give us one bit of a chance even to say a private word to Becky. He never liked the Methodys, an' I've a notion he tormented her until she gave 'em up, and was willin' to do anything for peace.

"That was the last visit I ever had with poor Becky Morgan. I often met with her at the neighbors at flax-pullin's, an' quiltin's, and buryin's; but I couldn't enjoy her company like I did the fust couple o' years.

"The colts behaved themselves better on their way home'ards, an' our little patch o' babies slep' all the road. Sister Hays an' me often talked in our old age about the difficulties that beset church committees in airy times when there was only one way o' travellin'."

OLD ENGLISH CHARITIES.*

THE local charities connected with the family history of great landowners in England form one of the most interesting classes of public relief. They date chiefly from ante-Reformation times, and often embody a hidden symbolism into which none save the antiquary now cares to inquire. It is a mistake to suppose that *all* the dying bequests of pious folk in the Middle Ages were devoted to the "Church" proper: the larger part certainly were, although the spirit that prompted even the making of such bequests was symbolical of the belief in the dispensing (rather than the appropriating) powers of churchmen: but many were also the sums left to be yearly spent in the relief of the poor and starving. Thus originated the alms (or bede) houses so frequently met with in the retired villages of England. *Bede* (from the German *beten*, to "pray") meant prayer, hinting at the pious duty of those benefiting by the founder's legacy to pray for his eternal welfare. When the Reformation, among many abuses, also obliterated many beautiful and poetical customs, the meaning of these "houses of prayer" was forgotten, and their chapels were often ruthlessly whitewashed. The material part of the foundation, however, still remained, and the bedesmen, twelve or thirteen (in commemoration of the number of the apostles, or the apostles and their Master), continued to be chosen by the clergyman of the parish and the lord of the manor. In other places, instead of this more costly mode of relief, a custom prevailed of distributing a "dole" at stated times to a large number of poor people, the

number corresponding to the age of the giver: if alive, of course the number increased every year; if dead, it was fixed at the age at which he or she had died. Many of these local customs continue to this day; some have even been instituted lately, since the revived taste for mediævalism has beautified and refined English homesteads and village churches. The queen, a faithful upholder of ancient national manners, has given the example by adhering to the time-honored custom called the Royal Maundy. This word is from *mandatum*, or commandment, and refers to the "new commandment" given by Christ to His apostles at the Last Supper. In Catholic countries it is still the custom for the sovereign to wash the feet of twelve poor men (his wife performing the same office for twelve poor and aged women) in public on the Thursday before Easter, and to serve them at table afterward: in Vienna this is done in a very solemn and public manner. The chosen ones are brought to the palace in court-coaches, and after the ceremony is over are carried home in the same way, loaded with presents of clothing, money, and all the dishes, spoons, forks, etc., used at their dinner. In England the same charity, or its equivalent, is dispensed, not by the sovereign in person, but by her chaplains and almoners, in the midst of beautiful formalities. The dignity with which the ceremony is performed is a striking evidence of the national character, and a contrast to the sometimes slovenly manner in which great public religious functions are got through abroad. The charities are distributed in the chapel of Whitehall, the palace made tragically famous by the disgrace of Wolsey and the death of King Charles I. Fifty-five old men, and as many women, the number corresponding to the age of the sovereign, were thus relieved last year. On an earlier occasion, witnessed by the writer, a procession consisting of a detachment of the yeomen of the guard, under the command of a sergeant-major (one of the yeomen carrying the royal alms on a gold salver of the reign of William and Mary), several chaplains, almoners, secretaries and a few national school-children (allowed to take part in the ceremony as a signal reward for good behavior), left the Royal Almonry Office for the chapel of Whitehall. It was met at the door by the lord high almoner and the subdeans of the Chapel Royal, who joined the ranks and passed up to the altar. The surpliced boys of the Chapel Royal, and the clergy and gentlemen belonging officially to it, took their appointed places right and left, and the gold salver was deposited in front of the royal pew, generally tenanted by one or more members of the royal family. Evening prayer, slightly varied and adapted for the occasion, as custom has decreed for several centuries, was then gone through; the forty-first Psalm was chanted; and after the First Lesson an anthem by Goss was sung. Then followed the distribution of one pound, fifteen shillings to each woman, and a pair of shoes and stockings to each man. The two next anthems were by Mendelssohn, and in the intervals woollen and linen clothes were first distributed to each man, and money-purses to each man and woman. The Second Lesson was then read, and the fourth

* Lippincott's Magazine.

and concluding anthem, by Greene, chanted, after which the usual Thanksgiving and Prayer of St. Chrysostom were read. The musical part of the service, being especially prominent, was correctly and artistically performed by skillful musicians (some of them composers), styled officially "gentlemen of the Chapel Royal:" the solo in the first anthem was sung by one of the boys.

In addition to this special ceremony, other Easter bounties, styled "Minor Bounty," "Discretionary Bounty," and the "Royal Gate Alms," were, according to old custom, distributed at the Almonry Office on Good Friday and Saturday, while Easter Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the distribution of other supplementary relief to old and infirm people previously chosen by the clergy of the various London parishes. The recipients included over a thousand persons.

Among the private local charities none is on so large a scale as the famous "Tichborne Dole." The idea we now attach to the word *dole* is ludicrously inappropriate in this case, where the gift is in the proportion of one gallon of the best wheat flour to each adult and half a gallon to each child, and where the number of the recipients is generally between five and six hundred, including the inhabitants of two parishes. This custom is seven hundred years old, and was first instituted on the Tichborne estate by Dame Mabel, the wife of Sir Roger de Tichborne, knight, in the beginning of the twelfth century. The foundress was renowned for her piety and charity, and by her own people was looked upon as a saint. The family record says that she was so charitable to the poor that, not content to exercise that virtue all her lifetime, she instituted the "dole" as a perpetual memorial of her goodness, and entailed it to her posterity. It is distributed yearly on the 25th of March. A large oil-painting, now hanging in the dining-room of Tichborne House, and representing the distribution of the "dole," was painted in 1670, and is considered as one of the most valuable family relics. The costumes of the period are faithfully represented, most of the prominent figures are portraits, and the scene is laid within the courtyard of the old manor, with its sculptured gables and picturesque mullioned windows. The present house, roomy and comfortable as it is, is a plain, unpretending building, with no architectural features to recommend it, but the park and grounds are very beautiful, the old trees disposed in deep glades and avenues, and the situation altogether very picturesque. Since the famous trial has made everything bearing the name of Tichborne a target for curiosity, the occupants have been sadly annoyed, and access to the house was at last, in self-defence, denied to strangers who came simply as gaping sight-seers. The "dole" distribution, as we have said, takes place every year. Last spring it was attended with less show than usual, owing to the illness of the little boy who now represents the old name (the nephew of the lost Roger Tichborne), in consequence of which none of the ladies of the family were present. But despite the absence of the festal arrangements by which it is usually accompanied, the main business was the same as it has always been

since Dame Mabel's time. About nine o'clock the fine old park became thronged with men, women and children, all carrying bags and baskets in which to stow away the "bounty." The distribution was made at the back of the house. The people gathered in groups, dressed in all sorts of plain, dilapidated country garments—old men in worn-out smock-frocks (a sight seldom seen even in conservative England), gaiters such as they wear at work in the fields, and slouched, unrecognisable hats that had evidently seen better times; others stood in their "Sunday clothes," stiff and uncomfortable as a laborer looks in that unusual and unartistic guise; some were old and toothless, yet upright and almost martial-looking; while some, again, had that pathetic look—sunken eyes, bent limbs and general air of having given in to the attacks of time and sorrow—which invariably speaks the same language and stirs the same sympathy all over the world. The women were in the majority, most of them hale and hearty, the wives and daughters of laborers who were too busy to come in person. Nine sacks, each containing fifty gallons of flour, were emptied by two sturdy miller's men into an immense tub. The family being an old Roman Catholic one, a religious ceremony was the prelude of the distribution. The domestic chaplain offered up a short prayer, and after invoking the blessing of Heaven on the gift, sprinkled the flour with holy water in the form of a cross. It was no uncommon thing for one person to carry away three or four gallons of flour: the largest award was in the case of a family consisting of man, wife and seven children, the wife carrying away with her five and a half gallons. Many of those whose names appeared as witnesses for the defence during the memorable trial were present—John Etheridge, the blacksmith, and Kennett, coachman of the dowager Lady Tichborne, among the number. The latter lives in a small freehold cottage, his own property, at Cheriton, the next parish to Tichborne. Persons of all denominations were relieved—Church people, Dissenters and Roman Catholics alike—without the slightest favoritism being shown to any.

The same kind of charity, though on a smaller scale, and by the custom of living patrons instead of the will of deceased ones, is dispensed at various times in the year through the whole country by both large and small landed proprietors. The 11th of November (St. Martin's Day) is the one generally chosen for the distribution of winter clothing to the poor of the parish, and this in commemoration of mediæval legend of the holy Bishop Martin, who gave half his ample cloak to a shivering leper who begged of him in the street. Next night, says the legend, he saw in a dream Christ Himself clothed in that cloak, and remembered the promise that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto Me." The writer has often assisted at such distribution of warm clothing, both made and unmade. In every county squire's house there is a bi or tri-weekly distribution of soup to the village poor, and in most two or three sets of fine bed-linen and soft baby-clothes, to be lent out on occasions requiring

greater comforts than the poor and too often thriftless women of agricultural villages can afford. Private charity is all-reaching: the "hall" is the dispensary and the general ark of refuge for all county ills, moral, physical and pecuniary, and its help is never thought degrading, like that of the "parish." Most families pay a doctor and a nurse by the year to attend the poor free of expense, and an order from the doctor for jellies, soup or wine, as well as for the ordinary sorts of medicine, is always sure of being filled from the ample stores of the "housekeeper's room." If the

city poor were half as well provided for as are the agricultural poor by their "lords of the manor," there would be far less destitution. Some affect to sneer at a system which savors of what they call "feudalism," and which, they wisely suggest, encourages pauperism, but warm-hearted and charitable people will probably disagree with these searchers after new methods, and will be glad to find in the ready sympathy of English landowners for their poor neighbors a ray of the old-fashioned unquestioning charity which distinguished biblical times.

The Story-Teller.

THE TREASURE-TRUNK.

BY SARAH HART.

EVERY spring and fall for fifteen years had Mrs. Kidder opened her treasure-trunk, caressed the locks of golden and brown hair, turned over broken toys one by one, opened the picture books and turned their soiled pages, taken the little garments, some bright and new, some soiled and worn, and hung them out to air, then folded each garment away again, put each treasured memento back and turned the key in the lock and went away from her treasures out into the busy world again, and each treasured thing was as much hidden as were the thoughts and emotions of her own heart; for Mrs. Kidder never intruded her sorrows upon others. The neighbors knew she was a childless widow when she had come among them ten years before, but that was all. She never spoke of the twin lives that had brightened her home for eight years, or of the two graves on the hillside in a far distant State, nor of that other who had been life itself to her, but whose grave was not even where a stone could mark it, for the blue waves covered him.

It was the day for the meeting of the sewing society. The forenoon had been spent by Mrs. Kidder in examining the contents of the treasure-trunk and putting them in order for the winter. Then the key had been turned and hung up in its place, and Mrs. Kidder went about getting her lonely repast. She made more haste than usual, for she had spent so much time with her treasures that it was almost noon already, and she knew that Mrs. Gray, her friend and neighbor, would be sure to stop for her on her way to the sewing society. So she bustled about and prepared and ate her meal, then cleared away the remains and made herself ready.

The trim gray dress was hardly buttoned and the plain collar, with its jet fastening, was receiving the last touches when smiling, little Mrs. Gray came tripping up the neat gravel walk, wiped the dust from her gaiters on the piece of carpet outside, tapped gently on the door, then entered before the inmate had time to give the summons.

"I was afraid I was late," she said, briskly, "but

I saw Mrs. Pendleton starting after that Miss Cole, and I knowed I was in time."

"Oh, yes, there's plenty of time," said Mrs. Kidder, as she unfolded her broche. "But what have you got there?" eyeing the bundle in Mrs. Gray's arms.

"That's my contribution, my mite, you know. You see, I can't afford to give money, so I just looked around amongst my old cast-offs and found a coat of Isaac's and a petticoat or two of Samantha's and an old comfortable, so, thinks I, I'll just bundle these along; somebody can do something with 'em. Have you heard about that preacher's family somewheres out West? He used to live here; married Mary Love. Maybe you remember 'em. I guess their case will be brought up in the society to-day."

Mrs. Kidder did remember something about a Mary Love, she said, as she announced herself ready by picking up the cat and putting it out. Then she took a look at the shining stove and zinc, and the two went out, and Mrs. Kidder very carefully locked the door and tried it.

This sewing society was not like the traditional ones. It was not a school for scandal and gossip, smile as you may, dear incredulous reader; but it was composed of a band of hearty, earnest, Christian workers, and as different from the usual village sewing circle as a blustering March day is from a calm, sunny, deep blue September one.

As Mrs. Gray had foretold, the case of the home missionary was brought up. The story of their privations had reached them through a letter from another home missionary to their pastor. It was an extremely sad case. The mother, unable to stand all the trials and privations of frontier life, had fallen a victim to the fever, leaving three helpless children, the youngest two years, and the eldest eight years old. Eight years old! How that smote upon Mrs. Kidder's heart! The father, unwilling to leave his charge, was struggling along against difficulties almost too hard to be borne, and now winter was coming on, and those motherless lambs were almost naked. What could be done? There was no money in the treasury, and the members of the society had responded so nobly to other calls that the president was afraid there was no surplus to meet the demand.

"Let us make up a box to send them," suggested one.

"I think we can fill a large box with necessities before many weeks," said another.

"Let us try," said the president. "We are none of us rich, but perhaps all of us have something we might spare—something the children have outgrown, or something we have ourselves cast aside. Let us look again, sisters, and see if we cannot do something for this family. Their case seems to appeal to us in particular. Think, O mothers! What if it were your own little ones!"

This womanly appeal went to every heart, and various as the minds were, the thoughts and plans brought proved to meet the demand. So earnestly did they grasp the project as *their* work, that before they were dismissed it was agreed that at the next meeting of the society each would report by bringing their contributions, so that they might know upon how much they could depend.

On the way home, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Kidder talked, and planned, and wished, without coming to any settled mode of action.

"You have no one to grow out of their clothes, and my folks are obliged to wear theirs so close, and neither of us have much money to give away, but we can give our sympathies and prayers," said Mrs. Gray, as they parted at Mrs. Kidder's gate.

"Yes, I am sure they have my sympathies and prayers," said Mrs. Kidder, as she gave her dress a shake and wiped her feet.

"Sympathies and prayers for the poor, and a trunk full of clothes for the moths," said a voice within.

Mrs. Kidder started. No, no; not such a sacrifice; and she shut her lips firmly together, and tried to shut her heart's inner chamber against the invading thought. She went into the house, took off her shawl and hood, stirred the fire and put over the shining kettle, and tried to be firm and tearless. But she could not get rid of her unwelcome guest. The very teakettle seemed to say in its singing: "Sympathies and prayers." Mrs. Kidder steeped her tea, and poured an additional dipper of cold water in the kettle and set it in a cooler place.

After her almost untasted supper was cleared away, she took her knitting and sat down. But she was restless. The click of her needles and the ticking of the clock seemed to her like voices, and their measured sounds were "sympathies and prayers." She could not stand it. She knit to the seam, then folded the stocking and laid it upon the shelf, and took the lamp and went to her bedroom. She paused in front of the little dark closet wherein was hidden the treasure-trunk, and seemed about to open the door, then slowly shaking her head, she turned away. She could not make the sacrifice.

That night her dreams were peopled with naked, starving children, fighting over the treasured contents of her trunk, and among the wan faces she distinctly discerned her own darlings.

The morning found Mrs. Kidder troubled in mind and sick in body. She early made her way to the little dark closet, carefully lifted the pre-

cious trunk, carried it into the light, took the key from its hiding-place and opened it. One by one she took out the garments. First came two suits of bright blue merino. How vividly came to her that birthday party when her darlings were seven years old! How well she remembered the days and nights of work to complete these, and their sparkling eyes when they beheld them! No, she could not part with these. Next came bright-colored worsted sacques and scarfs. This with the crimson threads was Maggie's, her own choice; and Mary had wanted this with gold threads, so they might know them apart, she said. How could she give these? Next came the cloaks of sombre gray, with blue facings—New Year's gifts from their father on the last happy New Year she had ever seen. How the memory of it surged over her heart like a fearful simoon, drying its tears and making it an arid waste! No, she could not part with these. Then came the every-day dresses of various fabrics—lawn, calico, bright plaids and soft-tinted delaines, and the tiny ruffled aprons and comfortable undergarments, and shoes and stockings. How could she bear to know that other hands were thrust into the dainty pockets, other forms were fitting about in the neat dresses without a thought of the little forms long since dust!

No, she could not endure this. God would not demand the sacrifice. She would seek her duty in some other work.

That same afternoon Mrs. Kidder determined to visit a poor family in another part of town. She carried a gallon pail full of soup for the sick father, and a good allowance of her cherished gunpowder tea for the mother. But she felt very little reward, although the gratitude of the poor family was abundant. She felt that she was walking by sight, and *not* by faith.

The next Sabbath was the annual collection for the cause of home-missions. Mrs. Kidder gave double her allowance for that purpose. She could ill afford it, for she always gave "all that she could;" but somehow she felt so disturbed by something undone, that she felt she must perform some extra act of duty (or was it penance?) in order to regain her peace of mind. But peace came not with this act of benevolence; and Mrs. Kidder went home from the services feeling very little profited.

That afternoon she opened her Bible, and her eyes fell upon the words of Paul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" None but God Himself saw her struggle, and none but He knew her victory. But with willing hands and a glad heart Mrs. Kidder the next day again drew out the treasure-trunk from its hiding-place, and opened it. But this time she lingered over nothing. She took out the locks of golden and brown hair, put them hurriedly into her bosom, then spreading a sheet upon the floor, she emptied the contents of the treasure-trunk into it. Once she paused as she caught sight of a pair of soiled stockings, with their elastic fastenings still around them. She thought she might keep these. But only for a moment did her hands cease in their work; she had promised all; and broken toys, soiled books,

and clothing, everything, save two tiny thimbles and the locks of hair, were freely offered.

That evening a huge bundle was left at Mrs. Clark's house, directed "For the home missionary box. From a friend." But no one knew who had brought it.

On Wednesday the society met. Mrs. Gray stopped before Mrs. Kidder's house, but seeing the windows closed, and knowing herself to be a little late, she did not enter.

"Where is Mrs. Kidder?" inquired some one, but no one knew. She was usually there, perhaps she was ill. Mrs. Gray had not stopped—would call on her way home.

When the contributions were received, all wondered where the large quantity of beautiful garments could have come from. Every one of them was new to their wondering eyes, but they never guessed the donor nor ever knew the whole cost of the sacrifice.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE long, sleepless night wore away, Rachel hardly knew how; and the morning dawned, as mornings will, whether tired human souls are ready for them or not. The problem with which she had wrestled was still unsolved.

It was with a feeling of positive relief that she found herself, when she arose and attempted to dress, utterly unable to proceed. She was not quite as strong, not quite as well able to endure, physically, as she had been in her younger days; and the struggle of the last twelve hours—a struggle which was not yet over—had been too much for her. She had hardly begun her toilet when her head whirled, the room grew dark and she was forced to lie down again.

She was thankful for the blinding pain that shot through her temples, compelling her to shut her eyes against the soft, warm rays that stole in through the crimson curtains, even as she would have shut them from the barbed lightning. For the pain brought a reprieve, at least. For a few hours longer she might put off the evil day. If she were ill in bed, surely she need do nothing, say nothing.

The fierce conflict of the night, entirely fruitless as it had been, had taught her one lesson. She found that she had at least reached a point where she must have human aid, and counsel, and sympathy. To some human heart she must turn, for the strength that grows out of a sense of companionship. Perhaps this knowledge brought a keener pang with it—for it meant the betrayal of the sorrow she had hidden so long. But it could not be helped. She must go to some strong, wise, tender soul and cry: "Tell me what to do! Show me the way in which I must walk, and then help me to walk in it!" She dared not trust her own unaided judgment in this crisis of her fate—and of her son's.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

God? Yes. I know all you would say, and she knew it, too. Had she not wept and prayed? "Sooner or later," says M. Sainte Beuve, "every heart must have its agony and bloody sweat, its garden of Gethsemane." She had had hers that night. She, too, had cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

But God does not come down and talk with men or women, face to face. However hard the stress, however great the need, He does not, now-a-days, speak to them in audible language. Rachel was as conscious as any of us can claim to be of the spiritual presences. But there are times when the divine aid must reach us through human channels; and to such a time had she come now. She must have human help.

To whom should she turn? To whom could she turn save to—Robert? He was strong, and wise, and tender; and because he was, he would be pitiful. It is the weak who are pitiless. Robert had loved and honored his brother Royal. It could not be that he would cast him out of his heart now, even if she did tell him the whole sad story, and ask him to help her to bear during all the remaining days of her life the burden she had carried alone so long, and which had grown so heavy. She could not tell Roy. He was young; he would not understand; he would so resent the wrong done to his mother, that he would have no compassion on the dead man whom he had never seen. But Robert—she thought she might tell him; and he would help her to see what she ought to do. She would tell him just as soon as he should come back from New York.

But meanwhile? She could not think in that fierce storm of pain. She could only shut her eyes and fold her hands and—wait.

Roy was an early riser; and for several weeks he had made a point of going down to the factories before breakfast, just, as he said, "to see how business looked before the dew was off." However that may have been, he himself always looked like some glad incarnation of the morning when he came back.

All the freshness and glory of the dawn was in his face that bright September morning as he strode up the hill, after making his early inspection. He had been disappointed, but not seriously troubled or depressed, by his mother's refusal to see him the night before. It would all be right this morning, he said; smiling, with a little toss of his crisp, dark curls, as he thought that she had not dreamed of such swift and happy wooing. But in another hour he would have told her all about it. He did not mean that Rose should go back to "Aunt Jane's linter" again. She needed a mother, and his mother needed a daughter. Why, then, should they care for mere conventionalities, or for any idle talk of idle people? Rose and Daisy were a part of Dilloway House, henceforth. They belonged there. They could keep their happy secret for awhile—and then!

His heart beat quickly at the thought of all that "then" held in its unconscious clasp. More than "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof!"

When he went up the steps the breakfast-bell

was just ringing; and as he was hanging his hat on the hat-rack, Rose came down the stairs, the soft, shy color stealing into her face as she received his morning greeting. She had not yet grown familiar with their new relations, while to Roy they seemed as old and well-established as the hills. A man's betrothal is the blossoming of a long-cherished hope. A woman's often comes to her as suddenly as a flash of lightning. She has to become accustomed to that of which he may have dreamed for months.

"Has your mistress been down?" Roy asked of the little waitress, as he glanced around the breakfast-room and did not see his mother.

"No, sir. She is not well this morning, I think. Katy said she was to breakfast in her own room."

Just then Katy appeared.

"You are not to wait for Mrs. Dilloway, Mister Roy," she said. "She bade me say she has a headache, and does not wish to be disturbed."

A swift shadow flitted over Roy's face, and he started toward the stairs. His mother had been singularly free from the petty ills and ailments that make so many women seem like semi-invalids all their lives long. He could not remember half a dozen mornings, from his boyhood up, when she had failed to meet him at the breakfast-table. And of all the days of all the years he so wanted her this very morning!

But after a second thought he turned back again. Perhaps she had merely had a restless night, and was trying to sleep. It would be selfish to disturb her.

Katy had left the room, and the little waiting-maid had mysteriously disappeared. Daisy was chirruping to a pair of green paroquets swinging in their gilded cage, and trying to count the jets in their necklaces. Rose stood in the bay-window, looking down into the beautiful valley, but, if the truth must be told, seeing nothing.

Roy stepped quietly to her side, and, taking her hand, he led her to the table, and seated her with a most significant smile behind the coffee-urn.

"You must submit to fate," he whispered, just touching her forehead with his lips. "Destiny is swift and pitiless. Ah, and here is the 'mistress's posey!'"

Taking up the tiny cluster of sweet-scented leaves and blossoms, he would have fastened it in her brooch.

"No, no!" she cried, crimsoning, and pushing it away from her. "No, no! I cannot wear it; do not ask such a thing! You are too absurd. Besides, the flowers are your mother's. They don't belong to me."

"Even if you are behind the coffee-urn? Well, then, you must take them to her by and by. But the lady who occupies that position at Dilloway House always wears a morning-posey; the coffee would be flavorless if she did not."

He darted away, and returned in less than a minute with two or three sweet-peas and a spray of mignonette.

"Sweetest to the sweet," he said, lightly, as he laid them beside her plate. "Now, Miss Sterling, if you will give me a cup of mocha I will be in-

initely obliged to you," and he took the opposite seat.

Daisy had seen nothing of this by-play. Intent upon her birds, she was counting: "One, two. One, two, three, four. One, two, three. They won't keep their heads still long enough for me to count their beads, Rose!"

"Come and get your breakfast, then," Rose answered.

"Why! how funny you do look sitting there!" exclaimed the child, as she turned toward the table. "It 'most seems as if you were an old married woman."

"Old?" cried Roy. "A libel, a libel!" Then, with a mischievous glance at the sweet, downcast face opposite him, he added, gravely: "Daisy, in the course of your varied and extensive reading, did you ever happen to meet these words of the poet:

"And coming events cast their shadows before?"

"Never," she answered, just as gravely. "I don't know what you mean, either. There are not any shadows here—that I see."

"That is the fault of your eyes," was the rejoinder, "not of the shadows. Mine are becoming so dazzled with the sunshine—or with something else"—and he put up his hand as if to shield them—"that I fear I shall not be able to see anything much longer."

"The sun does come in pretty brightly at that east window," said Daisy, literally. "I'll drop the curtain."

Which she immediately did, while Roy's gay laugh rang through the room.

Rachel heard it, up-stairs in the silence of her chamber—the joyous, merry laugh that had been such music in her ears through all her boy's life. He had been such a happy child—so full of abounding health and joy. How would he bear sorrow? What change would its unaccustomed ministry work in him? Would he grow hard and bitter—or even wicked, perhaps—when stung and tortured by some dark demon of unrest? And must it be her hand—the hand of the mother who loved him, she thought lying there upon her bed, a thousand times better than any young girl like Rose Sterling could love him—must it be her hand that should lift the poisoned chalice to his lips?

Katy came softly into the room—so softly that she would not have awakened a fly, if it had chanced to be asleep. But the eyes she had hoped to find closed were wide open.

"I told Mister Roy I thought you were sleeping," she said; "but he wanted me to come and see. He does not like to go to the office until he has seen you, ma'am."

Rachel thought swiftly. This was Thursday, and Robert had said he should be home next week. She could not banish Roy from her presence until then. He would insist upon seeing her—as he had a right to do. If she was ill enough to keep her room, he would feel that she needed her son. She must see him, and do the best she could.

"Let him come up," she said, as a sharp pain darted through her temples.

She would have read it all in his face the moment he opened the door—even if she had not known it already. It was all written there—the story of his love, his happy, successful wooing, and his eager longing to tell her all about it, and receive the mother-sympathy that had never been denied him. She closed her eyes as he lightly crossed the room and kneeled down by her bed, kissing her cheek, and lips, and eyelids.

"I am so sorry you are not well," he said, softly. "Sorry for your sake, and sorry for my own. For I want to tell you something, mother! A joy is not half a joy until you share it."

Rachel raised her arms with a sharp cry of pain, and put them about his neck. "Don't tell me, Roy!" she said. "Do not tell me anything. I cannot bear it now."

She did not mean to say this. She did not know what she did mean to say. The words were wrung from her. Then she drew his head down upon her breast, holding him in a close, almost a fierce embrace, while she kissed him with white, cold lips.

"O Roy! Roy!" she cried.

How *could* she give him up—to Isabel Leighton's daughter?

He lifted his head from her bosom and, drawing back, looked at her in blank amazement. What did she mean? What was the matter? Were these simply the wild words born of physical suffering? What had so unnerved his calm, strong, yet gentle, mother? He was strangely startled. Not tell her? Why, he had told her everything—all his life—ever since he could speak! Not tell her?

Probably nothing could so soon have restored Rachel to herself, as the sight of his uplifted face, pale with a certain undefined terror. How weak of her to be so overcome—to run such risks of betraying herself, when she had fully determined to take no steps whatever until she had consulted Robert.

She put back the hair from his forehead and smiled in his face; a wan ghost of a smile, it is true, but still a smile. She forced herself to speak quietly.

"Perhaps I could guess what you wish to say to me, if I were to try," she said, looking at him imploringly. "But you must wait. My head aches terribly. I cannot talk to-day—nor until I am better. Promise me that you will wait."

She was not mending matters very fast, poor woman; but she could think of nothing better to say.

"I will wait your pleasure, certainly," said Roy, the look of pained surprise still lingering about his eyes and mouth. "But can nothing be done for you? Has the doctor been sent for? Let me call him at once."

"No," she answered. "I will keep quiet. That is all I need."

He had arisen from his knees and stood looking down upon her, the expression of perplexity and distress deepening each moment. What had happened since he talked with her on the piazza last night? For he was not deceived. He knew very well that he could have told his short story twice over in the time his mother was telling him not to

tell it; and that, prepared as she was by the conversation of the night before, it could not have caused her half the emotion she had exhibited during the ten minutes he had been in the room. She was ready for all he had to say, and why should she shrink from hearing it? Joy was a great healer; and his joy had always been hers.

Yet he knew little about pain; and perhaps bodily suffering was sufficient to account for all that disturbed him. At all events he would not worry her by any display of uneasiness.

"Well," he said, stooping to kiss her, "I hope you will be better after a few hours of rest. Good-bye. I'm off for the office."

As he reached the door, he thought of the flowers.

"Oh!" he said, "Rose was going to bring you Andrew's 'posy,' which lay forlornly on the breakfast-table. Shall I send her up with it?"

Doubtless it would have been wiser to have said yes. But Rachel had neither her usual clearness of vision, nor her wonted strength that morning. After a short, sharp struggle with herself, she answered: "No, I think I would rather be alone," and Roy went slowly down-stairs.

This was, to say the least of it, a most unfortunate illness of his mother's. It placed Rose in an unpleasant and awkward position. He knew very well that she must feel ill at ease and out of place, until his mother had spoken the words and given the kiss that should assure her she was loved and welcomed as the future daughter of the house. But it could not be helped. He must make the best of it. She must not know that he had any secret uneasiness.

Rose was waiting for him in the hall, with the little nosegay in her hand.

"What is it?" she asked. "Is she very ill? She seemed so well yesterday. Can I go up and carry the flowers, do you think?"

Roy drew her into the library and shut the door before he answered.

"Not so very ill," he said. "She has a headache, which a few hours of quiet will cure, I hope. So we will leave her alone this morning; and you shall put the flowers in my buttonhole since you will not wear them yourself."

What else he may have said is not a matter of public interest. But at the end of half an hour, Rose drew his watch from his pocket and held it up before him.

"Do you see that?" she asked. "You are an hour late, Mr. Royal Dilloway."

"Yes," he said; "I am playing the laggard this morning. But who ever had a fairer or a sweeter excuse? I don't like to leave you to your own devices, my Rose-of-the-world. What do you propose to do with yourself all the long hours until dinner-time?"

She shot a swift glance at him from under the curved, golden-brown lashes that were many shades darker than her hair.

"Pray don't give yourself any uneasiness on my account," she answered. "There are no more minutes in an hour to-day than there were yesterday, and they will fly fast enough. *Imprimis*, I shall mend Daisy's frock; then I shall go in the garden and gather some flower-seeds,

wherewith to make Aunt Jane's heart glad; and then—"

She hesitated, pulling a geranium-leaf from Roy's buttonhole, while her color deepened.

"And then—what?" making a prisoner of the little fluttering hand, and holding it close.

"Then," she said, lifting her clear, brave eyes to his, "then I shall finish one or two designs for—Mr. John Farrington. He wants them; and I promised he should have them this week."

Something rose in Roy's throat, almost choking his utterance. He had never thought much about money, anyway. It had always been a matter of course, as the air he breathed, or the daily sunlight. The Dilloway fortune was an established fact; something that did not need to be talked about, or commented on.

But here was this young girl, as well-born and as well-bred as himself, as tenderly nurtured during all her childhood, who had been earning for herself and Daisy, with those little, soft hands, the same staff of life that had come to him, great, strong fellow that he was, without a thought or a care. For the first time in his life, his heart bounded exultantly as he thought of his wealth. If he could have laid the world at Rose's feet, it would not have been too much.

His evident emotion pained and startled her.

"What is it?" she asked, her voice breaking, as she drew herself away from him a little. "Don't you wish me to finish the designs? Will it trouble you?"

She wondered, the sensitive pride swelling in her own heart the while, if it touched his pride that she should ever have worked for—money? If, at the bottom of his soul, there was a lurking regret that the girl he had asked to be his wife had ever been paid by John Farrington?

Perhaps he read her better than she did him.

"Trouble me? No," he said, softly, while his own color came and went, and his heart beat strongly. "My wife shall draw all the pretty designs she pleases, and she shall do with them as she pleases. But, O my Rose, my darling, I am so glad the task-work is over! I am so glad you have given me the right to share with you that which has come to me so easily, and through no worthiness of mine!"

That day passed, and the next; and Rachel still kept her rooms, though not her bed. Roy was at his wits' end. He could not comprehend his mother. She was white and wan as a ghost. She looked like one torn and vexed by some dread, internal conflict. There was no doubt that she was ill. Yet he could perceive no great lack of strength as she moved about her rooms. There seemed to be no sufficient reason why she should not go down-stairs; certainly there was none why she should tacitly refuse to see Rose and Daisy, who had had the freedom of her dressing-room ever since they had been at Dilloway House, and had spent most of their mornings there. Their bright young faces ought to do her good rather than harm.

He had tried once again to speak of his relations to Rose, and again his mother had bidden him "wait." He obeyed. But none the less was his

soul in a state of tumult, and consternation, and revolt. What did it all mean? The whole atmosphere of the house seemed changed. There was restraint, and silence, and repression everywhere.

Poor Rachel! she felt it even more keenly than he did. There was a wall being slowly builded up between her and her boy—"the only son of his mother, and she a widow." Every murmur of blended voices down-stairs, every laugh—for youth will be gay at times, even under the saddest circumstances—stabbed her to the heart. Often she rose up, thinking she would join them at any risk. But she never got farther than the door. She could not see Rose and Roy together without some acceptance of, or open refusal to accept, their new relations. She must wait.

Her whole soul cried out for Robert. She had telegraphed to him, unknown to Roy. She had told him she had need of him. Oh, when would he come?

On Saturday morning Rose came down to breakfast with a very grave though quiet face. The look was stealing over it for which Roy had been watching. She, too, had been rudely awakened from her happy dream. Daisy ran out for a fresh supply of the rose-hips as they left the table. She was making a rosary for each of the servants.

Rose went into the library, sure of being followed. She seated herself on the sofa, while Roy looked at her silently with expectant eyes.

"Come and sit down here," she said, reaching out her hand. "I want to ask you something."

He obeyed with a bold front, but inwardly quaking with a great dread of what the "something" might be.

"Or I want you to tell me something," she went on. "I want you to tell me just how much your mother knows of what has passed between us. Do not try to put me off with a vague answer—or to soften matters. I want to know the whole truth, Roy."

His face flushed, but he answered quietly: "I have told her nothing of what has actually happened; for her illness has prevented. But she knew what my wishes were—and my intentions."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, Rose; for I told her that very night—Wednesday night—as we sat on the piazza, while you and Daisy were in the garden."

"Tell me what she said," she whispered, keeping a little apart from him, even while he held her hand, "for I am troubled and perplexed. I do not know what is right."

He told her, word for word, just what was said on both sides.

"And then?" her voice trembling.

"Then I went into the garden; and when I looked back, after a moment or two, she had gone into the house."

"And she has not been down-stairs since, nor allowed me to go to her. Yet Katy tells me she is better, and is sitting up most of the time. I cannot stay here, Roy! Don't you see? I must go back to Aunt Jane's."

What could he say to her? Her feeling was so natural, so entirely womanly, that it was unanswerable. He could only turn a distressed face

toward her, with a look that was more eloquent than any words.

"You do not blame me?" she said, drawn closer to him by the dumb pathos of his eyes. "You see that I cannot help it? Your mother has been very kind to Daisy and to me. I love and honor her above all other women. But something has changed her feeling toward us. I am in her way. I cannot stay here any longer. I am an unwelcome guest. You know it, Roy!" and the proud yet tender voice died in a low, quivering sob.

"O Rose, Rose!" he cried, with passionate vehemence. "This is all some dreadful mistake! Mother loves you, I know. It will all be right as soon as she is herself again. She has changed even to me, and I cannot account for it. But I have faith in her, I have faith in myself, I have faith in you. She is under some cloud. She looks like a ghost."

"The cloud is my presence here," she answered, lifting her head that had fallen on his shoulder. "Can't you see it? I feel it. No sensitive woman could help feeling it. I ought to go, Roy. I must go."

"But this changes nothing?" he said. "You do not mean that this is to come between us? You love me, Rose?"

"Yes," she answered, under her breath. "Yes. But so does your mother, and she has loved you longest. She loved you before I was born. And she has been my friend."

"What does this mean, Rose?" he said, slowly, turning her face toward him, and compelling her to meet his startled eyes. "What are you going to say to me?"

"It is all in her hands," she went on, breathlessly. "It must be just as she says. I thought about it all night. I tried to put myself one side, and to think for her and for you. I must not come between you, Roy! I will not."

"But she knew all about it," he cried, passionately. "She told me to gather my rose, if I could; and I did her bidding. She must not say one thing to-day and another to-morrow, even if she is my mother. It is too cruel, Rose! and I cannot bear it."

"But you must bear it," she said, gently. "We must not be selfish. Just think of it, Roy! It all came to me last night as I lay awake. Your mother was very young when your father died; a young girl, almost; scarcely older than I am now. And she has lived alone all these years for your sake—shutting her heart against all newer loves. Now I cannot rob her of her son. Neither can I come here, into her very home, to give her pain. It is that that would be 'too cruel.'"

"But what can we do?" he asked, his voice softening a very little. "For I cannot give you up, Rose—and I never shall. You belong to me."

"Then we must be patient—and wait," she said, with a faint little smile. "You must be good, and I will be good. I will go back to Aunt Jane's—and by and by—sometime—perhaps—"

She stopped short—lifting her eyes, brimming over with tears, to his. He clasped her closer in an embrace that had in it even more of reverent

tenderness than of youthful passion. Her love and faith disarmed him.

"O Rose of the world!" he cried, "it ought to be joy enough for one life to win you even after years of waiting! But you will go back to Aunt Jane's? You will take up the old, hard, lonely life? You—"

"Nay, it is not so *very* hard," she said. "And you will not make it harder by throwing obstacles in my way? You will help me, Roy! We will help each other to do what is just and right."

"But I know just how it will be," he answered, impetuously. "You will make the waiting so hard. You will not let me come to you. Aunt Jane's linter will be as far out of my reach as the stars are. You can't expect me to submit to this, Rose!"

"Yes—for awhile," she said, simply. "Things may change. We may see clearer by and by. But now—we must just wait and be patient. There's no other way. And—Roy—"

"What, love?" he whispered.

She raised her arms and put them about his neck, as a child might have done.

"You will be glad some day," she said. "You will be glad that we did not seek our own pleasure first."

There was silence between them for many minutes. At last she arose, with a glance at the clock.

"Now I must go and pack our trunks."

Roy rose, too, throwing back his head as one throws off a burden.

"Not to-day," he said, drawing her to his side again. "Rose, this is Saturday. Stay here till Monday. I know it is much to ask of you. But we cannot tell what even a day may bring forth; and if you expect me to wait months and years, maybe, before carrying out my plans, you can surely afford to wait forty-eight hours before carrying out yours!"

"But am not I to wait through the months and years, too?" she asked, with a quick, mischievous glance that was like sunshine after a shower. "The waiting is not to be all on one side, sir!"

The dear children! They were young and they loved. I doubt if they were so very dreadfully miserable throughout that doleful interview, after all—though they thought they were!

So Rose consented to stay at Dilloway House until Monday.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROBERT reached Linborough late Saturday night; too late for the last train to Woodleigh. But if Rachel had need of him, he could not wait quietly until Monday; and there were no Sunday trains in that direction. He had hurried through with a part of his business in New York, and the rest he had left undone, wondering all the while what the telegram he had received might mean. Beneath its cool, business-like formula, his quick ear detected the undertone of pain. Rachel had need of him.

Rising early on Sunday morning, he ordered a carriage, and reached Woodleigh just as the last church-bell was tolling. The streets were full.

The people were trooping toward the little church, and there was Mr. Forde just going up the steps. The organist was playing a voluntary, and the low, trembling chords stole softly to his ear. But he went on his way up the hill.

Katy met him at the door with a look of surprise. She supposed he was in New York.

"Is Mrs. Dilloway at church?" he asked.

"No, sir, she is in her dressing-room. Mister Roy and the young ladies have gone to church."

"Will you tell her I am here?" and he walked into the library.

Rachel's dressing-room was, in fact, a sort of up-stairs parlor, having little of the dressing-room save the name. It was one of the suit of rooms so often alluded to, which the two brothers, Royal and Robert, had occupied jointly during all their boyhood, and which the former had re-furnished for his bride. It seemed to her that the most rapturous joys and the sharpest sorrows of her life had come to her there—and there she now waited for Robert. Waited with a white face, and her hands pressed tightly over her heart, as if so she might still its tumultuous throbbings. It was like death to her to tell even him what she must tell him that day.

There are women who will find it utterly impossible to comprehend this state of feeling, and who will pronounce it exaggerated and overdrawn. But, thank God! there are others whose own loyal natures will bear witness to its truth. There are those who can see that the highest type of womanly, wifely love has so much of the mother-element in it, it so instinctively broods and cherishes, that she who feels it can no more be turned from her husband by the knowledge of his follies, or even of his sins, than she could be turned from the son she has borne upon her breast. Rachel's love was of this type. It lost sight of the wrong against herself in its tender pity for him who had done the wrong.

Yet she was a woman, with all a woman's sensitive pride. It was not easy for her, even on her own account, to tell her husband's brother that she had been supplanted—that another woman had held her sceptre and stolen her crown.

She did not speak when Robert entered the room, but silently gave him her hand. It was like ice. He held it as silently, looking down upon her. The change in her face startled him. What had become of the soft, warm, changeful color that had given it so rare a charm? What had she done to herself? She looked ten years older than when he saw her last.

"I should think you did need me," he said at length, stooping down and laying his other hand upon her forehead. "What is the matter, Rachel? Why did not some one tell me you were ill? You look like the wraith of yourself."

Perhaps the very best thing that could have happened, happened then. Rachel was not given to tears. She had not shed one through all those dreary days. But now something—the touch of his hand upon her hair, his sympathetic voice, the sight of his face, the mere rest and comfort of his presence, it may be—unsealed the fountain. She laid her head down upon the table and wept, till

it seemed to Robert she would weep her life away.

He stood beside her for five minutes, in strange trouble and perplexity, while he occasionally touched her hair with a slight, caressing motion. At last he said, dropping on his knees beside her, and taking both her hands in his: "You frighten me, Rachel! I shall go wild if you do not speak to me. What is this trouble? What has happened?"

"Roy—" she said, faintly.

"Roy!" he cried. "What of him? He is well—he is at church. What of him?"

She sat up with a great effort, drawing a long, sobbing breath.

"Oh, that is not at all what I meant to say!" she exclaimed. "Be patient with me a few moments, Robert. I have not cried before, and I have so much to tell you!"

He was in a fever of impatience. Had anything gone wrong with Roy? Would she never be able to relieve his anxiety?

She turned toward him at length, smiling faintly.

"You will think me very weak," she said; "and I see that I have frightened you. I am better now."

"But—Roy?" he asked, hurriedly, taking a seat beside her. "What of Roy?"

"Nothing," she answered. "That is, he is well, and he has done nothing—nothing wrong."

"Thank Heaven for that!" he cried. "I began to fear he had committed murder, or forgery, or the whole catalogue of the seven deadly sins. I should have thought he was dead, if Katy had not told me he was at church."

The light words, born of his sudden relief, jarred upon her, and he saw it.

"I can bear almost anything, if our dear boy is all right," he added, tenderly, as he took her hand again. "And so, I think, can you."

"But I did not say he was all right," she answered. "I said he had done nothing wrong. O Robert! I do not know where or how to begin with what I have to tell you!"

He looked at her wonderingly.

"Begin at the very beginning, Rachel. That is the best way, and the only way, to deal with most matters."

"But I must go away back twenty years or more, and open a grave to do it," she said, pushing back the hair from her forehead. "It is so far, Robert, and the grave is so deep."

He did not answer. It was better, he saw, to let her take her own time and find her own way to the light—if any light there was. He could not help her; so much was plain.

"You will not blame Royal," she said, after the lapse of several minutes, her fingers working nervously. "You will not blame Royal, or be hard with him. I have tried not to be for these many, many years; and I forgave him long ago—almost as soon as I knew it. But—he loved some one else better than he did me."

She spoke very slowly and calmly, not looking at Robert. But as she uttered the last words she buried her face in her hands, and her neck and

forehead, and every inch of flesh that was visible, burned with a crimson flush.

To her amazement Robert laughed outright.

"Why, you foolish woman!" he said, the tenderness of his voice quite overbalancing the disrespectful adjective. "I did not expect this, after our talks on the island. I thought you were quite prepared for it."

Notwithstanding the past tense, and the allusion to "many, many years," he had not the slightest inkling of what she really meant. How could he have?

The color fled from her face again, and dropping her hands she looked her astonishment.

"It is a matter of course that Roy should fall in love," he added, smiling. "I supposed you had made up your mind to all that."

"I was not talking of Roy," she said, slowly, lifting her heavy eyes to his face. "I spoke of your brother Royal—my husband."

"Of Royal—your husband," he repeated, as one bewildered. "You say that of Royal? You cannot mean it, Rachel!"

But even as he spoke thus, half impatiently, a cold fear swept over him. She was so changed—so unlike herself. Was this a strange hallucination, born of some hidden and, perhaps, deadly illness? His hand fell upon her arm, and glided down to her slender wrist.

She read his thought. "You need not feel my pulse," she said. "I am quite as sane as you are, Robert, it is all true—what I told you. Royal—"

He turned suddenly and grasped her hands till she winced with pain, while his face flushed hotly.

"You must not repeat that again, Rachel! What jealous demon has taken possession of you since I went away? You are slandering one of the truest, noblest hearts that ever beat. I will not listen to you."

"I am not jealous; and you must hear me and help me, Robert. I have known this for seventeen years, nearly, and I have not troubled you with it. You must listen now; and you must not be angry with me."

"Angry? Pain is not anger." But, Rachel, this idea of yours is simply absurd. I knew Royal thoroughly. He loved you with his whole heart—as few men ever love."

He was silent for a moment, going over her words. "Seventeen years?" he repeated, incredulously. "You have harbored this fancy for nearly seventeen years? You must be dreaming, Rachel!"

"It is no fancy, Robert. Give me time and I will tell you all I know. But it is hard! I have kept silent so long that I do not know how to speak."

"When—when did it happen?" he asked, after a while, thinking to help her.

"The winter he was abroad. It was in Paris."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "He was with me nearly all the time. He made very few acquaintances. I know there was no woman on the face of the earth—certainly none among the few he knew in Paris—who could have shaken his allegiance to you for one hour. I *know* this, Rachel!"

"But I have read the letters," she said, in a voice that was scarcely audible, "the very letters she wrote to him. I never meant to tell, Robert. I did not mean you should ever know. But now I could not bear it any longer, for—"

She stopped short, and her face grew white as ashes.

"For' what? I cannot help you, Rachel, while you talk so blindly. We are both beside ourselves, I think. 'For' what?"

"For the woman who wrote them was Rose Sterling's mother!" she cried. "Do you understand now? Can you think what a pang it is to know that my son loves the daughter of the woman who lured his father's heart away from me? And before I knew this, Robert, Roy had told me all, and I had consented to his wooing."

"But how did you know it? Can you not tell me the story? How did you obtain the letters? and how do you, at this late day, connect them with Mrs. Sterling?"

He spoke rapidly, almost harshly. It was all so bewilderingly sudden and so painful.

"Because they are signed with her name—her maiden name—and because of other things! Rose has a curious box that is the very counterpart of one that belonged to Royal, and in which I found the letters."

Robert had left Rachel's side and gone to the window. He wanted something to steady him, a sight of the everlasting hills, or the tranquil, over-arching skies; for it seemed to him that the solid earth was heaving under his feet. That there was some method in this madness, he could not deny. But how could he believe that his brother had ever failed, for one instant, in his love and loyalty? that brother who had been the very incarnation of honor and of truth! And, besides—

Why, for this peerless woman—this Rachel—even now, when her life was half spent and she had passed the bloom and freshness of her youth, Jacob might well serve his twice seven years and count it gain!

Thus it happened that his back was toward Rachel as she spoke her last words, and she did not see his face. But as she raised her eyes she saw that he started violently; and the hand that held back the crimson damask of the curtain closed upon it so suddenly and tightly that the blood purpled beneath the nails. She had thought him harsh and cold; but he was not indifferent, it seemed. He was sorry for her. He would give her counsel and sympathy by and by, when the first shock was over.

When he turned toward her again, his face was stern and hard in its effort at self-control. His voice was low and constrained, and his lips were rigid.

"I must see those letters," he said, "and the box in which you found them. Where are they, Rachel?"

"I don't want any one to see them!" she cried. "Can't you take my word for it? The hand that wrote them, and the eyes that read them, are in the grave. Let them alone, Robert!"

"I must see them," he said, quietly. "There's no help for it, Rachel."

She went into the closet without any more words. When she came out, Robert sat by the table, with his face buried in his hands. She touched him on the shoulder.

"Here is the box," she said; "and here is the key."

It was strange—but they seemed to have changed places. His face, as he lifted it, was clayey white, and his hands shook so that he could not slip the key into the lock. She grew calm in her very wonder at his emotion.

"Let me do it," she said, and opened the box.

They were all there—the four letters, the little faded glove, the withered flowers, still exhaling the merest ghost of a perfume, the silver paper with the long tress of wavy golden hair.

"It is just as I found it," she said, a curious calm settling down upon her, "seventeen years ago."

Robert looked silently, lifting the little packet of letters, touching the glove half reverently, and finally taking up the silver paper. The hair, after so many dark, quiet years, gleamed softly in the sunshine, and curled about his fingers as if glad of the touch of a human hand.

"Oh, put it away!" exclaimed Rachel, covering her eyes. "Put it away! It seems as if it were alive—and it does not belong to you or me."

He dropped it upon the table, and his head sank beside it. A storm of stifled sobs shook him from head to foot—dry, tearless sobs that frightened Rachel. It was her turn to be the comforter, and she laid her hand upon his forehead, lightly as the fall of a snowflake.

"Don't feel so badly about it, Robert," she whispered. "If you do, I shall be sorry I told you."

He raised his head from the table, and, catching both her hands, carried them passionately to his lips.

"Oh, don't you see, Rachel? don't you see?" he cried. "I hardly dare to tell you, lest you cannot bear the joy. But do you not see for yourself? Tell me, dear!"

She looked at him wonderingly, shaking her head slowly.

"No," she answered. "I see nothing but what I have seen before."

He was silent for a minute; then rose and placed her in his chair.

"Then I have something to tell you," he said. "O Rachel, these letters are mine! They were written to me. This box and what it contains are all that is left of my young love that died and was buried so long ago. Royal had nothing to do with them."

She said nothing for many minutes. Robert had done wisely in placing her in the chair. Her head fell back against the crimson cushion. Her eyes closed. Her throat worked convulsively. Her hands fell nervelessly by her side. Robert watched her anxiously.

"Royal brought the box home—for me," he went on, in a faltering voice. "That spring I was going to Africa, and I asked him to take charge of it. I knew even then, when my heart was so sore, that it was all madness and folly, and that I

should outlive it. I told him to hide the box away; and that some day, when I was a stronger man, I should send him word to destroy it. That is the whole story, Rachel!"

So many changes swept over her face as he spoke.

"But there is his monogram," she said, as from a sudden thought, without opening her eyes. "R. A. D.—Royal Ainslee Dilloway."

"No. Robert Ainslee Dilloway. It is *my* monogram. Did you not know that I, too, had the Ainslee for a middle name? I dropped the 'A.' when in college, because Royal's initials and mine were precisely the same, and it gave us a world of trouble; and I never resumed it. But when I ordered this box, I gave the three initials for the monogram, thinking it would be prettier and more graceful."

Tears were stealing softly from beneath Rachel's closed eyelids.

"O Roy! Roy!" she murmured, in tones of passionate entreaty. "O my Roy!"

Her heart had gone back again to the old pet name. She had not called her husband "Roy" since the night she read the letters until now.

Robert went to the other end of the room.

(To be continued.)

QUEER FOLKS.

BY M. E. COMSTOCK.

ROBERT'S wife never complained. We all wondered at it sometimes for Robert did not seem to prosper in worldly things. They still lived in the little, old, brown house. Nobody visited them, for Robert's wife never had time to go anywhere. She never seemed to care about what was going on in her neighborhood. If she heard of a sick person that hadn't many friends she always found time to go and see them. But she was a very busy woman.

Robert and his wife had lived in the little brown house ten years; their children never played with other children; Mrs. Robert kept no servant; Robert had an office on a good street; he was always well-dressed and, though quiet, usually had a pleasant word for everyone; he did his work at such ridiculously low prices that his profits were only steady instead of being large; he said he charged all it was worth; if he was satisfied he didn't know but other people might be.

Robert's wife had a call one day. A new minister had come to their part of the town. He had heard that the occupants of the brown house were very "queer folks." He was told that perhaps he wouldn't be made welcome there.

The minister did not talk about religion the first time he went to Robert's, but when he came home he told his wife that he wished there were more "queer folks" in the world. He heard no slander or gossip at Robert's, though his hostess was very sociable. He saw the best new publications on the table and, although Mrs. Robert admitted she couldn't go to church very often, because she had to stay at home with the baby and to do the necessary housework, he yet found her very familiar with the church movements of the day and with

the latest books worth calling "literature," and he wished his wife would go and see her and draw her into society and church-work. Such a woman was too valuable to be spared.

Mrs. Robert rose very early in the morning, for she did all her own work except the little that Aunt Miranda, who lived with her, did and that wasn't much for Mrs. Robert wouldn't let her.

"You took care of us when we were children and now you must let us take care of you," she said. So when Aunt Miranda, who was sixty years old, got out the wash-tubs and went to washing, Robert's wife made her sit down. Miss Miranda Gilson had been in the habit of having her own way all her life and she showed proper resentment by going up-stairs and putting on her silk dress and lace collar and coming down and taking a book and reading till dinner time when Mrs. Robert put her tubs away and said: "Now Aunt Miranda if you will be so kind as to set the dinner table for me, I will be very much obliged to you, for really I am very tired."

This was the way the housework was done in Robert's family.

The lately arrived minister, his wife being confined to the house, about this time, with a new little son, sent a delegation of ladies to call on Mrs. Robert. They came into the broken little porch, pulled the well-worn bell wire, and the rustle of their silks and velvets seemed quite to fill the little parlor. Mrs. Robert entered in her calico, and did not seem at all extinguished. The ladies wanted her to go to church, which she said, receiving the tracts they brought her, she would be happy to do if they would allow her to take the baby or if they would pay her for embroideries she could do evenings, so that she could pay pew-rent, which she thought was very high in their church, and she admitted an involuntary repugnance to sitting in the seats reserved for the poor.

It was the ladies turn to be discomfited. They blushed a little and laughed at what they termed her plesantry.

The more intelligent of the two, who wore a camel's-hair shawl, to cover the confusion of the moment took up a foreign magazine from the center-table and said: "Our Alice wanted to subscribe to this but we thought it too expensive."

"It is worth the price," said Robert's wife. "I do my own housework in order to save a servant's wages, waste, and board and appropriate for periodicals."

The ladies felt nonplussed where they had meant to be patronizing and soon took leave, saying: "I hope we shall see you at church."

"Thank you," said Robert's wife. "When Cousin Katie comes I can leave the baby in her care, occasionally, but I presume I shall slip into a little mission-chapel, near by, where the seats are free and my old bonnet will not be so sharp a contrast as to provoke notice. The last time I went to church I heard it remarked upon as I came out, and I don't wonder, it is shabby, but the money I had laid aside for a new one was all I had to give when the cry for help came from the Home Missionaries."

And the ladies bowed themselves away remark-

ing when they gained the street: "What a very singular person!" This was a remark very frequently made of Robert's wife. They did not know how to place her. Surroundings were very commonplace; comparatively mean. Mrs. Robert's manner was simple as a child's. "Yet," said Mrs. Velveten, "I never felt so nonplussed in my life."

A second-hand piano was for sale cheap. The owner was selling out. Robert asked refusal of it a limited time. He came in from the Post Office and showed a letter and check to his wife. "Ethel can have the piano," he said. The little girl had a gift for music. Robert bought it for her; he brought out his violin and accompanied and taught her in leisure hours. Summer evenings the sidewalk would be crowded, listening to the wonderful music.

Real estate was low, in consequence of a panic in business circles. A lovely, wide, old, rambling house, in fine repair, with spacious grounds was for sale for a mere song. Robert bought it and paid for it down. He said the beauty of the place was an educating influence for his children which he could not spare, even if he had to pay for it his "little all." Neighbors wondered and did not know that quiet literary and scientific labors, in which his wife shared, were beginning, now, to bring in an unexpected income. Robert went on in the same business, charging the same low prices. The girls aided their mother in the housework, and the eldest began soon to give music-lessons, her playing having attracted much attention at a charitable concert and brought her solicitations to take pupils.

Mrs. Robert received a great many calls now. Carriages were constantly coming to the door. Her husband had become a leader in literary and musical circles, and Mrs. Robert's quiet deeds of kindness among the needy having been discovered, she was sought for her executiveness as an officer in various benevolent societies, though she frequently said: "I prefer to go as a private friend to those in trouble, rather than as the delegate of an institution. It helps more."

A wealthy family came to town and took an elegant residence in the next block. Mrs. Social came for Robert's wife to call on them. Mrs. Robert had not time.

"I will defer my call then until you are at leisure," said the lady. "Shall I come next week?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Robert. "In fact I am never at leisure, and, to be frank, I have no intention of calling on them."

"May I ask your reasons?"

"I have implied them. They are people I should never have time for unless they were in trouble."

Mrs. Social flushed. "Indeed they went in the first society in Melbourne. They live elegantly and are very polished in manner and have everything that heart can wish, and could aid us very much in benevolent work."

"I am ready to meet them there and co-operate to the fullest extent."

"Not socially?"

"No."

"I believe them to have committed some crime

of which you alone know," said the lady, pointedly.

Robert's wife was shocked. "Dear friend," she said, "we must select in this world. Life is short. The issues are great. We cannot afford to drift or act indiscriminately. I would not disparage a fellow creature, but we must have general principles to act upon. If sincere in my call I imply desire for acquaintance; this I have not. They may be my superiors in many things, but these people are not genuine; they spend before they earn; they outlive their income. I know this from those who have lost by them. They are idle; they are consumers rather than producers; they minister to the general good of society in a legitimate way. It is bad economy of interest and neighborliness to cultivate them."

"Are you not severe? Are not their lavish expenditures a general good to society?"

"Not balancing the evil of waste and extravagance, as some of the fundamental principles of political economy will show."

"You might impart your ideas and do them good."

"I am no reformer. Not good soil wherein to propagate my ideas! No; I've too much to do to take care of the beams in my own eye to try to remove 'motes' in general."

"That reminds me of the doctor's sermon last Sunday. By the way, who were those people with you at church. You always have some stranger in your pew; are always picking up 'queer fish' Ed says."

"Oh, that was Aunt Patty Rhodes and her daughter. They live way out on the turnpike road and never get a chance to come to church; I had the use of Mrs. Edsell's carriage, yesterday, and I sent out for them. I must own," said Mrs. Robert, with a smile, "I do enjoy making the Master's own feel at home in his house, and I find many who seem to feel no liberty to even seek a sitting there, because they possess neither silver nor gold."

Robert's affairs, as you judge, were improving. They only increased their industries and kept up all the old simplicity of living. There was always a little surplus wherewith to take advantage of opportunities.

Will Seely, a troubled, perplexed "good fellow" who was fast worrying himself into a dyspeptic, was a privileged acquaintance who frequently dropped in for an evening to listen to music and forget his money embarrassments.

"I don't see how you do it!" he said on one occasion, looking around the pleasant home, paid for and full of happy faces. "I don't see how you are so much better off than other folks!"

"Well, we gain by a loss in one direction," said Robert, in continuation of the conversation on "ways and means" begun half an hour since. "We leave 'worry' out in the cold. We don't take him into partnership with us!"

"I wish I could!" said poor Will. "What kind of bolts do you use to keep him out?"

"Living strictly within our means, come what may, if it makes us singular and misunderstood. This is one bolt and it shoves a little hard some-

times, but then it stays put. Earning all we can justly by steady work, each and all of us, is another bolt with a splendid fastening."

"Nonsense! there's some necromancy about it. You're all as full of play as colts; every one of you."

"The bow couldn't relax if it had not been bent pretty severely," laughed Robert's wife, who knew all about it.

Will Seely looked perplexedly into the glowing grate.

"The fact is you're all talented. Heaven has gifted you. That's where the laugh comes in. You eke out with your pen-labors and Ethel with her music and John with his drawings. I wish I was gifted!"

"What is it to be gifted?"

"You tell."

"Gifts are ready to flow in if we will put obstructions out of the way. Artificial living, costing too much time and thought, as well as money and anxiety, makes our ear dull to music, makes the tired brain unequal to clear perception; demoralizes the whole man. My wife and I don't claim to be 'smart' but we do hold ourselves like children obedient to the great laws of nature, which we do not think it safe to disregard. We work for what we have. We spend less than we have. We gather up the gold-dust of time and we can't afford to jump over every fence we come to just because the rest of the sheep do."

Seely laughed. "I feel like selling out and retiring with my family into the loft above my store. The spell won't last though! I know myself. If I should save something the first year, I should be so encouraged I should overspend double the amount."

"The devil got sick one day;
The devil a monk would be."

You know the rest of it! I wish I could stiffen up into moral courage though; upon my word I do! If my wife would join with me," he added meditatively, "but we might as well go to an asylum as to begin at our time of life on a new base. I wish I could, however; I wish I could!" said the troubled man.

"Each to his taste," softly uttered Madam Robert, in very pure French.

And pushing his way homeward, Will Seely pulled his soft hat down over his eyes and said to himself: "I declare the gilding and the gay colors always look 'loud' to me when I go home after one of my evenings at Robert's, and the girls' voices sound harsh and uncultivated. But it's my imagination I suppose. Maybe honest work in some way would refine my folks. Still, we live as handsomely as any one in the block; the young folks have always had all they want. We can't all be alike. Robert's family is an exception. They always were 'queer folks!'"

ARISTOTLE is praised for naming fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practiced; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed prudence and justice before it; since, without prudence, fortitude is mad—without justice, it is mischievous.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*
HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XI.

DEACON STRONG was sitting with his eyes still upon the door through which Deborah had passed, the vision of her pure countenance almost as clear to him as though she were yet in the room, when, like one of those changes in a dissolving view which transforms beauty into ugliness, the thin, sinister face of Peter Maxwell was seen in its stead. The agent had glided in as noiselessly as Deborah had gone out. He came forward, his head bent and his form stooping in its usual cringing way, but with his keen eyes looking through half-closed lids intently at his master.

"What sent you here?" demanded the deacon, roughly, and with considerable impatience. Nothing could have been more unwelcome than the presence of this man.

"I went over to the mill, expecting to see you there," replied Maxwell, "and Mr. Trueford said he thought I would find you at home. So I came."

"What do you want? One would think you had some matter of life or death on hand, hunting after me so hotly."

"I don't know as to the life or death," returned his agent, "but I do know that there's trouble a-brewing."

"Trouble about what?" asked the deacon, his brows knitting, and the coarse, hard expression to which his face was accustomed settling again about his mouth.

"That girl's been in Sandy Spieler's saloon this morning."

"Who? Miss Norman?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of it?"

"More than you'll care to hear, I'm thinking."

"I'll hear first and judge as to how much I shall care afterward," said the deacon, trying to hide from Maxwell the strong interest his communication had aroused. "What did she do there?"

"She knelt down right on the floor and prayed until, they say, everybody's hair stood on end. Spieler got converted and has shut up his saloon."

"Faugh! That's mere talk," replied the deacon.

"Beg your pardon! I went to see for myself, and found it as true as gospel. The doors and windows were closed; and I saw lots of people standing about, talking and wondering. I never dreamed that she could fetch Sandy Spieler."

Deacon Strong dropped his chin and sat in deep thought for a long time. He was not only surprised but confounded. Maxwell broke in upon his reverie.

"If this thing is allowed to go on, there'll be the mischief to pay. We must put a stop to it some how."

"A stop to what?" queried the deacon, rousing himself.

"To this girl's going about in saloons, interfering with business. It's a nuisance, and will have to be abated."

"Her praying, you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't know there was a law against praying," said the deacon.

"I didn't say there was," replied his agent, with some irritation of manner; "but there's the common law of trespass, and she could be stayed by that."

The deacon dropped his chin again and sat silent and very thoughtful.

"Closed his saloon?" he queried, looking up, after a few moments, as if in doubt whether he had heard aright.

"Yes, sir. Closed it up as tight as a jug."

"Extraordinary, to say the least of it. I never would have believed it."

"Nor anybody else. I, for one, thought Sandy Spieler had better stuff in him. She might have prayed until black and blue in the face, for all I would have cared."

"No doubt of it," said the deacon, speaking partly to himself. He knew the kind of stuff out of which Peter Maxwell was made.

"If the thing's allowed to go on, it will be lots of money out of your pocket," resumed Peter. "We've half a dozen houses that will not rent for a third the present prices if the liquor business is going to be interfered with by fanatical women who set law as well as common decency at defiance."

But, to the astonishment of Maxwell, Deacon Strong was wholly irresponsive as to any opinion or feeling in the case.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" he inquired, after Maxwell had expatiated on the subject for a while longer.

"Yes, sir. I thought you'd like to know about this affair," replied the disappointed and perplexed agent.

The deacon made a motion for him to retire, and Maxwell, with a crestfallen air, went out.

The day following was pay-day at the mill. Mr. Trueford had the pay-roll made out, and submitted it for supervision and approval. His kindly nature and pity for the poor, led him always to be as easy as possible with those who lost time from sickness or other causes over which they had no control. But the deacon's rules were very exact, and he was, therefore, rarely able to concede anything, though his heart ached as he looked into the disappointed faces and hungry eyes of half-starved women and children, for whom the rigid docking system often left but a slender pittance at the week's close. As we have seen, the overseer was a broken-down, spiritless man, afraid of his employer. He knew him to be hard and unpitiful; quick to punish any infraction of his rules; and sternly inflexible when his displeasure was once aroused; never hesitating a moment about discharging any one who disobeyed him, no matter what his position. And so, the overseer's necessities led him to be very prudent and careful not to give offence; while his native integrity made him faithful to the duties of his office, even though

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wrong was often done and suffering occasioned in their strict performance.

But having risen, as on the day before, out of his weakness and slavery, and for humanity's sake asserted his manhood, Mr. Trueford felt stronger and braver. Instead of turning upon him with wrath and indignation, the deacon had been moved by his remonstrances and appeals for justice as well as mercy. Could he not go farther? Now that the iron of this man's inflexible will was softened in the fire which had fallen upon it so suddenly, should he not strike while it was hot, and give it a new and better form? He had dared to speak out on the day before and plead the cause of the poor. Now he determined to follow speech by action, and lead the deacon, if possible, into a better way.

The overseer made no remark as he laid the pay-roll before his employer. Deacon Strong commenced examining it, his eyes passing from name to name, and along column after column of figures. Mr. Trueford stood a few steps away, watching his face intently. He saw it change after he had read a little distance, an expression of surprise rippling over it. Then the forehead contracted, and the coarse mouth shut itself firmly.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, looking up from the paper. There was a shade of rebuking sternness in his voice, but Mr. Trueford saw that he was not angry.

"The time is all right," returned the overseer, quietly. "I kept it myself."

Deacon Strong sat with his eyes upon Mr. Trueford for almost a minute, undetermined what to say. The overseer was first to break silence.

"If," said he, in a respectful voice, "you do not approve the roll as I have made it out, I will alter it so as to conform to the old rule," and he reached his hand for the paper.

But the deacon held it fast.

"Sit down there!" He jerked out the command impatiently.

Mr. Trueford took a seat.

"I'm afraid of this!" said the deacon.

"We should never be afraid to do right," answered the overseer, in a calm voice.

If the desk or a chair had uttered this sentence, Deacon Strong could hardly have been more surprised. Mr. Trueford, his weak and pliant vassal, turned monitor and moralist! Mr. Trueford, who was not a professor of religion—who had no hope in Christ—who was under the curse of a broken law, and in disfavor with God! The deacon's astonishment kept him silent.

"If," added the overseer, gaining confidence, "there is a just and merciful God, who is all-powerful and everywhere present, it is safest to be like Him, and so deal justly and mercifully with our fellow-men."

"If!" exclaimed the deacon, catching at the doubt he thought implied in this word, a frown on his face, and a rebuke in his voice. "If there is a just and merciful God? If?"

"I do not say that there is, or that there is not," returned Mr. Trueford, his manhood still more asserting itself. "But what I do say is, that, if there be such a God, it is safest to be as much like

Him as possible. And if He has given us a law, we must keep it to the very letter if we would rest in His favor. If I had believed in God as undoubtingly as you profess to believe, Deacon Strong, I would have been a truer and a braver man than I am to-day. I would have done the thing I saw to be right, regardless of worldly loss or man's displeasure. I would have rested in God, and waited for Him to lead me into safe and pleasant places."

The voice of the overseer grew impressive. His form seemed, in the deacon's eyes, to grow more erect, and his countenance to assume a dignity that half awed him.

"There is only one way to rest in Him securely," replied the deacon, "and that is through faith in the atoning blood of Christ. No effort to obey God's laws is any help to salvation. It is by faith that we are saved; and this not of ourselves; it is the gift of God. All attempts to keep the law are mere acts of self-righteousness, and not pleasing to God. We must come to Him in our vileness, and be cleansed through faith in the merits of Christ. It is in His righteousness that we become righteous. Accepting that, we are the sons of God and heirs of immortality; rejecting it, we remain in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity, and will be lost forever."

The deacon warmed with His theme. It was the first opportunity which had presented itself for a long time to admonish his overseer, and point him to the way of salvation. But Mr. Trueford's answer took away some of his assured confidence.

"If ye would enter into life, keep the commandments." Who said that?"

"It was the Saviour himself who spoke," returned the deacon.

"Do you not suppose that He knew the way in which men should walk if they would gain eternal life?"

"Oh, yes. He came to show us the way. But He had first to suffer and die in our stead in order to open the way. He had to make an atonement for the sins of the world, and reconcile an offended God to His disobedient children."

The light which had come into the overseer's face faded out; and Deacon Strong saw in it the old dreary look of rejection which had always shadowed it when he talked to him about the salvation of his soul through faith in the atoning blood of Christ.

"I am so constituted, Deacon Strong," replied Mr. Trueford, "as not to be able to accept your plan of salvation. I can't comprehend it. It does not seem to me consistent with the nature of God, which is love. This substituted righteousness, which I see in most of your ordinary Christians, and which they profess to have got by faith, seems to me but a poor sham; the thinnest sort of a cloak; and fails to hide the selfishness that still keeps possession of their hearts. In business and among men, I find them quite as hard and grasping; quite as censorious and uncharitable; quite as neglectful of the poor, the sick and the prisoner as men who make no claim to having the love of God shed abroad in their souls as the reward

of faith, not of obedience to His pure and holy laws. You must not be offended at my free speech. What I think and feel so crowds upon me that I must give it utterance."

His overseer seemed to grow taller and larger in the eyes of Deacon Strong. The respect that found a place in his mind on the day before, when Mr. Trueford gave voice to his real convictions touching the mill-owner's unjust treatment of his work-people, had grown stronger since then, and now a sentiment almost akin to fear took possession of him. The man was looking down into his heart and sitting in judgment upon his life; and not upon his life only, but upon the faith and doctrine whereon he rested for salvation. As in his first interview with Deborah Norman, so now, he felt the foundations of his trust shaken.

"We should never be afraid to do right," said the overseer, after a brief silence on both sides, coming back to the simple affirmation with which he had met his employer's doubt as to the expediency of abandoning the old rule of docking for lost time. "If God is just and good, and I believe that He is, though I cannot understand all His ways with men, it will come out best for us, even in this life, if we deal justly and mercifully with our fellow-creatures, though in doing so we sometimes sacrifice our worldly interests. Shall I tell you what came into my mind as I lay thinking in my bed last night? I think a great deal in the night-time, lying awake often for hours together."

The deacon nodded his assent. He felt a strange weight upon his bosom.

"It was this," said the overseer. "I was thinking about the poor people who work for us, and the miserable way in which so many of them live; and then this strange fancy came to me. I wondered how it would be if the Lord Jesus, who was in the world two thousand years ago, were to come again just now, and were to have a mill and poor people to work in it just as we have?"

He was looking steadily into the face of Deacon Strong, and was almost startled by the change he saw pass over it. The heavy mouth dropped apart and stood a little open; and the eyes dilated with an expression of fear. But this was for an instant only.

"Well, what more?" he asked, seeing Mr. Trueford pause.

"I wondered how He would treat them," continued the overseer. "If He would think and care more for the money He made out of poor women and children than for the comfort of their bodies and the salvation of their souls. If—" he hesitated for an instant, and then went on bravely—"if He would dock a poor sick girl, too weak to fill her tasks, at the rate of three days' wages for every two days lost!"

"Silence, sir!" cried the deacon, in a stern voice.

Mr. Trueford did not look abashed or frightened; but stood erect and loyal to his newly-recovered manhood.

"I cannot help my thoughts and fancies," he rejoined, in a firm but quiet voice.

"But you can keep them to yourself," said the deacon, with lessening severity.

"Pardon me, if I spoke too freely," returned

Mr. Trueford, a manly respect in his tones. "But it does seem to me that Christian men should, sometimes, have just such fancies as I had last night, and should ask themselves, in the light of Christ's teachings and example, whether if He were in the world now He would do as they do."

The deacon let his eyes fall to the floor. Mr. Trueford stood looking at him intently, trying to read his face. He had something more to say and wished to say it. For a little while he hesitated; then took courage and resumed:

"My thoughts went a little farther, sir. Will you not hear them? God knows I do not mean to offend."

The deacon's head bent lower; but he made no response.

"I thought how it would be," said the overseer, "if He were to come again and go about among those who call themselves by His name, and who regard themselves as in His favor. Who talk about having His love in their hearts; of being washed in His blood and made free from all sin; and of being elect and precious in His sight. I fancied I could see Him going into the stores, offices, shops and mills where these His disciples were busy at work, and observing how they kept their garments unspotted from the world. I thought I saw Him come into our factory, and go through every part of it, and stand and look at the pale, sick faces and wasted forms that crowd its rooms; and then go into the wretched little houses in which many of them live—some hardly fit for dog-kennels or cow-stables—and for which we charge them a rent larger in proportion to their cost than that of the handsomest dwellings in Kedron—"

"Silence!" cried the deacon again. "Silence, I say! You are going too far, Mr. Trueford! I will not put up with such unwarrantable liberty."

"I have nothing more to say, sir," calmly answered the overseer, letting his eyes fall from the deacon's face and turning partly away as though he were about to retire from his presence, "except this," he added, pausing and looking back, "don't hesitate about doing what you see to be right; for the right always comes out best in the end."

He stood for a few moments waiting for the deacon to speak. His last remark settled any doubt that might have been lingering in the mill-owner's thoughts.

"Let the pay-roll stand this week as you have made it out," said Deacon Strong. "But if any trouble comes of it, I shall hold you responsible." He added the last sentence in a tone of affected warning, and as a partial cover to his own sense of justice, which had been growing clearer and clearer under the new light that was streaming into his mind. A feeling of pride came in to bar an acknowledgment of his obligation to this man for the new light; for was not the overseer an alien from Christ, instead of a son through faith and adoption? and how could he, a child of grace, stand debtor to one who was yet a sinner? The deacon was straightened in his mind.

"The act must be your own," answered Mr. Trueford. "If you do not see clearly that it is right, don't do it. I am only your agent."

Never in all his life had Deacon Strong felt so baffled and so weak in the presence of any man as he now felt in the presence of this overseer, whom he had hectored and lorded it over until the poor man was, in common phrase, hardly able to tell whether his soul were his own or not.

But the truth had set him free. Rising above the level of his fears, his doubts, and his weak distrusts, Mr. Trueford had, for the sake of humanity, spoken the truth which he should long ago have uttered, and, lo! he found himself a free man, and strong in his freedom. He had a new faith in the right; a new sense of the fatherhood of God, and of the safety of those who, putting their trust in Him, held themselves to the law of justice and mercy in dealing with their fellow-men. He stood, consciously, on a higher level than this self-seeking Pharisee—we will not say hypocrite—and grew bold to admonish him; and such was the power of the truth he uttered, and the sphere of his new moral state, that Deacon Strong found himself weak and abashed before him.

It was a memorable day at the mill when the deacon's work-people received, on this occasion, their weekly wages. The pay-roll did not stand as submitted by the overseer. It had been gone over and over half a dozen times, and changed in twenty or thirty places; and the rule of change, singularly enough, was in favor of instead of against those who had lost time. Fractions of time, instead of being made units against the operatives, were dropped out of the account; and in several cases of known sickness, or very poor health, the wages were credited in full.

"God bless you, sir!" came with a sudden fervor and surprise from more than one pinched and stooping figure, as the outstretched hand took up from the deacon's desk the full pay, when only a part had been expected.

"But what's to become of me," said the deacon to one of these poor wretches, "if I pay for more work than I get?"

"Oh, but that will never be!" was the earnestly spoken reply. "We'll none of us ever forget you, sir; and we'll do more work for good-will than we've ever done for wages. We'll make it all up, and a great deal more."

Here was another surprise for the deacon. "Good-will" toward him from these people; and a promise of service for good-will greater than for pay! He tried to reject the declaration as only a form of words; but something in the tone and manner of its utterance held him fast, and the fear of loss which had troubled him died out of his mind.

When all the wages for the week had been paid, and the crowd of tired and in too many cases wretched-looking women, boys and young girls had departed—but few men worked in the mill—Deacon Strong and his overseer were left alone together. Neither said anything to the other about the scene which had just passed; though the mind and heart of each had been deeply impressed by it. In a few minutes the mill-owner went away and left Mr. Trueford to finish some writing that yet required to be done. When outside, he lin-

gered for a short space of time, thinking deeply, and once or twice turned to go back, as if he could not leave his overseer without another interview. But at length he started off quickly, as if he were compelling himself to go, and took the way homeward.

CHAPTER XII.

DEACON STRONG was a "Sunday Christian." He crowded his religion into the first day of the week, and gave himself up to its observances with a pious abandon that was noticeable, and which gained for him, among those who never came in contact with his worldly life, the title of a "godly man."

When the noisy mill became silent on Saturday evening, and the deacon turned his back on the world and its six days' money-getting opportunities, he took up the garment of sanctity which had been laid aside at the previous Sabbath's close. His countenance assumed a more solemn aspect; his voice was pitched to a different key; his movements were slower; his manner more impressive. The business of getting on in the world had been pursued with untiring industry during the time allotted for that work; and now the business of getting to Heaven must be attended to with an equal earnestness and fidelity. The deacon was no drone—no half-way man. He believed in the doctrines of his church, and rested his safety on the thoroughness of his belief. He was a true soldier of the Cross, as he understood the sacred symbol; faithful to his colors, and ready to do battle with any and all whose standards bore not the peculiar legend inscribed on the one under which he was fighting. He had been in many conflicts—for, like the war-horse, he snuffed the battle afar off—and had discomfited many. His onsets were terrible. He bore down the enemies of his church with an impetuosity that nothing could resist; and no victorious general of an army could have been more vain-glorious than he in his hour of triumph.

To him, salvation was the result of a marvellous scheme, devised by infinite wisdom, in which God's glory was the first end, and man's rescue from destruction the second. His personal safety lay not in purity of heart and self-abnegation, but in his acceptance of the scheme. He honored God in this, and so was taken into favor, and made righteous by a transfer of divine righteousness. Thus he became a son of God by adoption; and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. Herein he had rested in a feeling of complete security.

But, on this particular Saturday evening, as he tried to withdraw himself from the world, and turn his thoughts to the pious things that were fitting for the Sabbath, he failed to rise into the old state of rest and spiritual confidence which he had regarded as the evidences of true discipleship. Deborah had taken him away from Paul and set him face to face with Christ, the Son of the living God, who spake as man never spake; and His words had come to him with a new and deeper meaning, and shaken all the foundations of the house in which his confidence dwelt. Now, more

than in the two preceding days wherein his thoughts were immersed in worldly things, did the plain and simple declarations of our Lord accuse and rebuke him.

It was noticed in his family that the deacon was strangely quiet this Saturday evening; and that little outbreaks of wild and joyous feeling among the younger members were suffered to pass without rebuke. Soon after tea he went into the office, or library, attached to his dwelling and remained there alone until bed-time.

On Sunday morning the deacon was in his pew, wearing, as usual, his Sunday face. Sleep had composed his mind, and an hour's polemic reading since breakfast had steadied his faith, and brought him back to a clearer apprehension of the doctrines on which he had for so many years rested in conscious security. The nightmare which had oppressed him was passing off; his chest heaved more freely again; he sat erect, not doubting now—for to doubt was to sin. "He that doubteth is damned."

The Rev. Silas Deering, minister of his church, was a doctrinal teacher. In an age and generation when infidels, latitudinarians and free thinkers intruded themselves everywhere; when the very bulwarks of faith were being assaulted in the church as well as out of it; when sin did greatly abound, and the churches were making little apparent headway against the many evils that lifted their deformed and hideous fronts throughout the land, Parson Deering stood with his feet planted firmly upon the faith and doctrine of his sect, and held his people to their creed with an unwavering tenacity. Out of that creed he declared salvation to be impossible. In its complete acceptance was complete safety. He did not insist half so strongly on a good life as on a true faith. The good life was the natural sequence of a true faith, and would follow of course. It was not the good life that God accepted; but the faith that acknowledged and received Him. He would make all who so received Him pure and holy by an act of grace, and in an instant of time. The parson's text this morning, from Ephesians ii., 8, 9, fell upon the deacon's ears with a pleasant and reassuring sound:

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.

"The great and essential doctrine of the Christian church, my brethren, is here declared with an explicitness of phraseology that leaves no room for misapprehension." So the preacher opened his subject, speaking slowly and with a solemn emphasis. "It is by faith that ye are saved; simple faith, and faith alone; faith in Christ and the efficacy of His atoning blood. Any and every other way leads to death and hell!"

He paused, giving a little time for his words to sink into the minds of his hearers.

"Not of yourselves," he resumed. "Mark the clear declaration! Not through works is grace received into the heart; but through faith only. It is because men in these latter times are drifting away from this central doctrine of the church, that the life of religion is dying out of their souls, and

that infidelity is making such fearful progress in the land. In all ages, the tendency has been to reject the teachings of God and to try to get to Heaven by climbing up some other way. At no period has this tendency been stronger than now; and it is my solemn duty, as the God-appointed teacher and leader of this people, to lift my voice and utter a cry of warning. There is only one way to Heaven, and that is through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and the washing away of our sins in His atoning blood. Keeping the commandments will not save us. Good works, be they never so perfect, will not save us; nay, being done in self-righteousness, they will only sink us deeper into hell! Only 'the righteousness which is of God by faith,' is of any avail to salvation. 'Ye are the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ,' says Paul; and again, 'A man is justified by faith.' And Peter is quite as explicit, when he declares that we are 'kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.'

"But ye know all this. It is the foundation-stone on which rest all the doctrines of our holy church. And what a blessed truth it is! What a grand and glorious scheme of salvation it reveals! Simple faith in the merits of our Lord and Saviour—nothing more. The utter giving of ourselves to God, that we may be made pure through the blood of sprinkling. 'No more of works.' Thank God, no! But of free grace! We sit down with folded hands at the Master's feet, weak, helpless, stained with sin, and cry out in our despair:

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,

'Tis all that I can do.'

And He accepts us through faith, and washes us clean. We rise forgiven. In an instant of time we pass from the bondage of sin into the freedom of Gospel innocence, and become the sons of God and heirs of eternal life.

"Let none deceive you, my brethren. It is by faith that ye are saved, and that not of yourselves—not of works—it is the gift of God. And if any of you sin—if any of you should fall through weakness of the flesh, or the subtle allurements of the devil, remember that you have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, who forever intercedes for you. Go to Him and confess your sin, and you will find Him faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness. And let me warn you against any and all efforts to get back into God's favor through deeds of merit—through charity and good works. You may visit the sick, and clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, and distribute your goods to the poor, but these will avail nothing if you do not humble yourself before God, and ask in faith for a new application of the cleansing blood that was shed for you on Calvary.

"Oh, the blessedness of this way of salvation! Though our sins be as scarlet, through simple faith they are made white as wool. It matters not when nor where; it matters not under what conditions, or in what extremity. We may be bound and powerless to do any good thing; sick and in prison; in peril and nigh unto death; the waves may be closing above our heads, and but an instant remain between us and eternity, still, the ever-

lasting arms are outstretched to save, and we have only to lay hold of them by faith, and all is well!"

As Deacon Strong listened to this re-affirmation of the doctrine on which he had so long rested for salvation, he became more and more assured in his mind, and less troubled about his relation to the wretched people who worked in his mill—"godless" people, who were out of favor with the righteous Judge, and objects not only of His displeasure, but of the displeasure of His people also. He felt safer than at any time since that visit of Deborah Norman, in which she set the plain words of the Lord Jesus in judgement upon his life, and made his heart faint within him as did the heart of Felix before Paul.

How erect the deacon sat now, self-poised and satisfied. His mind rested upon this doctrine of faith alone as a tired man rests upon a bed. He had been wearied by doubts and questions; but rest had come again; and in his new-found sense of relief he thanked God for so plain and easy a way of salvation. And with this sense of relief came a feeling of indignation against those who dishonored God by not accepting His mercy; and especially against those who questioned about the truth of this faith-alone creed, and asked with James, "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him?"

In closing his sermon on this particular morning, the preacher, conscious that he had given the doctrine of faith so strong a presentation as almost to ignore good living as an element in the work of salvation, dwelt somewhat on the fruit of believing as an evidence of this change wrought on the soul by God's grace. But what he said in this part of his discourse made very little impression on the deacon. He was satisfied with the doctrine of faith alone as a soul-saving power, and did not care to trouble himself with lower things. The foundations beneath his feet were felt to be secure as the rocks, and he was content to rest thereon.

During the afternoon of that day, he spent an hour with his minister, discussing the theme of his morning's sermon, and getting new evidences of its truth. The poor rags of self-righteousness in which moral men clothe themselves, and then draw damaging comparisons between their lives in the world and the lives of believing and accepted Christians, were torn into tatters, flung upon the ground, and trodden under foot with indignation and contempt. The more men tried to please God by charitable deeds, while they rejected His plan of salvation, the more they offended Him; and their good deeds, if they remained out of Christ in the technical sense of that plan, would make their condemnation deeper and their punishment more severe. On the other hand, the vilest and most abandoned sinner, with no life of charity on which to rest for acceptance, had only, in the latest moment of conscious life in this world, to throw himself on the mercy of God, believe in the merits of His Son, and through faith be made pure as an innocent babe. Such a one would rise into the blessedness of Heaven, while the other would have only everlasting shame and contempt.

This was the doctrine held and preached by

Parson Deering, and accepted by Deacon Strong. They believed also that, being in favor with God, their service to Him had special relation to the church, and that He did not look very closely into their lives in the world and among men, except so far as they held godly conversation therein, and kept themselves free from its pleasures, its follies and its crimes. To do this was to keep themselves unspotted from the world. Their duty as Christians was to remain true to the faith "once delivered unto the saints;" to observe all the ceremonies of the church; to give of their substance for its support; and to countenance and sustain all right efforts for spreading the Gospel, and hastening the coming of Christ's kingdom among men. To them God had committed a great trust, even a knowledge of the faith by which, and by which alone, the world was to be saved; and they could do no service more pleasing in His eyes than keeping the doctrine pure, and, so far as in them lay, by teaching and preaching it in their day and generation. The letter of the commandments must also be strictly kept. As to their spirit, the deacon had no finer sense by which to reach its perception.

The effect of this hour's conversation with his minister was to change entirely Deacon Strong's feelings toward Mr. Trueford. He was again able to set this man down to the lower level where he had always stood in his estimation. He felt angry at the thought of having been rebuked by one who was an alien from God, and under the divine displeasure; and particularly at having been led by him to set aside a long-established business rule, which he now saw could only bring loss and trouble. The doctrine of faith alone had its legitimate fruit again, and wrought in his soul the destruction of charity. Even his thought of Fanny Williams was not attended by the concern and pity that so deeply moved him on the day before. Who and what was she that he must trouble himself about her? If she were not able to do duty at the mill, that was her misfortune, not his fault. There were hundreds more like her in Kedron; and was that any reason why he should concern himself about them? Let their friends do that. Business was business. He was a manufacturer, as other men were merchants or bankers. He employed men and women for the service they could render, and paid them for that service. There the relation and responsibility began and ended.

As the day drew to its close, the mind of Deacon Strong began to withdraw itself from religious themes. He had enjoyed his Sunday privileges, and been largely strengthened in the faith and doctrines of his church. His satisfaction of mind was great; peace flowed as a river. Having done all that was needful to hold himself in favor with God, the current of his thoughts turned in an easy and natural drift toward the world, wherein his chief affections dwelt. His service of God was a constrained service, made in solemn self-denial, and refreshed only by the spiritual pride that set him above the great mass of outside sinners who were under condemnation and doomed to hell. He gloried in his "adoption;" in being an heir of

God, and a joint heir with His Son; and expected to be a king or a priest in Heaven. If he had his choice, it would be a king; for then he would be in power and great magnificence.

Having, as we have said, done all on this particular Sunday that was needful to keep himself in favor with God, the current of Deacon Strong's thoughts turned in an easy and natural drift toward the world wherein his affections dwelt, and began busying themselves with questions of gain and loss. First and foremost came up for reconsideration his departure from the old, safe rule of docking his people. It had always worked well, he argued with himself, and saved him hundreds if not thousands of dollars every year. It was just, too; had he not settled that question in the beginning? An operative who lost a day robbed him of his profit on that day's work, and should be made to restore that profit out of the wages of his next day's work. Nothing, in his mind, could be clearer than this.

The deacon began to feel hard and angry toward his overseer. It was all Mr. Trueford's fault that the rule had been set aside at the close of the last week, and there would be trouble in restoring it. He let his anger rise so high as to result in a mental threat to discharge him as a punishment for his meddlesome interference. But self-interest toned this feeling down. His overseer was competent and faithful; a man whom he could trust implicitly. If he were only a Christian, he would be perfect; and yet, he had a latent feeling that if Mr. Trueford were to become a Christian, in his sense of the term, it might spoil him for the position he occupied. This reconciled him to the fact that his overseer was still in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity.

No, he would not discharge Mr. Trueford. He would only read him a lecture of unusual severity, and frighten him by threats that he did not mean to execute.

Monday morning found the deacon restored to his old mental status. He was a child of grace; elect of God through obedience to the faith; and so all right as to his immortal interests. No, he would not be turned out of his way by a weak enthusiast like Deborah Norman, or by a Christless man like Amos Trueford. Who, or what were those that they presumed to sit in judgment upon him! He threw them away from him in thought and feeling as one would throw something vile or offensive.

Such was the deacon's state of mind when Peter Maxwell made his appearance that morning. There was a questioning look on the agent's sinister face as he advanced with his gliding almost noiseless feet and crouching figure, and stood beside the office table, his half-closed eyes hiding, as usual, their clear expression.

"Good morning, Peter!" said the deacon, in a firm, confident voice, almost smiling in his self-satisfaction as he spoke. The agent recognized the change which had come over his master's state of mind since their last meeting.

"Good morning, sir," was the cold response. Maxwell was not demonstrative.

"Anything new, Peter?"

"Humph!" The agent gave a shrug. "I should think there was if what I hear is true."

"What have you heard?"

"That every man, woman and child was paid full wages at the mill last week; full wages for the time they worked, I mean."

The self-satisfaction went out of the deacon's face. His brows fell; his mouth closed with the old, unsightly hardness.

"Who told you?" he asked.

"Oh, it's town talk!" answered Maxwell. "I've heard it from twenty different people."

"What is said about it?" The deacon was not wholly indifferent to the opinion of his neighbors.

"Some say the world must be coming to an end soon, and that you've got wind of it somehow." Peter's eyelids drew closer together, hiding even the color of the orbs beneath.

The deacon's lips parted in a grim smile. He was both amused and annoyed.

"And what else is said?" he queried.

"More than I can remember," answered the agent. "I heard one man say that he thought the deacon must be getting religion."

Maxwell had a chance to put in a thrust without much danger of getting hurt in return, and he could not let the opportunity pass.

"Who said that?"

"Len Spangler."

An expression of contempt dropped from the deacon's lips.

"He's not of much account in your eyes, I know," said Peter; "but Spangler is no respecter of persons, and will have his say. And I might as well tell you something more; though I don't fancy you set much store by his opinion, good or bad."

"Not much," answered the deacon, at the same time pricking up his ears.

"He said it was the best thing he'd ever heard of you; and that if this was the kind of religion taught in your church, he'd half a mind to join it. It was considering the poor, he said, and doing as you'd be done by; and that's what he called religion."

"He's a vile sinner and scoffer," returned the deacon, with some impatience of manner; but Peter saw that he was struck and moved by the language he had repeated.

"There's been a great deal of talk over town, and some feeling, at the way you've docked your mill-hands for loss of time," said Peter; "and many hard things have been said against you."

"People had better mind their own affairs," returned the deacon, sharply. "I carry on my business to suit myself; and it's nobody's concern but my own. If my rules are not liked, no one is obliged to work for me. My people are not slaves. They can go or come as they please. If they work they get paid for it; and if they don't work they don't get paid. That's the long and short of the matter."

"People will talk, you know, and there's no helping it," replied Maxwell.

"Let 'em talk! It's precious little I care." The deacon snapped his thumb and finger. But it was

simple bravado. He did care, and Peter Maxwell saw beneath the thin disguise.

"And so it's really true!" said the agent, in affected surprise. "I didn't believe a word of it."

"Why didn't you?" demanded the deacon, slightly scowling as he spoke.

"Oh, because it isn't like you," answered the other.

Not like me! What do you mean?"

Throwing money away isn't your style, deacon. That's all."

The agent drew a little back from his master, who began to look dangerous. After the lapse of a few moments, he said: "There was a row at Harry Conlan's yesterday, and one of the windows got smashed in."

"What! A row!" ejaculated the deacon, showing surprise and annoyance. Harry Conlan was one of his tenants, and kept about the vilest drinking-den in Kedron. Unlike the deacon, he did not give one day in the seven to the business of saving his soul. To him all days were alike; or, if he had any different regard for Sunday, it was because his gains were larger on that day than on any other.

"Yes, sir. I thought you'd heard about it. It was an ugly row. Harry got a bad cut over one eye, where a man hit him with a tumbler."

"It wasn't on Sunday!" said the deacon, affecting a pious horror.

"If I'm not mistaken, yesterday was Sunday," returned Maxwell, who could cringe, or thrust, or be insolent, as the occasion might warrant.

"Does Conlan always keep his place open on the Lord's day?"

"Why, of course he does. That's his best day; plenty of idle men about, with Saturday's money in their pockets; and if he doesn't come in for his share he won't get another chance. It's the Sunday business that pays most of the rent," added Maxwell, with malicious pleasure. He wanted to stir the deacon's cupidity and set it against his pious scruples. "Take the Sunday business from Harry, and his stand wouldn't be worth two-thirds of what he pays for it now."

"But it's against the law to do business on Sunday," said the deacon.

"Except to sell liquor," remarked the agent.

"No; it's against the law to sell anything on the Sabbath." The deacon spoke with decision.

"Policemen, constables and jurymen read the law differently," returned Maxwell. "They find an exception in favor of liquor-selling, and refuse to arrest or convict. You know how that is as well as I do. You can't go to church on Sunday without passing half a dozen dram-shops. But keep your mill a-going, and see how soon the grand jury will take the matter up and put you into court."

"I'm sorry about this row at Conlan's." The deacon looked troubled. "I'd rather it had been anywhere else."

"So would I. But I haven't told you all." The agent put on a mysterious air.

"Then tell me all!" exclaimed Deacon Strong, impatiently.

Peter saw the anxious suspense that was shadowing his master's face, and enjoyed it keenly.

"The row came of a visit from that impudent Quaker girl, Miss Norman."

"A visit where? To Conlan's?"

"Yes, sir. They were in full blast yesterday morning, at the time you were in church listening to Parson Deering, when in came Miss Norman, and began to talk to Harry about the wickedness of selling rum. Now Harry is a rough sort of customer, and not the one to stand any nonsense of this sort; so he cursed her up and down, and told her to get out of his place in double-quick time, or he'd pick her up and set her bodily into the street. They say she didn't seem a bit frightened, but stood her ground; and a man who was there told me she looked more like an angel than a woman—but I guess he'd been taking a glass too much. Then Harry got furious, and, leaping over the bar, was about laying hands on Miss Norman, when somebody's fist took him under the ear, and sent him reeling against the wall. I don't know what became of Miss Norman, but I believe a man picked her up and carried her out. They smashed up things, and broke each other's heads for awhile inside, and then cooled off. It was a nice bit of Sunday work."

"Were any arrests made?" asked the deacon.

"Humph! Arrests! There wasn't a constable within half a mile of the place."

"Is anything said about it?"

"Oh, yes—lots."

"What?"

"It's said that you own Harry's saloon; and that it isn't just the thing for a deacon of the church to rent his house for a rum-mill; and a Sunday rum-mill at that."

The deacon winced.

"And I heard one man say," continued Peter—"I wouldn't just like to tell you his name—that he had serious thoughts of presenting Harry's place as a nuisance, and having you indicted as a party in complicity."

"Are you lying, Peter Maxwell?" exclaimed the deacon, starting to his feet with the sudden pain of this probing thrust of his agent, whose malicious temper he knew but too well.

"I have no occasion to lie," answered the other, coolly.

"Who said that?" demanded the deacon.

"I hardly feel at liberty to tell," was replied.

"Faugh! At liberty! Who was it? Speak out; will you?"

"If you must know, it was Jacob Lyon," replied Maxwell.

This man was a rival manufacturer in Kedron, who belonged to a church with which the deacon was at war; a man whom he not only hated with a strong sectarian hate, but with all the unhealthy rancors engendered by the antagonisms of business.

"Jacob Lyon!" There was a supreme contempt in the whole attitude and expression of Deacon Strong. "Jacob Lyon!" he repeated.

"Yes, sir. That was the man. I give you his very words; and, what is more, he spoke like one who meant what he said. He was down on you

hard; and said he wouldn't give the snap of his fingers for the religion of a man who made gain by robbing his poor work-people of their honest wages through the week, and then took shares on Sunday with a prison-bird in the profit of rum-selling!"

All the color went out of the face of Deacon Strong. He reached forth his hands as one who sought to grasp a support. Passion contended with conviction; a sense of shame and guilt with burning anger. What could he do under such an indictment?—Retaliation was not possible. It would be like casting sensitive flesh against jagged rocks. The deacon saw his position, and cowered, mentally, before the enemy he hated and despised. If then and there he could have ruined him in fame and fortune, he would not have hesitated a moment about putting his hands to the work. He would have swept him out of his path with as little compunction as he would have felt in destroying a poisonous reptile.

(To be continued.)

WHILE I WAS DEAD.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

FINALLY emerging from the shadow that had enveloped me, escaping the burden that had oppressed me, I heard, as in a dream, some one say: "She is dead." Then there was an outbreak of sobs, and moans, and lamentations; of murmurings, of broken exclamations, grieving and regretful recollections distilling in tearful whispers of one to another: "How good she was!" "How dear she was!" "What a beautiful life was hers!" "Can it be that she is gone?" "Can it be that she will never speak, nor move, nor smile, nor sit with us again?" "Can we, O God, can we, must we give her up?"

Then the man whose passionate protestations of love had turned my heart from its first pure choice; and set all its pulses thrilling with wild, delicious pain, strode forward, and putting the wailing mourners imperatively aside, flung himself down beside the woman whose head seemed lying heavy on my feet, and raining mad kisses on the still, white face, gathered the lifeless form with convulsive tenderness to his heaving breast.

"Mine," he said, vehemently; "made mine by death! Now I have the right to say to you before the world, I love you, I love you, I love you, Evelyn Day, my life, my blessing, my hope, my angel, my inspiration, my all! Frown who may, cavil who will, condemn who must, no law or statute of man can hinder or restrain me from claiming you this hour as mine—mine absolutely, utterly and eternally, as I know, had your life been your own, you would have given yourself freely to me! Ah, that these pale, sweet lips might open only once to say what they were forbidden to utter in the flush and beauty of life and health—only once to say, 'I love you, Percy Le-grange—love you only, truly and wholly, my soul's elect, my Saul, my king among men!'"

And through all this wild, breathless talk he was dropping passionate kisses on the still, unheeding, unanswering woman of clay, straining

her to his bosom in a fervor of despairing yet exultant love; while I, a real, living, breathing, vital presence, a being as actual and sentient as himself, stood unnoticed beside him, knowing his sorrow, feeling his pain, disquieted by his tumult, yet unable by word or sign or impression to manifest my sympathy, or to come between him and the senseless dust to which he had gone down in prostrate devotion. His soul, before my opened vision, glimmered and shimmered with reflected hues, like shallow water, ruffled and rippled by wind and pebble, soiled and turbulent with storms and inward strifes—no serene depths, no placid surface to mirror the peace and harmony, the blessedness and repose of the life upon which I was entering. Wide open were the gates between the realm of sense and the realm of spirit; but his face was set resolutely downward toward the darkness, and he would not see the light streaming out from the heavenly portals—the glory shining through the grim transparency which mortals call death. Into the gloom, and night, and horror of corruption he crept, seeking solace in the dismal triumph of undisputed possession at last, finding a brief, passionate pleasure in sounding the depths of his suffering, measuring the fulness of his loss, dwelling with slow, painful elaboration on each particular of his bereavement.

"O lovely eyes!" he groaned, kissing down the white lids over the fading orbs, "will ye never turn to me again with glad recognition, and the soft, warm light of welcome? O precious lips! will ye never part with the sweetly whispered words of affection for which my heart hungers with unutterable longing and pain? O pale cheeks! will ye never flush and glow with the tides of thought and feeling any more? Beautiful, floating hair, must your golden glory be shrouded and hidden in the darkness and dampness of the grave? O slender and exquisite hands, whose very touch was bliss, must you fall away into dust, and leave the tender offices of your life forever unfulfilled? God, my God! I cannot give her up! I will not give her up! Here in death I claim her as my own, and I will hold her to my heart thus, and thus until I die!"

And all the time, in the reality and beauty of the spiritual life, I stood beside him, and he would not perceive, and believe, and be comforted.

Was he so engrossed, so infatuated with that which had charmed and ministered to the material sense, that he could not be withdrawn from the worship and contemplation of the body, and lifted up to a conception of the higher power and graciousness and loveliness of the pure and unfettered soul?

I was grieved to the quick, but my love drew me and bound me strongly to him, and I could not, without intense pain, turn away and follow the shining ones who waited to guide me to other and sarer scenes.

Speechless, tearless, without outward demonstration of hurt or grief, Earnest Deville—the man to whom I had sworn an allegiance in which I had failed—stood apart, seemingly self-absorbed, self-sustained and undisturbed by the event which had

so utterly overcome my later and stronger lover. Clearly I saw, in the minds of those gathered about in sorrow and sympathy, a doubt and question regarding the depth and certainty of his affection, and a swift comparison and decision in favor of the more demonstrative mourner.

"It is plain," they said within themselves, "that he did not love her so tenderly and profoundly as Percy, and that he does not grieve for her so deeply, and passionately, and truly."

Yet I saw, too, that the soul of this man, in outward manner so quiet, composed and, to the shallow observer, manifestly indifferent, was reaching out after me with infinite yearning, and that he had no thought nor care for the body, over which the other made such loud ado, simply because his love followed and clung with hope and faith to the spirit. Between him and the bright ones who had unsealed my vision to the mysteries of the inner life there seemed an interchange and communication of thoughts which soothed, comforted, sustained, strengthened and uplifted him, imparting the serenity, and repose, and peace of a superior condition—a serenity, and repose, and peace that I could not attain even under the influence of the angelic atmosphere surrounding me, for all my sympathies were with Percy in his stormy grief, and all my mind and strength were given to the effort to impress him with a sense of the reality of my existence, of the closeness of my presence, of the undiminished ardor of my love.

I felt that the angel guides who had waited to conduct and instruct me in the way and wisdom of the spiritual life, were turning slowly and sadly from me, and fading gradually from my sight, but I could not wrench myself apart from this man, who had so long and so strongly commanded me, without a degree of suffering as intense as though I were still visibly in the flesh with him, subject to his woes, his pains, his tempests, his despairs. Might I have drawn him up to the sphere of warmth, and light, and beauty to which angel hands beckoned me, I could have gone forward with gladness and absolute content, it seemed, but, held by the strong cords of love to one who would not lift his eyes above the dimness and darkness of earth, I was not in any sense free, and could not choose but stay with my heart, however I should long to flee away.

Ah, but it was bitter, bitter, to hear him raving and moaning over the woman dead, while the woman quick and living, waited beside him to comfort and inspire, and I was relieved when, at last, the worthless but worshipped body was laid away under the solemn charge of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," for I had faith that thereafter he could more easily and naturally apprehend my real and continual presence with him in the life and work of the soul.

Yet was I doomed again to grief and disappointment. When he spoke of me, thought of me, he went shudderingly down to the grave, and moaned and groaned amidst its darkness and corruption; or he went back to the past when I said this, when I did that, when I was the joy, and inspiration, and comfort of his life, following me always with retrospective eye, as though I were forever gone—

forever lost, a being who had been, but now, alas! was not.

Ah, you who have seen your loved ones float out on the tide of death, and railed at the cruelty of God, whose law so mysteriously divided you from your own, do you know that it was you that separated yourselves from them who are withdrawn from the perception of material sense only to be given more fully to you in the joy and comfort of the inner life? Do you know that they are grieved by your stony rejection of their continued love and sympathy, that their progress is hindered often by your downward, graveward, brooding thoughts, by your unreadiness, unwillingness to be guided to the sources of light and strength which they, with vision no longer obscured by the mists of earth, more clearly discern, and most ardently desire to open to you? Wearied and repulsed by such blindness, and deadness, and unbelief, the tenderest affection must be hurt and chilled, the strongest attachment weakened if not destroyed; yet I clung tenaciously to my earthly love, and since I could not draw him after me, I sadly turned my eyes from the beckoning brightness of the opening upper way, and lingered in the twilight of his lower world, pierced by his anguish, numbed by his despair through all the trying ceremonies attending the final disposal of the fair temple left tenantless to fulfil its last uses in the wise economy of nature's laws.

From the closed grave I followed him home, down to the secret places where his soul lived, and where, in the opaque sphere from which I was withdrawn, I had never entered. And I found, alas! that he did not dwell in a palace, that no such atmosphere of light, and purity, and beauty, as I had fancied, surrounded him in his solitude, that no such clear, tender, exquisite pictures of thoughts and impulses, as I had dreamed, adorned with grace of outline and harmony of color the inner sanctuary of his life, thrilling and filling him with inspiration to grand and noble deeds, prompting him to ceaseless yearning and striving after the good and true, holding perpetually before him the ideal which he seeks to make real. The haunt of his soul, of his actual, God-seen self, was dark, and narrow, and cold, as I had never conceived, with treacherous pitfalls, and secret places of sin that I had never known. In his heart of hearts, where he had sworn I was forever and forever enshrined, I found the pale phantoms of loves that had had their day, and last of all the covered face of a corpse over which he bowed himself in tears, and vowed that he could never love again. But a dead woman does not hold eternal sway over a man's affections. He is susceptible to the sympathy and consolations of the living. He may be wounded to the quick and broken upon the wheel of torture, but he is not beyond the reach and power of comfort. This man was not. Returning to him day after day in sheer misery because I could not choose but come until the bitterness of full knowledge and the pain of utter and repeated rejection had wrought our separation, I saw at last that the corpse with the covered face had fallen away into the dust and ashes of memory, and another face, with the bloom and beauty of

youth upon it, lay on his bosom, flushed and glowing, as once the dead had been, under the tender ardor and passion of his eyes.

And I heard him saying: "So believe me, I love you only, wholly and truly of all women in the world, the dearest, loveliest, sweetest, best. If once I thought I loved another well, your precious self bears proof of the error that was not suffered to wreck our lives. Had death stayed his dart, and left with me the woman who I falsely dreamed could fill and satisfy my heart, I shudder to think of the gulf that would have yawned, dark and impassable, between you and me. But of a heap of dust, a phantom in the grave, we need have no dread. So kiss me, dear, and let no jealous fear, no troublous thought of one forever gone disturb your peace or shake your trust in me."

And this was the way that an ardent, glowing, impassioned lover talked, perhaps a six-month after the dear one, to whom he had vowed eternal fidelity, had vanished from the knowledge of material sense!

As I turned away in sickness and bitterness of heart, I found myself suddenly face to face with the clear, honest, aspiring soul of Ernest Deville, and the calm and repose of his purposeful strength, which had more than once steadied me in these trial days, penetrated me now with soothing and quieting power, and brought me into closer sympathy and communion with the spirit of Truth and Love. He was full of light and peace—this man, whom I had so misconceived in the dullness and deadness of my earthly vision, whose honor, goodness, purity, faithfulness, I had utterly failed to measure and comprehend until freed from the influence that had darkened and distorted every object on which I had looked. I stood eye to eye with the soul of things, and knew them as they are.

For above me was this brave, pure, loyal spirit in all the graces and attainments of the life which is not fully seen of men, and I saw him, even with the fetters of flesh upon him, living, tolling on a higher spiritual plan than I had ever gained, except in aspiration, hand in hand with angelic societies to which I had no passport save an upward reaching desire which could only be fulfilled by long and patient struggle. Yet his love, tender and true, drew me up and enfolded me in its safe, constant keeping, and I came to seek rest with him, finding the calm and comfort, the strength and encouragement that I needed in his steadfast and sincere nature that knew no variableness nor shadow of turning any more than the love of God.

But an intense longing arose in me that moment when his spirit caught me up out of the depths of bitterness and humiliation into the clear atmosphere of light and repose in which he dwelt—a longing to speak with him audibly in the language of the world from which I had passed, to make manifest to him, in the sphere of his labor and hope, the love, and sympathy, and appreciation which I seemed so imperfectly to express in the still communion of souls, and, with desperate effort, I put forth all my powers to utter his name, but only a feeble, unintelligible cry jarred on my sense, half-awakened to material life.

Slowly then grew upon my consciousness the impression of a hand softly stroking my forehead, and, as one rousing out of a troubled sleep, I opened my eyes and met the full, clear, steady, penetrating gaze of the lover who was present with me alike in the world of spirit and of matter.

I essayed to move, but some strange oppression weighed upon me; some fettering, white, death-like wrap bound me hand and foot.

"I am dead," I said, with a sense of something weird and awful about me.

"No! alive, thank God, alive!" Ernest Deville responded in a strong, fervent, triumphant voice, lifting me up and freeing me from the winding thing, with its shuddering suggestion of the grave.

I looked about me. The familiar walls of my own room greeted my vision, and through the open windows the breath of the syringas came in as I remembered—how long ago? Had I been dreaming only?

"You have lain two days in this cold, white, terrible trance, and they have called you dead," Earnest said, in answer to my look.

"And you?" I asked, recalling the experience through which I had passed.

"I watched by you. I could not think you dead," he answered, simply and briefly.

"Percy Lagrange—how is it with him?" I rapidly questioned, the vivid impressions of my dream, if I might call it that, still uppermost in my bewildered thought.

"He has been greatly overcome, but is now receiving tender consolation through the sympathetic ministrations of our Cousin Bertha."

And in confirmation, Percy's own voice came to me, with such a tone in it as I had marked with pain when I heard him say: "But of a heap of dust, a phantom in the grave, we need have no dread, so kiss me dear," etc.

I turned to the faithful friend at my side with outstretched arms.

"I died to prove your love, I will live to deserve it," I said.

And the kiss of an angel could not be purer, tenderer than the touch of his lips upon my forehead.

LABOR.—It is a mistake to suppose that labor is an unpleasant condition of life. It is a matter of experience that there is more contentment in attending to any kind of occupation than there is in looking for some occupation. Attend, therefore, to your business, and regard your business as being worthy of all your attention. Working men are apt to consider that their occupations alone are laborious, but in that matter they are mistaken. Labor of mind is generally even more fatiguing than labor of the body, and it is quite erroneous to suppose that others do not work as well as we do, simply because their work is different from ours. Labor is the earthly condition of man, and until the nature of man is changed, the want of something to do will produce all the horrors of *ennui*. Gambling and other reprehensible dissipations are all owing to the fact that human nature cannot support a state of idleness. To live without a purpose is to lead a very restless life.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY FIFSISSWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 5.

HOW common it is if a woman is going away on a journey, or on a visit, to find her in the shoestore, perplexed and busy, looking over all kinds of pretty shoes and gaiters; and how often we hear her say: "I guess I'll take this pair, they are a little narrower across the foot;" or, "the heel seems very stiff, but they will get over that after I have worn them awhile."

The poor deluded dear! to think that she can visit, and be comfortable and chatty, in a pair of new shoes! Well, if a little bit of experience teaches her a lesson, it is well enough, perhaps.

A lady visited me once—she was very tired when she came—in the evening; I thought her very steps were tottering, and made her lie down. When she rose to go up-stairs to bed, I had to assist her, and really I felt troubled for fear she was seriously ill.

After we were in the bed-room, she said: "O Pipsey, I must confess! I'm not sick, but my new gaiters are one size too small, and very narrow, too. I want you to see my poor feet."

So I unlaced her gaiters and took them off. Her feet were purple and scarred, and a fold was in the sole of each, for they had been crushed out of all shape in the narrow gaiter. She bathed them in tepid water, and rubbed them gently, and when they had resumed their natural shape, and the blood began to circulate, she was comfortable enough. No woman is herself if her feet are tortured.

The deacon came home from Pottsville, laughing, one day last October. He said Jefferson Slater came so nearly missing the train that morning, that he had to run from the store into the cars with only one boot on. He was going to visit his mother in Michigan, and the last thing he did after he paid for his ticket was to buy a pair of new boots to wear.

I said: "Now, father, Jeff's visit is spoiled; you remember if it isn't, and find out about it after he comes back. Poor Jeff! I'm sorry; he should have known better."

About three weeks afterward, one morning after the mail train came in, father went down for the news, and when it was time for him to be coming back, I looked down the meadow-path, wondering what kept him, and saw him coming home by way of the road, in company with a man who walked like a poor old cripple. We thought it was a tramp, until they came nearer, when who should it be but our neighbor, Jefferson Slater!

Father laughed when he came into the house, and said: "Your prediction was correct. Those villainous new boots took all the enjoyment out of Jeff's visit. When he got off the cars at the City of Lansing, he hobbled about a mile on foot, and then took off his boots and walked the other four

miles barefoot. He said he never was in such torture in his life; and, to make it worse, the weather was colder out there than it was here, and the road was frozen and knobby. I do say I felt sorry for Jeff, for he 'lotted so much on that visit with his mother, as he'd not seen her for nearly seven years."

We grew so tired of kitchen smells, that we persuaded the deacon a year ago into the notion of having new arrangements made. As soon as he gave his consent, we girls made our plans to have a new porch and kitchen at the south-east side of the house, to be thirty-three feet long and ten feet wide. The kitchen, ten feet square, was at one end, and the porch was wide enough to go over the cistern pump.

It is a charming arrangement; I could wish for nothing better for all the farm-houses in our land. A little of the early morning sunshine comes on the porch; then it is cool, and pleasant, and airy all the rest of the day. I sit out there and write, and oversee the work if I want to; the girls set the ironing-table there, or the sewing-machine, and we can all be busy carrying on our different kinds of work; and, best of all, we enjoy the pure, fresh, out-door air, and that is the most valuable consideration there is. My plant-stand is there, a mass of bloom, and foliage, and fragrance; a stand with the late papers on it; a rocking-chair, and sometimes a lounge. We can keep the door of the little kitchen closed, and its back window open.

I tell this because perhaps other homes need the same kind of an arrangement, and other women need the fresh airs of heaven free from the smells of the kitchen—the boiling, and the baking, and the stewing—of which one sickens and grows so tired day after day.

I had wanted another kitchen for years. One of my neighbors, an energetic little woman, told me how she had needed one, and they were not really able to afford it; and one day she asked one of her boarders what a small kitchen for summer would cost—not ceiled nor plastered—with upright siding, good floor, and roof, and chimney, and he told her he would make her one for thirty dollars and find all the material. He was paying her four dollars a week for boarding, and he built it, and she boarded him until it was paid for. I tell this, hoping it may help some other woman. Ours cost about three times that much with the big porch, and its wide roof, and floor, and upper ceiling, and paint; and then we used a good deal of stuff that we had on hand.

I've built a good deal in my life. I did tell you long ago how I used to handle tools, and what came of it. My folks will never tire of teasing me about the time I used heavy, two-inch plank for ceiling above the old fireplace, and how the poor work of mine came rattling down among the Pottses—and on the teakettle and the cat—one

night as they sat round the fire enjoying themselves. We all had a very narrow escape.

Now, if any of you tired women need a summer-kitchen and can't afford one like ours, or one like my good neighbor's boarder made, why don't be discouraged, there are substitutes to suit all means. You can surely afford as good a one as our first one was. I'll tell you how that was, then you'll see.

A man who can plan, and contrive, and make something out of almost nothing, we call a "handy man."

Every neighborhood has its handy man, I am thankful to say, and I don't know how we common people could do without them, bless 'em! Our handy man was my school-mate, we sat together and studied out of the same book, and I rode on his sled, and we were very good friends from our babyhood.

We needed a summer-kitchen badly, and I sent for him and told him what I wanted, and asked him to look around among the out-buildings, and up in lofts, and among broken piles of lumber, and see if he could find material that would make a rude one. He did. He found stuff with two straight sides that answered for studding, some rather heavy boards that made upright siding, some stuff for the floor, and then roofing, that no one but a handy man would have thought of. The rafters were some sort of sawed stuff, and the shingling-lath some third-rate boards, split up. The shingles had done good service for twenty years on the barn, and about two-thirds of every one was quite sound and good; this good end he sawed off and used. The window was an old one, and put in in a way that it would slide off to one side when we wanted to use it. The door was rough, but answered the purpose as well as a better one. This little kitchen was attached to one end of the porch, and was one step lower. Now, it wasn't pretty, but with creeper-vines and morning-glories planted all round it and running up on poles, and a hop-vine shooting like a great column of green high above all the others, and then throwing back its surplus of loose, light, swinging leaves and tendrils—why, that little gray kitchen was a very marvel of beauty!

The handy man charged us a dollar and fifty cents a day, and he did the job in two days. Only three dollars! and, really, that little kitchen did me more good and helped me more than all the rest of the house.

Well, the same of a wood-shed, or wood-house; if you poor souls have to gather your wood up from the ground in all sorts of weather, you really must assert your rights in a kindly but decided way, and I'll assure you the wood-house will be forthcoming. Men don't think what an imposition it is to expect a woman to be prompt with her meals and her work, and all the time smiling and cheerful.

Coax them, and urge them, and insist on justice and your rightful dues, and in the time to come they will give you credit for the good you have accomplished.

While the handy man was building our porch and kitchen, he made two articles for me that I

had always wanted; a nice, light, pine ladder that I can carry easily, and a stand to put my house-plants on. The stand has three steps and will hold thirty pots, and it has castors so that I can run it off the porch on to a platform, that I made out of an old door and a trestle, every night or during a shower.

He told me a great many new things, one of which you women will be glad to know, especially young women who are making preparation to live in homes of their own: how to make a mattress. We had a quantity of husks, more than we needed for our beds, and I had been wondering how I could manage to make a mattress.

"Well," said the handy man, "if you don't quite understand how the tick is made, you must go to the upholsterer's and see for yourself. You will find that the ticks are prepared in box shape, each corner is turned and sewed up in a straight line, then at each point of this line a narrow seam is run clear round the tick, meeting at the point where first commenced. You will need a long steel needle, made for tacking mattresses, a ball of carpet warp and some round pieces of soft leather. Fill the tick full of husks, very full I should say, for a husk bed will soon settle down and not seem full. Then spread them evenly all over it as possible, then sew up the opening where the husks were put in. Lay it upon a large table and thread the needle with double twine, bring the ends together and tie, the twine will then be four double, wax it well, thread on one of the bits of leather and push it down to the knot, then put the needle on the under side of the tick and push it straight through to the upper side, draw down closely, thread on another leather, cut the twine and tie the ends, drawing them down very tight. Do this way until the tacks are close enough to suit you. And if I was going to make a mattress," continued the handy man, "I could make my own needle out of one of the wires of an old umbrella. You know I could make a point to the needle and the eye is already made in them. We always use these wires to make needles to string apples with in the fall when we are drying fruit."

I was delighted with this bit of information, but I have not made the mattress, though husks are waiting. I think in preparing husks for beds there is no need of people taking so much pains preparing them. None but the finer and inner white husk should be saved, and there is no need of that being slit into mere strips, as it is generally done. I prefer the innermost husk, and it left whole.

He told me another little item that I might have known before. I was watering an ivy that grew in the house, and, though I was careful, I spattered some of the water on the wall-paper.

"Better," said he, "to fill a sponge with warmish water, and water your in-door plants that way; no danger then of spattering the walls."

I was wishing for a larger pot to set a geranium in—one with a hole in the bottom—larger than any of my empty ones; but there was none in the village.

"We'll manage that," said he, "if you'll give

me a clean, new, gallon crock of the shape you want."

I did so, and he very carefully drilled a hole in the bottom of it, and it was just what I needed, and my geranium, that had been cramped and crowded, seemed, seemed to grow with a laugh and a shout after that.

A neighbor tells me how she makes cucumber pickles look smooth and plump. None of us like shrunken, flattened pickles, even if they do taste good. She fills her porcelain kettle about half full, and then fills it up with cold water almost to the top. Then she puts it on the stove and lets the water heat as soon as it will, stirring with her hand all the time. When the water is too warm for her hand, she pours it all off and fills immediately with cold water, and heats it as before. She does this nine times, and the last time she adds a little lump of pulverized alum to the water. Then she finishes her pickles by putting them into cold vinegar, and they come out round, and plump, and crisp. If one prefers spiced pickles, the spices can be put into the vinegar.

The same neighbor makes delicious cold-slaw. To a gallon crockful of finely shred cabbage she puts one cup of sour cream, two eggs, one half cup of vinegar and one tablespoonful of flour, well beaten together. She pours this over the cabbage in an earthen dish, and lets it cook until the eggs are cooked. Seasoned to suit with salt and pepper. This is excellent, and is to be eaten cold.

A girl-friend visited us lately, and she laughed heartily when we admired her trim little hat; she even blushed prettily, which was explained by the sentence: "Why, girls, I made this hat myself!"

Now of course we would be surprised and pleased, and that would make Em blush all the rosier.

I took up my penknife, sharpened my pencil, and said: "Now, Miss Emily Holt Waterford, you will please divulge. I have girls in every State in the Union, who will be glad to 'do up' their own hats, and if Pipsey tells them how to do it they will surely try it."

"Well," said Emily, "you see it is an old white leghorn braid; the first thing I did was to rip off the wire; then I gave it a good washing in clean, hot soap-suds. I rubbed it well with a cloth, then I put it into very sour milk, and let it be there till the next morning after all my chores were done. Then I wet up some cornmeal, and rubbed and washed it in that awhile, and plastered it all over with it. Then I hung it in the top of a covered barrel, and took an old basinful of live coals and sprinkled brimstone on them, and placed it on the ground, and set the barrel over it. You must be very careful and have the hat hung high enough that the coals will not scorch it. Cover it up closely, and about once every two hours get fresh coals and brimstone. When you think it is sufficiently bleached, brush off all the dry meal and dissolve some white glue in water and wet the hat. This is to stiffen it. Then put it on your block and shape it; fasten with pins, lay a fine white

cloth over the hat and press with hot irons until it is dry. Then sew the wire round the edge, put in the crown lining, and your hat is ready to trim. When you want to color hats or bonnets black, go through the same process as for coloring cloth, and when dry, stiffen, block and press; but, before removing, varnish with one-half pint of alcohol, three ounces of gum shellac, and just enough Ivory Black to color. This quantity of varnish is enough for two or three hats."

I said to Emily: "I should have thought you would have had difficulty in getting a block to press your hat over, because this, though very becoming, is not the style, and milliners in general seem so to enjoy saying, 'That's not the style.'"

Em laughed and said: "That's what every milliner said when I asked to borrow a block to suit the shape of my hat."

"Well, what did you do then?" I asked.

"O Pipsey," she said, looking down, "you know there are some women who rise above every possible difficulty; you cannot corner them, or drive them to the wall; and our Jack says he thinks I am one of those. Jack said he could make me a block—he knew that he could; and the dear fellow was just as willing as though he'd been in the employ of a milliner all his life. But I contrived a substitute, and that was—a crock! It answered my purpose most charmingly; it was just the right size and height. When it came to putting on the trimming, I tended baby for our milliner while she did that for me. How prettily they can manipulate a bit of ribbon into a tasteful bow! Our milliner said I made a very good job of work, only that I should have used the heaviest iron we had while I was pressing. I am going to do up my sisters' hats, and I'm going to color and make over mother's straw bonnet. One has to be very careful and not inhale the fumes of the burning brimstone; it is apt to make her take cold."

There, girls, seems to me if you have any ingenuity at all, you can make a tolerably nice job of millinery if you follow out Emily's directions. If there is anything you do not quite understand, you must ask your own milliner, and in recompense for her kindness you must purchase anything you may require from her.

I always select hats for Ida and Lily; they never bought their own yet; and they are always pleased with my selections. I pay no attention to the style, because sometimes it is unbecoming to either of them. Pretty milliners shrug their shoulders and curl their lips, and say: "What strange girls! And they'd let an old woman choose their hats in preference to making their own selections! No woman could choose to suit me if she didn't know any more about the prevailing styles than you do."

When I come home, I tell the girls what the milliners say, and they laugh, and—oh, well I'll not tell what they do reply.

I never had as pretty a hanging-basket as I had last summer, and I want to tell you how I came to have such a nice one. I wanted to have vines run over the end of the new porch, but it was not made then, and the deacon said the best way

would be to plant the roots of the Maderia vine in a box and let them be growing, and when the porch was finished, I could bury the box in the ground. But the job progressed very slowly, and the vines grew very fast, so fast that they ran on strings until they were ten feet long—very beautiful indeed. At last I grew tired waiting, it was the latter part of June then, and the idea occurred to me to cut off the strings a little bit at a time and slip them out and allow the vines to hang down. I did so, and by that means made a lovely hanging-basket in half an hour. I broke off the lower ends of the vines, and that made them send out new shoots and grow thicker. My vines remained green and beautiful until after the very cold weather in January. I think this is the quickest way of making a hanging-basket, and I hope it will reach you women readers in time that you may make the same kind.

This number of the HOME will find many of you planning your house-cleaning. Well, don't be in a hurry, and don't work too hard or undertake too much, and, above all, don't make fools of your precious selves. Take one room at a time; don't work all day; don't take all your stoves out and leave your rooms bleak, and cold, and cheerless as barns. Have a stout woman to assist you; let her do the white-washing, unless a man does it; don't try to imitate your rich neighbors just because you feel envious; don't scold your husband or children, and make them dine off their laps or eat cold victuals; and try and have one good cosey room all the time. Go about your work gently and quietly—many women think they are not

working at all unless they are bustling, and clamorous, and making everything rattle and bang. It is a good plan to clean shelves, and cupboards, and closets at odd spells, beforehand. It is a great help, one will find, to have all such little nooks and corners in order before the work of general house-cleaning begins. Whole days can be saved by attending to these little things when one is not hurried. Let your work be governed somewhat by the weather, if the wind blows from the north-west, shape your work to suit it; if the sun shines and the airs come softly from the south, your work need not be confined to in-doors; in the former weather you can have a fire in your sitting-room, and rip the carpet and place the strip next the wall that came in the middle; if the latter, you can wash windows and woodwork. If you need painting done, buy the prepared paint and put it on yourself.

Ida painted our doors and window-frames last summer, and did it so well that one of the brothers said: "Who did the painting? Jack Miller?"

"No, little Jack Potts did it," she answered.

"The same little fellow who does the papering, too?" he asked.

"The very same," was the reply.

Papering is hard work for a woman, but she can do the measuring, and give orders, and assist, and see that it is done exactly right. Never paper over old paper, or on white-washed walls or dirty walls. Wash them thoroughly and wipe them, and then wash them in water in which you have put ammonia, vinegar, strong borax or soda, let them be perfectly clean.

Religious Reading.

THE MOUNTAIN WAY.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

NOT long ago, two gentlemen, travelling in Europe, attempted the ascent of one of the Alpine mountains. Though, of course, toilsome, it was delightful. The mountain-side was clothed in the varied beauty of vineyard, forest and grassy slopes, sometimes crossed by little streams. Farther up, the path became more difficult; but even there was the grandeur of the glacier, and the increasing beauty of the prospect.

When near the summit, a sudden gale arose. Though it would be a real disappointment to give up the attempt, after all their toil so far, especially as their time was limited, the gentlemen thought it the part of discretion to return. The wind was blowing so fiercely that they could scarcely keep their footing. But the guides came to their side, saying, in a cheery, resolute way: "Take our hands, and you'll do it!"

With hands firmly grasped in those of the strong, robust, brave mountaineers, the ascent was in a few moments accomplished, and they stood, rejoicing, on the summit.

What a beautiful illustration of our life-path is this mountain way! All day those guides had

walked beside the travellers, seeming scarcely to aid them at all, except, perhaps, a moment now and then, in crossing a stream, or climbing over a rocky pass; but ever alert, ever watchful, and at the first real peril, the first great need, holding out the strong, sure hand, and almost lifting them over the rugged way, till the mountain-height was won, and before them spread, in matchless beauty, hill and vale, forest and river, green field and silvery lake.

So we walk on, through the green pastures and beside the still waters of our home-life, perhaps with hardly a thought of danger or possible grief; hardly, it may be, recognizing, or even seeking, a Father's guidance and care. Yet His all-loving, all-wise Providence is about us still, by night and day, shielding and guarding us in a thousand ways, warding off unseen dangers, aiding our weakness, though we may be unconscious of aid, guiding us all the way; and at the first great peril or pain, temptation or difficulty—the first moment we turn our faces to Him, and reach out our feeble hands, we feel His strong, sure clasp, and are lifted over the slippery rocks: so onward and upward, sustained by His arm, comforted by His love, cheered by the hope He sets before us, at last our feet touch the shining heights of life eternal!

BORROWING TROUBLE.

ALTHOUGH we know very well, or may know, if we will but reflect, how useless all anxiety for the unseen future must be, there is nothing, perhaps, to which mankind are more strongly addicted, than concern and solicitude in regard to apparently impending future evil and misfortunes. The Lord, well knowing this propensity of human nature, therefore, wisely forbids all solicitude for the future, bidding us let the morrow take care of itself.

Perhaps a few considerations may be presented which will assist us in putting away these forbidden anxieties, and trusting with a more complete confidence in the Lord's providence.

First: we do not certainly know that the expected evil will, after all, take place. And we may be able to recollect frequent instances in which we have suffered great anxiety from the anticipation of calamities which were never realized.

Secondly: if the trouble which we look for should take place, it may not be so great, or so disastrous in its consequences, as we suppose. And it may be well to observe, that when great and severe trials and misfortunes do overtake us, they more frequently come entirely unexpected and without warning. Thus we are mercifully spared the pain of their anticipation.

In the third place, however great the coming evil may prove to be, we may be better able to bear it, or better provided against its mischievous consequences, than we fear we shall be.

Fourthly: whatever the future may have in store for us, we may be sure that no evil can befall us without the divine permission; and that, however difficult it may be for us to believe it, nothing is permitted to befall us without respect, directly or indirectly, to our future good. And we may, if we have had years of experience, sometimes have been able to see, that events which were deemed

calamitous at the time of their occurrence, have proved beneficial in their consequent results, either in respect to our temporal or spiritual welfare. And we might perhaps still oftener have proofs of this, especially with regard to spiritual things, if we could be impartial judges of ourselves and our own real needs. Even if we seldom see these proofs, or never plainly, we have still no good reason to doubt the divine mercy and goodness; which we may reasonably expect will be made sufficiently plain and manifest to us in the life to come.

But none of these considerations will be of any use to us unless we believe in the Lord and His providence.

OUR future grows out of our present, and only by wisely and diligently using the powers we have, do we walk in the path of Divine Providence, and prepare for the blessings God has in store for us.

WE should do our present duties in the best possible manner, and trust in the Lord for the result. The present is in our power; the future we dream of may never come. If we do our best now, using every talent we have, we are certain to be in the best condition to receive any future good that may await us.

IT is often not difficult to admit the overshadowing presence of Divine care, and the all-penetrating influence of Divine Providence as a doctrine; but it is not always so easy to acknowledge it practically, and in our own case. Yet this is the very thing wanted. The doctrine only descends as a source of strength, purity and consolation, when we recognize it in its application to us in every circumstance of life, the bitter as well as the sweet.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

No. 12.

OLD winter has gone at last, and his lovely daughter comes "trailing her green robes over the hillsides and meadows," as she gayly trips along. The breezes sport with her hair, the brook leaps up and laughs in her face, as it goes dancing over the stones, sparkling in the sunshine. She flings white and rosy blossoms at the trees, and anemones and violets spring up beneath her feet. The birds in every tree-top welcome her, and the young leaves hasten forth to rejoice in her presence. O beautiful daughter of winter! lovely art thou in the freshness of thy youth—welcome are the blessings which thy hands scatter on every side. Thy smiles are more prized by the waiting children of earth than are rarest gems set with precious stones; for in them lie

promises of golden grain and rich fruitage; of food and raiment, comfort and pleasure. Oh, the delight of roaming through the grand old woods, watching all their hidden treasures opening into new life! I know just where the violets' blue heads peep up beside fallen logs and tree roots, where the brown leaves have sheltered them so long from the wintry cold. I remember the handsful I gathered the last time I wandered over the hillsides, and through the wood, in the bright April sunshine, and the sweeter sunshine of youth and health. I know the dogwood is spreading its white banners to the breeze on many a sunny slope. I can see through memory's window the very spot where one stands, just at the edge of the grove, lifting its snowy tent from amongst the undergrowth of young oaks and sumach bushes. The slope in front of it covered with fresh young grass and starry forget-me-nots, reaches down to a tiny brooklet singing through the meadow,

where the rabbit and field-mouse come to drink, and birds bathe and splash in the cool, rippling water. The sunshine is just as bright, the birds sing as gayly, the flowers bloom as sweetly as in those days so long ago; but *something* is gone which can never come again with any returning spring. Oh, youth and health! how beautiful ye seem when lost forever!

These soft, balmy days stir my soul as no others can. I feel like reaching out my arms toward sky and trees, and clasping something—I know not what. A feeling of longing and yearning. Do others have it, I wonder? Such days used to fill me with inexpressible pain and sadness, when I could go out only a few moments in the sheltered porch, and looking around at everything in nature springing into new life, while my own life seemed withered and dead, would think of past springs whose beauty and joy were gone forever. But as the years go on, and I grow more accustomed to it, and am able to see a little more of the outer world, these feelings gradually cease. Nature takes on now and broader meanings to the earnest watcher of its revelations; and though sometimes a tinge of melancholy mingles with the sweet pleasure which I now feel in viewing these scenes, it cannot destroy it. I know there is an eternal spring, where I shall find what earth has lost for me; and this is sweet comfort. I know the beauty of earth and sky around us here are only types of a higher, holier beauty *there*, where it is fadeless, immortal.

The days grow warmer and longer; the hyacinths, and jonquils, and narcissus have had their brief season and are gone, but the garden borders are still gay with tulips and daisies, and the blue iris raises its stately head to be admired. Then the rosebuds form, and grow slowly toward perfection—closely watched by the children's eager eyes—and at last open into bloom. Pink and white, yellow and crimson; an almost endless variety of shades and forms, and almost every yard is brightened by their presence. The May skies look down upon it all, May breezes blow in at the open windows and scatter rose-petals upon the floor. Bees are humming amidst the cloverbeds, butterflies sip the sweets from every flower and children's voices ring out in merry laughter from garden and meadow, orchard and street—wherever their busy feet can go.

Here comes Floy, up the garden walk—her hands full of flowers—singing, "Oh, charming May! oh, charming May!" charming *she* is; like my white lilies—so fair and pure-looking. Surely none but a lovely character can develop in such an outward mould.

A few days ago I left my window for a drive with a friend, to take a peep at the world which lies beyond my little boundary line of vision. First we drove down the busy streets, where the shop windows were gay with new goods, displayed to attract the attention of the passer-by, and merchants stood at their doors to welcome the coming customer. Groups stood on the sidewalk discussing the affairs of the day, or busy men hurried up or down on their various errands. Country wagons, drawn by mild-eyed oxen, stood in the

middle of the street, while their owners bargained off eggs, chickens, butter, rag-carpeting, etc., for "store-goods." The little boy at the peanut-stand was selling off the last of his stock preparatory to going into the strawberry business, which will, in its turn, give place to the dewberry and blackberry. Everything seemed full of life, to the constant inhabitant of a quiet room, in a quiet neighborhood; for I no longer live on the busy highway, and this sheltered valley has few sights and sounds belonging to the noisy world. Leaving the thoroughfare, we turned to take a look at the river, winding like a blue thread amongst its banks, edged with cottonwood and maple. Lying so calm and still in the sunlight, it was hard to realize that a deep, swift current lay beneath the placid surface, bearing it away to the sea. Driving back through another part of the town, we passed most of the prettiest residences, whose yards were bright with roses, honey-suckles, clematis and a variety of annuals. Occasionally we stopped before the house of some friend, and chatted with her a few minutes at the gate. Then we met a group of young school-girls, who each had a word of pleased surprise at seeing us out. On our way home, we met a picnic party returning from a day in the woods. Some were in wagons, some in buggies, and a few couples on horseback. All the younger portion of them seemed in a merry mood. One wagon, drawn by a pair of handsome black horses, was decorated with an arch of evergreens and tiny flags, and contained a crowd of gay girls and boys. Rosalie and Edna were amongst them, crowned with hawthorn blossoms, their broad-brimmed hats adorning impromptu flag-poles. Edna's apron was full of ferns, and Rosalie held a small squirrel in her lap. Each greeted us with a gay salutation, and the boys all lifted their hats, and as the wagon passed on they commenced singing a favorite glee. Soon they were gone from sight, and in a few more minutes I reached home, tired and happy with all I had seen and enjoyed in that hour of freedom, the remembrance of which will remain a long time, though the day, with all those lovely spring ones yet to come, will soon be numbered with the past.

"LICHEN."

DEAR "EARNEST:"—Shall I give you a pen-and-ink portrait of your "LITTLE LICHEN?" I do not like the name she has chosen, for she more closely resembles the white clematis or virgin's bower, which clings so gracefully to whatever presents itself, filling all hearts with the fragrance of its blossoms and doing its best to beautify the world, even if it is confined to a "window." She is neither small nor large; fair as a lily; brown eyes, and has a wealth of auburn hair that ripples in the most beautiful waves. So much for her person. You can form some idea of the soul from the faint glimpses you get from her window; but you can scarcely realize what a bright spirit of Christian fortitude shines out of that room, the rich fruit of a life mostly made up of sorrow and sickness.

ONE WHO KNOWS AND LOVES HER.

QUERIES.

QUERY No. 1.—Will some good mother please tell me how to teach my boy the *true use of money*? I want him to be generous and just, neither a prodigal or miser.

QUERY No. 2.—How can I teach a sensitive, imaginative child, one who is timid, to be brave and self-reliant? My boy, who is nearly four years old, and was born and lives in the city, is afraid of *all* loud noises. A fireman's parade with music, a company of soldiers, and even the striking of the fire-alarm bells, sends him crying into the house; or, if in the house, he runs to my side in evident terror. I do not *know* that he ever was frightened by seeing a fire, or in any way, except that it is the *loud noise*.

QUERY No. 3.—Is it not best, in the case of nervous, imaginative children, *not to talk much* on religious subjects, but rather to let children see by your "daily walk" that you have firm religious principle? That a faith in God and love of the same, as our Heavenly Father guides us in all our actions?

QUERY No. 4.—Will the good mothers, aye, and the grandmothers, who read the HOME, please give us the benefit of their experience?

VARA.

CANADIAN "PEN-TALKS."

HOW busy the children are! Johnnie, who has just arrived at the dignity of thirteen years, thinks he is old enough to help papa, and with a one-horse plough is working in the orchard behind the barn. Maysie and Nan, the next two "steps," are busy in the garden preparing the ground by fine raking for the amaranths and other immortelles that are to be grown there, and which occupy a good deal of their leisure in summer and winter. Every other day these flowers must be gathered and tied into little bunches, then hung, head downward, in a dark room to dry, and when the autumn days are dull and sunless, we bring out our store of flowers, grass and mosses to be made into winter bouquets for the Christmas markets. Just now the plants are but two-leaved mites in the hot-bed, and will soon be ready to transplant, when, with water-proof and clogs, our little girls will take each damp, cloudy evening for their work. Mary is busy sowing herbs—the mint, thyme, sage, worm-wood, rue and lavender; each has its place in her garden plot, for she designs to be a doctor some day, and is always stowing away in her garden some healing herb, or curative, to be used in that coming time.

Will and Jamie are still following their usual employment, hunting for caterpillars' eggs. All through the long winter months, when we are snowbound, the recess was spent in a scamper to the orchard, where the bright eyes and eager hands searched for the rings of the tent-caterpillar that proves so destructive to our apple-trees in May and June. In order to encourage them in the good work, papa gives a cent for every dozen of the nests gathered, and very often has to count several hundred, after a successful raid. The

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little ones, who have only mother for a teacher, and study their lessons in the interval of doing pleasant tasks and household duties, read with great interest anything pertaining to entomology, and were both amused and instructed by a clever article in "Arthur's" of last year, called "Our Insect Friends," which served as a reading-lesson for a class of three scholars several days.

How do you manage with so many children? It is very common for friends to make this remark to me; but I can do nothing but wonder when I hear it, and sometimes find myself able to pity those who have but one or two children, often more trouble than half a dozen who are early taught to be self-reliant and helpful to each other. And if a mother is *truthful* and honorable, as well as loving and kind, scorning broken promises and petty subterfuges, her children will not be so likely to become dishonorable in their dealings or unreliable in their character.

Ours is not by any means a perfect household. Sometimes when recess comes, and the boys tumble out of doors for a roll in the snow, or to sail toy boats in some miniature pool, I can see from the window Will and Jamie stop in their play and begin to tussel for the mastery on some point of importance; but a glance at the window where I am sitting is enough to quell the tumult, or if I have to go outside I need only say:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;"

and the little rebels are instantly ashamed of letting their "angry passions rise."

And now after our six months winter (for the snow fell early in November), the trees are beginning to bud, and among the maples and elms we hear that the birds have come. I open the windows to the sun, and see already budded the fragrant hyacinths, the beds on the lawn are dotted with the fragile snowdrops, and crocus purple, yellow and white, while to my mind comes the refrain of a sweet poem that always haunts me at this season of the year:

"Sing, robin, on the budded spray,
And sing your blitheest tune,
Help us across these homesick days
Into the joys of June,"

ANNIE L—J—.

A TRUE LIFE.

TRUE, from the Anglo-Saxon *træowe*, faithful; German from *trunen*, to trust; and, as we have it, conformable to fact, faithful, loyal. *Life*, from the Anglo-Saxon *lif*, body; German, *leben*, to live, that is, state of being, existence.

So a true life is faithful to live; in other words, to live a life conformable to fact. But do we take the facts of life and live them? Instead, we seek what is beyond us, scarcely ever content with surrounding circumstances; we are constantly grappling for something, and even if we seize and realize its possession, the novelty wears off, and it is another something of the past. That is not living a life of facts, a practical existence, thereby making it a true one.

It is not left to men or women of high intellectual powers, remarkable genius, men of science or others whose goodness or greatness is heralded through the land. It lies within us all to lead a true life. Live for the hour, for we know not what a day may bring forth. Do what lies before you, conscientiously knowing it to be your duty, even if other occupation or employment would be more to your taste and carry out ambitious thought; do it with your might, and if an all-wise Providence sees best to bring your day-dreams to realization, take them with a thankful heart as gifts to be returned.

Many a true life passes by unnoticed in this bustling, working world, where all seem for self. The cry for *Number One* echoes and re-echoes over hill and vale, mountain and glen, putting us to shame as telling of life helping life; even the minutest bud peeping beneath its sheltering leaves, show how One above made all for each other. Still, yet the cry: "I am for number one!" Not two, three or thousands. "No! I took care of myself, let others do the same."

Ah! I hold that a true life is one ever doing known duty with gentle patience; giving, lending; now a smile, perhaps a tear, whichever is needed in life's battle of toil and struggle. What sweeter comfort than to feel that you have dried a tear or brought a smile on a weary face; a trifle in the day's round, but it is another link in the golden chain that binds a true life from this to one infinitely greater, broader, grander and truer, which is the sure reward of one, who through trials, temptations, griefs and sorrows, passes away to be forgotten; aye, yes, forgotten, as Time reaps this yearly harvest of things that were and are not; but taken up into the fold, where existence is endless, to everlasting bliss. BRUNETTE.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 5.

I SAW Elsie washing a pair of gauntlet gloves the other day; they were gray lisle thread and not soiled at all except the fingers. She ripped off the wide wrists, and when the gloves were dry, pressed and stretched them, and put the wrists on again. If this is done carefully they will look as well as ever they did.

She and Mary were ironing their print dresses Saturday; both were made with ruffles alike, only the ruffles on one were cut bias, and the other straight. I observed that the dress with the bias ruffles was a great deal harder to iron than the other, and took a good deal longer, and, when done, looked no better. A bias ruffle is harder to hem, too.

We were speaking of hats yesterday. Josephine says she has worn her hat, a black Neapolitan, four years, both summer and winter, and every girl in the Institute thinks Josie's hat is the prettiest one in Millwood. So we concluded that black Neapolitan was the cheapest, and best, and prettiest, and most economical hat worn. She says fresh pansies, and rose-buds, and a green spray, and a new ribbon, makes a summer-time hat of it;

and heavy ribbon, a dark crimson rose and a bunch of thick, dark, tropical leaves transforms it into a substantial winter hat.

Josephine showed the girls the scrap-book she made during the holidays, last winter, and they are delighted with it, and now every girl has a little box into which she puts every pretty poem, good recipe, fine wood-cut or funny picture she finds. Josie told them it might be three or four years before they would have enough to fill a scrap-book, but to be saving of good things and in the end they would be well recompensed. Hers is as entertaining as a good book. The choicest of fugitive poetry and the funniest pictures are in it. She made it out of a patent-office report, cutting out every third leaf. The paste must be made smooth, of flour and water, boiled until it thickens, and a cloth laid between the iron and the page when it is pressed. Only a few pages must be filled at one time.

The girls had public society one night a few weeks ago, and Josephine and Mary were appointed for discussion.

Two days before, a boil came in the dimple of Mary's chin, red and inflamed, and it began to swell and fill out the curve between lip and chin, and she despaired of taking any part in the discussion, but Josie stopped it by wetting it with spirits of turpentine three or four times. She said it was not a wise plan, but under the circumstances it was right. The boil disappeared and Mary took the negative side of the question and gained it.

Boils indicate impure blood, and, ordinarily, such treatment would not be advisable.

Through the winter our handkerchiefs all became stained and yellow, and I proposed to the girls on the last washing-day that I would bleach them white. They gathered them up, and I put six cents' worth of oxalic acid in a gallon of boiling water, poured it over them and stirred them up and let them remain in it until the water was cold, then I rinsed them and laid them out among the patches of green grass and they were soon as white as snow. Our little green back yard makes a good bleaching-ground.

Wednesday Morning.—I have a good joke on two of the girls that I want to tell you of. They sleep in the same bed-room that I do, and when they came up to bed one night I heard one say: "She breathes as though she were asleep."

"Yes, she's asleep," said the other, "and now I'll show you the note that I received to-day. It is from Fred Wilkins, the young law student at Simmons's—you remember him—as proud a little fop as ever flirted a cane, and he thinks every girl in Millwood is in love with him. This note requests a private interview, on next Tuesday evening, and I don't know how to answer it, and I had a mind to show it to Aunt Chatty and get her to write a reply. Mother told me I must keep nothing from her."

"Oh, don't you hate to show her a letter from a young man? I would."

"No, no more than I'd hate to show it to a girl, and then she'd know how to answer it better than any girl would, you know," was the trustful reply.

My heart warmed toward the dear girl, but I breathed on regularly, as though I were asleep and dreaming.

The next morning she took me aside and showed me the young man's note and asked me to write a reply for her to copy. She said: "Of course I want no interview with him, but then, Auntie, don't tell him in a cross way that would make him angry; you know his mother died last winter, poor fellow, and we wouldn't want to make him feel badly at all. Tell it to him easy as you can, Auntie," said the dear, tender-hearted girl.

Then I said in the note it would not be convenient for me to grant an interview on next Tuesday evening, presuming that he would take a hint that no evening would do. The young man showed the reply to the professor's assistant and made the remark that it was easy to see that any other evening would do, but he'd not ask her again. She was mortified when she heard of it, and said: "Auntie, I wish, just because his mother died, we had not tried to unite positive, and pretty, and courteous things, in the same little note. The reply should have been couched in decided language that would have admitted of only one interpretation."

Saturday afternoon.—Mrs. McWilliams's former preceptress, a lady from New England, visited the professor's family a fortnight ago, and, during her stay, she lectured one evening to young ladies. It was the most motherly talk I ever heard. We were all delighted with it. I tried to remember some things concerning etiquette. Let me see:

"Quiet ease is indicative of good breeding; no well-bred woman ever fidgets with her hands or feet, or plays with her rings or her watch-chain.

"It is not lady-like to fold your arms in standing, or to speak of those with whom you are slightly acquainted, by their first names.

"To be irritable, easily thrown off your guard, or to make a quick, pert reply is ill manners. We should be gentle and courteous to all alike. Endeavor to be punctual on all occasions, and never be in a hurry.

"Whispering in church is impolite; avoid making noises or sudden movements; never turn the head to see who is coming, or take out your watch to note the time. It is an offence to the minister for any one to look at her watch after she enters the church, and yet how frequently is it done, and accompanied by a yawn.

"Violent perfumes are to many persons offensive, sometimes even distressing, and in church it may be the beautiful woman becomes a nuisance to be avoided and dreaded.

"In the cars true politeness is often called into requisition. If you enter a car and find all the seats taken, take it coolly, other people have done so before you.

"If a lady or gentleman proffers you a seat, don't forget to show civility by thanking for it; don't take it as a matter of course. If the cars are crowded no lady will fill a whole seat with her bundles. She has no right to do it; there is true politeness even in a crowded conveyance.

"At a hotel do not assume or indulge in supercilious airs; do not give orders; do not let the

servants be even more polite than yourself; remember the 'thank you,' and 'if you please,' and 'you are very kind.' They cost you nothing and they are worth more than money.

"Endeavor to be polite, really and truly, not from any rules or arbitrary forms, but for the love of always desiring to do right. Some one says, in studying to acquire politeness, we are too apt to begin on the outside instead of the inside; instead of beginning with the heart, many begin with the manners, and leave the heart to chance and influences.

"The golden rule contains the very life and soul of politeness: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'

"True politeness is perfect ease and freedom, treating others as you would have them treat you. We must possess a sense of equity, good-will toward our fellow-men, kind feelings, magnanimity and self-control. Cultivation will do the rest."

MY SURPRISE PARTY.

DID you ever have a surprise party? Perhaps you have had one just like mine, or similar to it. If so, I congratulate you, or sympathize with you, or both, just whichever is most agreeable to your view of the case.

My surprise party happened in this wise. It was before I had cleaned house in the fall, and I was trying to get all my odd and distasteful jobs done up before I commenced operations in that direction. So this day of which I write, I had resolved upon setting about the very worst of all my hateful tasks; and that was coloring the warp and some rags for my new carpet, which I intended to cover the floor of my sitting-room this winter; so I had hurried around and washed the breakfast-dishes, made my bed, and finished the sweeping, and I congratulated myself everything was working most charmingly.

I had never undertaken such a task as coloring alone, so I presume I was a trifle over-anxious in regard to the results. I had just deposited the dye stuff over the fire in the little back kitchen, and was watching it dissolve. Of course it couldn't dissolve unless it was watched—and I began to think it never meant to if it was. So there I stood, looking and waiting, and the little bright-eyed bubbles kept rising up and darting around like so many spry little fishes; but the big, hard lumps of catique were just as big, and just as hard, as when I first began to watch. All my anxious looks and energetic poking with the stick never melted them in the least, and I was just thinking how much warmth, and patience, and coaxing it takes to have any influence upon the adamantine natures of this world, when my philosophic reverie was rudely broken in upon by a sudden rushing, and scrambling, and stamping of many feet, and I opened my eyes to behold the front door uncereemoniously burst open, and myself surrounded by a swarm of—oh, no, not bees—but children; but I don't know as I should have felt more bewildered for a moment if I had been suddenly overwhelmed by a good healthy swarm of bumble-bees, for close following behind them were the mammas and

aunties, besides one who was neither mamma nor auntie to any of them, and who, of all the rest, I wouldn't have had visit me that day, as she never had visited me before; and she was such a dear, sweet little woman, and everything so nice in her own home.

My first perplexing inquiry (mentally, of course,) was, "What shall I get for dinner?"

Just like a woman, wasn't it? I suppose a man would never have let such a little thing as that worry him. If his moustache was properly curled, and his back hair combed toward his eyes, and his shirt bosom satisfactorily starched and smoothed, he'd just give his cuffs a sly pull to bring the sleeve-buttons into sight, and sit right down, with unruffled equanimity, with nothing more to do, only to entertain or be entertained, as circumstances might be. As for dinner, he'd let that take care of itself, and look out for itself, until he got hungry, and then he'd remember all about it, and begin to look out for it, too, you may be certain.

Well, my hair was combed, and I had on a new calico wrapper; so my first and most solemn question at that moment was the one I wrote a moment ago. I was intending to take things rather easy that day (cooking included), so as to get along fast with my carpet affair. But how often we are forced to acknowledge the truth of the old Scotch song:

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

And so all the plans I had formed early that day were speedily frustrated, and all before half-past nine o'clock in the morning.

It was coloring-day, and I found it too true,
All things had assumed a most contrary hue,
The bright tints of the morn
Wore a shade quite forlorn,
And I sighed as I saw them so dismally blue.

But this was only of momentary duration. As soon as the bonnets, and hats, and shawls, and sacks (how many things folks do wear!) were doffed and spread out scientifically over the white counterpane on my bed, they (the ladies, I mean, not the aforesaid garments) one by one marched into the pantry, and deposited certain suggestive-looking parcels and mysterious newspaper packages, until the shelves were crowded as far up as hands could reach.

Upon a sly, subsequent examination, my eyes opened wide and sparkled, I know, as I bobbed my head in and out among the well-laden shelves, sniffing my nose with satisfaction, lifting up a corner of a paper and peeping under to find what dainty morsel was hidden beneath, and almost smacking my lips in anticipation of what was in store. Here in one corner was a whole nest of warm biscuit, fresh from the oven, plump and feathery, nestling cosily together like I've seen little downy ducks close up in a huddle, with their heads under their wings. Not far from these I found a frosted cake and a jar of fruit, while the smaller but equally palatable goodies were chinked in around to fill up the empty niches, such as pickles, pears half as big as your head—if your head isn't very big—some quinces for canning.

And something I did not find in the pantry, but which came with the rest, was a new dress for the baby!

Of course I would have been very ungrateful if I could not enjoy the visit after all that—with all those good things to begin a dinner with. So I took off the pot of coloring—the lumps were not yet dissolved—and went about cooking my meat and vegetables with a light heart, and a heart prepared to enjoy the whole affair to its fullest extent. A little girl, to save steps and wash dishes, soon put in her appearance, sent up by the thoughtfulness of my "other self." And so I had leisure to visit some, as well as cook and wait on table.

Things didn't look as blue at dinner-time as they did at nine o'clock in the morning, and long before the train came that was to bear the loved ones back to their homes, the old roseate tinge had returned. I don't know how it might have been had they not been thoughtful and kind enough to bring along the "loaves and fishes;" but these made everything all right; and I think I shall ever remember with pleasure—especially when I look at my new carpet—my first surprise party.

HATTIE F. BELL.

THE MORNING WALK.

FOR two weeks Mrs. Edson had toiled early and late, making up spring dresses for her household. The dressmaker could give her only two days longer, and everything must go on in high-pressure style. She hardly stepped outside of her little sewing-room for days together, except to eat or sleep.

"You'll be sick a month to pay for it," expostulated her husband. "You had far better take the work more deliberately. You are growing pale and careworn over it, and I must protest against your sewing at this rate. I shall feel it my duty to disable the sewing-machine and send it off for repairs," he added, with a smile, as he hurried away to his business.

But Mrs. Edson's spirits were too dull to answer back the smile. She was growing nervous, and irritable, and dyspeptic, as might be expected, from taking her meals in such haste as she had of late. The work seemed determined to go wrong, nothing quite pleased her. The world itself seemed generally out of tune.

"We shall need just about a half a yard more of this material to trim the overskirt," said the dressmaker.

"O Roxanna, can't you make out in some way? The children are all at school, and Jane is baking. There is no one to go for it but me, and it is fully three-quarters of a mile to Atkins's store where we got it."

There seemed no other way; and as it was urgently needed, Mrs. Edson finally decided to go for it herself. It was a beautiful day. The trees were just budding, the birds singing, and the flowers peeping up from the dark ground. Mrs. Edson loved all these dearly when she felt she had time to enjoy them. Unconsciously their influence stole over her heart, raising her spirits many degrees. She met several acquaintances,

and had a few words of pleasant chat, saw a new dress on the street which solved a problem in trimming for her, and finally came home with cheeks and eyes bright and spirits light as a feather.

"Your walk has done you good," said the dress-maker, nodding her head.

"I believe you are right," said the lady. "I can work with twice the spring I had before."

"Make haste slowly" when you have a "mountain of sewing to do." It will save time to take a half an hour's walk every day. J. E. McC.

A LETTER.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR:—Do you allow any member of your happy "Home Circle" to disagree with another? And will it be considered rank heresy if I venture to differ with "Pipsey Potts" and one or two others? If not, please allow me to say a few words to them. To begin with, Pipsey, I have tried your way of making starch, and also "Exie's," and I can't make them work. I don't mind lumps in the *bottom* of starch, but in these cases they would float on top. So, I have returned to my old way of making it with a spoon. Blending the flour and water, that is. Pipsey, I really think that "Rube" had the best of the argument with you. According to that I can readily agree with him that you are "just like the deacon."

"Chatty Brooks," if you will come and stay at our house awhile you will alter your mind about mopping floors. That plan will do very well if water is plenty and *very* convenient, but our floors would be mopped about once a month if I followed your directions. Perhaps you do not live on a farm and have three or four careless men and boys around. I do dislike a pine floor. They are too soft to be easily cleaned or to look well after they are cleaned. We have one—an afterthought—the others are black walnut and cottonwood, and there is some satisfaction in scrubbing *them*. "Chatty," your olfactory nerves must be nearly as acute as those of the Rev. De Witt Talmage. "We girls" always thought ma's were excellent (we always said she could smell burning coffee a quarter of a mile away,) but I don't remember that she ever employed them to test our scrubbing.

Don't think I am arguing for untidiness. I admire thorough cleanliness, but it can be carried too far. This desire to have everything spotless and orderly about the house regardless of circumstances, I do really believe is at the bottom of the ill health of nine out of ten of our sickly, faded, worn-out women.

I'll mention a case which will show what I mean. A few years ago, one of our farmers went East and brought back a wife, an ambitious but not healthy woman. She told me, rather exultingly, more than a year afterward, that "she had scrubbed her dining-room floor every day the previous summer with strong lye, and rinsed it until it was clean enough to be eaten from," adding that "if the hands (of whom they had a half-dozen) came in and tracked it, she cleaned it again after

they went out." At the time of telling me this, she was suffering from an attack of nervous fever, and kept her bed for more than a month, while a stranger cared for her infant, and she worried daily lest the house was not kept tidy. Such women make a house almost as uncomfortable as an habitually untidy one.

I am "Chatty's" debtor, however, for the account of her walk to church with fidgety Mary. I know how it is myself, "Chatty," and extend my sympathy. I must also thank you for that passage on behavior at church. It will fit any congregation of which I know.

"Pipsey," please tell us how to induce young girls to dress themselves properly, and not change thick clothing for thin, in cold weather. *Puss* will do it, and I remember that I always did (and have suffered for it since), but my experience goes for nothing with her. MELVA.

WINTER BEAUTIES.

THE beauty that winter hides in out of the way places is, I think, not more than half appreciated. I have often thought, when looking into our old log spring-house, on a cold, frosty morning, "What a treat for a lover of beautiful laces." For hanging from wall and ceiling in filmy folds, laces the loveliest patterns of the most intricate and delicate tracery. Too purely white, perhaps, to pass for hundreds of years old; not costly enough, perhaps, for those who value things for the *money* value, but a source of pure pleasure to a lover of nature. Just look at that miniature cascade rushing on, quite swelled with the autumn rains until it assumed proportions one would, from its appearance in summer, never suppose it capable of. Jack Frost laid his hand firmly upon it; and, lo! its beauty is not destroyed, but changed. Such lovely columns! why, a whole city in miniature can be traced, to say nothing of innumerable goblets, vases and all varieties of cut glass.

Then, a walk in the woods, where the contrast between every evergreen that peeps from out the snow with the snow itself. Why, even when the ground is brown and bare, there is much beauty to be met with in a walk under the leafless trees, especially upon a soft, balmy day when the patches of sunshine through the branches remind us of God's loving care over us all the time, but only acknowledged with thankfulness upon especially being felt by us. Oh, winter is beautiful, seen in nature, and the heart full of nature's love lifts itself more readily to nature's God. MONA.

If men would but throw a live, practical Christianity into the daily duties of life, mankind would be better; there would be fewer calamities to fasten upon a "mysterious Providence;" the life and the Christian profession would then go hand in hand, and religion would seem to be something else than a Sunday garment to be put on and doffed at leisure.

RELIGION is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

Evenings with the Poets.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.
There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

* * * * *

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."
He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

* * * * *

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

THE TWO ANCHORS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

IT was a gallant sailor man,
Had just come in from sea,
And as I passed him in the town
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man—
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him to-day—
His ship was then in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indian man
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in:
I walked the waves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours.
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"

"Come home with me," he said.

"Go on, go on; I follow you."

I followed where he led.

He had a pleasant little house;

The door was open wide,

And at the door the dearest face,

A dearer one inside.

He hugged his wife and child; he sang—

His spirits were so light—

"The little anchor on the left,

The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down—

The sailor's wife and child,

And he and I; he looked at them,

And looked at me and smiled.

"I think of this when I am tossed

Upon the stormy foam,

And, though a hundred leagues away,

Am anchored here at home."

Then giving each a kiss, he said,

"I see in dreams at night,

This little anchor on my left,

This great one on my right."

WHO IS SHE?

THERE is a little maiden—

Who is she? Do you know?—

Who always has a welcome

Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,

Her voice is like a bird's;

The sweetest of all music

Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,

As if she were the sun,

And she is sought and cherished

And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,

By lofty and by low;

Who is this little maiden?

Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;

You certainly can guess;

What! must I introduce her?

Her name is—Cheerfulness.

THE SUNFLOWER.

FAITHFUL to the faithful sun,
Aye, turning as he turns,
And opening full its glowing breast
Until it throbs and burns;
Drinking in the golden light,
With ecstasy of bliss:
Scarce could a fitter symbol be
Of Christian faith, than this.

Likeness of its King it shows,

To witness all the days

(With glowing disk from which there flows

A sheaf of mimic rays)—

That like to what is loved the most

The soul will surely grow;

And if on Christ our eyes are set

We'll likeness of Him show.

Moral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MAPBETT.

ROSES AND PINKS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROSES should be taken up as often as every fourth year, and the roots shortened and soil renewed by adding rich loam and well-rotted stable-manure. Where it is not practicable to lift them, as in case of climbers and large standards, the earth should be removed about them, and other and richer soil substituted. This operation will also have a tendency to lessen the number of rose-bugs—around the roses, at least.

Roses should be budded in July, or as soon as the bark peels readily and the buds at the axil of the leaf is well defined. It is interesting to inculcate roses, and useful, if different varieties on one stalk is the end wished; but a rose on its own root is so much more to be desired than a grafted or budded one, that the trouble is not repaid, if layering can be done. I have budded roses from branches taken from bouquets, and by making layers afterward, obtained roots of the same, but roses are now too cheap and plenty to pay the time and trouble.

When buds are set, they will need shading, if they are exposed to the sun. This can be done in any way that the situation suggests; a shingle stuck in the ground, if the operation has been performed low enough, if not, a branch of evergreen, or a piece of matting or paper, tied to the bush, or a stick stuck in the ground for that purpose will answer nicely.

Ever-blooming roses are readily increased by cuttings from slips of young wood just beginning to harden, or after the first bloom is past, which is usually about the 1st of July. Set them in the ground on the north of a wall or fence, and shade them with a glass, leaving only one or two leaves on the cutting. In most cases, in about six weeks they will have formed roots sufficient for planting. All roses may be grown from cuttings with pretty fair success, if the nearly-ripened wood or shoots are smoothly cut off the main stalk at their intersection, and placed in eight-inch pots, half filled with charcoal, broken fine at top, and covered with turfy loam and silver sand in equal parts, to the depth of three inches. Place the cuttings so that the ends may be near the charcoal, and press the soil firmly round them, then sink the pot in a cold frame in coal-ashes and let it remain until spring, when many of the cuttings will be found rooted, or callused for that purpose. They should then be potted singly in small pots and kept in a cool, shady, not over moist place, until the roots are fairly started and making their way out of the pots at the bottom; then set in the borders or in a pot one size larger if they are intended for pot-plants. Slips of roses should never be hurried; time must be allowed them to form a cellus at the end, before sending out roots, and if all the sap

they contain is used in a forced growth of leaf, there will be no provision for roots, and you will be wondering why your plant died, after it had begun to grow so finely.

Monthly roses should be kept clear of seed capsules. The branches should be pegged down, when it can be done easily, as it will encourage the growth of new side-shoots, and "the more shoots, the more flowers," as a general thing. The ground around ever-blooming roses should be often stimulated by digging in old manure, or pouring it on in a liquid state. Guano is highly recommended by some for roses; I have never tried it, having an old-fashioned liking for stable-manure, particularly old hot-bed bottoms.

Spring pruning of roses is very essential. I have seen it set down as "nipping mischief in the bud," and fully concur with the remark.

Tea-roses and others that are tender may be kept through the winter by lifting them carefully and placing them (rather crowding them) into a cold frame, or the much-lauded cellar corner, if a light, cool one is at hand. Evergreen boughs, stuck tent-like around them, and tied at top, will in many cases protect roses sufficiently, where they are in danger of an occasional winter killing if left to themselves, or at least to injuries to the buds, very detrimental to full and satisfactory blooms.

New roses with fine-sounding names often confute the old saying that "a rose by any other name is just as sweet," being not only less sweet, but less desirable in all respects, so it follows that "rarity and catalogue celebrity" are not to be relied on in making up a collection.

If roses are unavoidably kept out of the ground in the spring until very dry, they should be wholly covered with earth in some moist place, and left until the wood is plump and showing signs of life and growth, then properly set in the ground and shaded until well established. The same method should be practised with all plants of woody fibre when in like condition.

The process of layering as well as budding is now so common as to need no description. There are but few catalogues on floricultural works, without cuts representing both methods fully with plain directions. I use small pieces of muslin, cut bias, and spread with melted grafting-wax, for budding, as it serves, not alone to keep the bud in place, but protects the wound from the action of the sun and winds. The size of the plaster must be regulated by the size of the stock on which the bud is inserted. A little practice will enable one to determine the size and mode of applying these strips, bearing in mind that whilst the wound is to be covered, the bud must remain exposed. As this plaster is not intended to cover more than half round the stock, it will not interfere with its growth, if it happens that you forget to remove it after the incision has healed.

Good grafting-wax may be made with one pound

of rosin, half pound of beeswax and quarter pound of lard, melted together, poured into water and pulled or worked like molasses candy, before it gets entirely cold. If to be used in a warm climate, less lard should be used, or it may be too soft.

The pink family are, with me, next to roses in favor, no matter by what particular sobriquet they are known. China pinks are very easily grown, and present an endless variety of color and form. Where the winters are not too severe, they give very little trouble; they are not safe, however, with the thermometer at zero, and will require, in such places, cellar treatment, or a cold frame protection. The great point in saving all pinks through the winter, is in keeping them perfectly dormant. To this end water sun and air must be

apportioned judiciously. When left to themselves in the ground, they must take their chance in a measure; though even then a shade of evergreens will be of great use; but in a cold frame or cellar they should not be watered, except to prevent absolute shriveling. The sun should not reach them, as that would increase the necessity for water; but air should be supplied as freely as possible without danger of freezing. If kept *dry*, they will bear considerable frost. Rats and mice are very fond of pinks, and if within their reach will soon destroy them. In cold frames there should always be kept a dish of meal and arsenic ready for their use, and in cellars infested by them some method must be devised for keeping the plants out of their way.

Housekeepers' Department.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

WE all like to say a word about home matters, and I want to add one, not new, perhaps, but practical at least.

Now, my dear readers, it would be a waste of time for me to attempt to prove to you the superiority of brown bread over white. Of course you all know it has the reputation of being healthy, and therefore everybody approves it theoretically, if not practically.

Putting this theory into practice, by making brown bread, or causing it to be made for our tables, is not always attended with the most desirable results.

Instead of that ideal loaf fancy pictured, we have a heavy, sticky, black, hard-crust, dubious-tasting compound that no fancy can make inviting, no sensible person commend.

Charles says the bread is simply abominable; Lizzie cannot deny the fact, and wonders, if she made it herself, what makes it look so, for she did just as Mrs. So-and-so had told her she did. If Biddy made it, of course it was not the want of skill that caused the failure, but something in the materials quite beyond the Hibernian ken.

Really, is there no remedy for this? Poor bread is a dreadful trial. One cannot even say of it as a philosophical friend was wont to say of the vexations of life, "It is good enough for sinners," probably because we have not learned to control the appetite of our fallen nature, which cries out against poor bread.

Boston Brown Bread, like some other things originating at the Hub, is unrivaled. To be sure, every one who tries it does not think so, but that is, I am persuaded, either a defect of education or the result of unfortunate experience.

Have I stimulated your curiosity? Would you really like to know how I make it, or don't you care a fig? I can assure you I have tested it times without number.

The ingredients required are, Indian meal, rye flour, common molasses, some cold water and soda or baking-powder. The meal should not be

the finest and whitest the "market affords," but rather yellow and coarser than that usually furnished by the grocer. Take two-thirds meal and one-third rye flour. It is a good plan to measure both into a sieve and sift them through together, as this insures thorough mixing, which is very important. Pour into your mixing-bowl a cup of molasses and three cups of water. When measuring the molasses, do not fill the cup to the brim, but let each cup of water run over a little. Stir the molasses and water till well mixed, and then slowly add the meal and rye. If baking-powder is used, it should be mixed with the meal. If soda is used, dissolve one teaspoonful in a very little water before enough meal has been stirred to make it stiff.

To bake it properly requires two iron basins of equal size, capable of holding a couple of quarts apiece. Pour the dough into one basin, and invert the other over it. When the dough is just right, neither too stiff nor too soft, it will settle gradually after it is poured into the basin without the aid of the spoon.

Bake one hour and a half in a steady oven. When it is taken out, leave it for a few minutes—not more than ten—in the basin, still covered. Then take it out and cover with a cloth. Be careful not to set where the wind will blow upon it, or in a strong draft of cold air while cooling, as either may cause it to fall.

After doing all this, you should have a large, light, fragrant, tender-crust, dark-brown loaf that will be a delightful addition to the breakfast or tea-table.

ABBY LAROH.

INSECT DESTROYER.

THE *Journal of Chemistry* publishes a recipe for the destruction of insects, which, if it be one-half as efficacious as it is claimed to be, will prove invaluable. Hot alum-water, it says, will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz-bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water.

Let it stand on the fire till the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop boards if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum-water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a chalk-mark just around the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it; but a continuous chalk-mark half an inch wide will set their depredations at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep chintz-bugs at a respectful distance; and travellers should always carry a package in their hand-bags, to scatter over and under their pillows in places where they have reason to suspect the presence of such bedfellows.

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.

TAKE half a bushel of good unslacked lime, and slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste and stirred and boiled hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whitening, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then

hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand for a few days, covered from dirt. The whitewash should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. The wash retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls.

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE—DEAR SIR: Every reader of the "Deacon's Household," in your excellent magazine, gets so much practical knowledge from good "Pipey," that I think it is no more than right for your readers to help her in every way they can when the good old soul gets into trouble. For the benefit of your many readers in general and "Pipey" in particular (if there is any benefit to be derived from it,) I send you the following, clipped from a newspaper:

According to an English journal, hard putty can be removed from a window-sash by simply applying a piece of heated metal, such as a soldering-iron or other similar implement. When heated (not red-hot,) the iron is to be passed slowly over the putty, which is thereby rendered so soft that it will part from the wood without difficulty.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE spring styles are full upon us, the early date of Easter this year bringing them out a few weeks earlier than usual. Nearly all fabrics are rough, twilled and fuzzy in their texture. Armure, diaper, large and small basket checks and diagonals of various widths, and in combinations of widths, are woven in goods that sell for thirty cents a yard. These are dyed in popular shades, and, although half cotton, their colors are pronounced firm, while they are really handsome in appearance. Algerines are rougher than ever, and a new fabric in all silk is woven with doubled threads in order to give it a coarse appearance. This silk is in ecru color, plaided with black or brown, and also in plain tints. Other silks in various shades of ecru, are woven in large basket patterns of only one tint.

Plaids are excessively popular in calicoes, and in contrasting shades of piques, faconets, cambrics and printed foulards, and in all sorts of goods, from woollen grenadines and algerines to camel-hair. This style is so universal, that a popular fashion writer remarks that if this fashion is accepted by the general feminine public, we shall all look as if we were laid out in squares, or had been tessellated.

White cottons are also woven in rough clusters or

ornamental work, intermingled with lace or network, and accompanied by trimmings. These goods are found in gray, brown, ecru, buff and brown tints. The effect is similar to that of the Hamburg webbings which were introduced last season, but are much less expensive.

About the only distinction there is in the matter of trimmings this season is that everything is put on perpendicularly or diagonally, and nothing is seen cross-wise. Almost every kind of material is used in trimming, and used in every style. Many materials are self-trimmed, while lace, gimp, fringe, Titan braid, galloon, embroidery, feathers, bands of velvet, raveled silk ruches, yak and linen laces woven in guipure patterns, and, in fact, everything that can be devised in the way of trimming, is seen upon the fashionable costumes, the attempt only being made to have the style of using these trimmings differ in each individual instance, so that every lady may have a style by herself, if possible.

Buttons are especially prominent this season, and are of all sizes and devices—shell, pearl, burnished steel, cut in facets and also mingled with fire-gilt, *papier mache* and pearl in Oriental designs, polished wood in various colors, some round like a knob, and others hollowed out like a cup, solid jet, and jet and silk, silver burnished or

oxidized, gold, engraved, polished or set with cameo shell or precious stones—all these, and numberless other styles, are offered for use.

There is some slight modification in bonnets and hats from the winter styles. Bonnets are made to more

closely resemble hats, and hats bonnets, than even last season. They are prettier and airier in shape, and are, almost without exception, trimmed with feathers, felt and soft straws are the predominating materials.

New Publications.

Alice Brand. *A Romance of the Capital.* By A. G. Riddle, author of "Bart Ridgely," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Our thanks are due the author for a copy of this work. Mr. Riddle is fast earning a place among the best American novelists. His novels are pre-eminently American in character, being invariably descriptive of real people and real places. This story will be one of general interest, as its scene is laid in the national capital, and persons of national notoriety, either in desirable or undesirable ways, are brought prominently forward, and mentioned by their names. Ex-President Johnson, the late Chief Justice Chase and Mrs. Croly, the lobbyist, are among those thus brought within the book. The story which is developed through the volume, and which serves a thread upon which to hang graphic descriptions of political and social life in Washington, is romantic in its character, at the same time that it is natural and pleasing. No one who knows anything about Mr. Riddle as a writer, will fear that he will ever permit vice to triumph over virtue in his stories. Their endings are always satisfactory and felicitous. While we can say much in praise of the literary merits of his book, the best thing, to our mind, is, that its animus is perfectly pure. There is no sanctioning evil, or even accepting it as a legitimate necessity of our social conditions. Gifted with the most delicate perceptions of right and wrong, and with a chivalrous idea of honor, his stories cannot fail to have a good influence upon the literature of the day, and serve to purify it a little, from the grossness and sensuality which is being dragged into it from foreign sources. "Alice Brand" deserves, and will, no doubt, acquire an extensive popularity. It is for sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"The Metropolitan, a Weekly Journal, Devoted to Literature, Art, Fashion and Civilization," published in New York by E. Butterick & Co., is a most excellent household paper, and seems to grow better with every number. Besides its weekly illustrations of the fashions, it contains a large amount of good reading, especially adapted to the home circle. We

want more of just such family papers as *The Metropolitan*. Wherever it goes it will bear a healthy influence. The paper and typography are beautiful. Its literary editor is George W. Bungay, who gives, in a recent number, the following graceful poem, entitled "The Snow Fall in March."

"A great white sheet has been let down from heaven,
Containing nothing common or unclean;
Earth wraps it round her family of hills,
As a fond mother folds her drapery
About her children shivering in the storm.
How softly falls the snow on starry wings,
Each flake a white-winged messenger from Heaven,
Lighting as softly on the humble shed,
Beneath which labor finds sweet rest on straw,
As on the roof that shields luxurious ease;
There is a snow-fringe on the new-made grave—
White lace work woven by the weaver Wind.
O Spirit of the unseen air, thy voice,
The wind, utters the grief of all mankind.
Build a white stairway to the arching sky!
Heap hill on hill, and mount to mountain add,
That we may climb beyond the clouds and meet
Our darling angels in the shining land."

We have received from W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, a piece of new music entitled "Fantasia." It is simple in style, and adapted for learners, at the same time that it is very pretty. We have also received from the same publisher a song entitled "Drifting from Home." The words and music of this song are both very pleasing, and it will, no doubt, be popular.

Deutsche Rundschau. Berlin: Gebrueder Paetzel. The American agents, Stechert & Wolff, New York, have sent us the January and February numbers of this high-toned German periodical. The February number is an especially rich one, and contains, among other articles, papers "on the modes of travel in Africa," by Dr. Schweinfurth, and on "Petrarch and Boccaccio as founders of the Italian Renaissance-Culture," by H. Hettner, both of which are of deep interest, and will well repay perusal. As we have already stated, this magazine represents the most advanced literature of Germany.

Editor's Department.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, on the 12th of March, 1850, the Woman's Medical College made its first feeble beginning, in the City of Philadelphia. At that time women as physicians were untried, and a great doubt pervaded the entire country as to their capabilities and ultimate success. Scarcely ever was an enterprise begun under more discouraging auspices. Not only did the public disbelieve in the scheme, but the entire medical fraternity, with some very few brave individual exceptions, frowned upon it, and brought all their influence to bear, not only against the measures taken to educate women as physicians, but against those who in any way countenanced them, or gave them material aid.

For many years it was a fight for life with the institution against the difficulties thrown in its way. But

women came forward eager to acquire medical knowledge; and it sent forth its graduates into the world, to do battle in its favor. They readily made their way, in spite of the opposition and prejudice against them, and through them the public became convinced of the value of the institution which prepared them for their professional labors.

About fifteen years ago, the college for the first time was enabled to open a hospital—something very much needed by the students, in order to give them practical knowledge of diseases and their treatment in addition to the theoretical which they acquired within the walls of the college. But even yet the institution labored under difficulties. The college and the hospital were beneath the same roof, and many inconveniences, for want of room, were felt in consequence.

On the 12th of March, 1875, just twenty-five years from its first organization, the Woman's Medical Col-

lege of Pennsylvania celebrated its "silver" anniversary. The occasion was made doubly a happy one, since on that evening it took possession of a new college building, just completed especially for its use. This building is a handsome structure, on the corner of Twenty-Fourth and College Streets; it is large and commodious, and in every way adapted to the needs of the institution. The occasion was one of hearty congratulation and rejoicing.

This medical college has done a noble work. It has sent its graduates to all parts of America; and many, by the renown they have gained, reflect credit back upon the college. It has also sent women physicians to India, and there they have met with most encouraging success, being received by the native princes with a degree of favor which was entirely unexpected. In one of the inland cities of India, where two of the graduates of this college have established themselves as missionary-physicians, the native prince, upon having explained to him their proposed labors, donated them a large tract of ground for the purpose of having established upon it a training school for girls, and also sent two of his wives to be educated as physicians. Such favor they had never dared to hope for; and it is an encouraging sign of what may be the future of women in India. For the influence of such an institution in such a country, especially if it be encouraged by those in authority, cannot but be marked and widespread.

The days of doubt and discouragement for this college seem to be over. It has acquired a recognized position among similar institutions, and its graduates have settled past appeal the question of woman's capabilities as a physician. Before it there seems to be a prosperous future; and we hope it may go on toward its golden anniversary with ever-increasing favor from, and usefulness toward, the public.

The Duty of Recreation.

MRS. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN BLACKWELL, in an able essay on "The Relations of Woman's Work in the House to the Work Outside," says: "So far from admitting that women have occupation enough in their family duties, I maintain, unqualifiedly, that every woman, rich or poor, not actually an invalid, confined to one room, is in imperative need of a daily distinct change of thought and employment. The change to mere recreation is not sufficient. None but very young children can find adequate satisfaction in unlimited play.

"Women need a purpose; a definite pursuit in which they are interested, if they expect to gather from it tone and vigor, either for mind or body. If their necessities compel this, let them seek for the stimulus of pecuniary gain, with the hopeful feeling that they can earn more abroad than they can possibly save at home. * * * Women are in less need of more work than of a more sensible class of occupations on which to wisely expend their energies. To this end, also, we need a general reconstruction in the division of labor. Let no women give all their time to household duties, but require nearly all women, and all men also, since they belong to the household, to bear some share of the common household burdens. Many hands make light work, and hearts could be lightened in proportion. I would seek to have society so readjusted, that every man and every woman could feel that from three to six hours of each day were absolutely at his or her own disposal; and that the machinery of business, or of the family would go on unimpeded meanwhile.

"This systematic leisure is essential. It would promote morality, and restore our national robustness. From the president and the secretaries of state and of finances down to every hod-carrier and every drayman, and to every woman of their respective families, as much as three hours of every day should be conscientiously set aside for rest or recreation; or when

that is found impracticable, then, at least, for a complete change of occupation. This is a duty to one's self, to the family, to society and to posterity. The work done would gain in quality vastly more than it would lose in quantity. The nerves of all coming generations would rise up and call us blessed if we could inaugurate such a change!"

Le Cercle.

THIS new field-game, if we may judge by the hearty commendations it received last year, is in a fair way to supersede croquet. It is played with spherical mallets, and gives opportunity for more varied and greater skill in playing than croquet, and has many of the fascinating features of billiards. It has also the advantage of requiring, when necessary, less space than croquet, and can be played in smaller yards or enclosures. Our readers are referred to an advertisement in this number where the game is displayed in a diagram.

"The Alarming Footsteps."

IN our January number we gave a fine engraving of the "STEPPING-STONES," by Wm. Frederick Yeames, of the Royal Academy. In this number we present another characteristic picture engraved from a painting by the same artist. It is thus referred to and described by the *London Art Journal*:

"The stolen interview of the two lovers, habited in costumes of the last century, is partially disturbed by the pattering footsteps of a young child, which seems to have left its foot on some wandering expedition, when the maiden fancied she had left it safe for the night; but the little pet dog has 'given tongue,' and apparently is keeping the intruder at bay, while the girl looks round somewhat timidly to see who it is that breaks in upon her happy moments. There is no real cause for disquietude, though children are very observant, and often make unwelcome use of what they see and hear; besides,

'Conscience doth make cowards of us all!'

"There is but little in the picture as a subject, yet what there is could scarcely be better represented."

Answers to Correspondents.

REA.—We cannot give you the information you desire regarding the publication of a recipe book. You will have to address some publisher, who will give you his terms. If a publisher is sufficiently pleased with a book, he will either buy it outright from the one who has prepared it, or allow him a certain percentage on the sales. If he does not care to publish the book at his own risk, then the author will have to do so; must go to the expense of advertising it, and will be entitled to all the profits, if there are any. It is impossible for any one to tell beforehand how much a book will "realize." Some books never pay the cost of printing; others bring a handsome profit to publisher and author. In preparing manuscript, either for book or magazine, for the press, you should write on but one side of the page, and if you use narrow sheets instead of wide ones it is better. We cannot recommend any special publisher. You will see the names of a number in our book notices.

E. S. B.—We would be much gratified if we could give you any satisfactory information in regard to employment for your invalid friend. But the application lies entirely out of the range of our knowledge.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER at Union C. H., S. C., wishes to know what will erase from a linen dress the iron rust caused by washing the dress with iron buttons (which were covered by linen) left on. If the dress is a white one, the iron rust may be taken out by oxalic acid, a few drops in a little water. If it is figured or colored, we do not know of anything which will take out the stain. Perhaps "Pipsey," or some one else, may suggest a remedy.

Publishers' Department.

OUR BOOK-BUYING DEPARTMENT.

Our subscribers and friends will see by this number that we have adopted a Book-Buying Department to the business of our office, and are now ready to supply books by mail, or by express, from the lists of all the leading publishers in the United States. *All the new books* will be promptly mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. We give, in this number, a list of the most recent books issued, and purpose giving every month a similar list, to include all the best new publications.

People living remote from cities often find it, as we know from our large correspondence, very difficult to procure the books they desire to possess. If they see books noticed in the magazines and newspapers, the prices are rarely if ever given, and so they cannot order them by mail. To meet this difficulty, we shall give each month the prices of all the new books, and arrange to furnish all or any of them by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

BOOK CLUBBING.—Where several books are ordered and a package made up to go by express, the charges to be paid by those receiving them, *very liberal discounts from retail prices will be made.* By taking advantage of this clubbing arrangement, a number of persons may join and procure the books they desire at very moderate prices. In this case, the list should be made out and sent to us, when we will give the price at which the whole number of books will be sent.

Books, new and old, from the catalogues of any of the leading publishers in the United States, will be supplied through our Book-Buying Department.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
Half " " " "	- - - - -	60
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Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.		

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" Half " " " "	- - - - -	90
" Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	50
Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.		
Inside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$125
" Half " " " "	- - - - -	75
" Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	45
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OUR PREMIUM PICTURES.

1. The Interrupted Reader.
2. The Lion in Love.
3. Bed-Time.
4. The Wreath of Immortelles.
5. Peace be unto this House.
6. The Christian Graces.
7. The Angel of Peace.

Every subscriber to "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE" for 1875 will have the right to order one of these large, beautiful Steel Engravings *free*.

If no choice is made "THE INTERRUPTED READER" will be sent.

If more than one picture is wanted, our subscribers can have them for 50 cents each, on receipt of which they will be promptly sent by mail, carefully put up on strong rollers. Engravings of like character and quality with these, do not sell at the picture stores for less than \$5.00; and none of the above subjects are to be had from picture dealers for less than \$3.00, and some of them for not less than \$15.00.

Our subscribers will see, therefore, that we offer them a rare opportunity to supply themselves with first-class engravings at a trifling cost.

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"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Butterick's patterns are now acknowledged to be the most practical and reliable that are issued, and enable any lady to be not only her own dressmaker, but to appear as well and tastefully dressed as any of her neighbors.

See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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Three copies "	6 00
Six copies and one to getter-up of Club.....	12 00
Ten " " " " "	20 00

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To those who send clubs of six subscribers a premium picture, besides the extra magazine, will be given. To the getter-up of a club of ten subscribers both pictures will be sent free.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS can always be made at the club price.

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POSTAGE.—Fifteen cents must be added to each subscription for prepayment of postage for the year. This will cover all postages on premium pictures as well as the magazine, and make the cost to subscribers less than heretofore, besides relieving them of all care and trouble at their own offices.

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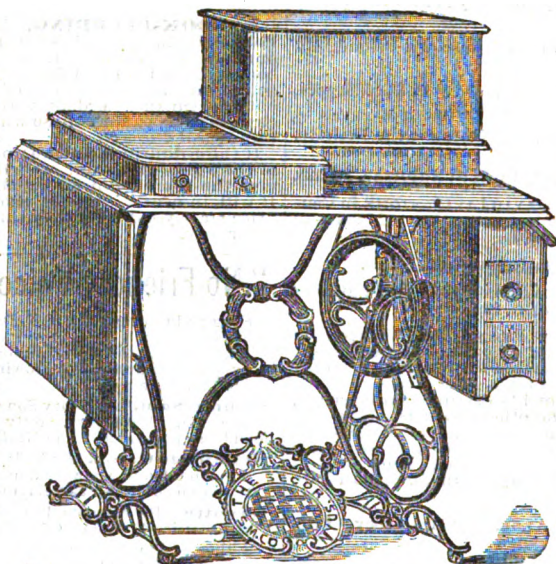
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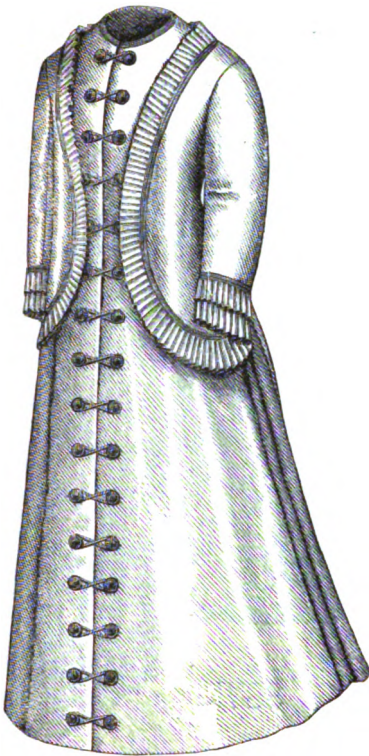
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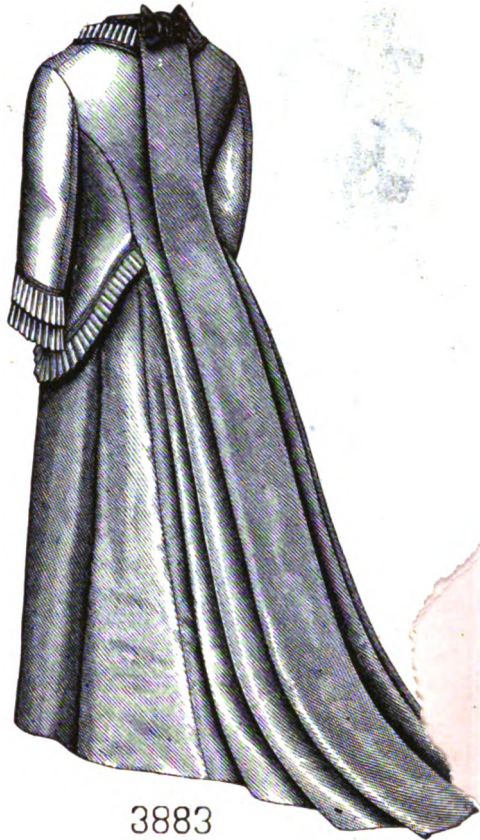
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**N. E. Cor. Eighth and Walnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.**

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

3883

Front View.

3883

*Back View.***LADIES' WATTEAU WRAPPER.**

No. 3883.—This charming pattern can be used for light worsted, cambric or linen goods, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of any material 36 inches wide, $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3906

*Front View.***GIRLS' WALKING SKIRT,
WITH OVER-SKIRT
ATTACHED.**

No. 3906.—The pattern to this jaunty little affair is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl 7 years of age, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3906

Back View.



3871

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE AND DEEP OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3871.—This handsome garment can be made of any suit material, either of plaid as represented, or of plain, or of the two combined, with a very pretty effect. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 25 cents. To make the overdress for a lady of medium size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The garment can be trimmed with the material if preferred.

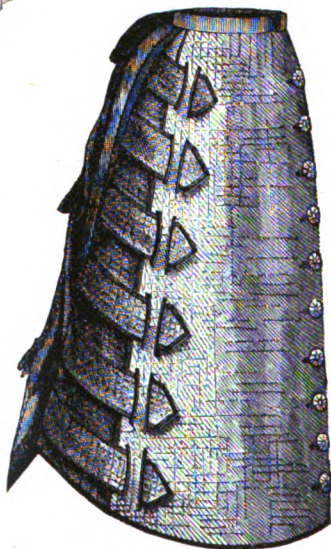


3871

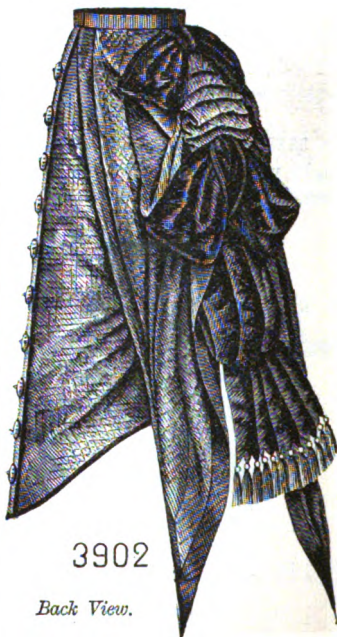
Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3902.—This stylish pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. An exceedingly modish result might be realized if camel's-hair of two shades were employed in the construction of a skirt as illustrated. Silk and vigogne would also make up stylishly, and a pretty caprice would be to cut the front-gore of a light and the remainder of a darker shade of the goods. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

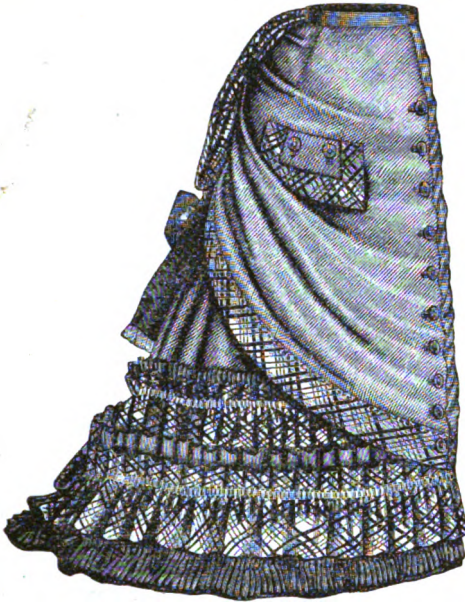


3902

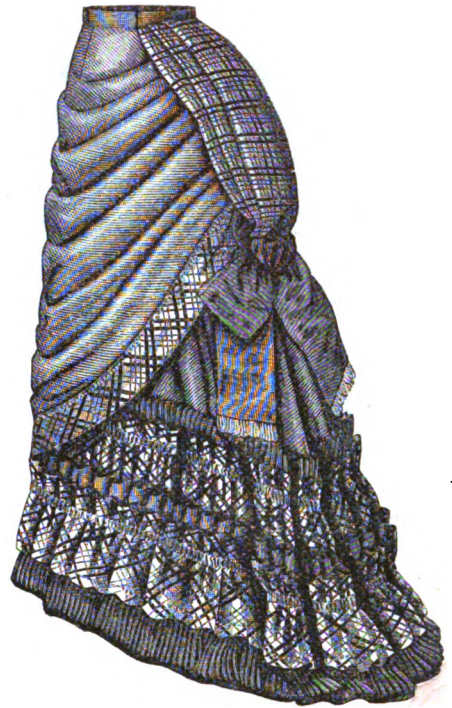
Front View.

3902

Back View.



3911

Front View.

3911

Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT, SHIRRED AT THE BACK, AND WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHMENT.

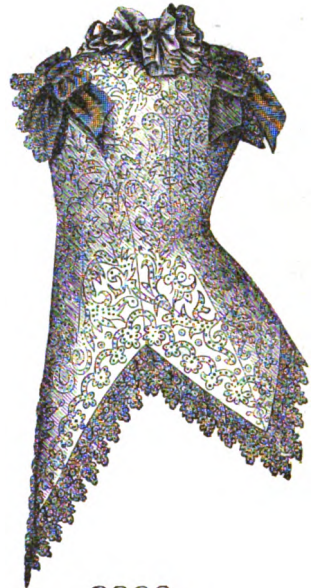
No. 3911.—This novel pattern, combining two garments in one, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 13½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.

LADIES' SLEEVELESS JACKET.

No. 3880.—The pattern to this stylish jacket is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and requires 3½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Guipure grenadine, decorated with linen lace and ribbon bows, would result in an elegant promenade wrap, if fashioned after this model. Cashmere, lace or worsted net, with lines of velvet ribbon and bows for ornamentation, would also form a beautiful jacket. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3880

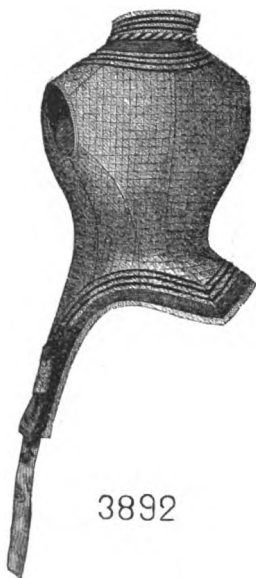
Front View.

3880

Back View.



3892

Front View.

3892

*Back View.***LADIES' SLEEVELESS JACKET.**

No. 3892.—To make this garment for a lady medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 steel for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents.



3872

Front View.

3872

*Back View.***GIRLS' APRON OVER-SKIRT.**

No. 3872.—To make this garment for a little girl six years old, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. *De bège* would make up prettily by this model, and ruffles of the same piped with silk would form handsome trimming.



3908

Front View.

3908

*Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 3908.—To make this pretty little garment for a girl 3 years old, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. This beautiful garment is dressy enough for any occasion.



3889

Front View.

3889

*Back View.***LADIES' SHORT FRENCH BASQUE.**

No. 3889.—These engravings represent a pretty pattern that is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 & 811 Chestnut St., Phila.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING. — Page 848.

STRATED SHOOT MAGAZINE

[illegible]

1. *Chrysomelids* 2. *Curculionids* 3. *Chrysomelids* 4. *Curculionids*

$$a = \mathcal{H}^{-1}_{\text{eff}}(1.91 \times 10^{-10} \text{ cm}) = 8.1 \times 10^{-11} \text{ cm} \quad (10^{-11} \text{ cm} \leq a \leq 10^{-10} \text{ cm}) \quad (1)$$

from three to six feet, and the flowers, sometimes white, sometimes yellow, and again violet, become magnified to a foot in diameter and height, he will have a tolerably accurate idea of the appearance of this wonderful plant. Its perfume is delicious.



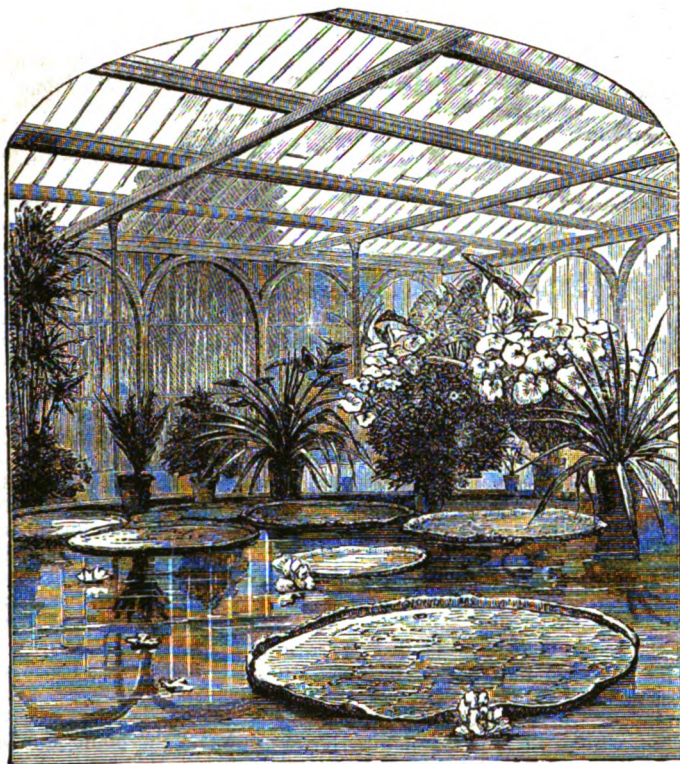
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

JUNE, 1875.

No. 6.

History, Biography and General Literature.



CHATSWORTH: THE VICTORIA REGIA.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

IN the March number of the HOME MAGAZINE appeared an article from my pen, describing the magnificent palace of Chatsworth, with its state apartments, its library, picture and sculpture galleries, its extensive grounds, and its grand conservatory. The reader may remember, or if he does not, if he will turn to that number of the magazine, he will find a brief description of this conservatory, and a reference to the Victoria Regia house. In the illustration which stands at the head of this article will be seen a view of the interior of this Victoria Regia house, with the gigantic lily displaying its immensely broad leaves upon the surface of the artificial pond.

VOL. XLIII. -25.

The Victoria Regia is a native of Bolivia, in South America, and was first discovered by D'Orbigny, the traveller. It belongs to the family of the *Nymphæaceæ*, and bears a strong resemblance to the water-lily with which we are all familiar. The same plant was also discovered by Scomburgk, in British Guiana.

If any one will pay a visit to a river or pond in his vicinity, during the present summer, and take a look at the water-lilies growing upon its margin; if he will exercise his imagination, until by its aid the leaves of this plant broaden to a width of from three to six feet, and the flowers, sometimes white, sometimes yellow, and again violet, become magnified to a foot in diameter and height, he will have a tolerably accurate idea of the appearance of this wonderful plant. Its perfume is delicious,

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though perhaps not more so than that of our own native water-lily. Says one writer, in describing this plant, "The large discs of round leaves, from five to six feet in diameter, are so many huge dishes of perfume." The leaf-stalk is below the centre. The leaves are smooth and green above, while on the under side they are reddish, and divided into a great number of compartments by the veins, which project, leaving between them triangular or quadrangular spaces, each filled with air, by means of which the leaves are supported on the surface of the water. There is a rim around the edge of the plant about two inches high, which makes it appear like a large circular tray. So well is the leaf buoyed upon the surface of the water, and so strong are its fibres, that large birds stand and walk upon it, while seeking their prey in the water below.

The following is a description of the blossoms of this aquatic plant, quoted from a traveller: "The calyx consists of four leaves of a brownish red outside and white inside, each six or seven inches long and three inches wide. From these leaves of the calyx a considerable number of petals spread out in a circular and symmetrical form. These are white at first, but become darker first at the centre, and gradually turn to the color of the carnation. In many respects it is very like our water-lily. The petals, which are more than a hundred in number, gradually assume the form of stamens as they approach the central receptacle, which is fleshy, and bears large and farinaceous seeds on the surface." These seeds are inclosed in a spherical fruit, which, when ripe, is as large as an average-sized cocoa-nut. On account of the nutritious character of these seeds, the Spaniards have named this plant "water-maize." The English, more patriotic, have bestowed upon it the name of their queen, "Victoria Regina" or "Victoria Regia."

JOHN RUSKIN.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

LINKED to the name of Turner is that of Ruskin, and only the future can decide which is the greater of the two, that of the artist or of his eulogist. One painted with brush and palette, the other with words, and the pictures of both are alike full of meaning and beauty. Ruskin himself, though accused of arrogance, reverently sits at the feet of Turner, and aspires no higher. But, since Wordsworth, no man ever lived so near the heart of nature as he, or explained more clearly the significance of her teachings. The infinite changes of sky and water, of mountains, trees and rocks, he lovingly notes, tracing in each the working of some spiritual truth, and bringing everything, as he says himself, "to a root in human passion or human hope." His deep religious faith and poetic imagination color the impressions he receives from the external world, and make the very grass beneath his feet an emblem of cheerfulness and humility. To him the lowly mosses and lofty mountain peaks alike reveal God's glory and purposes.

"Meek creatures!" he says of the former, "the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed soft-

ness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet finger on the tumbling stones to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. * * * Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

Is it possible to read that passage and not look at mosses forever after with touching interest? Will not its memory color our thoughts, and give us new delight, as we climb the hills, or roam through the woods? Are we to censure a man who can feel and speak like this, even though at times he utter strange extravagances, disheartened and overcome by the materialism of the age amid which his lot is cast? Who knows but his exquisite interpretations of nature are due to that very sensitiveness and peculiar organization which people condemn?

But before vindicating the writer, it would be well, perhaps, to give a few details concerning the man. Most of them I gather from his own writings. He was born in London, 1819, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. His father was a wine-merchant, and began business without capital. Before laying by anything for himself, he paid off certain ancestral debts. For this, Ruskin says, his best friends called him a fool, and he, the son, has written on the granite slab over his grave, "An entirely honest merchant."

Ruskin says also that his father had a rare love of pictures, and that he "never met with another instance of so innate a faculty for the discernment of true art, up to the point possible without actual practice."

From the time he was five years old, Ruskin used to travel through the country with his father and mother in a post-chaise—a tour partly of business, partly of pleasure—going the rounds of the wine-merchant's customers, and stopping at the noblemen's houses wherever a gallery was to be seen. At that early age, the boy cared little for pictures, but a great deal for castles and ruins, perceiving as he grew older that "it was probably much better to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at"—a truth some people never learn.

In the third volume of "Modern Painters," he has described the emotions with which he first looked upon nature. It is a beautiful passage, and I should like to quote it entire. But space forbids, and I can only give an extract.

"In such journeyings," he writes, referring to those mentioned, "whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than has since been possible to me in anything; comparable in intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress, but no more explicable or definable than that feeling of love itself. * * * Although there was no definite religious sentiment mingled with it, there was a continual perception of sanctity in the whole of nature, from the slightest thing to the vastest—an instinctive awe, mixed with delight; an indefinable thrill, such as we sometimes imagine to indicate the presence of a disembodied spirit. I could only feel this perfectly when I was alone; and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, when, after being some time away from the hills, I first got to the shore of a mountain river, where the brown water circled among the pebbles, or when I saw the first swell of distant land upon the sunset, or the first low, broken wall covered with moss. * * * These feelings remained in their full intensity till I was eighteen or twenty, and then, as the reflective and practical power increased, faded gradually away in the manner described by Wordsworth in his 'Intimations of Immortality.'"

To his mother, Ruskin's writings owe much of their spiritual earnestness and beauty. She taught her son the Bible, made him learn long chapters of it by heart, and read it through, aloud, hard names and all, once a year. He thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the book, a taste in literature, and a certain power of taking pains. "Once knowing," he says, "the 32d of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of first Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishness of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English."

Besides the Bible, his only reading as a child was Walter Scott's novels, Pope's translation of the "Iliad," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." His mother had it in her heart to make him an evangelical clergyman, and might have done so but for an aunt who was still more evangelical, and gave him cold mutton for his Sunday's dinner. Not liking that, he didn't favor the project, and the end of it was that he got all the "noble, imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan," yet didn't become an evangelical clergyman.

There is little else to be told of his personal history. His marriage, like that of so many literary men, proved unhappy. It was legally dissolved, and Mrs. Ruskin afterward became the wife of Millais, the great English artist. No reason was assigned for the separation save uncongeniality.

Of poverty Ruskin knows nothing practically. An only child, he inherited all his father's wealth, and has thus been enabled to write independently of publisher or critics. Part of his life has been

spent in travel; his works show with what result. Evoked by him, pictures of Swiss and Italian scenery rise before the inner vision, linked forever with noble emotions and deep moral significance.

He was a young man, twenty-four years old, when he made his first literary venture in a volume entitled, "Modern Painters (Parts 1 and 2), their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters, by a Graduate of Oxford." Only the first part of the title was retained in subsequent editions.

Never did book create a profounder sensation. Suddenly, and without warning, it struck a powerful blow at the public opinion of the day. No wonder the critics raised their voices in angry protest. Here was an attack directed against certain established beliefs and prejudices; here was a bold denunciation of Claude, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, and other old masters, who were thought to possess the entire secret of landscape painting. Canons of criticism in art that had been accepted for years, were defied and overthrown by this young radical; he tore aside the veil of conventionality that had blinded men's eyes, and turned their thoughts from the worship of past to the appreciation of present greatness.

"Let us not forget," he writes, "that if honor be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they have not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."

There was an interval of seventeen years between the publication of the first and the last volume of "Modern Painters." Most of this time was spent by Ruskin in faithful study and investigation, that he might learn the truth respecting art, and be able to judge of it rightly. The whole work includes five volumes in all, representing every phase of artistic development from that of the young student to the mature and ripened judgment of age. So written, it was impossible that there should not be inconsistencies between certain portions, for "all true opinions," as the author himself says, "are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment; therefore of changes." No man can be certain of reaching final truth.

But from his main purpose Ruskin has never swerved; testing all works of art by their concurrence with, or subjection to, those of God, and making clear from beginning to end that what is best and noblest in art, is best and noblest in morals. And is he not right? Has any great work ever been done—work that was to last through the ages—except by one sincere, truthful and humble? Thought must first be turned from selfish contemplation before it can soar into the spaces of infinity; genius is only grand when unconscious. There must be an inward life reaching up toward love and purity in its perfectness, or human achievement, however glorious, will lack vitality, and its very memory perish.

Strange doctrine of materialism! Who can but shudder at what it would prove? We are to look at the clouds, and see only their gold, and scarlet, and vermilion—nothing more. We are to wander through the woods, and note the fitful play of light and shade between the leaves, and their beautiful arrangement—nothing more. We are to ascend the mountains with eyes blind to "their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars." Epithets, as applied to nature, can no longer be used. For who would ascribe steadfastness to the pine, humility to the violet, or rage to the torrent, if no invisible power were manifest in their existence? Invisible! Why, the world itself is ruled by things unseen, not seen. Thought furnishes its motive force, and spirit is everywhere triumphant over matter.

What, then, is materialism? Let those who understand answer.

That Ruskin should be criticised by advocates of this doctrine, was the natural consequence of his peculiar teaching. But that any who are not materialists should complain that he gives to art a moral responsibility, not justly its own, is a phenomenon difficult to understand. What is Art but the pursuit of Beauty, and what is Beauty but the emanation of Divinity? Can the painter, the poet, the sculptor or the musician reach supreme excellence without faith in things spiritual? He is ever the greatest who, knowing good from evil, seizes the one and rejects the other.

Never was this more clearly demonstrated than in the writings of Ruskin. He shows us Religion linked hand in hand with Nature and Art—three radiant figures standing out clear in the light of God. To the visible forms of things, he adds an inner meaning, and makes their laws of growth and change typical of that Divine dispensation under which we, too, live. Truth and beauty, he teaches, are only to be attained by a faithful study of nature; it is reality we want, not vague imaginings. And so earnestly does he feel all this, and so eloquent and effective are the words in which he expresses it, that he thrills the heart, and compels instant sympathy,

Considered merely as a writer and word-painter, he takes high rank. In the long, musical swell of his sentences, and in a certain tendency to digression, he reminds us of De Quincey, but his style is due rather to innate faculty than to modifying in-

fluences. He mentions Wordsworth, Carlyle and Helps as the modern writers to whom he owes most, and thinks that his constant study of Carlyle must have colored his language as well as his thought. But this is never observable; Carlyle and he resemble each other in their hatred of falsehood, their powers of description, and perhaps in a certain quaint flavor of humor, but no farther.

Ruskin's style is distinctively his own. Such power has he over words, and such precision in using them, that he can bring out the minutest facts of nature, and make us see the sunbeams dancing on the leaves, the sea-waves breaking into foam, and the very wreathing of the mist, and waving cloud-sentinels along the mountains. Scattered through his writings are hundreds of illustrative passages; I content myself with one. It is the description of sunlight after storm, in Italy, near Rome.

"The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each as it turned to reflect or transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals, between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blending lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."

Ruskin has been accused of verbiage, and his word-painting has been called an easy matter. Analyze that passage, clause by clause, and you will think differently. Find an epithet, if you can, that does not state some fact, or define some quality. Notice their delicate truthfulness and precision, each one fitting into its place and harmonizing with the whole.

Soon after the appearance of Ruskin's first work, a new school of painting sprang up in England, the result mainly of his teaching. It raised the standard of revolt against a certain conventionalism in art dating from the time of Raphael, and

was therefore called Pre-Raphaelitism. From its adherents it demanded uncompromising realism, and faithfulness to nature in her minutest details.

The critics combined their forces against this school as they had before done against Ruskin. How dared one use his eyes, and paint what he *really* saw instead of that which tradition declared he *ought* to see? And how came it that Ruskin should come forward as their champion—he who had given boundless admiration to Turner, and so ridiculed the Dutch painters. Let his own words tell.

"From young artists," says he, "nothing ought to be tolerated but simple *bond fide* imitation of nature. * * * They should keep to quiet colors, grays and browns; and should go to nature with all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth. Then, when their memories are stored, and their imaginations fed, and their hands firm, let them take up the scarlet and the gold, give the reins to their fancy, and show us what their heads are made of. We will follow them wherever they choose to lead; we will check at nothing; they are then our masters, and are fit to be so. They have placed themselves above our criticism, and we will listen to their words in all faith and humility; but not unless they themselves have before bowed, in the same submission, to a higher Authority and Master."

Ruskin's meaning seems clear, yet it has been strangely misunderstood. Readers do not always discriminate between the two points of view from which he looks at painting, prizing it first for technical excellence, but above all for the poetic thought it embodies. One thing only he condemns utterly—mediocrity putting on the guise of genius. Conventional rules cannot make a painter, nor the study of prosody a poet. Pre-Raphaelite or otherwise, the painter in whose work he discerns want of feeling and absence of thought, falls at once under his rebuke. Art has to do with creation, not manufacture, if she would keep the heavenly lustre of her robes, and not trail them in the mire.

Besides "Modern Painters," Ruskin has written other works, no less eloquent and beautiful. The "Stones of Venice" are full of grand pictures and stimulating thought. In "Sesame and Lilies" he speaks of books and women, with a true appreciation of what is best in both, crowning the latter queens of their households and of the world. "The Ethics of the Dust" is a beautiful study of crystals and their formation, applying the facts of inanimate to human nature. "Unto this Last," is a treatise on political economy—a work that has been more ridiculed and maligned than any of his others. And it cannot be denied that its arguments are often illogical, and its conclusions unjust. But what gives it worth are the blows aimed against the selfish materialism of the age, and its utter abhorrence of that covetous spirit which is

the Nemesis of modern society. Others may compromise with the evil—Ruskin, never.

But what is to be done? This much, as he declares in "Fors Clavigera," a series of monthly letters to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain. He engages to give one-tenth of his yearly income toward the founding of a community, to be called the "St. George's Company." Whatever land is purchased shall be cultivated by its members "with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave;" there shall be no railroads or steam-engines on it, "no untended or unthought-of creatures." The laborers shall be paid fixed wages, and their children educated compulsorily, one condition of such education being that the boys shall learn either to ride or to sail, and the girls to spin, weave and sew, and "cook all ordinary food exquisitely." They shall also be taught vocal music, Latin, and the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence and London. Gentleness to brutes, courtesy to each other, rigid truth-speaking and instant obedience, shall constitute part of their moral training. Leading pure and simple lives, they will possess the first condition necessary to the cultivation of art, and little by little it will spring up among them and reach upward.

Land has been already purchased, and the experiment is to be tried—with what result awaits to be seen. Others rail at social abuses, but Ruskin seeks out a remedy, and his scheme, even though impracticable, is consistent with the spirit in which he denounces modern crime and folly. It cannot be denied that he views these evils with exaggerated feeling, and utters, at times, strange paradoxes and incoherences that lead people to undervalue the strength of his teaching, and dwell rather on its weakness. But in judging Ruskin, one must take into account the peculiar character of his genius, his constitutional irritability, his deep religious fervor and exquisite sense of the beautiful, whether in art or nature. Then picture him battling with a world, full of meanness and hypocrisy, outraged at every turn by external ugliness, wounded by doubt and disbelief, and unable to see even the faint light that illumines this darkness.

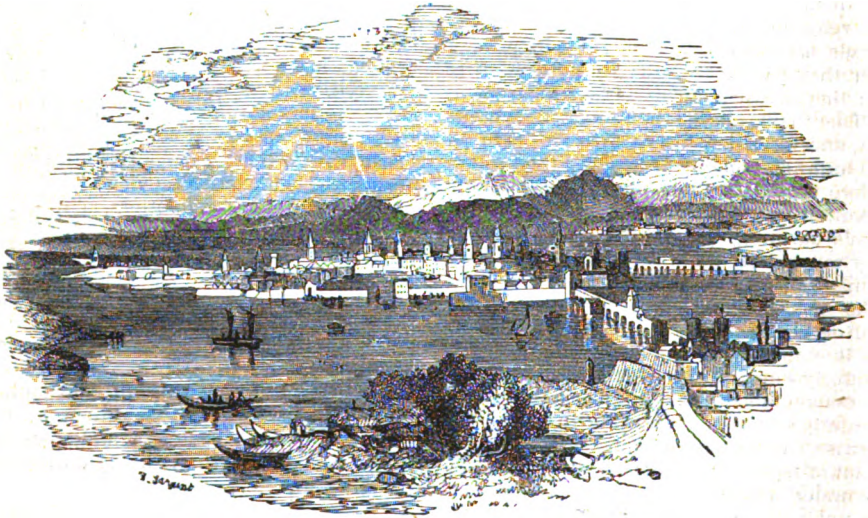
Let us not cease to be grateful, even though, as the years pass, he grows more bitter and misanthropic, and fulminates strange anathemas against this modern life of ours, and its countless inventions, ascribing to the last the greater part of our sin and wretchedness. Remember not his faults, but rather the unselfishness and purity of his character, and his earnest love for all that is truly good and great. Think of that beautiful home on Denmark Hill, in the London suburbs, filled with exquisite works of art, yet unable to give peace and content to the heart of its owner. For he cannot shut out the mournful cries that reach him from the outside world; he cannot rest in apathetic unconcern while men, created in the image of God, go down to the grave like brutes. He may err in judgment, and talk unreasonably, but his protests are not without a meaning that we should do well to heed. Were it not for a few bold spirits like his, stemming the tide of falsehood and corruption,

and guiding men's thoughts from material interests to spiritual, who knows whither we should drift in this unbelieving, money-making age?

One extract more, and I am done. Ruskin is speaking of Turner, but think over the words, and ponder them carefully.

"Love and trust," he writes, "are the only mother-milk of any man's soul. So far as he is hated and mistrusted, his powers are destroyed. * * * No man can serve you either for purse or curse; neither kind of pay will answer. No pay is, indeed, receivable by any true man; but power is receivable by him, in the love and faith you give him. So far only as you give him these can he serve you; that is the meaning of the question which his Master asks always, 'Believest thou that I am able?' And from every one of His servants to the end of time—if you give them the Capernaum measure of faith, you shall have from them Capernaum measure of works, and no more. * * * As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit-bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart, if you meet it with poison."

The immediate neighborhood of Mantua presents few attractions to the lover of the beautiful in nature. Nevertheless, the city itself possesses many objects of interest in its ancient buildings and works of art. The immense bridges, six in number, which connect it with the main land, form a striking feature in the general view. Of these bridges, the largest and most imposing is the Ponte di San Georgio, which, crossing the entire lake, is two thousand, five hundred feet in length, and dates from the fourteenth century. A portion of Mantua, which the visitor is expected to admire, lies in the neighborhood of the Piazza Virgiliana—a large square surrounded by trees, with the lake in front. One of the most important buildings to be noticed, as being a relic of the still visible ancient splendor of Mantua, is the Castella di Corte. It is a huge edifice, with noble towers, which, however, are greatly decayed and battered, bearing witness to the many misfortunes, by battle and siege, which the city has sustained. Built originally as a palace by a member of the celebrated Gonzago family, it is now used partly as a prison, and in part for public offices. The once grand, but now deserted imperial palace, with its five



MANTUA.

BY E. J. N. SAMMLER.

MANTUA, a strongly fortified city of Lombardy, with a population of some thirty thousand inhabitants, is justly accounted one of the bulwarks of Italy. It is also celebrated as the birthplace of Virgil; though, in fact, the great Roman poet was born at Andes, a little village two miles distant, where a palace was built by one of the Gonzagas, and from him received the title of Virgiliano. Mantua lies some twenty miles a little to the south-east of Verona. Its situation is unique, it being built upon two flat pieces of land, between which flows the river Mincio. Surrounded by lakes, some of which are natural, others artificial, being formed by damming up the waters of the river, it is by no means remarkable as a healthy location.

hundred rooms, and its innumerable frescoes by the old masters, is another one of the sights of Mantua. The floor of this building is of porcelain.

The churches of Mantua are also very imposing structures, rich in works of art, and in monuments of antiquity.

The central part of Mantua shows signs of considerable commercial activity, but the outskirts are exceedingly quiet. Among the public enterprises of the city are an academy of fine arts, a public library, containing nearly a hundred thousand volumes, a lyceum, a gymnasium, a workhouse, two orphan asylums, a botanic garden and many other scientific and industrial institutions.

Mantua is a very ancient city, older, it is said, even than Rome. During the days of her prosperity, when under the government of her own dukes, the city was celebrated as a manufacturing centre, and had a population of fifty thousand.

PLEURS.

IN the public library at Zurich, there is a book, published more than seventy years ago, on the destruction of Alpine villages, from which the following account, of the comparatively unheard-of City of Pleurs, is obtained. In a charming situation on the River Maira, a few miles before it flows into Lake Como, and but little distance south of the Swiss border by the Splügen Pass, lies the City of Chiavenna. An hour's walk from there toward the Pass of Maloggia, eastward, up the beautiful bank of the Maira, brings one to a place where a greater number of human beings were once buried alive than anywhere else known in the world. Even in Pompeii, as is supposed, less than a thousand people were overtaken by the fiery deluge from Vesuvius. But here three times that number were overwhelmed, with all their signs of life and civilization. And all were buried forever. There has never been any excavation at this place. They were a prosperous and happy people. It was one of the gayest, richest, most pleasure-loving little cities of Lombardy. Hanging above it was a mountain four thousand feet high: not very high for that region, but much too high for the safety of the inhabitants. It was called Monte Conte: the half of it which still stands, with one side abrupt and perpendicular, is still known by the same name. On the night of the fourteenth of September, 1618, it split in two from base to apex, and half of it lies a wide spread grave-mound over the deeply-buried little city. This terrible avalanche was so instantaneous; it closed in the extreme outside houses so entirely; it was so complete and overwhelming, that it was impossible to discover the least vestige of Pleurs remaining.

The substance that fell upon it was a mountain-side forest, and an immense depth of broken rock and earth. Enormous blocks of rock, some sixty feet thick are heaped in the most frightful confusion. Below the valley is wooded without sign of habitation, perhaps, because another suspiciously-steep mountain is there; but a mile or two beyond that are farms. Other mountains twice as high are to be seen in picturesque peaks and outlines; and on the opposite side of the Maira is one of the most beautiful cascades in the world, probably, entirely unheard of in books, or in travel. It falls over a succession of ledges in four broad, thin sheets, each sixty to one hundred feet wide and about as deep. To the few who have heard of Pleurs, and turn aside from going down into Italy from the Splügen Pass, to view this place, it cannot fail to be highly interesting..

This city was called Pleurs, or the Town of Tears, because, strange as it may seem, it was situated upon the broad earthy tomb of another village, which had itself been overwhelmed by a like catastrophe. But that was many hundred years earlier, yet the fact is well known. The mountain from which that ancient avalanche slid away displays the ruin wrought upon it more distinctly than Mount Conte, which overwhelmed Pleurs. As that mountain did not leave a surface of earth, that could become converted into soil and spring into vegetation, but its steep, towering wall is a mass of broken, flaky rock, in thin horizontal

layers. While the restorative powers of nature have caused vegetation to cover Mount Conte, both the steep cleft side of the half mountain that stands and the half that lies prostrate. A straggling forest of chestnut trees, in the more earthy places, covers the site, with clumps of whortleberry bushes among the rocks. It seems singular, that in those old times—the beginning of the seventeenth century—rich gentlemen and nobles, fashionable people and successful merchants, should have had the same way we have of going with their families to summer resorts. But the old Romans, we well know, had their country villas. Cicero speaks of retiring to his suburban abode—to his “books, and tablets, and literary leisure;” and, perhaps, we have very little that is new in our ways of life. Well recorded facts show that at the time when Pleurs was destroyed, a few hundred more people were in town than the resident population, and they were summer visitors. A party from Milan went down to Chiavenna a few days before, and on account of very rainy weather, remained there till the afternoon before the avalanche occurred. That being a pleasant day they set out to go to Pleurs. On approaching the town, they were alarmed at seeing several slides of gravel and rocks, and finding that some of the vineyards had been buried, most of them returned to Chiavenna, but some kept on. At Chiavenna, the people wondered, the next morning, at what had become of their river, for the Maira was dry. The mountain had fallen across the valley, and the city of Pleurs, with the out-lying village of Celano, had disappeared forever. There was a very old stone cathedral in Pleurs, rich in plate and sacred ornaments. Also two or three nobles' palaces. Its destruction spread mourning and terror through the region of Northern Italy.

C.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

THE SPRINGTIME.

BY S. D.

IN the beautiful, budding springtime,

The violets sweet and white,

Peeped forth from their emerald leaflets,

Like forgotten snow-flakes white.

They scented the April breezes,

And swayed the young, green leaves

Of the grand, old weeping willow,

Which drooped o'er the moss-grown eaves.

From the dark-brown mold sprung the crocus,

While away in the forest deep,

The forget-me-not and spring beauty,

Awoke from their long, dark sleep;

They sprang from cold earth's bosom,

The nodding ferns to greet;

Smiled at the wax-blossomed wind-flower,

And welcomed the daisies sweet.

They lifted their fragrant petals,

Kissed by the sun and showers;

To list to the ring-dove's cooing,

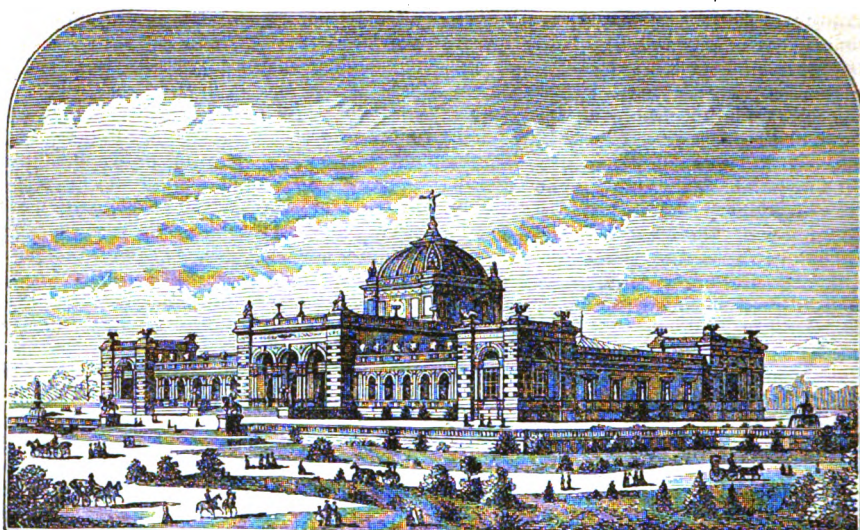
Through the long, bright, happy hours.

O Spring! thou art whispering ever,

Of the grander life to come—

By all thy growing seeds and buds

And thy leaflets green and young.



MEMORIAL HALL.

THE BUILDINGS OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE construction of the buildings for the International Exhibition at Fairmount Park, is progressing with satisfactory rapidity. There is no fear expressed of their incompletion at the opening of the exhibition, on the 10th of May, 1876. The principal of these buildings are the Main Building, the Art Gallery, the Machinery Hall, the Agricultural and Horticultural Halls. There will be required, in addition to these buildings, a number of smaller structures, which will be erected during the present season.

When one considers the vast undertaking of building these extensive structures, which cover in the aggregate a surface of about forty acres, and is still further reminded that the grading of the ground of the Park preparatory to their erection was not commenced until July, 1874, the progress made will be found to be indeed wonderful.

The Main Exhibition Building is in the form of a parallelogram, one thousand eight hundred and eighty feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-four feet in width. It extends east and west. The main entrance will be on the north side, and will lead directly to the Art Gallery, which stands at a distance of three hundred feet. The east entrance will form the principal approach for carriages, visitors being allowed to alight at the doors of the building under cover of the arcade. The south entrance will be the principal approach for street cars, the ticket offices being located upon the line of Elm Avenue, with covered ways provided for entrance into the building itself. The west entrance gives the main passage-way into the Machinery and Agricultural Halls.

The superstructure is composed of wrought-iron columns, which support wrought-iron roof trusses. The sides of the building for the height of seven feet from the ground are to be finished with tim-

ber framed in panels between the columns, and above the seven feet with glazed sash.

There will be a central avenue or nave through the building, one hundred and twenty feet in width, and one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two feet in length. On each side are parallel avenues of equal length and one hundred feet in width; while between the nave and side avenues are aisles forty-eight feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building are smaller aisles twenty-four feet in width. There are to be three transepts through the centre of the building, the central one one hundred and twenty feet in width, and the side ones one hundred feet. All the other cross aisles will vary from ten to forty-eight feet in width.

The Art Gallery is to be a magnificent structure located on a line parallel with and northward of the Main Exhibition Building. It is situated on the Lansdowne Plateau, and overlooks the city. It is elevated on a terrace six feet above the general level of the plateau, the plateau itself being one hundred and sixteen feet above the Schuylkill River.

The architecture of this gallery is in the modern Renaissance. The materials are granite, glass and iron. No wood will be used in the construction, and the building will be thoroughly fire-proof. This building is intended to remain as a permanent feature of Fairmount Park after the close of the exhibition.

The main front of the Art Gallery will face the Main Exhibition Building. It will display in the centre an entrance consisting of three colossal arched doorways of equal dimensions. There will be a pavilion at each end, while between the pavilions and the entrance are arcades, constructed to conceal the long walls of the gallery. These arcades will each consist of five groined arches, and will form promenades looking outward over the grounds and inward over open gardens,

which will extend back to the main wall of the building. The garden plats within the arcades are each to be ninety feet long and thirty-six feet deep, to be ornamented in the centre with fountains, and designed for the display of statuary.

The rear or north front is to be similar to the main front, but in place of the arcade will be a series of arched windows. There will be a pavilion at each corner of the building, and the walls between on the east and west sides are to be relieved by five niches designed for statues.

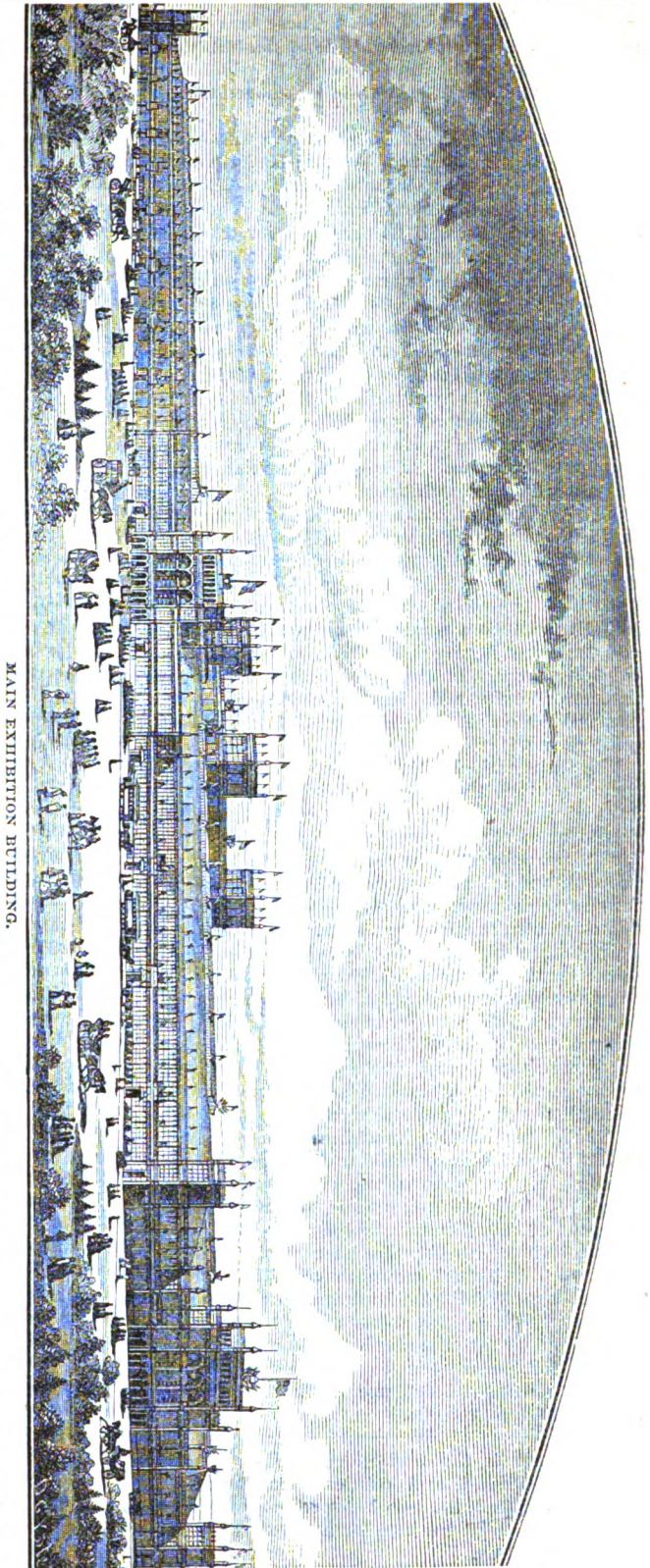
It is impossible in the limits of this article to explain the general interior arrangement of this building. It is sufficient to say that the space furnished for paintings and statuary will be ample, and the whole building, in both internal arrangement and external finish, a structure of which, considered as a national art gallery, we may be proud.

The Machinery Building is located at a distance of five hundred and forty-two feet from the west front of the Main Exhibition Building, the north front of the former being upon the same line as that of the latter.

The building consists of the main hall, three hundred and sixty feet wide by one thousand four hundred and two feet long, and an annex on the south side of two hundred and eight by two hundred and ten feet. The entire area covered by the building is nearly thirteen acres.

The Horticultural Building is intended, like the Art Gallery, to remain a permanent feature of the Park. It is located on the Lansdowne terrace, a short distance north of the Main Building and Art Gallery, and has a commanding view of the Schuylkill River, and the northwestern portion of the city. The principal materials of which it is to be built are glass and iron. The length of the building is three hundred and eighty-three feet, width one hundred and ninety-three feet, and height to the top of the lantern seventy-two feet.

There will be a large central conservatory; and on the north and south sides of this principal room are to be four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, covered with curved roof of iron and glass. Besides these rooms, there are to be vestibules, restaurants,



MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

reception-rooms, offices, etc. There are to be galleries both inside and outside of the building, and upon the roof a grand promenade, which will have an area of one thousand eight hundred square yards.

Near this principal building will be a number of other structures, such as a Victoria Regia House, Domestic and Tropical Orchard Houses, a Grapery, and similar horticultural buildings. The surrounding grounds will be arranged for out-door planting, and, under the auspices of the National Horticultural Society, organized for the purpose of co-operating with the Centennial Commission, it is expected that an imposing display will be made. It is proposed to plant, among other things, representative trees of all parts of the continent, so that side by side the visitor may see the full variety of the forest products and fruits of the country, from the firs of the extreme North to the oranges and bananas of Florida, and the grapes and other fruits of California.

The Agricultural Building will stand north of the Horticultural Building, and on the eastern side of Belmont Avenue. Its materials are to be of wood and glass. It will consist of a long nave and three transepts. The ground plan of the building will be a parallelogram of five hundred and forty feet by eight hundred and twenty feet, covering a space of above ten acres. In its immediate vicinity will be the stock yards, for the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc.

The International Exhibition of 1876 will be opened on the 10th of May, and be closed on the 10th of the following November. All governments have been invited to appoint Commissions for the purpose of organizing their departments of the exhibition. Exhibitors will not be charged for space, but must provide show-cases, shelving, counters, etc., at their own cost. The articles to be put on exhibition have been classified in ten departments, as follows: 1. Raw materials—mineral, vegetable and animal. 2. Materials and manufactures used for food, or in the arts, the result of extractive or combining processes. 3. Textile and felted fabrics; apparel, costumes and ornaments for the person. 4. Furniture and manufactures of general use in construction and in dwellings. 5. Tools, implements, machines and processes. 6. Motors and transportation. 7. Apparatus and methods for the increase and diffusion of knowledge. 8. Engineering, public works, architecture, etc. 9. Plastic and graphic arts. 10. Objects illustrating efforts for the improvement of the physical, intellectual and moral condition of men.

Besides the Exhibition Buildings proper, numerous applications have been made by manufacturers, and by the Commissions of foreign governments, for permission to erect pavilions and various ornamental and useful structures within the Exhibition grounds.

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third. Without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the third the two former would be often rendered useless.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN JUNE.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

POETS may sing of the balmy breezes of spring, of budding branches and of lovely apple-blossoms, of the dark, dense foliage of the later summer-time, of the many-hued leaves of autumn and the snowy fields and glittering glories of winter, but nothing can be more perfect this side of Heaven than a beautiful day in June. The leaves and grasses have that most lovely shade of green, darker than in May, and brighter than during the later summer months. The sky is of a clear, deep blue, and seems to arch lovingly over the newly-clothed earth. The sun shines brightly, but without undue fervor; the winds blow softly and coolly, laden with the perfume of roses, syringas, honeysuckles, clover-blossoms and ripening cherries. The luscious strawberries are hiding beneath their leaves, awaiting a transfer from their lowly beds to our tables. Birds of various kinds, as the robin, the thrush and the wren, sing merrily from the trees.

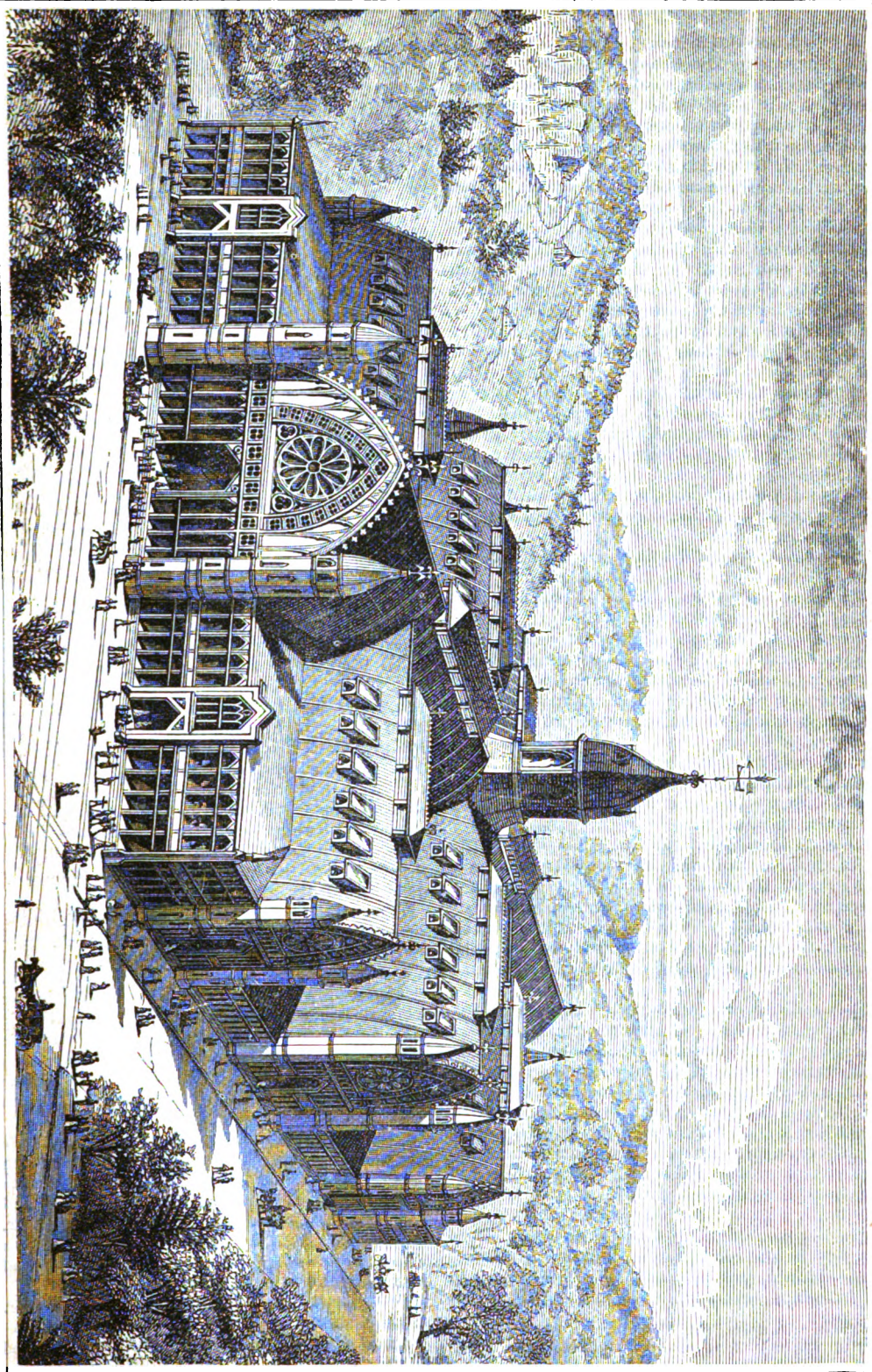
Looking out from a front window of my cottage home this sunny afternoon, I am enchanted with the loveliness of the day, and take in deep draughts of the pure health-giving air, a real "elixir of life." How the breeze sighs in the stately pine at the gate, and brings to me occasional balsamic odors. The trees and shrubs and grasses are swayed gracefully to and fro, and glisten in the sunshine.

Oh that more of our days were so calm and beautiful, that life might be more June-like to the toiling, struggling masses of humanity! Alas! that "perfect days" are so rare.

One must live in the town or country really to see and appreciate such delightful days. The majority of those who have always lived in large cities, know but little of these lovely glimpses of Nature. Shut in by high brick walls, they find occasional relief by visiting the city parks, now becoming so numerous; but these resorts are mostly monopolized by the wealthy and well-to-do portion of the inhabitants, for the hard-working poor have little time or money with which to seek recreation. In the country everything is different, for even the "farm hands" have the same opportunities for enjoying the beauties of Nature as their employers. People of wealth can afford to reside in cities, as they are able to spend their summers among the green fields; but it is indeed a mystery why so many of the poor will persist in living in crowded tenement houses and suffer year after year from cold and hunger, lack of pure air and sunshine, when so many broad acres in our great country are awaiting cultivation.

Those philanthropists which shall eventually, let us hope, lead out from their desolate homes the suffering denizens of our great, overcrowded cities, find homes for them in the villages and the country, and teach them to become useful members of society, will surely be more worthy of admiration than any beautiful day in June.

ZEAL is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

RALPH RIDLEY.*

A HANDSOME man of forty-five stood lingering by the bedside of his wife, whose large, tender eyes looked up at him almost wistfully. A baby's head, dark with beautiful hair that curled in scores of silken ringlets, lay close against her bosom. The chamber was not large or richly furnished, though everything was in good taste and comfortable. A few articles were out of harmony with the rest and hinted at better days. One of these was a large secretary of curious workmanship, inlaid with costly woods and pearl and rich with carvings. Another was a small mantel clock of exquisite beauty. Two or three small but rare pictures hung on the walls.

Looking closely into the man's strong intellectual face, you would have seen something that marred the harmony of its fine features and dimmed its clear expression—something to stir a doubt or awaken a feeling of concern. The eyes, that were deep and intense, had a shadow in them, and the curves of the mouth had suffering and passion and evidences of stern mental conflict in every line. This was no common man, no social drone, but one who in his contact with men was used to making himself felt.

"Come home early, Ralph, won't you?" said his wife.

The man bent down and kissed her, and then pressed his lips to the baby's head.

"Yes, dear; I don't mean to stay late. If it wasn't for the expectation of meeting General Logan and one or two others that I particularly wish to see, I wouldn't go at all. I have to make good, you know, all the opportunities that come in my way."

"Oh, yes, I know. You must go, of course." She had taken her husband's hand, and was holding it with a close pressure. He had to draw it away almost by force.

"Good-night, dear, and God bless you." His voice trembled a little. He stooped and kissed her again. A moment after and she was alone. Then all the light went out of her face and a deep shadow fell quickly over it. She shut her eyes, but not tightly enough to hold back the tears that soon came creeping slowly out from beneath the closed lashes.

Ralph Ridley was a lawyer of marked ability. A few years before, he had given up a good practice at the bar for an office under the State government. Afterward he was sent to Congress and passed four years in Washington. Like too many of our ablest public men, the temptations of that city were too much for him. It was the old sad story that repeats itself every year. He fell a victim to the drinking customs of our national capital. Everywhere and on all social occasions invitations to wine met him. He drank with a friend on his way to the House, and with another in the Capitol buildings before taking his seat for business. He drank at lunch and at dinner, and he drank more freely at party or levee in the evening. Only in the early morn-

ing was he free from the bewildering effects of liquor.

Four years of such a life broke down his manhood. Hard as he sometimes struggled to rise above the debasing appetite that had enslaved him, resolution snapped like thread in a flame with every new temptation. He stood erect and hopeful to-day, and to-morrow lay prone and despairing under the heel of his enemy.

At the end of his second term in Congress the people of his district rejected him. They could tolerate a certain degree of drunkenness and demoralization in their representative, but Ridley had fallen too low. They would have him no longer, and so he was left out in the party nomination and sent back into private life hurt, humiliated and in debt. No clients awaited his return. His law-office had been closed for years, and there was little encouragement to open it again in the old place. For some weeks after his failure to get the nomination Ridley drank more desperately than ever, and was in a state of intoxication nearly all the while. His poor wife, who clung to him through all with an unwavering fidelity, was nearly broken-hearted. In vain had relatives and friends interposed. No argument nor persuasion could induce her to abandon him. "He is my husband," was her only reply, "and I will not leave him."

One night he was brought home insensible. He had fallen in the street where some repairs were being made, and had received serious injuries which confined him to the house for two or three weeks. This gave time for reflection and repentance. The shame and remorse that filled his soul as he looked at his sad, pale wife and neglected children, and thought of his tarnished name and lost opportunities, spurred him to new and firmer resolves than ever before made. He could go forward no longer without utter ruin. No hope was left but in turning back. He must set his face in a new direction, and he vowed to do so, promising God on his knees in tears and agony to hold by his vow sacredly.

A new day had dawned. As soon as Mr. Ridley was well enough to be out again he took counsel of friends, and after careful deliberation resolved to leave his native town and remove to the city. A lawyer of fine ability and known to the public as a clear thinker and an able debater, he had made quite an impression on the country during his first term in Congress; neither he nor his friends had any doubt as to his early success, provided he was able to keep himself free from the thrall of old habits.

A few old friends and political associates made up a purse to enable him to remove to the city with his family. An office was taken and three rooms rented in a small house, where, with his wife and two children, one daughter in her fourteenth year, life was started anew. There was no room for a servant in this small establishment even if he had been able to pay the hire of one.

So the new beginning was made. A man of Mr. Ridley's talents and reputation could not long remain unemployed. In the very first week he had a client and a retaining fee of twenty-five dollars.

* From "DANGER: OR, WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND," by T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.

The case was an important one, involving some nice questions of mercantile law. It came up for argument in the course of a few weeks, and gave the opportunity he wanted. His management of the case was so superior to that of the opposing counsel, and his citations of law and precedent so cumulative and explicit, that he gained not only an easy victory, but made for himself a very favorable impression.

After that business began gradually to flow in upon him, and he was able to gather in sufficient to keep his family, though for some time only in a very humble way. Having no old acquaintances in the city, Mr. Ridley was comparatively free from temptation. He was promptly at his office in the morning, never leaving it, except to go into court or some of the public offices on business, until the hour arrived for returning home.

A new life had become dominant, a new ambition was ruling him. Hope revived in the heart of his almost despairing wife, and the future looked bright again. His eyes had grown clear and confident once more and his stooping shoulders square and erect. In his bearing you saw the old stateliness and conscious sense of power. Men treated him with deference and respect.

In less than a year Mr. Ridley was able to remove his family into a better house and to afford the expense of a servant. So far they had kept out of the city's social life. Among strangers and living humbly, almost meanly, they neither made nor received calls nor had invitations to evening entertainments; and herein lay Mr. Ridley's safety. It was on his social side that he was weakest. He could hold himself above appetite and deny its cravings if left to the contest alone. The drinking-saloons whose hundred doors he had to pass daily did not tempt him, did not cause his firm steps to pause nor linger. His sorrow and shame for the past and his solemn promises and hopes for the future were potent enough to save him from all such allurements. For him their doors stood open in vain. The path of danger lay in another direction. He would have to be taken unawares. If betrayed at all, it must be, so to speak, in the house of a friend. The Delilah of "good society" must put caution and conscience to sleep and then rob him of his strength.

The rising man at the bar of a great city who had already served two terms in Congress could not long remain in social obscurity; and as it gradually became known in the "best society" that Mrs. Ridley stood connected with some of the "best families" in the State, one and another began to call upon her and to court her acquaintance, even though she was living in comparative obscurity and in a humble way.

At first regrets were returned to all invitations to evening entertainments, large or small. Mr. Ridley very well understood why his wife, who was social and naturally fond of company, was so prompt to decline. He knew that the excuse, "We are not able to give parties in return," was not really the true one. He knew that she feared the temptation that would come to him, and he was by no means insensible to the perils that would beset him whenever he found himself in the midst

of a convivial company, with the odor of wine heavy on the air and invitations to drink meeting him at every turn.

But this could not always be. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley could not forever hold themselves away from the social life of a large city among the people of which their acquaintance was gradually extending. Mrs. Ridley would have continued to stand aloof because of the danger she had too good reason to fear, but her husband was growing, she could see, both sensitive and restless. He wanted the professional advantages society would give him, and he wanted, moreover, to prove his manhood and take away the reproach under which he felt himself lying. Sooner or later he must walk this way of peril, and he felt that he was becoming strong enough and brave enough to meet the old enemy that had vanquished him so many times.

"We will go," he said, on receiving cards of invitation to a party given by a prominent and influential citizen. "People will be there whom I should meet, and people whom I want you to meet."

He saw a shadow creep into his wife's face; Mrs. Ridley saw the shadow reflected almost as a frown from his. She knew what was in her husband's thoughts, knew that he felt hurt and restless under her continued reluctance to have him go into any company where wine and spirits were served to the guests, and feeling that a longer opposition might do more harm than good, answered, with as much heartiness and assent as she could get into her voice:

"Very well, but it will cost you the price of a new dress, for I have nothing fit to appear in."

The shadow swept off Mr. Ridley's face.

"All right," he returned. "I received a fee of fifty dollars to-day, and you shall have every cent of it."

In the week that intervened Mrs. Ridley made herself ready for the party; but had she been preparing for a funeral, her heart could scarcely have been heavier. Fearful dreams haunted her sleep, and through the day imagination would often draw pictures the sight of which made her cry out in sudden pain and fear. All this she concealed from her husband, and affected to take a pleased interest in the coming entertainment.

Mrs. Ridley was still a handsome woman, and her husband felt the old pride warming his bosom when he saw her again among brilliant and attractive women and noted the impression she made. He watched her with something of the proud interest a mother feels for a beautiful daughter who makes her appearance in society for the first time, and his heart beat with liveliest pleasure as he noticed the many instances in which she attracted and held people by the grace of her manner and the charm of her conversation.

"God bless her!" he said in his heart fervently as the love he bore her warmed into fresher life and moved him with a deeper tenderness, and then he made for her sake a new vow of abstinence and set anew the watch and ward upon his appetite. And he had need of watch and ward. The wine-merchant's bill for that evening's enter-

tainment was over eight hundred dollars, and men and women, girls and boys, all drank in unrestrained freedom.

Mrs. Ridley, without seeming to do so, kept close to her husband while he was in the supper-room, and he, as if feeling the power of her protecting influence, was pleased to have her near. The smell of wine, its sparkle in the glasses, the freedom and apparent safety with which every one drank, the frequent invitations received, and the

breeding's sake have sipped a little, just tasting its flavor, so that he could compliment his host upon its rare quality.

"Thank you," Mr. Ridley was able to say, "but I do not take wine." His voice was not clear and manly, but unsteady and weak.

"Oh, excuse me," said the gentleman, setting down the glass quickly. "I was not aware of that."

He stood as if slightly embarrassed for a moment, and then, turning to a clergyman who stood close by, said: "Will you take a glass of wine with me, Mr. Elliott?"

An assenting smile broke into Mr. Elliott's face, and he reached for the glass which Mr. Ridley had just refused.

"Something very choice," said the host.

The clergyman tasted and sipped with the air of a connoisseur.

"Very choice indeed, sir," he replied. "But you always have good wine."

Mrs. Ridley drew her hand in her husband's arm and leaned upon it.

"If it is to be had," returned the host, a little proudly; "and I generally know where to get it. A good glass of wine I count among the blessings for which one may give thanks—wine, I mean, not drugs."

"Exactly; wine that is pure hurts no one, unless, indeed, his appetite has been vitiated through alcoholic indulgence, and even then I have sometimes thought that the moderate use of strictly pure wine would restore the normal taste and free a man from the tyranny of an enslaving vice."

That sentence took quick hold upon the thought of Mr. Ridley. It gave him a new idea, and he listened with keen interest to what followed.

"You strike the keynote of a true temperance reformation, Mr. Elliott," returned the host.

"Give men pure wine instead of the vile stuff that bears its name, and you will soon get rid of drunkenness. I have always preached that doctrine."

Mr. Ridley went home from that first party with his head as clear and his pulse as cool as when he came. The wine had not tempted him very strongly, though its odor had been fragrant to his nostrils, and the sparkle in the glasses pleasant to his sight. Appetite had not aroused itself nor put on its strength, but lay half asleep, waiting for some better opportunity, when the sentinels should be weaker or off their guard.

It had been much harder for him to refuse the



little banter and half-surprised lifting of the eyebrows that came now and then upon refusal were no light draught on Mr. Ridley's strength.

"Have you tried this sherry, Mr. Ridley?" said the gentlemanly host, taking a bottle from the supper-table and filling two glasses. "It is very choice." He lifted one of the glasses as he spoke and handed it to his guest. There was a flattering cordiality in his manner that made the invitation almost irresistible, and moreover he was a prominent and influential citizen whose favorable consideration Mr. Ridley wished to gain. If his wife had not been standing by his side, he would have accepted the glass, and for what seemed good

invitation of his host than to deny the solicitations of the old desire. He had been in greater danger from pride than from appetite; and there remained with him a sense of being looked down upon and despised by the wealthy and eminent citizen who had honored him with an invitation, and who doubtless regarded his refusal to take wine with him as little less than a discourtesy. There were moments when he almost regretted that refusal. The wine which had been offered was of the purest quality, and he remembered but too well the theory advanced by Mr. Elliott, that the moderate use of pure wine would restore the normal taste and free a man whose appetite had been vitiated from its enslaving influence. His mind recurred to that thought very often, and the more he dwelt upon it, the more inclined he was to accept it as true. If it were indeed so, then he might be a man among men again.

Mr. Ridley did not feel as comfortable in his mind after as before this party, nor was he as strong as before. The enemy had found a door unguarded, had come in stealthily, and was lying on the alert, waiting for an opportunity.

A few weeks afterward came another invitation. It was accepted. Mrs. Ridley was not really well enough to go out, but for her husband's sake she went with him, and by her presence and the quiet power she had over him held him back from the peril he might, standing alone, have tempted.

A month later, and cards of invitation were received from Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Birtwell. This was to be among the notable entertainments of the season. Mr. Birtwell was a wealthy banker who, like other men, had his weaknesses, one of which was a love of notoriety and display. He had a showy house and attractive equipages, and managed to get his name frequently chronicled in the newspapers, now as the leader in some public enterprise or charity, now as the possessor of some rare work of art, and now as the princely capitalist whose ability and sagacity had lifted him from obscurity to the proud position he occupied. He built himself a palace for a residence, and when it was completed and furnished issued tickets of admission, that the public might see in what splendor he was going to live. Of course the newspapers described everything with a minuteness of detail and a freedom of remark that made some modest and sensitive people fancy that Mr. Birtwell must be exceedingly annoyed. But he experienced no such feeling. Praise of any kind was pleasant to his ears; you could not give him too much, nor was he over-nice as to the quality. He lived in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and in all his walk and conversation he looked to their good opinion.

Such was Mr. Birtwell, at whose house a grand entertainment was to be given. Among the large number of invited guests were included Mr. and Mrs. Ridley. But it so happened that Mrs. Ridley could not go. A few days before the evening on which this party was to be given a new-born babe had been laid on her bosom.

"Good-night, dear, and God bless you!" Mr. Ridley had said, in a voice that was very tender, as he stooped over and kissed his wife. No wonder

that all the light went out of her face the moment she was alone, nor that a shadow fell quickly over it, nor that from beneath the fringes of her shut eyelids tears crept slowly and rested upon her cheeks. If her husband had left her for the battlefield, she could not have felt a more dreadful impression of danger, nor have been oppressed by a more terrible fear for his safety. No wonder that her nurse, coming into the chamber a few minutes after Mr. Ridley went out, found her in a nervous chill.

The spacious and elegant drawing-rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Birtwell were crowded with the élite of the city, and the heart of the former swelled with pride as he received his guests and thought of their social, professional or political distinction, the lustre of which he felt to be, for the time, reflected upon himself. It was good to be in such company, and to feel that he was equal with the best. He had not always been the peer of such men. There had been an era of obscurity out of which he had slowly emerged, and therefore he had the larger pride and self-satisfaction in the position he now held.

Mrs. Birtwell was a woman of another order. All her life she had been used to the elegance that a wealthy parentage gave, and to which her husband had been, until within a few years, an entire stranger. She was "to the manner born," he a parvenu with a restless ambition to outshine. Familiarity with things luxurious and costly had lessened their value in her eyes, and true culture had lifted her above the weakness of resting in or caring much about them, while their newness and novelty to Mr. Birtwell made enjoyment keen, and led him on to extravagant and showy exhibitions of wealth that caused most people to smile at his weakness, and a good many to ask who he was and from whence he came that he carried himself so loftily. Mrs. Birtwell did not like the advanced position to which her husband carried her, but she yielded to his weak love of notoriety and social éclat as gracefully as possible, and did her best to cover his too glaring violations of good taste and conventional refinement. In this she was not always successful.

Of course the best of liquors in lavish abundance were provided by Mr. Birtwell for his guests. Besides the dozen different kinds of wine that were on the supper-table, there was a sideboard for gentleman, in a room out of common observation, well stocked with brandy, gin and whiskey, and it was a little curious to see how quickly this was discovered by certain of the guests, who scented it as truly as a bee scents honey in a clover-field, and extracted its sweets as eagerly.

Of the guests who were present we have now to deal chiefly with Mr. Ridley, and only incidentally with the rest. Dr. Hillhouse was there during the first part of the evening, but went away early—that is, before twelve o'clock. He remained long enough, however, to do full justice to the supper and wines. His handsome and agreeable young associate, Dr. Angier, a slight acquaintance with whom the reader has already, prolonged his stay to a later hour.

The Rev. Dr. Elliott was also among the guests,

displaying his fine social qualities and attracting about him the young and the old. Everybody liked Dr. Elliott, he was so frank, so cordial, free and sympathetic, and, withal, so intelligent. He did not bring the clergyman with him into a gay drawing-room, nor the ascetic to a feast. He could talk with the banker about finance, with the merchant about trade, with the student or editor about science, literature and the current events of the day, and with young men and maidens about music and the lighter matters in which they happened to be interested. And, moreover, he could enjoy a good supper and knew the flavor of good wine. A man of such rare accomplishments came to be a general favorite, and so you encountered Mr. Elliott at nearly all the fashionable parties.

Mr. Ridley had met the reverend doctor twice, and had been much pleased with him. What he had heard him say about the healthy or rather saving influences of pure wine had taken a strong hold of his thoughts, and he had often wished for an opportunity to talk with him about it. On this evening he found that opportunity. Soon after his arrival at the house of Mr. Birtwell he saw Mr. Elliott in one of the parlors, and made his way into the little group which had already gathered around the affable clergyman. Joining in the conversation, which was upon some topic of the day, Mr. Ridley, who talked well, was not long in awakening that interest in the mind of Mr. Elliott which one cultivated and intelligent person naturally feels for another; and in a little while they had the conversation pretty much to themselves. It touched this theme and that, and finally drifted in a direction which enabled Mr. Ridley to refer to what he had heard Mr. Elliott say about the healthy effect of pure wine on the taste of men whose appetites had become morbid, and to ask him if he had any good ground for his belief.

"I do not know that I can bring any proof of my theory," returned Mr. Elliott, "but I hold to it on the ground of an eternal fitness of things. Wine is good, and was given by God to make glad the hearts of men, and is to be used temperately, as are all other gifts. It may be abused, and is abused daily. Men hurt themselves by excess of wine as by excess of food. But the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use. If a man through epicurism or gormandizing has brought on disease, what do you do with him? Deny him all food, or give him of the best in such quantities as his nutritive system can appropriate and change into healthy muscle, nerve and bone? You do the latter, of course, and so would I treat the case of a man who had hurt himself by excess of wine. I would see that he had only the purest and in diminished quantity, so that his deranged system might not only have time but help in regaining its normal condition."

"And you think this could be safely done?" said Mr. Ridley.

"That is my view of the case."

"Then you do not hold to the entire abstinence theory?"

"No, sir; on that subject our temperance people have run into what we might call fanaticism, and greatly weakened their influence. Men should be

taught self-control and moderation in the use of things. If the appetite becomes vitiated through over-indulgence, you do not change its condition by complete denial. What you want for radical cure is the restoration of the old ability to use without abusing. In other words, you want a man made right again as to his rational power of self-control, by which he becomes master of himself in all the degrees of his life, from the highest to the lowest."

"All very well," remarked Dr. Hillhouse, who had joined them while Mr. Elliott was speaking. "But, in my experience, the rational self-control of which you speak is one of the rarest things to be met with in common life, and it may be fair to conclude that the man who cannot exercise it before a dangerous habit has been formed will not be very likely to exercise it afterward when anything is done to favor that habit. Habits, Mr. Elliott, are dreadful hard things to manage, and I do not know a harder one to deal with than the habit of over-indulgence in wine or spirits. I should be seriously afraid of your prescription. The temperate use of wine I hold to be good; but for those who have once lost the power of controlling their appetites I am clear in my opinion there is only one way of safety, and that is the way of entire abstinence from any drink in which there is alcohol, call it, by what name you will; and this is the view now held by the most experienced and intelligent men in our profession."

A movement in the company being observed, Mr. Elliott, instead of replying, stepped toward a lady, and asked the pleasure of escorting her to the supper-room. Dr. Hillhouse was equally courteous, and Mr. Ridley, seeing the wife of General Logan, whom he had often met in Washington, standing a little way off, passed to her side and offered his arm, which was accepted.

There was a crowd and crush upon the stairs, fine gentlemen and ladies seeming to forget their courtesy and good breeding in their haste to be among the earliest who should reach the banqueting-hall. This was long and spacious, having been planned by Mr. Birtwell with a view to grand entertainments like the one he was now giving. In an almost incredibly short space of time it was filled to suffocation. Those who thought themselves among the first to move were surprised to find the tables already surrounded by young men and women, who had been more interested in the status of the supper-room than in the social enjoyments of the parlors, and who had improved their advanced state of observation by securing precedence of the rest, and stood waiting for the signal to begin.

Mr. Birtwell had a high respect for the church, and on an occasion like this could do no less than honor one of its dignitaries by requesting him to ask a blessing on the sumptuous repast he had provided—on the rich food and the good wine and brandy he was about dispensing with such a liberal hand. So, in the waiting pause that ensued after the room was well filled, Mr. Elliott was called upon to bless the feast, which he did in a raised, impressive and finely modulated voice. Then came the rattle of plates and the clink of

glasses, followed by the popping of champagne and the multitudinous and distracting Babel of tongues.

Mr. Ridley, who felt much inclined to favor the superficial and ill-advised utterances of Mr. Elliott, took scarcely any heed of what Dr. Hillhouse had replied. In fact, knowing that the doctor was free with wine himself, he did not give much weight to what he said, feeling that he was talking more for argument's sake than to express his real sentiments.

A feeling of repression came over Mr. Ridley as he entered the supper-room and his eyes ran down the table. Half of this sumptuous feast was forbidden enjoyment. He must not taste the wine. All were free but him. He could fill a glass for the elegant lady whose hand was still upon his arm, but must not pledge her back except in water. A sense of shame and humiliation crept into his heart. So he felt when, in the stillness that fell upon the company, the voice of Mr. Elliott rose in blessing on the good things now spread for them in such lavish profusion. Only one sentence took hold on Mr. Ridley's mind. It was this: "Giver of all natural as well as spiritual good things, of the corn and the wine equally with the bread and the water of life, sanctify these bounties that come from thy beneficent hand, and keep us from any inordinate or hurtful use thereof."

Mr. Ridley drew a deeper breath. A load seemed taken from his bosom. He felt a sense of freedom and safety. If the wine were pure, it was a good gift of God, and could not really do him harm. A priest, claiming to stand as God's representative among men, had invoked a blessing on this juice of the grape, and given it by this act a healthier potency. All this crowded upon him, stifling reason and experience and hushing the voice of prudence.

And now, alas! he was as a feather on the surface of a wind-struck lake, and given up to the spirit and pressure of the hour. The dangerous fallacy to which Mr. Elliott had given utterance held his thoughts to the exclusion of all other considerations. A clear path out of the dreary wilderness in which he had been straying seemed to open before him, and he resolved to walk therein. Fatal delusion!

As soon as Mr. Ridley had supplied Mrs. General Logan with terrapin and oysters, and filled a plate for himself, he poured out two glasses of wine and handed one of them to the lady, then, lifting the other, he bowed a compliment and placed it to his lips. The lady smiled on him graciously, sipping the wine and praising its flavor.

"Pure as nectar," was the mental response of Mr. Ridley as the long-denied palate felt the first thrill of sweet satisfaction. He had taken a single mouthful, but another hand seemed to grasp the one that held the cup of wine and press it back to his lips, from which it was not removed until empty.

The prescription of Mr. Elliott failed. Either the wine was not pure or his theory was at fault. It was but little over an hour from the fatal moment when Mr. Ridley put a glass of wine to his

lips ere he went out alone into the storm of a long-to-be-remembered night in a state of almost helpless intoxication, and staggered off in the blinding snow that soon covered his garments like a wind-ing-sheet.

The nurse of Mrs. Ridley had found her in a nervous chill, at which she was greatly troubled. More clothing was laid upon the bed, and bottles of hot water placed to her feet. To all this Mrs. Ridley made no objection—remained, in fact, entirely passive and irresponsible, like one in a partial stupor, from which she did not, to all appearance, rally even after the chill had subsided.

She lay with her eyes shut, her lips pressed together and her forehead drawn into lines, and an expression of pain on her face, answering only in dull monosyllables to the inquiries made every now and then by her nurse, who hovered about the bed and watched over her with anxious solicitude.

As she feared, fever symptoms began to show themselves. The evening had worn away, and it was past ten o'clock. It would not do to wait until morning in a case like this, and so a servant was sent to the office of Dr. Hillhouse, with a request that he would come immediately. She returned saying that the doctor was not at home.

Mrs. Ridley lay with her eyes shut, but the nurse knew by the expression of her face that she was not asleep. The paleness of her countenance had given way to a fever hue, and she noticed occasional restless movements of the hands, twitches of the eyelids and nervous starts. To her questions the patient gave no satisfactory answers.

An hour elapsed, and still the doctor did not make his appearance. The servant was called and questioned. She was positive about having left word for the doctor to come immediately on returning home.

"Is that snow?" inquired Mrs. Ridley, starting up in bed and listening. The wind had risen suddenly and swept in a gusty dash against the windows, rattling on the glass the fine hard grains which had been falling for some time.

She remained leaning on her arm and listening for some moments, while an almost frightened look came into her face.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"After eleven o'clock," replied the nurse.

All at once the storm seemed to have awakened into a wild fury. More loudly it rushed and roared and dashed its sand-like snow against the windows of Mrs. Ridley's chamber. The sick woman shivered and the fever flush died out of her face.

"You must lie down!" said the nurse, speaking with decision and putting her hands on Mrs. Ridley to press her back. But the latter resisted.

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am," urged the nurse, showing great anxiety, "you must lie down and keep covered up in bed. It might be the death of you."

"Oh, that's awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Ridley as the wind went howling by and the snow came in heavier gusts against the windows. "Past eleven, did you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, and the doctor ought to have been here long ago. I wonder why he doesn't come!"

"Hark! wasn't that our bell?" cried Mrs. Ridley, bending forward in a listening attitude.

The nurse opened the chamber door and stood hearkening for a moment or two. Not hearing the servant stir, she ran quickly down stairs to the street door and drew it open, but found no one.

There was a look of suspense and fear in Mrs. Ridley's face when the nurse came back:

"Who was it?"

"No one," replied the nurse. "The wind deceived you."

A groan came from Mrs. Ridley's lips as she sank down upon the bed, where, with her face hidden, she lay as still as if sleeping. She did not move nor speak for the space of more than half an hour, and all the while the nurse waited and listened through the weird, incessant noises of the storm for the coming of Dr. Hillhouse, but waited and listened in vain.

All at once, as if transferred to within a few hundred rods of these anxious watchers, the great clock of the city, which in the still hours of a calm night could be heard ringing out clear but afar off, threw a resonant clang upon the air, pealing the first stroke of the hour of twelve. Mrs. Ridley started up in bed with a scared look on her face. Away the sound rolled, borne by the impetuous wind-wave that had caught it up as the old bell shivered it off, and carried it away so swiftly that it seemed to die almost in the moment it was born. The listeners waited, holding their breaths. Then, swept from the course this first peal had taken, the second came to their ears after a long interval muffled and from a distance, followed almost instantly by the third, which went booming past them louder than the first. And so, with strange intervals and variations of time and sound as the wind dashed wildly onward or broke and swerved from its course, the noon of night was struck, and the silence that for a brief time succeeded left a feeling of awe upon the hearts of these lonely women.

To the ears of another had come these strange and solemn tones, struck out at midnight away up in the clear rush of the tempest, and swept away in a kind of mad sport, and tossed about in the murky sky. To the ears of another, who, struggling and battling with the storm, had made his way with something of a blind instinct to within a short distance of his home, every stroke of the clock seemed to come from a different quarter; and when the last peal rang out, it left him in helpless bewilderment. When he staggered on again, it was in a direction opposite to that in which he had been going. For ten minutes he wrought with the blinding and suffocating snow, which, turn as he would, the wind kept dashing into his face, and then his failing limbs gave out, and he sunk benumbed with cold upon the pavement. Half buried in the snow, he was discovered soon afterward and carried to a police station, where he found himself next morning in one of the cells, a wretched, humiliated, despairing man.

"Why, Mr. Ridley! It can't be possible!" It was the exclamation of the police magistrate when this man was brought, soon after daylight, before him.

Ridley stood dumb in presence of the officer, who was touched by the helpless misery of his face.

"You were at Mr. Birtwell's?"

Ridley answered by a silent inclination of his head.

"I do not wonder," said the magistrate, his voice softening, "that you lost your way in the storm last night. You are not the only one who found himself astray and at fault. Our men had to take care of quite a number of Mr. Birtwell's guests. But I will not detain you, Mr. Ridley. I am sorry this has happened. You must be more careful in future."

With slow steps and bowed head Mr. Ridley left the station-house and took his way homeward. How could he meet his wife? What of her? How had she passed the night? Vividly came up the parting scene as she lay with her babe, only a few days old, close against her bosom, her tender eyes, in which he saw shadows of fear, fixed lovingly upon his face. He had promised to be home soon, and had said a fervent "God bless you!" as he left a kiss warm upon her lips.

And now! He stood still, a groan breaking on the air. Go home! How could he look into the face of his wife again? She had walked with him through the valley of humiliation in sorrow and suffering and shame for years, and now, after going up from this valley and bearing her to a pleasant land of hope and happiness, he had plunged down madly. Then a sudden fear smote his heart. She was in no condition to bear a shock such as his absence all night must have caused. The consequences might be fatal. He started forward at a rapid pace, hurrying along until he came in sight of his house. A carriage stood at the door. What could this mean?

Entering, he was half-way up-stairs when the nurse met him.

"O Mr. Ridley!" she exclaimed, "why did you stay away all night? Mrs. Ridley has been so ill, and I couldn't get the doctor. O sir, I don't know what will come of it. She's in a dreadful way—out of her head. I sent for Dr. Hillhouse last night, but he didn't come."

She spoke in a rapid manner, showing much alarm and agitation.

"Is Dr. Hillhouse here now?" asked Mr. Ridley, trying to repress his feelings.

"No, sir. He sent Dr. Angier, but I don't trust much in him. Dr. Hillhouse ought to see her right away. But you do look awful, sir!"

The nurse fixed her eyes upon him in a half-wondering stare.

Mr. Ridley broke from her, and passing up the stairs in two or three long strides, made his way to the bath-room, where in a few moments he changed as best he could his disordered appearance, and then hurried to his wife's chamber.

A wild cry of joy broke from her lips as she saw him enter; but when he came near, she put up her hands and shrunk away from him, saying in a voice that fairly wailed, it was so full of disappointment: "I thought it was Ralph—my dear, good Ralph! Why don't he come home?"

Her cheeks were red with fever, and her eyes

bright and shining. She had started up in bed on hearing her husband's step, but now shrunk down under the clothing and turned her face away.

"Blanche! Blanche!" Mr. Ridley called the name of his wife tenderly as he stood leaning over her.

Moving her head slowly, like one in doubt, she looked at him in a curious, questioning way. Then, closing her eyes, she turned her face from him again.

"Blanche! Blanche!" For all the response that came, Mr. Ridley might as well have spoken to deaf ears. Dr. Angier laid his hand on his arm and drew him away.

"She must have as little to disturb her as possible, Mr. Ridley. The case is serious."

"Where is Dr. Hillhouse? Why did not he come?" demanded Mr. Ridley.

"He will be here after awhile. It is too early for him," replied Dr. Angier.

"He must come now. Go for him at once, doctor."

"If you say so," returned Dr. Angier, with some coldness of manner; "but I cannot tell how soon he will be here. He does not go out until after eight or nine o'clock, and there are two or three pressing cases besides this."

"I will go," said Mr. Ridley. "Don't think me rude or uncourteous, Dr. Angier. I am like one distracted. Stay here until I get back. I will bring Dr. Hillhouse."

"Take my carriage—it is at the door; and say to Dr. Hillhouse from me that I would like him to come immediately," Dr. Angier replied to this.

Mr. Ridley ran down-stairs, and springing into the carriage, ordered the driver to return with all possible speed to the office. Dr. Hillhouse was in bed, but rose on getting the summons from Dr. Angier and accompanied Mr. Ridley. He did not feel in a pleasant humor. The night's indulgence in wine and other allurements of the table had not left his head clear nor his nerves steady for the morning. A sense of physical discomfort made him impatient and irritable. At first all the conditions of this case were not clear to him; but as his thought went back to the incidents of the night, and he remembered not only seeing Mr. Ridley in considerable excitement from drink, but hearing it remarked upon by one or two persons who were familiar with his life at Washington, the truth dawned upon his mind, and he said abruptly, with considerable sternness of manner and in a quick voice: "At what time did you get home last night?"

Ridley made no reply.

"Or this morning? It was nearly midnight when I left, and you were still there, and, I am sorry to say, not in the best condition for meeting a sick wife at home. If there is anything seriously wrong in this case, the responsibility lies, I am afraid, at your door, sir."

They were in the carriage, moving rapidly. Mr. Ridley sat with his head drawn down and bent a little forward; not answering, Dr. Hillhouse said no more. On arriving at Mr. Ridley's residence, he met Dr. Angier, with whom he held a brief conference before seeing his patient. He found

her in no favorable condition. The fever was not so intense as Dr. Angier had found it on his arrival, but its effect on the brain was more marked.

"Too much time has been lost." Dr. Hillhouse spoke aside to his assistant as they sat together watching carefully every symptom of their patient.

"I sent for you before ten o'clock last night," said the nurse, who overheard the remark and wished to screen herself from any blame.

Dr. Hillhouse did not reply.

"I knew there was danger," pursued the nurse. "O doctor, if you had only come when I sent for you! I waited and waited until after midnight."

The doctor growled an impatient response, but so muttered and mumbled the words that the nurse could not make them out. Mr. Ridley was in the room, standing with folded arms a little way from the bed, stern and haggard, with wild, congested eyes and closely-shut mouth, a picture of anguish, fear and remorse.

The two physicians remained with Mrs. Ridley for over twenty minutes before deciding on their line of treatment. A prescription was then made, and careful instructions given to the nurse.

"I will call again in the course of two or three hours," said Dr. Hillhouse, on going away. "Should anything unfavorable occur, send to the office immediately."

"Doctor!" Mr. Ridley laid his hand on the arm of Dr. Hillhouse. "What of my wife?" There was a frightened look in his pale, agitated face. His voice shook.

"She is in danger," replied the doctor.

"But you know what to do? You can control the disease? You have had such cases before?"

"I will do my best," answered the doctor, trying to move on; but Mr. Ridley clutched his arm tightly and held him fast.

"Is it—is it—puer-p-p—" His voice shook so that he could not articulate the word that was on his tongue.

"I am afraid so," returned the doctor.

A deep groan broke from the lips of Mr. Ridley. His hand dropped from the arm of Dr. Hillhouse, and he stood trembling from head to foot, then cried out in a voice of unutterable despair: "From heaven down to hell in one wild leap! God help me!"

Dr. Hillhouse was deeply moved at this. He had felt stern and angry, ready each moment to accuse and condemn, but the intense emotion displayed by the husband shocked, subdued and changed his tone of feeling.

"You must calm yourself, my dear sir," he said. "The case looks bad, but I have seen recovery in worse cases than this. We will do our best. But remember that you have duties and responsibilities that must not fail."

"Whatsoever in me lies, doctor," answered Mr. Ridley, with a sudden calmness that seemed supernatural, "you may count on my doing it. If she dies, I am lost." There was a deep solace in his tones as he uttered this last sentence. "see, sir," he added, "what I have at stake."

"Just for the present little more can be than to follow the prescriptions we have

and watch their effect on the patient," returned Dr. Hillhouse. "If any change occurs, favorable or unfavorable, let us know. If your presence in her room should excite or disturb her in any way, you must prudently abstain from going near her."

The two physicians went away with but little hope in their hearts for the sick woman. Whatever the exciting cause or causes might have been, the disease which had taken hold of her with unusual violence presented already so fatal a type that the issue was very doubtful.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 6.

INSTEAD of standing beside old hearthstones on the site of a cabin that was old and tumble-down fifty years ago, this time let us introduce you to one of the past winter evenings at "our house." They are common to us; so common that we will not know how to appreciate them until they are gone forever.

Imagine, then, a pleasant sitting-room, and the family busy with reading and writing; father sits on one side of the low desk, and I on the other, while May, a rosy girl in her latter teens, is sitting before us toeing a stocking. She works awkwardly, for she throws her hand up every time she makes a stitch.

Father grows weary of reading, and takes off his glasses, lays the paper on the desk, and draws nearer the glowing coal-fire, and, while warming his feet, looks over at May, and with a little laugh says: "Dolly, you can't knit like Granny Benjamin did."

Granny Benjamin! We'd never heard her name before, and I said: "Who was she, father, and how did she knit?"

"Well, it was just awhile after we came to Ohio. We landed at Newark, and stayed there until February, 1811. It was in December, 1810, I remember, that a man came to our house and told us that the oldest woman living in Newark was going to talk that night, and they wanted all the folks to turn out and hear her. I was born in 1801, and was a little shaver, but my daddy took Betsey and Patty and me with him and mamma.

"Granny Benjamin was the blacksmith's mother, and sat in a little old chair knitting. She knit while she talked; she rocked back and forth, and told the whole story of the Revolution. She spoke from experience—told what she had seen, and heard, and suffered, and of the woe it brought to her own family. I cannot remember any of the particulars, only that all the people in town were there and paid marked attention. I thought it a little strange that she did not lay aside her knitting, but my mother said that it helped her memory, and that she could converse better if her fingers were busy.

The town was about eight years old at that time, and they had a jail even then. It was built of heavy and rude, but looked very jail-y to

"That is very sad," I said, "to think that in those early days jails must put in an appearance; but I presume they only built it because it was a sign of civilization;" and I laughed at father in a fun-making way.

"Oh, they needed it, or they would not have built it!" was his reply. "There was one prisoner in it, a man named Hough; his offence was shooting with intent to kill.

"Granny Benjamin talked all the evening; and she was a very graceful old knitter; she didn't throw her hand over every time she made a stitch. She wore a scant little poky gown with a pocket in each side, a dress handkerchief pinned smoothly across her bosom, and a white cambric cap with a high crown. She was called a very intelligent old lady. I remember of going home that night. We buried the fire before we left, but soon had a roaring good one after we got back. There were three families of us living in that one little log-house, Solomon Hill's, Moses Adsit's and my daddy's, but we got along as smoothly as though there was only one family."

"Your father was fond of reading—what did he do for his weekly paper?" I asked.

"Oh, he took a paper as soon as we entered our land and had an abiding place! He could have lived without bread easier than without his paper. He subscribed for the nearest one, the *Muskingum Messenger*, published at Zanesville, seventy miles away. Mails did not run regularly then; for awhile our nearest post-office was twenty miles away, then fourteen for a few years. We did not get letters very frequently. The postage on a letter was fifty cents, and money was very scarce, indeed sometimes there was hardly any in the country at all. You cannot imagine how a poor, half-starved man felt when he knew there was a letter for him in the office and he could not pay the fifty cents postage. He would take it in his hand and look at it, and feel of it, and shake it, and listen to its rattle with bright eyes, and he would smell of it, and gloat over the postmark that told him it was New England, or Pennsylvania, or Virginia, and then with a longing, loving, greedy look give it back into the hands of the waiting official, and turn away to try some means of raising the half-dollar of postage."

"I wonder how the money would come if a poor fellow knew no way of earning it?" said one of the girls, compassionately.

"Well, I hardly know, unless he would go to a man in good circumstances and get a half-dollar on any condition the man had a mind to propose," replied father.

I said: "When you were a young man, and in a pinch for money, how did you manage?"

"Well, I recall a good many times in which I needed money, and sometimes I made it come. But nineteen dollars and twenty cents was all I wanted to start with, and really, when I was a lad and in my teens, I almost agonized for that paltry sum. You see all the land about us in Ohio was called Virginia military school land; it was a grant for services rendered, and a man could enter a quarter section or more and live on it five years by paying the interest on the purchase-money.

The interest was nineteen dollars and twenty cents a year, and the purchase-money was three hundred and twenty dollars, to be paid at the end of five years. So that a man had the land five years for nothing. Not one man out of ten could hold what he entered; he could not, or did not, pay the nineteen dollars and twenty cents, and so he forfeited the land. Such cases were common all around us, and it used to make me shut my teeth and say: "Oh, if I were only a man!"

One day in the spring, a dear little girl was leaving our village and going to Kansas. A good many of the neighbors went to the depot to see the child start and to bid her loving good-byes.

We were talking about it at the dinner-table and discussing the presents given to Mina, when father said, with a little sniff of a laugh: "How times have changed! Now, when we left the Falls in 1810, there was a great crowd of old neighbors came to see us off. We lived a mile or so away from the Falls, but we stopped two or three hours when we came down to the village."

"What Falls? I thought you came from Willsborough?" I asked.

"Well, yes; Willsborough, Essex County, New York; but when we spoke of it we called it 'The Falls.' You see, the village is situate on Gilleland's Creek, where the falls are. Boats ran up as far as Willsborough then. Why, in time of the war, the British ran up the creek and burnt the mill at the Falls!

"Ha, ha! I remember at the time of my daddy's sale there were three pretty good old baskets that were either overlooked or couldn't be sold, and that 4th of September morning, when we left the old place, some one stuck the baskets up on the wagon. When we stopped at the Falls to bid the multitude good-bye, it seems that it was customary to treat, and the first thing I knew was hearing old Dannels crying a sale most vociferously. There he was selling those old baskets with a relish, and the money that paid for them went to buy liquor to treat the crowd. It was customary then to treat; really a man, if he considered himself a gentleman, could not get out of it. I suppose my daddy had little enough money, and old Dannels knew it, and did him a kindness by turning the baskets into grog. People made a great fuss over us when we started; there was a good deal of crying, and shaking hands, and bidding of long farewells. It was a great undertaking to move to Ohio in those days. Our friends supposed we were coming out here to be roasted and eaten by the Indians."

"Was it a wearisome journey?" I inquired.

"We were forty-nine days on the road; seven weeks. Yes, it was tiresome," he answered; "and there was such a prejudice against the Yankees in the State of Pennsylvania that we were made very uncomfortable sometimes. You can guess how we would feel if we could not reach a tavern at night, and wanted to stop at a private house, willing to pay them and cause them as little trouble and annoyance as possible, and instead of a cordial 'turn in! turn in!' the pursey, well-fed, old proprietor would say in a voice of thunder: 'Pegone! you tam Yangee pack! I 'spices you!' or,

the rosy matron would make up a compact fist, and squall out: 'Clear out; I makes te pool tog pite! you cheetin' whelps wat would trive us out'n house an' home wiz your tsharp ways! Te tevil is so goot as you wile Yangees!'"

At this we all laughed, and I said: "Well, we paid the poor dears back, didn't we father? ha, ha! 'The mills of God grind slowly, but with exactness,' you know. My! what wonders time has wrought in fifty years. We're all a mixture of good old Pennsylvania red blood and old New England blue blood, and what a great crop the rich, new soil of wild Ohio did bring forth! The blood is so mixed, and the loves are so entangled, and the blessed ties so intertwined, and the hates so deeply buried, and the new likes so charming, that taking apart would be intricate, and ravelling impossible. We don't care what the sturdy Dutch farmers, long, long ago, snarled out at the poor wayside immigrants with their old rackety 'hossis' and their white, covered, rickety, rumbling 'waggins,' do we, father?"

And father laughed and said: "No, we don't care—these old memories are far away in the past, and I am glad that soon they will be forgotten."

Then I said: "Tell us about the journey, father."

"Well, I do 'no' as I can tell much; I was such a little shaver, and had never studied geography, so that the main points of that long trip were not much to me but a jumbled together remembrance. I only know that my heart ached all the time for the little boys I had left behind. I did not like the looks of the new country at all. I remember going through Delaware County in York State; Bald Eagle Creek, near Delhi, New York, a stream that seems to me was about the size of the Muskingum; of crossing the Susquehanna in two places, once in a boat, and once on a toll-bridge; and we crossed the mountains near Blair's Gap, a little north of it; I remember Lock Haven, and I mind of Betsey falling into Pine Creek near its mouth, where it empties into the Lycoming River. We were crossing on a foot-bridge, Aaron Crosby was leading her and she got dizzy—like our mamma always did—and fell in and pulled Aaron in with her. 'Twa'n't dangerous; just came to Aaron's waist."

"I should think, from the name, that Pine Creek was a beautiful stream," I said; "that the banks were steep and rocky and green with pines."

"That's just what I thought and hoped for," said father, "when I heard my daddy say that we'd cross Pine Creek in a couple of hours. I thought I'd see some of the beautiful pines and hemlocks like we had left behind us in Essex County, but it was the loneliest, dreariest place I had ever seen, and I was glad to get away from it. I guess, though, further up the creek, it was, perhaps, very wild and beautiful."

"Then I remember Greensburg, Ebensburg, Washington—all lonely little places—yes, and Belfonte, in Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to this day I shudder when I recall that God-forsaken, lonely little hamlet. There were about a half dozen houses, the tavern was, oh, so lonely and gloomy! I could hardly stand it to stay there

until the horses ate their feed. I wandered round aimlessly and found three or four poor little pet fawns shut up in a dirty pen at the back of the house. That made me feel worse than ever.

"We crossed the Ohio River at Wheeling. We landed on the island and walked across it, then went over the rest of the river. The island was very beautiful; I remember the silver-white sands, and the trees, and I thought then that during a time of high waters the magnificent island would be overflowed. Next I recall Cambridge in Guernsey County, Ohio. The county had only been organized a few months, but the village had been there, perhaps, a dozen years. Then we came to Zanesville. This village had been laid out in 1799, and called Westbourn, but when a post-office was established there, it bore the name of Zanesville, and soon the village took that name. It was a wild and pretty place. We forded the Muskingum River at Zanesville, below the mouth of the Licking, and made our way direct to Newark, and there the wagon-road stopped, and for four months we stayed there and in Clinton, a little village near Newark, that was supposed would one day be the seat of justice for Licking County.

"In February, 1811, we came further on and my daddy entered this farm. Before he entered it, however, we stopped a few weeks with one of the best men I ever knew. He lived with a son on the Billy Irvine farm. He was a widower, and the father and son kept house and had good times. We were poor enough by this time, but that good old man, John Davis, a sterling old soldier, one of General Washington's men, made us cordially welcome. My mamma's cooking pleased him, he said it was so good to see housework done by a woman, that it made everything seem so homelike and cheerful. It always makes me angry to hear any one speak lightly of the memory of Uncle Davis, for he was so perfectly unselfish and kind and tender. He had four dogs, and he loved them with a human love almost. He was a great hunter—liked to kill wolves, and bears, and deers, and especially foxes. He had any amount of fox and coon-skins on hand."

"Were they worth anything? could he sell them?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a fox-skin was worth right smart and coon-skins were a quarter of a dollar."

"Father, what were the names of his dogs? or can't you remember?" said the youngest listener.

"Oh, I'll never forget the names of Uncle Davis's dogs!" said he, in a 'shamed way, looking down and laughing. "The two hounds were called Music and Song; and the two brave, old, sturdy bull-dogs were Lion and Bull. When I look away back now, I wonder how the old man and his son managed to live so well, for uncle was too old to clear and till land, and David was too easy-like. Why, in the three years that they lived on that quarter, they only cleared and cultivated one acre; but he was a noble old man, and, really, I don't believe he had one single fault."

"What became of the poor old soldier, father, at last?" I inquired.

Here father sighed and said: "Well, his end was sad enough. After awhile the laws were made so

that old soldiers drew pensions, and then he lived very comfortably and easy with Dave and his wife—Dave married a good girl, a daughter of old Peter Zimmerman's. One time, Uncle Davis had been down to Chillicothe—which was the temporary capital of the State for a few years—to draw his pension, and on his way home died, fell off his horse, and his body was found at the wayside, cold and dead. His money was in his pocket, and his body showed no signs of violence. It was supposed that he died of apoplexy or heart disease. It is very pleasant for me to recall that old man. Just think! his cabin had one room, about fourteen by eighteen, and there were four families of us all in there together. Let me see: there was Uncle Davis and son Dave, were two; Uncle Solomon Hill, and Aunt Aby, and Harvey, and their granddaughter, Maria Patter, that made six; then Uncle Moses Adsit, and Aunt Hannah, with their three children, Alva, Eliza and Phebe, that made eleven; then came my daddy and mamma, and five children, Betsey, Clark, Orson, Abbie and I—we had left Patty down at Newark, at school—well that made just eighteen in the family, besides the two bull-dogs and the two hounds, that required feeding as regularly as four boys would. I'd like to see a poor man now days who would swing open his door and bid welcome sixteen men, women, children and young babies," said father, with eyes aglow.

"That man has passed away and his like will be known no more forever," said one of the boys, solemnly.

"How did the women make arrangements for sleeping?" asked May.

"Oh, made beds all over the cabin floor! the men slept at one side of the house, and the women at the other, and Uncle Davis and Dave slept on a queer sort of a bedstead in one corner," was the reply.

"Where did they put the bedding in daytime, so that they could have the use of the cabin?" I asked.

"They piled it all up on the one bedstead, so it would be out of the way."

"Did it look cosy at night when the light was burning, and the curtains drawn, and the chairs all occupied, and the good stories floating about?" said May, with a bright eye and smiling face.

At this father laughed till he shook all over.

"Why, bless you, child, what are you talking about? curtains, and lights, and chairs! There wa'n't a window in the cabin, nor a chair, nor even a tallow candle, nor lamp of any kind. These things you speak of are luxuries; we had only the bare necessities of life. Instead of a window, the light came down the low, wide stone chimney and in from the top of the door."

"Ah, a kind of a transom! Yes, I understand," said she.

"Transom! that is rich for 1811! transom! ha, ha!" and father laughed long and heartily.

"No, there were no boards in those days to make doors out of, and Uncle Davis had made his door in two parts, twice the lengths of clap-boards; it would open in the middle, and so when we wanted light we opened the upper half as you

would swing open a shutter. It was in the month of January, and a good bit of cold came in with the light, but we didn't mind that at all. But if a woman wanted to thread a needle or sew on a patch, she went close up to the fireplace and used the light that came down the chimney. For chairs, we used little stools or benches.

"Yes, we had pleasant times in the evenings, sitting and listening to Uncle Davis tell good old Revolutionary stories. The old man used to fire up until it did one good just to look into his face. He grew really handsome in those times in which he was fighting his battles over again."

"You must have been very poor, for in coming such a long journey with only one wagon, you could not bring much," said I; "bedding, and clothing, and a few books would be about all."

"Yes," said father, "we brought nothing with us. The churn was put in the back part of the wagon and packed full of things; and we brought the tea-kettle and a few dishes. I remember that my daddy stopped at an iron foundry, eight miles above Zanesville, and bought a big dinner-pot. My mamma was pretty apt and shrewd and could manage well.

"Money was very scarce, but, somehow, we lived through. I remember, one time, when I was a young married man, that I needed cash to make a payment, and all I had to sell that would bring money was four three-years-old steers, and

I sold them for thirty-two dollars. Nowdays a man can sell a steer of that age for forty dollars."

"I do wonder what women did when they needed money in those times," said I.

"Well, they spun flax for seventy-five cents a week and boarded; or, one dollar and board themselves. Six dozen outs was a week's work, but I never knew, even then, of their getting money for work," said father; "they thought they were doing well to be paid in flour, meal, corn, flax, linen, or a calf or pig. Indeed, money was out of the question, and in a case of this kind, of course they could get along without it if they only thought so.

"Why, I knew of a young woman, eighteen years old, coming to your mother, a couple of years after we were married, and with a very modest, downcast face, saying: 'I never yit had a caliker gown, an' I want fur to spin fur you, and fur you to git me one, so I kin go to meetin' an' hole my hed up with the best of 'em.'

"Your mother got her one immediately, and let her take her own time to pay for it. I think I never saw a woman feel richer or better than Anna did in her 'fust caliker gown.' There was nothing she liked better than to flirt round corners suddenly, and let the air lift it, it made her feel like flying or sailing airily. There never had been any flirt in the narrow, poky, scant linseys she had worn all her life."

The Story-Teller.

FLO'S FLOWER MISSION.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"WHAT'S the matter, mother mine? No bad news, I hope."

"I've just received a letter from my old school-friend, Mrs. Payson. She's in great distress. Her youngest son, Larule, has left home. Ran away in the middle of the night, three weeks ago. Poor Sabina, although possessing ample for their support, has had a world of trouble with her five fatherless boys. It's her own fault, however. When I saw them, ten years ago, they were as good as the average, willing to be led, furious if driven, and Sabina was a regular driver. As soon as they were of age they have left her, one by one. Larule, it appears, hasn't waited for that. He's just twenty; not quite two years your senior, Flo. Sabina wanted to make him a minister, nature has made him an artist; that's been the difficulty. She says she has good reason for thinking he sailed for California, and wants me to ask your pa what she shall do."

"Pa'll say let him sail."

"Yes; I suppose he will."

"Then suppose we let him, and suppose you put away your letter and come out in the garden. Ever so many roses opened last night. Our little six-by-nine is a perfect bower."

Flo Estlow was right. Red and white climbers over-reaching, mingled blush and pallor. The

crimson wine of one dyeing the white drift of the other. The air was heavy with their scented sighing. Flash of bee and butterfly, with now and then a dip of larger, darker wings, told how far the secret of their sweetness strayed. Smaller flowers smiled unnoticed under the fragrant pavilion they formed. Even a monthly, with pink and white sea-shell tinting, was of little or no consequence just then. There was a woodbine, too, pouring honied sweetness out of golden trumpet-horns, nor scarce winning a thought. Everybody and everything was sure of these bloomers by and by; their June rose guest was so fair, so fleeting, not a moment of her presence must be lost.

"Mother," said Flo, surveying the scene with eyes as blue as the arching skies, "this is the Feast of Roses; all the world should be invited thereto. I long to go out and, if need be, compel the people to come in." She was darting hither and thither, her houri hair unbound and flashing back the sun, the tints of youth and health on lip and cheek. "I know what I'll do," pausing and dipping like a humming-bird into a rich rose-heart, then coming out again with red rain on her shoulders, "not 'go be a nunnerly,' as old Polonius tells poor Ophelia, but go be a Flower Mission."

"Where will you go?"

"Wherever my Queen Rose bids."

"Nonsense. I mean how will you find the people that need your flowers? Unauthorized, alone, you would be denied entrance to hospital or prison,

even were I willing you should go into such places."

"Motherdy, didst ever carry a bunch of roses through the streets?"

"Many a time."

"Then haven't you seen longing looks, nay, very hearts, going out after them? Do not little children, even from the gutters, beg for just one?"

"Oh, yes, but for all that they may have plenty at home."

"Everybody don't have them at home. There are places, so-called, hundreds of them, where flowers never bloom, a rose is never seen. It is easy to find them, easy to find flowerless folk."

"But, Flo, you surely don't contemplate visiting courts and alleys."

"With your permission, I surely do. Thad has a week's holiday; I can take him along, for the look's sake."

"Yes, so you could."

"Then you consent?"

"Provided your father does."

"Pa's sure to. We'll start to-morrow morning, bright and early. Hundreds of roses are waiting to come out for that very purpose."

"A rose and a woodbine spray," said Flo, inhaling their fragrant breath before tying them with a scarlet cord; "there's summer enough to reach around the world! Just one rose, Thad. Don't be extravagant. Red, white or pink, one rose and a spray of woodbine forms the bouquet."

Starting out with their fragrant burden, this sister and brother were a charming pair. She with the bloom of eighteen on cheek and lip, he wearing his fourteen summers with the grace and dignity of twenty-one. It was early morning, and they joined that great procession—moving without banners or music, and that nobody goes to see—the procession of men, women and children, wending their way to their daily labor.

"You can play Lady Bountiful; I'll be simply your cup-bearer," said Thad.

Many eyes turned wistfully upon that bank of bloom in those young arms, and still it was not lessened by a single spray. Glancing along the line of weary faces, Flo Estlow's tender heart misgave her. She had hoped a rose,

"Like balm, would steal

Into wounds that cannot heal,"

but what was a flower to the great heart of humanity throbbing so painfully before her?

"Did you bring these out to give away, or simply to perfume the air?" asked Thad, after they had walked four or five squares.

"To give away, of course; and yet I'm afraid to. Nearly all these people are wanting so much, a flower seems like a mockery. It's taking time to bring my mind to the do-what-you-can duty."

"Meanwhile our roses are getting no fresher."

"True. Wait; I'll offer this sickly-looking woman one. She's going to work when she ought to be in her bed. Since I can't send her there, I'll send a bit of brightness to the shop. Will you have a rose?"

An instant's lighting of the pale, sad face and a "Thank you," sincerely uttered, gave our little

Flower Mission courage. "Gim me un?" made it easy to drop a bloomy branch into the hand of neglected childhood; while "Thoses? Ady? Thoses?" from a dirty-faced, yet tantalizingly kissable little creature, rendered service a delight.

There were four tiny bouquets left. One of these dropped into the gutter where wallowed a boy with enough beauty in his soul to reach after it. Another was laid, tenderly, in a palsied hand, a third fell softly in the lap of the blind. Flo was left wondering to whom the last should go, when a woman with a basket passed, looked longingly at the dainty spray, hesitated, then said: "Have you a rose to spare for a sick lad?"

"Certainly," answered Flo, asking where he was, and congratulating herself on having so worthy a personage on whom to bestow her last floral offering.

They would find him at the window of the fourth house from the corner. "I'm in a great hurry, else I'd go back with you," added the woman; "but you won't miss it. It's the cleanest place hereabout, although I do say it myself."

The stranger was bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and scrupulously neat, still there was nothing in her appearance that prepared Flo Estlow for the extreme delicacy and refinement of the face she saw at the window, leaning back in an arm-chair, with closed eyelids. Not having taken into consideration the various standpoints from whence persons estimate age, she was surprised, too, to find a young man in place of a little, ailing boy. A handsome man, beside, with jet black, wavy hair, black eye-lashes and sweet, firm lips from whence the color had fled. The window being low, she plucked up courage, and was about to lay her June gems on the pillow, then slip away, when, all of a sudden, the midnight eyes opened, and gazed, not at her, but at the dove-white hand bringing summer into his drear November day. Color enough for a whole garden of roses dyed the fair girl-cheeks. She drew back hastily, her golden hair fluttering as though, but for ribbon bonds, it would spread into wings and fly away with her. How absurd to be caught dangling flowers over a sick man's nose.

"I beg your pardon, did you speak?"

"We met a lady who asked us to bring you a rose," said Thad, since silence sealed Flo's lips.

There was a scrambling inside, a scampering of very short-stepping feet, and a tugging at the door-knob.

"Many thanks. You'll please walk in, won't you? My little Rabbit's trying to open the door."

Thad assisted, and two miniature editions of the red-cheeked woman stood revealed. "Haven't you a rose for me?" asked the largest of these, the smallest being too tiny to do anything but stare.

Flo, overwhelmed with regret, volunteered a kiss instead.

"I'll take it," answered little sincerity with a sigh, "but I'd a heap rather have a rose."

"If you get me some water to put these in, you shall have them in a day or two. I want them now for something very particular," said the sick man.

"Oh, I know, I know!" exclaimed the little girl.

Yes, but she was not to tell, answered the invalid, and again urged his visitors to walk in. Being very tired, they accepted the invitation. Thad was soon drawn out on school topics, while Flo became so engrossed in the baby-woman as never to dream how time was passing until the red-cheeked mother returned from market. She was glad they had come in to see Mr. Smith, and Flo, with an inexplicable thrill at her heart, was equally glad to discover that he was not her husband. They were to call again. Thad having become perfectly fascinated with Mr. Smith; Flo laboring to persuade herself she was proportionately fascinated with the children. At any rate she must go the very next day and take Rabbit the promised bouquet.

"Her name's Rebecca," explained Mrs. Grow, apologetically, "but it was too long for a baby-girl, so her father began calling her Rabbit, and I fell in with it. You don't mind it for a pet name, do you?"

The morning had been crowded with delightful experiences, the last, most delightful of all. Of course Flo Estlow didn't "mind."

They called the following evening, and, upon leaving, Mrs. Grow walked as far as the corner to tell how her husband, at the hotel where he was employed, had found Mr. Smith sick. They had both known him when a boy, and nothing would do but he must come to their own home.

"'Twas a poor roof compared to the hotel, yet the hearts under it are warm, and if there's heart-warmth in a hotel, nobody ever finds it out."

After that day, Flo was not able to conjure any reasonable excuse for going, and felt an odd, nervous shrinking from asking further permission, knowing well how closely questions would come. Thad went, however. Mr. Estlow knowing some little about Mr. Grow, was quite sure that all was right. The boy was at perfect liberty to cultivate his new acquaintance. Flo hovered about on his return from these visits, drinking in every utterance, while loveliest rose-ripples crossed her cheeks at mention of Mr. Smith's acknowledgment of the tiny bouquets she sent, and his desire to be remembered.

Four days later, Thad came in deeply distressed. Mr. Smith had a relapse, was entirely out of his mind, raved about his "Queen rose of the garden of girls," his mother, and called himself by another name.

"They didn't want me to go up-stairs and see him," continued Thad, "but hearing me speak, he insisted on my coming. I had to go to quiet him, and what do you think, he took this from under his pillow, telling me to bring it home. See here, Flo."

Flo's face was toward the window. She did not turn directly, indeed might scarce have looked at all, had not an exclamation from her mother startled her.

"Why, that's our Flo's hand, holding one of her flower-mission bouquets! What a lovely picture!"

Mrs. Estlow gazed intently, then asked Thad a

few hurried questions. These ended in her tying on her bonnet and seeking the Grow's humble home-roof. The sick lad proved to be Sabina Paysont's son, just as she suspected on seeing the picture.

"I was his nurse five years," said Mrs. Grow, outside of the sick chamber; "then waiting-maid in the house five on top of that. I loved Larule dearly, and, if you, being her friend, will excuse my saying so, his mother was hard on him, very hard. So, when my husband found him a runaway and sick, we took him in as if he'd been our own brother. I was ready to call him Mr. Smith, or anything else, and willing to shelter him as long as he needed me. He was going to California, poor lamb, to seek his fortune, when the fret of it all—for he loved his mother, ma'am—took him down. Dear child, he may never lift his pretty head again!"

In spite of these forebodings he did lift it. As soon as he was able to be moved, the Estlows took him to their own home. Exhausted by the journey, for he was still very weak, they laid him on a lounge under the window, where red and white rose-rain dropped, and into which stole woodbine whisperings and hum of honey-burdened bee. His mother, Mrs. Estlow, several married Estlows and Thad surrounded him, while Flo, like some shy, winged creature, hovered afar, too deliciously happy at seeing him once more to draw near and have her tell-tale face betray her.

Sabina Paysont was persuaded into giving up the idea of the pulpit for her youngest, and consented to his remaining with Mr. Estlow, pursuing his artist studies until of age. His birthday came in May, consequently this present month sees him past twenty-one, and in possession of a handsome income from the paternal estate.

June roses are here once more, and the little "six-by-nine" again blooms out a perfect bower. Before the month's sweet moon sets the white rose-drift will see its fairest buds resting in Flo's sunny hair and on her pure girl-bosom. She starts on another mission, hand in hand with one not a brother. It may not be all flowery, this new path, but if there's summer enough in a rose and a woodbine spray to reach around the world—and who, looking out upon them to-day, doubts it—surely there's bliss enough in two fond hearts, such hearts as Larule's and Flo's, to brighten the whole of life.

It is home business which is the test of goodness. A pleasant order to the worn-out servant "not to hurry" won't delay the supper; a sympathetic, loving kiss to the languid-looking mother will do her more good than wine. A little praise, a little wonder as to how she manages to keep the house so cool and clean, and endure all the worry of the nursery, will make her happy. If some only knew how good a word in season is, they would give it oftener, and get in exchange smiles and kisses, and pleasant little acknowledgments. A day has a great many good things in its gift, but the key to them all is renunciation and unselfishness.

DEBORAH NORMAN,*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE deacon's business interview with his agent on that particular Monday morning was far from being satisfactory. Everything seemed to be going crooked. Two of his miserably poor tenants, after having burned up doors, shutters and every available bit of wood that could be found on the premises, had gone off leaving their rent unpaid. Another tenant, who kept a vile saloon, in which debased men and women were the chief customers, had flatly refused to pay his rent unless it were reduced one-half, declaring with a shocking oath, which the agent was careful to repeat for the deacon's edification, that the "Crusaders" were coming, and would ruin his business.

Fretted beyond endurance by all this, the deacon dismissed his agent, and drove him angrily from his presence. He was walking about his office, passing from side to side with the quick, excited movements of a caged animal, when there came a low rap on his door. In answer to his gruff "Come in!" it was pushed gently open, and Deborah Norman entered, looking pale but peaceful. A quiet smile just touched her lips as she stepped into the room. Her presence acted as a charm; it was like the music played before Saul, driving out the evil spirits by which he was possessed. The turbulent waters of passion grew still; a great calm fell upon his soul.

"Good-morning," said the deacon, toning down his voice and making it as soft as possible. He reached out a hand toward the placid maiden, and she laid one of her soft palms within it, returning his spasmodic grip with a gentle pressure. The power of her simple sphere subdued him utterly. The touch of her hand was like the touch of an enchantress.

"How does thee do?" she returned, the smile fading from her lips as she stood and looked at him steadily.

"I have come to trouble thy peace," said Deborah. There came a sorrowful curve to her gentle mouth, and the deacon saw accusation in her clear eyes that did not withdraw themselves an instant from his countenance.

"Sit down," returned the deacon, and he offered his visitor a chair. They sat down near together, the deacon's face almost blank in the weakness and irresolution it exhibited. It was wonderful, the subtle power this strange young woman, whom he had only met twice before, was able to hold over the coarse, hard, self-asserting Pharisee.

"I had rather bring thee peace than trouble of soul," began Deborah; "but I can speak only as the spirit moves me. I do not come of my own will; but constrained of God, whose spirit I may not resist. I am His messenger. He has given thee money and great influence. Thou art His steward and almoner; and He says to thee now,

through His weak and humble servant, 'I shall require, ere long, an account of thy stewardship.' How does the reckoning stand? If He were to call for the account to-day, art thou ready to hand it in, assured of the 'Well done, good and faithful servant?'"

A shiver ran through the strong man's frame, and a look of fear settled in his eyes.

"I saw a thing yesterday," Deborah went on, after a little pause in her speech, "that made me very sad. Men, fired by strong drink, tearing each other like wild beasts, and I had no power to stop them. It was dreadful. Only a little while before the church bells were ringing, and the very peace of Heaven seemed resting on this quiet town. Thee had gone to worship God in the congregation of his people; but I could not go. It seemed like mockery to offer up prayer and praise, when, near to the very church doors, the gates of death and hell stood open, and no hand was put forth to close them. Nay, worse than mockery, when I knew that one of the worshippers had himself opened these gates, and made gain of the ruin of souls."

She paused. The deacon was actually trembling.

"I should not be guiltless before God," Deborah resumed, "if I did not say to thee, friend Strong, 'Thou art the man!'"

He started like one struck with a sharp pain.

"It was in one of thy houses," she went on, "that I saw men mad with strong drink, tearing each other like wild beasts, and filling the air with curses; and this while thee was in church serving God! How could thee think such service acceptable to the pure, and true, and loving Father of us all!"

Deacon Strong rose hastily, strode across the room, and, opening the door of his office, motioned Deborah to retire. His convulsed face told of the wild storm that was in his heart.

But Deborah did not stir.

"Go!" he exclaimed. "Go!"

"Thee had better let me remain," was Deborah's calm response. "My going will not alter the truth of things; and it is the truth thee has to deal with. I may go, but that will remain."

The deacon stood for some moments looking at Deborah with a baffled expression on his face. Then he came back from the door and sat down again. His coarse passion was no match for the subtle strength of her quiet will.

"If we cannot ask the blessing of God upon anything that we receive, it will be an unsafe possession, and curse us in the holding or in the using," said Deborah. "Does thee not believe this?"

The deacon was silent.

"If thee believes God's word thee believes it?"

He still kept silence.

"I have not come to thee of my own will," Deborah continued; "nor in anything to serve myself. A power that I cannot resist and be conscience-clear, has drawn me hither, and I speak to thee not of myself, but as one constrained by the Spirit of God. Thy soul is in great peril; for thee is not only consenting to the hurt of thy neighbor, but making gain of his hurt. It is an awful risk

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that thee is taking, friend Strong; and thee has taken it without due consideration. But now God calls upon thee to consider and take heed unto thy ways. He has sent me to warn thee of the dangers that lie in thy path, and the ruin that will surely overtake thy soul if thee does not repent and cease from this evil thing. He has not sent me in wrath, but in love and mercy, that thy own soul, and the souls of all put in jeopardy through thee, may, if possible, be saved."

The heart of Deacon Strong sank within him. All his spiritual confidence was gone. The wings of his faith drooped, and no longer held him afar up in the serene atmosphere where he had dwelt on the day before. He was not now able to deceive himself by subtle reasonings, nor to rest assured of forgiveness and justification with God through loyalty to doctrine, while his life in the world set the pure precepts of the Gospel at defiance.

"I have troubled thy spirit and brought thee into doubt and darkness," said Deborah, reading in the deacon's face his state of mind. "Thee does not see a clear path before thee. Thy steps falter and thy heart is faint. Now, 'If any man lack wisdom,' says the Apostle James, 'let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' We both lack wisdom now. Let us ask of him to give us light."

As Deborah said this, she knelt upon the floor—her companion not stirring from his chair, but only covering his face with his hands—and in a few low and tenderly-uttered sentences asked God to bless the few words she had spoken, and make plain to the deacon the way in which He would have him walk. "Give him," she said, "the Spirit of Christ, that, following in His footsteps, he may do good, comforting the mourner, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, casting out devils; so that the world may be better for his life, and the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' be his joyful welcome when Thou shalt call him to go up higher."

By this time a complete revulsion had taken place in the mind of Deacon Strong, and he was again as much under the influence of Deborah Norman as on the occasion of his previous interview with that young woman. When she arose from her knees, she made a movement as if about to retire; seeing which the deacon said: "No, not yet."

She looked at him earnestly.

"You were at Conlan's saloon yesterday?"

"Yes."

"So I heard. It was there you saw men tearing each other like wild animals?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing there?"

"I went in Christ's name, hoping that I might turn some one from his evil ways."

"It was not well. You should not have gone there," said the deacon. "It is no place for a woman. Instead of doing good, you did harm. They were not fighting when you went in."

Deborah did not answer.

"It was your presence that stirred up strife; that set man against man."

"I went in Christ's name to do them good," said Deborah, "and good will come of it."

"If some one had not carried you to a place of safety, you might have been seriously injured."

"Some one did carry me to a place of safety," replied Deborah.

"You might as well have gone into a den of savage beasts," said the deacon, warning.

"The lions did not hurt Daniel; nor the fire the Hebrew children. I am not afraid."

"They have hurt many saints and martyrs, for all that. In these latter days God does not work miracles. If a man jump into a river he will drown; if he is thrown into a fiery furnace, he will be consumed; or if into a den of lions, he will be torn to pieces. We must not tempt God by setting his laws at defiance."

"Where duty calls I must go," answered Deborah, calmly; "and I know that I shall be safer in obedience than in disobedience."

"We may be mistaken as to our duty."

"Not often. God gives us a very clear sight as to duty, so leaving us without excuse. You know that it is wrong to rent your houses to be used for evil purposes, and let the gain of sin find its way into your hands."

The deacon's growing confidence died out. He had meant to push Deborah to the wall in this argument; but she was too much for him. She set her thoughts in no vague expressions, but spoke with a directness that left room for neither cavil nor excuse.

"If," she added, "the fight in Conlan's bar and my danger of being hurt should result in leading thee into the ways of duty, and so into shutting up two or three doors by which many now pass through to death and hell, then both the fight induced by my presence and the danger into which I was brought, will result in good. 'The wrath of man shall praise Him; but the remainder of wrath will He restrain.'"

The deacon was no match for Deborah, and he felt it now as he had felt it before. She accepted God's precepts as true, given for man's highest good, and to be obeyed both as to the letter and the spirit. He believed them in a sort of legal and general sense, and regarded his acceptable obedience as somehow included in the righteousness which comes by faith. With her, Christian duty lay in that neighborly regard which seeks the good of others; with him, soundness of doctrine and faithfulness to the services and ordinances of his church. His self-love and love of gain were perpetually leading him away from neighborly love, causing him to ignore the plainest Christian duties, and bringing his mind into such darkness of perception that he could not see how his life and actions among men were but the ultimate and intense expression of his real quality; while her denial of self was ever lifting her soul into higher spiritual atmospheres, in which Christian duty was seen to be love of the neighbor, and the life most acceptable to God, a life of good deeds, in which charity was the inspiring impulse. He shut his eyes to the needs of his fellow-men, while his thought of others had always some relation to

their service to himself; she, on the other hand, was ever thinking how she might serve others.

No wonder he was no match for her in any contest where spiritual weapons were to be used; for the finer steel of her sword of truth shattered his clumsy weapons, and penetrated the coarse scales of his armor at every blow and thrust. He bowed his head, and was for a long time silent. Deborah waited for him to speak.

At length he said: "There are many sides to this thing, and you do not see them all. Suppose I should refuse to rent my house to Conlan; it will be no trouble for him to get another and go right on with his business. No abatement of the evil will follow."

Deborah fixed her calm eyes on the deacon's face, but did not reply. As she looked at him her thoughts penetrated to his consciousness, and he saw the weakness of his excuse.

"It is safest," she remarked, "to have no share in the gain of evil doing."

"But I do not share the gain. I have nothing to do with that," said the deacon, warmly.

"Let us see," returned Deborah. "Does thee not receive more rent for this property as a drinking-house than it would bring if occupied as a dwelling, or as a shop for the sale of useful articles only?"

The deacon was silent.

"This being so," continued Deborah, taking his silence for assent, "is not the excess of rent received thy share in the gain of a great iniquity?—the gain of the first day of the week as well as the gain of every other day? Is thee not, in fact, a partner with Conlan in this business of destroying the bodies and souls of men, and equally guilty before God?—nay, more guilty?—for thee has greater light and stands before the world as a Christian man and an exemplar of that Gospel the mission of which is to lift men into Heaven, not to drag them into the regions of everlasting woe. Friend Strong," added Deborah, her voice taking on a warning tone, "this is an awful business! Thou art assuming a fearful risk! The gain of this traffic is in thy hands, and if thee does not cast it away it will curse thee with many sorrows; nay, it will shut thee out of Heaven; and what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? God is not mocked. What a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Good if good; evil if evil. Thou art sowing evil seed, and the harvest of such seed is bitter."

The calmness which had marked Deborah's deportment from the beginning had given way to a sly-like excitement, and her voice had risen to an intense fervor. Her eyes shone with a starry brightness; her cheeks flushed; her manner was that of an inspired prophetess. The deacon was awed by this change, and still more by her convicting utterances, which struck upon him with a condemning force that was half appalling.

Deborah paused in her speech, checking herself with an effort. A sudden rush of feeling had carried her away from the quiet waters on which her soul was wont to rest, and borne her out into the swift current of enthusiasm. She had been so carried away once or twice before in her efforts to

rebuke sin and bear testimony against evil doing; and this passing as it were out of herself and into the control of unknown spiritual influences, perplexed and troubled her. It seemed as though she were possessed, for the time being, by another spirit than her own; a spirit burning with fiery zeal, and impelling her to an indignant denunciation of sin and wrong. The reaction that followed these states of abnormal excitement was very great, leaving her physically weak and mentally depressed, and with a painful, half-anxious impression that she was losing control of herself, and coming under the action of forces the nature and power of which she did not understand. A strong undercurrent, drifting she knew not whither, seemed to strike her soul and bear it blindly away.

It was this feeling that caused her to turn quickly from the deacon at the close of her passionate warning, and almost flee from his presence. Some time passed before the surprised and startled subject of her rebuke could recover himself from the bewilderment into which he was thrown, and think with any degree of calmness. Her ringing tones and strong utterances were still sounding in his ears; and he could not shake off the sense of guilt and condemnation before God which had taken possession of his soul. There was something weird in the influence this young woman had thrown over him; a subtle power in her personality that he knew not how to resist. A kind of awe dwelt with her image in his mind. As one who breaks the spell of a suffocating nightmare by a sudden effort, the deacon started up and hurried from his office, taking his way to the mill.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL the Sunday strength of Deacon Strong had been lost in this brief interview with Deborah Norman. His spiritual pride; his self-confidence; his contempt for the poor overseer, and anger at his presumption in setting himself up as a judge of one of God's people, were gone now. As he walked toward the mill, he made a feeble effort to rise out of the valley of humiliation into which he had fallen. He tried to recover his lost indignation toward Mr. Trueford for having led him into the breach of a safe business rule; and especially did he try to put this man below him in thought. But all was vain. How should he meet him? He almost dreaded the moment when they must come face to face. When they parted on Saturday evening, Amos Trueford stood, in moral stature, far above him. The manhood of this man had reasserted itself—had broken its servile bonds, and stood erect in the freedom of living truth; and he had seen and felt his superior stature. But he had meant to thrust him back into his old place; to rebuke his presumption with stern and angry sentences; to whip him into the old submission as he would have whipped a dog for having growled at him.

How utterly shorn of strength he was! Twice he checked his feet, and turned his steps in another direction in very dread of meeting his overseer and standing humiliated before him, instead of

pushing him down with the lordly air of a conscious superior. But this was adding folly to weakness. He felt ashamed of himself.

Mr. Trueford was not in the office when Deacon Strong entered the mill. So he had a little time to settle his thoughts and compose his mind before the usual morning interview. What he expected was a certain air of superiority and self-assertion on the side of his overseer, who, as he naturally inferred, judging Amos Trueford by himself, would seek to maintain the advantage he had acquired, and let his purpose be seen. He tried to prepare himself to meet this with the needed self-control, and to react upon it in such a spirit as not to precipitate a quarrel; for self-interest came forward again and warned him not to make a rupture with Mr. Trueford, who might, in his new-found independence, leave his service altogether; and that would be an almost irreparable loss.

He was sitting at his desk reading a letter, when he heard the sound of well-known feet. The office door opened, and his overseer came in. He did not look up, nor seem to notice the presence of Mr. Trueford, who remained for a few moments only, and then went out. It was over ten minutes before he appeared again. The deacon was as well prepared to meet him now as if he had put off the interview for hours; so he turned from his desk and looked up into his face. An instant sense of relief was felt by the deacon. Why? he would hardly have acknowledged to himself. The truth was, he saw nothing of what he had expected to see; but only the old grave, passive expression, and willingness to serve. So the question came naturally: "All right this morning?"

"Yes, sir; everything."

There was an unusual heartiness and satisfaction in the voice of Mr. Trueford as he thus replied that did not escape the ear of the mill-owner. Two or three queries rose to his lips, but he kept them back, not feeling sure as to where they might lead. Mr. Trueford waited for anything further his employer might have to say, standing in his old, respectful attitude, but a little more erectly. The deacon rather felt than saw the changed state of this man; and in spite of his mental effort to push him back into his old abject and inferior condition, a feeling of respect, rising almost to deference, kept possession of his mind.

"Glad to hear it," answered the deacon, after a rather prolonged silence; "I don't know when I've heard you say as much."

"Hope to say it often," returned Mr. Trueford, the satisfaction expressed in his voice still stronger now.

"Why?" asked the deacon. He was off of his guard for an instant. This question gave his overseer an opportunity to bring forward a subject for which he was least prepared. Before his interview with Maxwell and the young Quakeress, he had settled the rôle he would act. Trueford was to be sternly rebuked, and the old rule of docking for lost time restored. But his mind was at sea now. He almost held his breath for Mr. Trueford's answer.

"Because our people have gone to work in a

spirit I've not seen since I took charge of the mill."

The deacon had turned himself a little away, so as not to face his overseer; but he wheeled around with a quick movement, and, looking up, asked in manifest surprise: "What do you mean? What kind of a spirit?"

"A spirit of cheerful industry. They feel now that they are to be treated with kindness and consideration, and they mean to do their best in return. Not a man, woman or child feels this morning a sense of wrong. No one says, 'I've been docked for more time than I lost, and I'll make it up against the deacon twice over, in shirking, before the week's out.' Some who had lost time, and did not have it charged to them, are particularly active. In fact, the whole tone of things is changed; and it's my opinion that we'll get more work this week, hand for hand, than was ever turned out before."

The deacon took a deep breath. A load seemed to fall away from him. And yet he was in a state of bewilderment and uncertainty. It might be as Mr. Trueford said; but such a condition of things could not last, for, measuring these people by himself, he saw nothing to rest upon in mere good-will. Men could only be held to service and duty by the force of a law that, if broken, brought loss or suffering. Any man of business experience, and especially with an experience among such a miserable riff-raff crew as he had to deal with, knew that. Mr. Trueford was only a weak enthusiast; a mere dreamer. So he shook his head, closed his mouth hard, and set an expression of doubt upon his face.

"We shall see," replied the other, cheerily. "Give them a fair trial, and, my word for it, you will be largely the gainer in money, to say nothing of a higher gain," was added, in a more serious voice.

"What higher gain?" demanded the deacon, rousing himself.

The overseer was trenching on questionable ground. He might be able to teach him something about the management of a hundred ungodly men, women and children; but he must not presume to go farther, or suggest anything about spiritual rewards. He knew all about the way to make his calling and election sure; and he didn't want things that stood apart from each other mixed up by Mr. Trueford. But his question was out, and the overseer could do no less than answer it.

The reply was in these words: "The satisfaction of knowing that your people are better off and happier; and that they think of you kindly and gratefully, instead of with anger and dislike. The satisfaction of knowing that"—Mr. Trueford paused, showing for an instant some hesitation, but went on in a clear and now very impressive voice, as of one who had a conscience in his speech—"of knowing that you were making your Christianity practical, and showing to these poor lost sheep afar off in the wilderness of an un pitying world, that one who calls himself by the name of the Great Shepherd of souls is filled with His divine pity, and moved by His loving spirit."

"Sir!" exclaimed the deacon, with a stern air and countenance. "Sir! you have gone too far!"

"I trust not," replied Mr. Trueford, with a calm dignity that baffled the mill-owner, and struck his pharisaic anger deeper. "If there is nothing in what I have said, let it pass as the idle wind; but if the truth of God be in it, I pray you let it sink into your heart. I think God is speaking to us both; and it will be best for both of us if we give heed to what He is saying."

"It will be better for you, Amos Trueford," retorted the deacon, sharply, "to put a bridle on your tongue, and not presume to speak for me or for God either. You went too far on Saturday; and I should have rebuked your infidel boldness then. It must stop here and now! One word more, and you and I part!"

"As you will," returned the overseer. "I am not here as your judge or monitor; but to serve you as faithfully as I can in the mill. I have only sought to make my service higher and better, and if, in seeking to do it, I have ventured too far, you must forgive me for the sake of my good intentions."

He went out, leaving the deacon in great excitement. His self-esteem; his pharisaic pride; his religious dogmatism; and his sense of spiritual elevation as compared with this non-professor, whose speech he considered blasphemous when he talked about God, were all assailed and hurt. He was angry; and flowing into his anger came a feeling of contempt and rejection. He was not going to be turned into even a right course by a presuming fellow like this, who set himself up as his judge; and while yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, took upon himself to talk to him about God and his duty. The thing was an outrage! And as he dwelt upon it, and narrowed down his view to this one aspect of the case, he drifted back into his former state, and was the Deacon Strong of old; living, for the time being, among the old associates of his inner world of thought and feeling, and taking from them the counsel and comfort he needed. Very closely did they hold his mind to a consideration of his worldly advantage, and the danger of loss if he permitted himself to be drawn away from common sense and experience in the management of his affairs. They scouted at the visionary notions of Deborah and Mr. Trueford, and inspired him with a feeling of contempt for their professions of interest in humanity, which was not—for in his view it could not be genuine. It was an offense for these heretical, not to say infidel, pretenders to a virtue higher than that of the saints, to set themselves in judgment upon one holding his high place in the church, and his indignation against them grew hot as the spiritual companions who were in agreement with his life and faith kept his thoughts busy and magnified himself to himself.

A conflict, invisible to mortal eyes, was now imminent; a conflict on which hung great issues in Kedron. Through the agency of a simple-minded but truly religious woman who took Christ's words literally when He said of love to the Lord and love to the neighbor, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets,"

and the agency of a godless unbeliever, as he had styled Mr. Trueford when comparing him with himself, Deacon Strong had been brought within the sphere of angelic spirits who lifted his mind into a region where he could see with a clearer vision. From them there had flowed into his thoughts truer ideas of God, and juster conceptions of duty. They had uncovered for him the foundations on which his spiritual house was built, and revealed only sand in place of the solid rock he had thought beneath him. They had endeavored to inspire him with high and noble aims; to lead him to use his ample means and large influence in doing good in his day and generation. They had tried to touch his heart with pity for the poor; to remove the veil from his eyes so that he could see the dreadful wrongs that were following in his footsteps as he walked through the world; to lift him above himself and nearer to God. And for a little while they were able to influence him for good.

But, now, he had turned from these heavenly friends and counsellors, and was again consorting with the old companions of his soul, and suffering them to lead him. They flattered his self-love, and inflamed his cupidities, and restored the dominant pride which gave him so fine a sense of personal superiority as compared with other men. He felt strong again, ready to lord it over the weak and trample down whatever set itself in his way.

But there is a Providence with all men, leading, controlling, hindering or baffling; and there was no exception in the case of Deacon Strong. De what we may, we cannot take ourselves for a single instant of time out of the sphere of this Providence, which acts upon and with each man, though with a difference according to his character. Its end is always the same—to withhold from evil and lead to good; but in no case to touch that freedom of will by which alone man is man and responsible for his actions. He stands in perfect equilibrium, but in the midst of opposing influences. Heaven is on one side, and hell upon the other; and he is at liberty to turn to whichever he will. From Heaven, angels come to him on the spiritual side of his life, and seek to inspire him with good affections and lift his soul to God; from hell, evil spirits draw near and do all, in their power to fill his soul with their false persuasions, their evil lusts and their cruel passions. But neither angels nor devils can lead him against his will. He turns to the one or the other of his own choice. But the moment he so turns, all hell, or all Heaven is on his side. If he yield to the solicitation of evil spiritual associates, and so turn himself away from the angels, his perceptions become darkened, his lust excited and his self-love strengthened; but if he resist these solicitations, and so turn himself to the angels, their true thoughts and tender, unselfish affections will flow in upon his soul, and he will be filled with pure desires and noble, Christian purposes. If a man take the side of good spirits and angels, all hell cannot destroy him; but if he take the side of evil spirits, all Heaven cannot save him! God has given his destiny into his own hands; but in so giving it, He has made it possible

for him to rise into angelic life. If he does not, it is because he will not.

But our loving Father never leaves us in this simple equilibrium, to let the outcome be what it may. He knows that our inherited tendencies are all upon the side of evil, and that we are perpetually yielding to the solicitations of our spiritual enemies, and going over to their side; and that, unless we are brought back to a state in which angels can influence us, our ultimate destruction is certain.

To draw us back from the perilous condition into which our evil counsellors have brought us, is the never-ceasing work of His providence. Omnipotence might force us back; but force would destroy our freedom of will, and then we would cease to be men. God cannot save us by destroying us. Of ourselves, like the suffering and repentant prodigal, we must return to our Father's house.

As in the case of the Prodigal Son, so in the case of all who have wandered from God under the enticements of selfish and worldly influences, suffering is the benign agent that leads us back. Deep and agonizing mental suffering with one, and bodily suffering with another, according as this or that may have power to quicken the conscience. One man suffers a great misfortune, and is suddenly reduced from riches to poverty; another is stricken in his body by accident or sickness, and shut up for months in a lonely chamber; death comes in and desolates another's household, and makes silent the chambers where once the voices of children made all the air musical. In a hundred different ways the hand of Providence troubles the false security of men and women, and by the way of suffering leads them back from the wilderness of sin into which their feet have strayed. In such times, the things of this world look poor and mean in comparison with the grand and glorious things of a higher world. Men see that they have been feeding on husks, while in their Father's house immortal food is spread awaiting their return; and willingly, nay, often eagerly, do they turn their feet thitherward, and go back, walking in the God-given strength vouchsafed to every one who will accept and use it.

It is not for the sake of himself alone that a man, spiritually astray, is so troubled in his natural life; but for the sake as well of others, upon whom he may act for good or evil. No one stands isolated in this world. Every word we utter, everything we do, every impression we make upon society, is beneficent or hurtful. We are parts of a great whole—members and organs of a grand social man—and cannot possibly live to ourselves alone. This being so, the providence of God in its regard for the individual has regard also for every other man who may be affected by his life in the world; and the discipline and suffering required to break the selfish evil will, and turn a man from ways that lead to everlasting destruction, are as much for the sake of his neighbor as himself.

Deacon Strong, as we have seen, was a man of large influence in Kedron; and, unhappily, that influence was on the wrong side. Men and wo-

men who came near him were rarely benefited by the contact. He had a strong, absorbing power, and generally took from society more than he gave. He was like an organ in the human body that received more than it distributed, and grew larger, in proportion, than its neighboring organs, but in so growing disturbed the orderly life of the whole body of which it was a member, and laid the foundation for disease and suffering.

In the providence of God that regarded him with the rest, and operated for the good of all, he had been warned both by Deborah and his overseer; and, aroused by this warning, he had paused in the way he was going. Through them he had been lifted into a higher region, and enabled to see the wrong he was doing in society, and the unchristian character of his life among men. There had been conviction of sin, a movement toward repentance in his heart, and the fruit of good deeds had already made their appearance.

But this better state was not permanent. Too quickly flowed on again, and with a force made stronger by temporary obstruction, the current of his old selfish life. To him there was no delight in giving, no satisfaction in going out of himself and taking concern for others. Of his own free will he turned from the heavenly guests who were trying to lead him into the safe way of duty and self-denial, and took counsel with the evil spirits whose suggestions were in harmony with his depraved and selfish nature. He was making a sad mistake. But God could not let him alone. His soul, and the souls of all who were affected by his life, were immortal and precious; and infinite love and mercy must still strive with him for their sakes as well as for his own. If he would not hearken to the still, small voice of God in the murmur of summer airs, he must hear it in the rush and roar of the storm, and in the crash of a falling house he had builded on the sand!

CHAPTER XV.

THE deacon's state was becoming worse than before his heart felt the touches of pity. He was like the man out of whom the unclean spirit had gone; he was walking in dry places, or in a mental region where no streams of heavenly truth were flowing, seeking rest and finding none. And now he was preparing to return unto his house—his old condition, of faith and life—and with seven other spirits more wicked than himself to dwell there again, his last state in danger of becoming worse than the first.

The door of his office opened, and a small, wasted-looking man, with large, hungry eyes gleaming out from their deep sockets, came in. He hesitated, shuffling in his gait. It was Peter Ober.

"What do you want?" demanded the deacon in a rough, impatient voice that caused the intruder to start, look frightened and move back toward the door through which he had entered.

"I—I—sir. I wanted to—to—ask, sir. If—if—"

But the poor man could not make known his request. He had come to ask a little favor, even the payment in advance of one dollar on his

week's wages that he might get some sorely-needed refreshment for his sick wife. The small sum received on Saturday had nearly all been paid to the storekeeper for food already consumed, and what remained went but a little way in supplying their most pressing needs. Monday morning found Peter without a cent in his pocket. The stomach of his wife had refused the coarse food which he had eaten with the relish of hunger; and it was to get her some daintier morsels that he had come to ask this small advance on account of wages. But the deacon's manner, so changed from what he had expected to find it, frightened and confused him. His petition died on his tongue.

"What are you here for? Why don't you go to Mr. Trueford?" demanded the deacon, scowling, as he waved his hand toward the door.

Peter Ober staggered back, as if he'd been struck, and in a moment after disappeared from the office.

The deacon did not use profane language. That would have been very wicked. But the angry execration that leaped into his thought was bitter with cursing.

Mr. Trueford found him, not long afterward, sitting moodily at his desk.

"What did Ober want?" he demanded of the overseer, looking at him with knit brows.

"The advance of a dollar on his week's wages," replied Mr. Trueford.

"He can't have it," said the deacon, in a hard and positive voice. "It's just the way—give an inch and they'll want an ell," he continued, in tones of angry annoyance. "I knew how it would be when you let him have his wages on Friday. We pay on Saturday, and not a dollar shall be given out hereafter except at that time. And see here, Mr. Trueford, I'll have no more of the folly we enacted last week. I wish the time kept as usual, and the loss marked as usual."

"But you don't mean to dock as usual," surprise mingled with regret in the overseer's voice.

"Yes, I do. I understood what I was about when I made the regulation, and was a fool ever to have deviated from it. It's all your fault; and for the trouble that may come of it you will be to blame. Hereafter, please to mind your own business."

There was a great deal of asperity in the deacon's manner.

"The mill is yours," said the overseer, with a quiet dignity that fretted his employer. He made no further remark, though the deacon sat confronting him and waiting for him to go on.

Mr. Trueford was turning to his own desk for the purpose of making some entry in one of the account-books, when the other said, sharply: "I wish it understood, once and for all, that you are not to come again between me and any of my people. I make my rules to suit myself, and if any one doesn't like them, he's at liberty to go elsewhere. What's the good of a rule if it isn't kept. There is no easier way to demoralize a community than by letting them evade the law, or set it at defiance. I expect all sorts of trouble this week. But I'll bring matters back to the old order of

things or something will break. And if you'll accept a friend's advice, Mr. Trueford, you'll keep out of my way."

"I trust you will come into a better mind before the week closes," remarked the overseer.

"A better mind! How dare you, sir!"

The deacon's face grew dark with the congesting blood that flowed into it. There was menace in his tones.

Mr. Trueford made no reply, but turned to his desk and began writing in the account-book. He was hurt and deeply troubled. In imagination, he had seen a new order of things at the mill; and his heart had been going out into it with a glow of pleasant feeling. Thought had become busy with plans and improvements. He saw changes in progress both inside and outside of the establishment; changes affecting the lives, characters and external condition of the work-people. A better ventilation of all the rooms was to be made; improved machinery substituted in some of the departments, by which better results, with less wear and tear of nerve and muscle, could be gained; and more humanity, and less injustice, made to prevail. He had already given thought to the cost of repairing and improving the miserable hovels owned by the deacon, and let to many of his operatives at a rental which gave him twenty-five per cent. a year on their cost. How this desert had begun to blossom in his fancy, as the rose!

The weight that came down upon Mr. Trueford's feelings was felt as a bodily pressure also, and as he wrote his head bowed low over his book. Tears came into his eyes, blurring his sight. He was in the bitterness of a great disappointment; and the bitterness, as it went deeper, began to stir his indignation and arouse him to new courage. The old, weak, craven spirit had died out after his first encounter with the deacon, and he felt the strength and confidence of his new-found manhood. Not for himself had he braved the anger of one who had so long trampled on and despised him, but for the sake of the poor who were oppressed and wronged. And should he desert them now, because their oppressor was turning again to set his iron heel upon their necks?

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He remembered now these words of our Lord, and felt them as spoken to himself and for this occasion.

"If brave, true words can help them, I will speak the words," said the overseer to himself. He raised his bent head, and turning, looked at Deacon Strong, who was still glowering at him. There was not much to count on in the coarse, iron face he saw before him.

"Wait a little, Deacon Strong," said Mr. Trueford, speaking calmly, but with great earnestness. "The new way may prove better than the old way. The week has begun auspiciously. A larger percentage than usual of our hands are at work, and a better spirit prevails."

He was not able to go any farther. The deacon's pent-up wrath exploded, and he raved in a blind sort of fury for several minutes, ending his half-insane denunciation of the overseer, by saying:

"If you presume to speak of this again, I'll dismiss you from my service!"

It was on the lip of Mr. Trueford to say that he would consider himself dismissed, and look out for another place; but he forbore, thinking it best not to speak in the heat of his indignation. But of one thing he was there resolved—to leave the deacon's service at the first opportunity for change that offered, unless a different order of things could be inaugurated at the mill. He would not be a party to the old oppressions any longer.

On leaving Deacon Strong's office, Deborah went directly home, walking with hasty steps. The strain on her feelings had been very great; and as the unnatural enthusiasm into which she had been wrought died out, it left her body weak and her mind depressed. Shadows fell upon her. Doubt and sadness came into her soul. She had lost herself for a brief time, and drifted out upon an unknown sea; and the incident was troubling her spirit.

The little strength that remained gave out as Deborah reached her chamber, and she fell across her bed in utter exhaustion, where she remained so still, for almost the space of an hour, that one looking at her would have thought her fainting, or in a deep sleep. She had taken up a burden of duty too heavy for one so frail of body and sensitive of soul; the strain had been too severe, and nature was exacting her penalty.

When Deborah rose from the bed, she was very pale, hereyes heavy, and her mouth almost sad in its expression. After bathing her face, smoothing back her hair, and making some changes in her dress, she sat down with the Bible in her hands and read for a long time, deeply absorbed in its pages. When she laid the volume aside, a more serene look was on her countenance; but the color did not come back. For the next hour she was busy with her needle. At the end of this time Mrs. Conrad came into her room and said, in great excitement: "Such a dreadful thing has happened! Deacon Strong has been caught in some machinery and nearly crushed to death! They've just carried him past on a stretcher. They say he's awfully hurt, and can't live."

Deborah clasped her hands together in mute pain, her face growing whiter. Then, lifting her eyes upward, she said: "May God pity him!"

"Which is more than the deacon does to any one else," broke in Mrs. Conrad, her dislike asserting itself. "It's a judgement on him for—"

"Hush!" said Deborah. "Don't say that. God is love."

"And suppose He is?" returned Mrs. Conrad; "does that alter the case? Not a bit of it! I wouldn't give much for His love for the weak and poor if He didn't bring up their oppressors with a round turn now and then, as He's just done with the deacon. That kind of love means something."

"Hush! hush!" answered Deborah, putting up her hands. "Let us not presume to speak for God."

"But you see, Miss Norman, the thing's done, and nothing happens by chance, you know. The deacon's an old hypocrite, and has been grinding his poor people at the mill awfully. Now the

Bible tells us that the oppressor shall be cast down and utterly destroyed. That the wicked may flourish for awhile like green bay trees, but the time will come when, 'Lo, they are not!' And maybe the deacon's time's come. It won't be any loss to Kedron when he goes out; but a good riddance; and I for one will say, 'Amen!' Oh, you needn't look so dreadful about it, Miss Norman! I wouldn't hang him nor shoot him myself. But if God will just take him off, I don't care much in what way He does it. It will be all right, of course."

"Was any one else hurt?" asked Deborah.

"I didn't hear," replied Mrs. Conrad. "But I guess not. They're all hurt bad enough as it is, and this about sets them even."

Deborah had arisen while Mrs. Conrad was speaking, and was putting on her cloak.

"Where are you going?" asked the latter.

"To see how badly friend Strong is hurt."

"You are not going to do anything of the kind," was the positive reply. "That's the doctor's business, not yours. So just take your things off again. I shall have something to say about this."

And Mrs. Conrad showed a spirit in her manner that Deborah saw would be supplemented by physical force if needed.

"If you're so anxious to know how he is," added Mrs. Conrad, "I'll run up to the deacon's house myself and find out everything. But you're not going."

And she took Deborah's cloak away from her and threw it across a chair.

Deborah was passive to this assertion of authority on the part of her kind-hearted friend.

"As you will," she replied, dropping back into the weaker state of mind from which she had been aroused by the news of Deacon Strong's accident, and again conscious that strength had gone out of her.

It was nearly half an hour before Mrs. Conrad's return. During the time, Deborah's thoughts were restless and disturbed by questions of duty, and especially her duty toward the deacon. Was there not a providence in this disaster which had fallen upon him? She had already helped to stir his heart with good impulses, and awaken in his soul a sense of responsibility to which he had before seemed a total stranger. Might not this be to him only the beginning of a new state—the breaking up of the hard soil of his natural mind by the ploughshare of suffering, so that the good seeds of charity could be sown therein, take root, and bear precious fruit?

Such were her thoughts when Mrs. Conrad came back, showing a sober face as she entered Deborah's chamber.

"How is he?" was the eager question that met her as she came in.

"The doctors say he's all broken to pieces," answered Mrs. Conrad, "and that it will be as much as the bargain if he escapes with his life."

"Where is he hurt?" asked Deborah.

"All over. Both legs are broken, and one arm is mashed so that it will have to be cut off. Two or three ribs are crushed, and he's hurt badly inside."

A faintness came upon Deborah, and she would have fallen from her chair if Mrs. Conrad had not caught her in her arms, and carried her to the bed. The good old lady then refused to answer any more questions about the deacon.

"You're not fit to hear of such dreadful things," she said. "Don't think any more about it. It's done, and can't be helped; and the deacon's only got himself to blame. If he'd had any bowels of compassion for other people, God wouldn't have sent this judgment upon him. You needn't look at me so! Things don't come by accident. And when a man like Deacon Strong is brought up all standing, you may be sure that God's hand is in it."

"But only in a permissive way," said Deborah, in a faint voice.

"It doesn't matter at all how it's done," replied Mrs. Conrad. "The hand of God is in it all the same. He sets up whom He will, and puts down whom He will; and He's put the deacon down in a way that he'll not soon forget."

Deborah drew a deep sigh. She did not feel strong enough for an argument with Mrs. Conrad, and so remained silent. A great weakness had fallen upon her. For many days the strain on her nerves had been severe and unusual. Though long given to good works and ministrations, her life had been quiet and unobtrusive. It was only recently that she had felt constrained to bear testimony against some of the grosser wrongs that curse society, and to rebuke and warn evildoers. Only after a long period of prayer and self-repression, and struggle with a sensitive and retiring nature, had she found courage to set her feet in the ways to which she felt herself called. The unnatural strength, born of a high purpose, which had sustained her up to this time, was ebbing now; and as the wave receded, it left her weak, depressed and, for awhile, almost helpless. In this state, which continued for a great many days, she was passive in the hands of Mrs. Conrad.

The deacon was very badly hurt. Just how he got caught in the machinery that nearly crushed his life out, he could never tell. He was not in a good state of mind when, about an hour after the reader left him in his office, he took a tour of inspection through his works. He did not feel kindly toward anybody or anything. It had come into his thoughts, absurdly enough, that his overseer had entered into a league with his people against him; that his rule at the mill was to be subverted, and that a new order of things, more favorable to them, and, of course, adverse to his interests, was to be introduced. All Mr. Trueford's talk about the good-will of this one and that; the cheerful spirit with which the week opened; and the promise of larger results at the week's end, he regarded as a mere blind to deceive him. With a feeling of angry contempt he rejected it all, and set his mind, with its whole strength, to his new purpose. He would restore everything to the old order; he would rule with a rod of iron as before, and make his will the law of his business. How clearly it came to his mind, that to substitute the will, and wishes, and selfish interests of his work-people for his own in the management of

his establishment, would be the blindest of all follies. As well might the captain of a ship consult his sailors about the discipline of his vessel! They were, in his estimation, a thriftless, shirking, ill-assorted crew at the best, whom he despised. He had no goodwill toward them, and in his heart grudged the wages he was compelled to dole out every week.

A man in his mood finds plenty of evil counsellors in the spiritual associates that gather around him, attracted by his peculiar state of feeling. The better angels of his life are pushed away and held so far off that they cannot influence or protect him. He can no longer hear their truer and better suggestions; he can no longer feel their softening and humanizing sphere. Heaven recedes and hell comes near. They who dwell with God in that love of His precepts which inspires obedience, dwell in a region of comparative safety. They are not in the danger that surrounds men who suffer themselves to come under the influence of evil associates both as to the inner and outer life. We all know that there is more personal danger in associating with bad men than with good men. They prey upon, and hunt and kill each other in the heat of passion. No one can be called safe in their company.

Now, in coming under the influence of evil spiritual associates, we come likewise into great danger. They are not our friends; and they gather about us, attracted by our selfishness, our lusts and our evil passions, seeking to do us harm. The greatest injury they can do is to pervert our minds by false persuasions, and corrupt our hearts by filling them with evil desires. But is it not possible for them to go beyond this? May they not, in some moment of bodily peril, so blind and obscure our perceptions as to make it impossible for us to see the way of escape? If angels and good spirits were our close companions then, they could give presence of mind so that we might see the way out of danger. But evil spirits would not do this, but rather seek to confuse our thoughts and dethrone our reason.

Very certain it was, that, as Deacon Strong went hither and thither through his mill, moving about under a pressure of feeling much higher than usual, and with a hard set mouth and a cold glitter in his un pitying eyes, he was not in the companionship of angels. The friends of his soul were not gentle, pure, loving, full of tenderness and charity; but accusing, cruel and pitiless. The men and women about him were not immortal souls for whom Christ died, but human machines out of whose nerves and sinews he was extracting money.

It happened that as he was passing through one of the rooms, a pale-faced girl who had charge of some spindles, caused, through some unsteadiness of hand, a derangement in the machinery. She was one of the girls in whom a temporary interest had been awakened in his mind. Her name was Lucy Jenks. The kindness shown by the deacon, and the genuine concern for her welfare which he had expressed to her mother, had put a new life into the weak and exhausted girl. Against her mother's wishes she had come to work this morn-

ing, trusting to gain such favor with the deacon as to lead him still further to consider her case and that of her sister Jenny, and give them easier positions in the mills. But she had miscalculated her strength. A sight of the deacon's clouded brows as he came into the room, dashed her spirits. She saw neither kindness nor pity in his iron face, but only stern and cruel exaction. Strength and hope went out of her heart. Her hands became unsteady and lost their skill. Then came a jar and whirl of machinery, the meaning of which the deacon's practised ear knew too well, and he turned upon her with a torrent of angry and threatening words that frightened the poor girl, and almost broke her heart, for had she not been hoping for good-will and kindness from the deacon, whose promises to her mother had been like green, refreshing places in the weary desert of her life. Like a cheating mirage, all was gone in an instant!

"Go home!" cried the deacon, in uncontrolled passion. "Go home, and stay home!"

Weak in every limb—so weak that she could scarcely stand—and trembling violently, Lucy Jenks shrunk out, many pitying eyes following her, and made her way home as best she could.

A dozen times every day had Deacon Strong stood just where he was standing when his wrath poured itself out on the frightened girl. He knew every wheel and band in the mill; every lever, cam and pinion; every spot where circumspection was requisite; every dangerous place; and could have gone about blindfolded in safety. Strangely enough now, his first step after he had driven Lucy from the room was in the wrong direction, and ere the cry of warning that came from a dozen lips could reach his ears, a great iron arm had caught him by the shoulder and thrown him in among the crushing cogs, from which a few moments after he dropped into the room below a mangled and bloody heap of quivering flesh!

(To be continued.)

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHE called him back after a while. "Robert! where are you?"

It seemed as if the silent tears she had been shedding had washed away the pain, the sorrow, the humiliation of years. A soft peace was on her face. Her eyes were radiant. Robert looked down upon her with a mist of tears gathering in his own.

"This has been such a terrible mistake," he said, as he took her hand. "But it is all over now; and I think you have been drinking of the fountain of youth since I left you twenty minutes ago!"

Her lips quivered. Her newly won joy was something too sacred to talk about; but she knew there must be much that her companion longed

both to hear and to tell. In a very few words she told him of the events of the last few days, and of the box she had seen in Rose's room.

"Tell me something about Isabel Leighton!" she said, drawing him to a seat beside her. "I have a very different sort of interest in her now. O Robert!"

She stopped short, again overcome by the rush of commingled emotions.

"I know," he said. "You have been in the fiery furnace. Sometime you shall tell me all—when you are stronger and calmer."

He was hardly stronger, hardly calmer himself. The ghost of the past had confronted him, too, that day. But he told her a long story, feeling sure that every word he spoke was effacing some scar, and healing some wound. With every stroke of his brush he was blotting out the old, and painting in the new.

He had met Isabel Leighton in Paris, the year before his brother Royal went abroad. Her father was connected in some official way with the American Legation. He lived elegantly and entertained handsomely, making his countrymen especially welcome to his hospitable home. It was the old, old story. Isabel was young, brilliant, beautiful and bewitching. Robert was young, ardent and susceptible; all the more so perhaps, because until circumstances threw him into close association with the Leightons, he had devoted himself entirely to his studies, seeing nothing of the gay life of Paris.

Mr. Leighton, a southern gentleman of wealth and high social position, was proud of his young compatriot, who was already rising into eminence. More than that, he liked him personally, and made him feel that he was always a welcome addition to the family circle. As for Isabel herself—

"Well—" said Robert, covering his eyes with one hand and stroking his brown beard with the other—a fashion of his when deeply moved. "I do not blame her; I never have blamed her. She did not know what she was about, perhaps, any more than I did, until it was too late. The horse was stolen, you see," he added with a faint smile, "before she thought to lock the stable door."

"She learned to love me, I cannot doubt, almost unconsciously; and when the knowledge of my love and of her own broke upon her, she floated idly on the soft, warm current for awhile, happy in the present, and taking no thought for the future. But she was even then engaged to the man she afterward married—and for weeks she did not tell me. That was her great mistake. He was much older than herself, a friend of her father's, and his estate joined that of the Leightons. She felt for him a quiet, daughterly affection, and was content enough with her lot, I judge, until her evil destiny—and mine—threw us together. Then for awhile she overrated her strength. She thought herself—I am giving you her own version of the matter—strong enough to brave her father's anger, and the fierce displeasure of the whole army of Sterlings and Leightons, for my sake. But—she could not do it. It was a family arrangement, and it must be submitted to."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"What course did her father take? Was he harsh with her?" asked Rachel.

"He never knew anything about it," was the answer. "She would never allow me to speak to him on the subject; saying she could manage it herself better than I could. She knew, probably, that he would forbid me the house at once, for he considered the honor of the Leightons involved in the fulfillment of his daughter's pledge; and looking at the matter from his standpoint, I do not know that I could have blamed him. Then—besides—"

Robert hesitated for a moment, taking up the long, yellow curl, and holding it where it glittered in the sunshine.

"Oh—well!" he said, laying it back and looking at Rachel with a slight, half-questioning smile.

"You left your sentence unfinished," she remarked. "What were you about to say?"

"Isabel was fond of pomp, and luxury, and all 'the pride of life,'" he said. "I was a student—a mere man of books—living on the allowance made me by my father. A liberal one, it is true; but not such an one as would have maintained her in the style to which she had been accustomed. I have thought since that she knew her own nature better than I did; and that in spite of her love, which I never doubted, she would not have been happy in the home I could then have given her. But of course I did not see this in the exaltation of a first love-dream. I did not think much about the bread-and-butter question, in fact."

"And that was the end of it?"

"Yes—I was asked to join the African Expedition and I did so; I was glad to put an ocean between us. She came back to America and I never heard from her afterward. Rose and Daisy are not in the least like her. I cannot think of them as being her daughters."

"Rose's hair is like that," said Rachel, glancing at the curl. "I thought of it the first time I saw her."

"Yes; but there is no other resemblance. Daisy has blue eyes, but they are not like her mother's, though hers were like sapphires. The difference is in the expression, I suppose."

"How about the boxes, Robert? They are precisely alike—save that one has her monogram and one has yours."

"The boxes were a young man's whim—nothing more, unless you throw in a charitable impulse or two. There was a little Italian who kept a tiny shop in the Rue St. Martin. He did exquisite work; but whether it was owing to his invalid wife, or his blind father, or his crowd of children, he was always in trouble, always in want of money. One day I went to him in pursuit of some trifle, when he brought out these two boxes, finished save as to the monograms, and begged me to buy one of them for my wife, sister, sweetheart or friend. Isabel's birthday—we were cultivating a very Platonic sort of friendship just then—was drawing near; and, remembering it, I at once bought one, leaving it with him for the putting on of her monogram. When I went for it, two or three days after, I found him in great distress, his wife having died, one of his little boys being very ill, and his creditors clamorous for

money. I always had a passion for mosaics; and moved partly by the beauty of the little caskets, partly by the desire to help the man, and partly by a sentimental fancy, I finally took both, ordering my own monogram to be placed upon the other, and sent Isabel's to her on her *fête* day, filled with the choicest bonbons I could find in all Paris. I remember I took great pains in selecting them," he added, with a touch of irony both in his voice and in the half-smile that curled his lip for a moment. "Heigh ho! I wonder if that young fellow was I, Rachel—this very identical Robert Dilloway who is sitting here? Somehow I find it hard to recognize him."

The young people had come home from church long ago, and half the afternoon had worn away as they two sat there talking of Robert's past. Much was said which it would take too long to repeat here. But very little of it related directly to Rachel, or to the misunderstanding that had so shadowed her life. That was something it would not do to talk about, and Robert's delicate nature accepted the fact with but few words. Sometime she might be able to speak freely to him of all she had borne during those silent years; but it would not be to-day, nor to-morrow. If her sorrow had been reticent, her joy would be no less so. It was sacred, as her pain had been, to herself and to Royal.

But as he left the room he turned in the doorway, for some one of the last words that are always presenting themselves under such circumstances. It remains unspoken to this day. Rachel stood in the middle of the chamber with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her eyes uplifted to a crayon portrait of her husband that hung above her writing-desk. Her lips moved as if in prayer, and her face was rapt, intense, yet radiant with an ineffable joy.

Robert stole softly away, leaving her to her communion with her lover, who had been dead and was alive again, who had been lost and was found.

Katy had told of Professor Dilloway's arrival, and Roy could hardly wait for him to make his appearance down-stairs. Was his uncle's sudden return from New York connected in any way with his mother's unaccountable seclusion? Would the spell that had seemed to bind them all be broken now, and the shadow be lifted from the house? As hour after hour passed, his wonder and anxiety increased. Rose and Daisy had gone directly to their own room on coming in, and still remained there. He had no one with whom to talk, and to read was impossible. He could only sit in the library—and wait.

But when the professor came down-stairs, instead of joining him there, or even peeping in as was his wont, he went swiftly through the hall to the Tower-room; and before Roy could rush to the door and waylay him, he had locked himself in.

In sheer desperation, Roy took down a copy of *Sintram* from the shelf, feeling that he, too, dwelt in an enchanted castle, and that the company of the Little Master himself was hardly more to be dreaded than his own thoughts.

Some of you can understand the feeling that made Rachel dress herself as for a festival that day. It was the outward expression of the inward joy, and was as fitting as were the black robes she wore when Royal Dilloway was buried.

It was two hours afterward when Roy heard her step upon the stairs, and sprang to meet her. One glance at her face was enough. He drew her into the library and shut the door.

Do not ask me what passed between them. I think they never told any one. But by and by, when it was almost dark, there was again the rustling of soft, silken garments in the hall, and the sound of light footfalls, that made the hearts of both mother and son beat warmly. Both rose as the door swung silently inward, and Rosamond Sterling stood for an instant with downcast eyes, framed in the dark, arched portal. She had caught one swift glimpse of the room she supposed vacant, and had seen who were its occupants. Then she turned to fly, her cheeks flaming with sudden scarlet.

But Rachel glided—I use the word advisedly; no other can fitly describe the rapid, easy grace with which she reached the side of Roy's fair young love—Rachel glided across the large room, and laid her hand on Rose's shoulder.

"Do not run away from us," she said, softly. "Rose—my dear daughter!"

Rose cast one quick glance at her face, and in an instant they were locked in each other's arms.

"Roy has told me everything," Rachel whispered, "and we understand each other perfectly. There has been a sad mistake—but never was daughter more welcome to a mother's heart than you are to mine. Will you believe it, Rose?"

"Yes," she answered. "It would make me so wretched *not* to believe it!"

"And there's to be no going back to 'Aunt Jane's linter,'" said Roy, who had suddenly found his arms were long enough to clasp them both. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and as the "linter" was the source of the young fellow's greatest uneasiness at that moment, it was of that he first spake.

"No," said Rachel, kissing the flushed cheek that was half-hidden on her bosom, "I cannot spare my daughter. She will live with her mother till she gives herself to you."

Daisy, who had followed Rose, stood a little apart during this scene, in wide-eyed wonder. It had passed very quickly, and no one had noticed the child. Just then she gave a little cry that seemed in doubt whether to be a laugh or a sob.

Rose turned instantly, with outstretched arms, while Roy extended his hand.

"Come here, my little sister," he said, putting both arms around her. "I shall be always on hand hereafter to pick you up out of snowdrifts, and to take care of you, lest at any time you dash your foot against a stone—and sprain your ankle."

"Why!" she said. "What does it mean? Are you—are you going—going to—" stopping short in a bewilderment that did not further speech.

"It means that your dear sister will be my wife one of these days," he answered. "Will you give her to me, Daisy?"

"You should have asked me that before it was all settled, I think," she said, trembling all over. "But I always told her how nice you were—nicer than anybody else!"

Whereat they all laughed—as happy folks will, upon the smallest provocation.

"But it means another thing, too," said Rachel, as she drew Daisy to her side. "It means that my life has suddenly grown very rich; and that I, who have been so much alone, am to have two little girls to love me, Daisy."

Robert entered the room just then. There was no need of words to explain the situation, and he waited for none.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said, clasping Roy's hand. But there was a grave tenderness in his manner, that only Rachel fully comprehended, as he kissed Rose Sterling's forehead and lifted Daisy to a seat upon his knee.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE need be no hurry. Even Roy felt that. And when Rachel said, in one of their many full, free talks: "This marriage is very dear to my heart, Roy. But you are both young, and delay in your case does not mean separation with its dangers and anxieties. It only means that you will be growing nearer each other day by day, and learning to understand each other better. I would be glad if the wedding-day might be postponed for a full year."

When she said this, her son answered: "It shall be just as you wish, mother. You shall give me my Rose when you see fit; in your own good time and way."

And Rose, who had been a little afraid of being hurried into a speedy marriage, whispered: "You are so good to me, Mrs. Dilloway; so good to take my part! For I did not want to be married just yet. We are happy enough as we are."

But there was no going back to the "linter," save on brief visits to Aunt Jane, whose kindness to her young lodgers was never forgotten. The seven trunks, and the pretty china, the pictures and the bronzes, were removed to Dilloway House; but all the other dainty appointments were left with the good old lady for Jane Maria's benefit, when she should come home on a visit to the little brown cottage on the Doncaster Road.

Rose took her place at once as the daughter of the house, who, God willing, would one day be its mistress. There were no attempts at disguises or concealments. Roy went about his daily business with renewed ardor, finding each day too short for what he wished to do and to learn; while throughout the warp and woof of the two lives that were one, and yet not one, ran the golden thread of a pure and happy love.

So passed the winter, and it was spring again. The wedding was to be in the autumn, and Rose was beginning to think about her trousseau. She had given it an occasional thought through the winter, for that matter, as what girl would not? Rachel, who had no false pride, and who knew perfectly well that Rose would be far happier if she felt entirely independent, as far as the question

of pocket-money was concerned, had said to her, in the general settling of affairs: "I want you to feel, my child, that you are to continue your dealings with Mr. Farrington, or not, just as best pleases you. He likes your designs and will always be glad to pay for them."

The grateful glances she received in reply, showed her that her knowledge of womanhood had not been at fault, and that she had relieved Rose of one source of perplexity. This putting forward of Mr. Farrington in the matter was a great help.

In this way quite a sum had accumulated in the little portemonnaie, for neither Rose nor Daisy had many wants. The pretty Parisian wardrobes had only needed certain renovating touches, now and then, to make them all that could be desired. But the *trousseau* was a stubborn fact, and a large one. Rose knew everything needful would be prepared for her joyfully; and with no thought or care on her part. Yet she had enough true womanly feeling, as well as enough of the pride of the dead Sterlings and Leightons, to wish that she could do the providing herself.

"Oh, if that copper mining stock was all right," she said to Daisy, one day, "what a comfort it would be!"

But there was one thing she could have, and no thanks to any one. And so, by slow degrees, the work of quiet hours in her own room, there grew beneath her fingers the loveliest flowers, delicate and graceful enough for the queen of the fairies. And the best of it all was that some tender, loving, joyful thought was interwoven with each snowy petal; and that the orange-blossoms themselves were not whiter than the soul of her who fashioned them.

It is a hackneyed saying that "Providence helps those who help themselves;" and it seemed to prove true in Rose's experience. Only a few days after she made the above remark to Daisy, Professor Dilloway, who was down on one of his frequent, flying visits, was running his eye over the morning paper. Suddenly he leaned back in his chair and pushed aside his coffee-cup.

"See here, young ladies," he said, "isn't this something that interests you? Seems to me I have heard there was a coppery odor to some of your affairs."

"The lack of it, rather," said Rose, laughing. "That's what we complain of. But what is it?"

He read aloud.

"It will be seen by a reference to notices in another column, that the Matapan Copper Mining Co. and also the Lake Mohegan Co. declare dividends of 10 per cent. for the year ending July 1st. This, as we understand, is quite a surprise to the stockholders and we congratulate them heartily."

"Well he may," said the reader, laying down the paper, "for he is one of them, and has not received a penny from his investment in ten years. But how is it, Rose? Haven't you an interest there?"

"Yes," she said, quietly, though every nerve in her body tingled with surprise and pleasure. "We have something like twenty thousand dollars there. I don't know precisely the amount."

"Who does know?"

"Mr. Stuart. He has all the papers—everything concerning it. He was my grandfather's lawyer."

"Well, I'll call and see him about it this very day, if you like. Some legal steps may be necessary. Or what if you were to go to town with me?—I'll engage to bring her back to-morrow, Roy!"

The preparations for the quiet wedding that was most in accordance with the wishes of all concerned were going on, when, one day, Robert sought Rachel in her morning room.

"I have been wanting to have a good talk with you for a fortnight," he said. "But these young people make such demands upon you, that it does not seem an easy thing to do. Can you give me an hour or so this morning?"

"Certainly," she answered, with a bright smile, "and more if you wish. Here's an easy chair for you."

He sat down, picking up a large Indian fan, and began to stroke the feathers the wrong way.

"Take care! You'll spoil the plumage of my bright-winged bird," she said, eyeing him curiously. "Why don't you begin your 'good talk'? I am waiting your pleasure."

"I see you are," he answered, with a slightly embarrassed laugh, as he dropped the fan. "Rachel, I wanted to talk with you about—our contingent fund."

"About your surplus revenue? Very well. I am ready to listen. It must have grown into quite a fortune by this time."

"Oh! there have been drafts made upon it several times for one thing or another. It can be nothing very alarming. Rachel!"

"Well, sir?"

"I want to give that money to Roy on his wedding day," he said, speaking rapidly. "Now don't say one word! It belongs to him—or to you—and you know it."

"I have been expecting some such wild proposition as that for some days," she remarked. "I felt it in the very air."

"And have been fortifying yourself against it, I know by your eyes and mouth. But I think you will have to yield to me in this matter, Rachel."

"If I do," she said gravely, fixing her large, gray eyes upon him, "if I do, it will be because you knowingly give me a real sorrow. I do not believe you are willing to do that, Robert."

He hesitated a moment, frowning a little.

"Let me give it to Rose, then," he said.

"Which of us is supposed to be the unsophisticated party, you or I?" she asked, a smile playing about her mouth. "Rose or Roy—it amounts to precisely the same thing, does it not?"

"Well—tell me just what you think about it then," he said, throwing himself back in his chair with a little sigh. "I would like to know just what your objections are, if I could."

"You can," she answered. "In the first place, I have a wholesome regard for the provisions of your father's will. In the second place, I never could see the wisdom of carrying coals to Newcastle. The children will be rich enough without it. In the third place, if you find it an intolerable burden, there are plenty of ways for getting rid of

it without throwing it on our shoulders. In the fourth place—"

"In the fourth place, you are determined to convince me that if a woman

'* * will, she will, you may depend on't;

And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.'

Very well. I acknowledge myself vanquished. But now, my lady Imperatrix, tell me what I may do! For as for using that money for my own personal necessities or gratification, I never shall. So there's another point settled."

Rachel smiled, but remained silent. She was thinking.

"Or rather," he went on, after a moment, "tell me what *we* may do. For whatever is done will be your doing as well as mine."

"So be it!" she said. "We won't quarrel about trifles. If a song be well sung, the name of the singer matters little. What would you like to do, Robert?"

"I hardly know," he answered. "I think I would like to do something for Woodleigh, if I might."

"But that is my work; mine and Roy's. I want him to feel that his father's mantle has fallen upon his shoulders, and that it belongs to him to carry out and perfect his father's plans."

"But I have an interest in Woodleigh," he said. "You forget that I, too, am a Dilloway."

"No, I do not. Never think that, Robert. But your field is wider. Leave this little village to us; and do you do something else. Let your beneficence be broader and more far-reaching, as your work has been."

His eye kindled.

"What do you mean, Rachel? Tell me!"

"Is there nothing more you can do for the mistress whom you have served so long and well?" she asked. "Has 'star-eyed Science' no claim upon you?"

"Would you like me to acknowledge that claim, Rachel?" he cried, eagerly. "It has been in my thoughts for years. But I felt that it belonged to you to say what should be done with this fund of—ours; and I thought you would choose to devote it to the good of Woodleigh."

"We do not need it here," she said. "We have our schools, our pretty church, our reading-room and our free library. There is no large want unsupplied. Woodleigh does not need charitable institutions nor hospitals. Let the world, and not this little corner of it alone, have the benefit of whatever you can do."

"God bless you, Rachel!" he exclaimed, getting up to pace the floor as he always did when moved by some rushing tide of thought. "God bless you for giving voice to the wishes that have slumbered within me for months and years! This money would set the museum on a firm foundation, and go far towards establishing such a scientific school as I wish to see connected with it. If that were once accomplished, I should be almost ready to say 'now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

"Found your school then, and let it bear your father's name; and make your museum strong enough to live after you are dead. Of course you

cannot do it alone, but a good beginning is half the battle."

"It shall be a thank offering," he said, coming back to his seat, beside her. "An offering made on Roy's wedding-day. Our lives are very rich, Rachel."

"Yes," she said, "notwithstanding all loss and pain. The stream broadens and deepens as it rolls onward to the sea. There is so much more of it, Robert, than there was when it started."

"It grows as it goes," he quoted. "But I shall never cease to regret your long years of seemingly needless sorrow, Rachel, for which I am in one sense accountable. It pains me to think of it."

"Then don't," she said. "Don't think of it. It is all over now, and Royal knows—"

She stopped suddenly, and was silent for a moment or two. Then she went on.

"The pain of those years has left no scar, Robert. At least I think it has left none. I don't know why, unless it was because, after the first terrible shock was over, I did not wrestle with it; nor struggle. I just bore it; and after awhile it became so much a part of my life that I scarcely recognized its presence. You must not think I have been a wretched woman all these years, because it would not be true."

He looked at her earnestly.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said. "And yet you hardly need to say it. No wretched woman could have kept a face like yours—so calm and sweet, and with so much of Heaven's own peace in it."

She did not reply, save by a slow shake of the head. But after awhile she said, turning the face he had praised towards him.

"It is for your sake chiefly that I regret there was ever any reason for such a mistake. Your life, after all, is far less rich than mine. I shall always be sorry, Robert, that the memory of Isabel Leighton has kept you from love and marriage, even though science may be the gainer."

He started and his color rose, as he gave one quick glance at her face. Then he resumed his pacing of the floor.

"Isabel Leighton's memory?" he said. "Did you think it was that? You are mistaken, Rachel!"

"At least," he went on, after a long pause, "it is many years since any thought of her has come between me and the chance of other ties. My love for her was a bewilderment, an intoxication—but in the course of time I came to my senses as other intoxicated men do; and I knew then that, save in her beautiful person, she was not what my imagination had painted her. I have long known that hers was not the rich, womanly nature, in which alone I could have found the fulfillment of my heart's desire."

Something in his voice and manner that had never been there till that moment, made Rachel breathless and dumb before him. Perhaps a flood of light broke in upon her, and perhaps not. I cannot tell. At all events, she held her peace, while a little ray of sunshine crept round and crowned her as with an aureole.

"But after awhile," said Robert, still walking

back and forth, and speaking seemingly as much to himself as to her. "But after awhile fate threw another woman in my way—a woman who was the very embodiment of all for which my soul had yearned."

He paused for an instant and then went on rapidly, changing his tenses.

"She—this woman—is strong, and sweet, and tender. She has loved and she has suffered. She has sounded the heights and the depths of human experience. She is one to be revered as a saint, and yet she is still young enough and fair enough to be most passionately loved. We have been close friends, almost like brother and sister, for many years, and I have so guarded myself that she has not once dreamed of my love for her. I did not mean that she should ever know it. But

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all!'

Shall I tell her, Rachel?" he said, pausing beside her chair, and speaking in tones husky with emotion. "I place the whole matter in your hands. Shall I tell her?"

How swiftly Rachel's thoughts had moved during the last few minutes, how much ground they had covered, and what lightning-like decisions they had formed, only a woman may know. She saw, as in a panorama, her whole past and her whole future, and the loneliness of the years that were to come. For even Roy's marriage, which was in itself a joy, would inevitably take something out of her life.

As she looked, her heart gave one quick bound.

To be first again with some one, to know that still to some one she was the dearest being on earth—surely that would be sweet! For if, as Robert had said, she was still young enough to be loved, so she was still young enough to love; and forty-three has more to give than eighteen.

For a moment she hesitated, while Robert stood by her side, not touching her, but with his eyes fixed upon her face. Then she put out her hand and clasped his.

"Don't tell her, Robert," she said. "Be her friend, her brother, always. But don't tell her. It is not best nor wise."

And he never did.

Shall I stop here, or shall I give you one scene more?

It is the night before the early morning wedding. Everything is in readiness. The house is still and sweet, filled with the fragrance of lilies and violets. Rose and Daisy are up-stairs in their dainty chamber.

Roy is in his mother's dressing-room, watching her, soberly, yet happily, as she arranges a basket of flowers.

He knows where it is going.

Suddenly his eyes fill with tears, his breath comes quickly, he leans over and kisses her forehead.

"Mother!" he cries, "there is no rue in your basket."

"No," she answered, with a soft smile. "No, my dear Roy, 'for now in all my garden grows no single root of rue.'"

THE END.

Humorous.

AUNT RUSHA'S EXPERIENCE WITH AGENTS.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

I S'POSE the way it begun was—er that seemed tew be the agrivatin' cause—the't 'long sometime in the latter part uv Jinewary, I sent a post'l caird tew the "Chang Chang" folks in Pheledophy, askin' fer their cirkylers. I didn't care much about it myself—I don't hev much use fer sech things—but 'twas sech a kewris namo, the't I thought I'd like tew see what 'twas, ef I never made no use on't. Well, arter I'd said what was needed 'bout the cirkylers, I jest mentioned the't we lived in a kinder quiet place, en agents uv one kind en another didn't often trouble us—I didn't know what was the reason—'twasn't 'cause we was so poor, fer most on us was purty forehandid. Now I think on it, 'twas dretful foolish fer me tew say all this—there wasn't any need on't, en I hedn't any purpus in it—I jest happen'd tew—en I don't know es it hed anything tew dew with arter events, but it seemed tew, fer arter that, come the deluge—no, cirkylers, I mean. The Chang Changers sent thairn, uv coarse; but so did everybody else, it seemed. I don't live very handy tew the post-office, but gener'ly some uv

the nabers go there every day; en whoever goes, brings the mail fer the rest; en I guess, fer the next tew er three weeks, I everidged es much es one lot a day, Sundys not excepted. Some days, mebbly, there'd come es many es three; en then some days, none. "Starch polish," "glossine," "Chinoes inamil," en I don't know haow many other kinds uv that natur; but that wasn't all, by any means.

I can't begin tew 'numerate all the things—en some on 'em I should be ashamed tew mention—useful, en wonderful, en indispensable, the't I was respectfully en earnestly urged tew buy, fer my own use, er take an agency for; all on 'em dirt cheap, en a chromo wuth tew er three dollars thrown in; en all on 'em "sellin' like wild fire," en makin' fortins fer "wide-awake agents" right along, without hardly a mite no soutlay. It was a subject uv some wonder tew us—I mean the nabers en me—haow 'twas, the't they could afford tew sell an article fer twenty-five er fifty cents, en give a picter wuth a dollar er tew, inteu the bargain; but we s'posed they knew their own business.

But the cirkylers were a triflin' matter, compared with what follered; I mean the agents. Not

that they wus quite so *newmerous*, but they wa'n't so readily disposed on. We couldn't throw 'em in the fire, en let that end it. The fust one was a woman, with some kind uv starch polish, I've fergot what; en she gin a chromo with every-box sold. She did purty well—most everybody bought some—a good many jest fer the sake uv the picters. The next tew er three dun purty well, tew, I guess. One on 'em was a book agent, en one hed several little notions—a combination needle-book, en a needle-threader among 'em—en *they* gin chromos, tew. Naow en then, one would happen along that didn't give picters, but they didn't hev much success. Arter six er eight hed ben along, the business begun tew decline a little; fer we found that the more we incurrig'd 'em, the more there was on 'em; en, besides, we'd all got es many chromos es we knew what tew dew with. We talked some abaout puttin' 'em all together, en hevin' a public picter gallery, only, the trouble was, there wa'n't variety enough. Deacon Scott said, thet es I hed ben the one tew interduce the "chromo disease," es he called it—he said 'twas 'most es bad es the measles er small-pox—he thought it would be a good idee fer me tew give notice thet we'd got a full supply fer the present, en shouldn't want any more for a good spell; but thet if there was any gentlemen er ladies anywhere that would like tew sell us some corn intment, er rheumatic liniment, en a few sech simple en necessary articles, en would give ile paintin's, steel ingravins', en water-color sketches with 'em, we should be happy tew patronize 'em, jest fer the sake uv interducin' a little variety inter sour art collections.

So we hed some fun aout on 'em fer awhile, but bimeby they got tew be perfect nusences. Most on 'em was perlitte en civil, en them I allus tried tew treat with respect, en guess I did; but some was purty toppin', en they got short answers en few on 'em. The wust was—but I s'pose they ecouldn't help that—they was purty sure tew come jest et the very wust time. Ef I was off up garrit sweepin', there be sure tew come an agent a-poundin' away at the door, en sometimes they'd hev tew pound a good while 'fore I'd hear; fer I'm some hard uv hearin', but they'd stick tew till I did hear; er ef I was cookin' somethin' thet needed strict attention; er ef I was iernin' starched close; er was moppin' er scrubbin', with my sleeves en skirts pinned up, then was the very time fer an agent tew appear on the scene, en keep me parleyin' at the door, while my vit's was spillin', er my close dryin' on the iernin-table.

En then, haow the nabers did laf at en plague me! They daw like tew git a joke on me; en they thought thet naow was a purty good chance fer 'em tew pay off some old debts; so, when a new agent come along, et every place he stopped, afore gittin' tew my haouse, they'd tell him thet I'd buy uv him. "Mebby I'd be kinder short et fust, but ef they'd hang on long enough, they'd succeed et last." In one er ter instancis they've actewally come back, arter I'd got rid on 'em, 'cause some uv the nabers hed persuadid 'em tew, in some way—tellin' 'em thet I was hard uv hearin', en likely didn't understand, er smethin'.

I laffed es hard es anybody; told 'em thet ef I did bring the "disease" there, I guess't I hed the wust on't; but we'd be patient—like all diseases, it would hev tew hev its run, en it would begin tew mend arter awhile—there must be a crisis fust.

Well, it got tew be along inter April, en not much sign uv the nusence abatin'. One day, I was "sugerin' off" on the kitchin stove. The suger was purty near done, en I hed tew watch it every minit tew keep it frum runnin' over. My little niece, Carrie, was there, en all at once she says: "O Ant Rusha! there's one uv them book men comin' in! He's got tew er three books in his han's."

Withaout lookin' up, I said: "Well, *yew'll* hev tew go tew the door for me, Carrie; I can't leave this suger. Now, don't be a nite afraid, but go right along en tell him thet I *don't want any uv his books*. I've got books enough en *chromos* enough, en I don't want *another one*."

Carrie was a real bashful little thing, but she spunked up, en marched off es brave es could be, en delivered my messij word fer word, she said, when she come back. She looked mighty proud en triumphant, tew.

"He pertendid thet he knew *yew*," says she, "en said he'd promised tew cull en leave the books, en tried tew make me take 'em all, whether er no; but I knew it was jest a *trick*, en he didn't *ketch me*! Ef I'd a took 'em, he'd a come back in a day er tew, I s'pose, en made *yew* pay for 'em."

I ketched the suger-kittle off the stove, en run tew the sink with it, where I could look sout't the winder, en there I see the new minister, walkin' away in a great hurry, with the very books, I s'posed, thet he'd promised tew lend me. I couldn't bear tew tell Carrie who 'twas, when she was feelin' so praoad about what she'd done; besides, she wa'n't tew blame—she'd never seen the minister; but I hurrid my suger-makin' throw, es quick es I could, en then fixed myself, en went right up tew his haouse tew make suitable apologies.

Well, this answered tew laff abaout for a few days, en then there was another act in the dramy, in which tew new charicters took a purty active part. The new charicters was my young Devonshire cow, Cherry, en en old hen. The hen was the pluckyist little thing I ever see; so I named her Pluckie. Ef any strangers, er dogs, er cats interfered in any way with her domestic avications, there was a rumpus purty quick, en *she* generally come aout best, when 'twas over. She hed a nest, en was settin', on the scaffil over the long stable in the barn. The caow was a droful high-strung critter tew, en et that time was more obstopelous then common, fer she hed a caf on'y 'baout a week old, thet she was consider'bly exercised abaout. It was in the barn, in a little pen made off one end uv the hoss-stable, en it was purty resky business fer anybody thet she wa'n't purty well acquaintid with tew be seen goin' near that barn, I can tell you. I was as 'fraid es death uv her, en my tew neffews, en sometimes thet father, tew, hed tew come over every night en mornin' tew 'tend tew milkin' on her.

Well, airly one mornin', along come a dapper little feller with a carpit-bag—en agent fer some paper, with a chromo 'tachment, es usyil—en he *was* es conceitid en airish es yew ever see, with his waxed mustash, en fancy cane, kid gloves, en scentid hangkercher, which he took great pains tew flourish abaout. I was purty busy, en I didn't waste many words with him, en he soon took his departer. In the course uv haf an haour I went tew the barn tew put some eggs under a hen that was wantin' tew set. Cherry see me, though she was clear tew the other side uv the paster, en up with her head, en startid fer me, but I hurrid on intew the barn-yard en shet the gate. I went intew the barn et one uv the great doors—they open ontew the barn floor—en left it open.

On one side uv the floor is the bay, en on the other is the long stable, with the scaffil over it. There was a tall ladder that went up tew the scaffil, en on up tew the big beams, over the floor. On each side uv the floor was board partition, mebbly four feet high. The hen's nest that I was arter was in the bay, en I'd got over en put the eggs in the nest, en was abaout to begin the difficilt task uv climbing aout agin, fer the hay was purty low, en 'twas no very easy matter, when I heerd a short kind uv a beller frum some critter, en en awful skurryin' in the barn-floor. I looked, en there was that little serpent uv an agent with his carpit-bag, part way up the ladder, en Cherry in the middle uv the floor, a shakin' en tostin' her head, en snuffin', en her eyes lookin' like wild-fire. I understood the whole matter in a minit. Somebody, most likely Deacon Scott, hed sent the little plagy fool back tew harriss me intew subscribin' fer his paper, en he'd seen me go intew the barn en follered, en Cherry hed follered him, en he'd left the barn-yard gate open, probably 'cause he hodn't time tew shet it, she was so close, en so there was nothin' tew hender her follerin' right on intew the barn. She could see her caf, en that only made her the more feywous tew git tew it, en I 'spected nothin' but what she'd half tear the barn daoun, en mebbly kill herself 'fore the fuss was over, en I was so mad et the little ninny that I wantid to skin him; but fer all that I felt like laffin tew see haow skairt he was. He was jest es pale es a ghost, en all uv a tremble. He got off uv the ladder ontew the scaffil, en was kinder walkin' raound, lookin', I s'pose, fer some way tew escape. Purty soon he see me.

"That's a dangerous beast, ma'am," says he.

Cherry was makin' sech a noise, runnin' aout en in en bawlin', that he hed tew repeat his remark before I could understand.

"She aint of yow keep away frum her," says I. "She's a *vallyble* beast, en I don't think she ought tew be thought the less on fer mannyfestin' a nateral affection fer her offspring. I'd be willin' tew sell her, though," says I, "ef I can, afore she breaks her own neck. I'll take seventy-five dollers fer her, en give a chromo intew the bargain."

He snappt aout sumthin' abaout its boin' not a very suitable occasion fer jokin', en I begun tew say that the occasion was one uv his own makin', but didn't finish, fer hostillytis hed begun frum a new quarter, en he hed enuff tew dew withaout

listenin'. In walkin' abaout, it seems, he'd unwittingly intrudid on Mistriss Pluckie, es she chose tew consider it in that light; en so, withaout the least warnin', she giv a squall en a dive fer his feet. I guess ef the barn hed ben fallin' daoun over my head, I should a laift *then* tew see him kick en caper.

"Jerusalem! What next?" says he; but the caow was a bawlin' en the caf a blairin', en so much confusion, thet I couldn't hear what else he did say; but I guess he swore a little.

Arter a dive er tew et his feet, Miss Pluckie set back en took a new start; this time fer his head. She knocked his hat off, en giv him tew or three good flaps with her wings, en a few good picks, afore he could knock her off. He did et last, en then he sprung fer the ladder, en scamper'd up it in quick time, en sot himself on the big beam, en she went cacklin' en cluckin' back tew her nest.

"Can yew tell me, ma'am, haow in thunder I am goin' tew get aout uv this den uv wild beasts?" says he, arter the noise hed quieted daown a little.

"No," says I, "I can't. I don't know haow I am tew git aout myself. There's no way only threw the great doors, en I darcsn't attempt tew go thet way while thet caow is in sech a feury."

The caow kep runnin' aout en raoun tew the stable door, en then in a minit back agin, en I couldn't see no way thet either on us could get away without runnin' the resk uv bein' killed. At last I noticed one uv the weather-boards close by me was partly sprung off et the bottom, en arter workin' awhile I bust it off enough so thet I manijed tew squeeze threw—en purty tight squeezein' it was, tew. I hurried right away arter the boys tew come en take charge uv Cherry. I told 'em when we was goin' back thet I'd got a chromo peddler treed up on the big beams, en Pluckie and Cherry keepin' guard, en they was in high glee abaout it, calkylatin' tew hev some fun with him; but when we got tew the barn we faound the prisener hed escaped. I s'pose he'd watched his opportunity when Cherry was aout, en scrambled daoun en over intew the hay, en so aout the same way I did.

The next time I see Deacon Scott, "Well, Rusha," says he, "the disease has come tew a head naow, haint it?"

"I guess it has," says I; en I declare, I b'leve that was the turnin' pint, en agents hov ben rather fewer en further between ever sence.

ARAB INGENUITY.—A gentleman who rode his own mare in the course of an Eastern tour, asked his Arab attendant if he was quite sure she always got her allowance. "Oh, yes," he replied; "my countrymen often steal from one another, and rob their friends' horses, but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated." "How?" "I always put some pebbles in with the barley—seven or eight—and count exactly how many I put in. The mare never eats the pebbles, and, if any one steals from the barley, he is sure to take two or three pebbles with it. If I find the pebbles short in the morning, I have hard words, and they cannot tell how I know, and so they give up cheating her."

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 6.

WE made everything look its very prettiest last summer when we were expecting the arrival of our brother home from college for the summer vacation. We had the house in tip-top order, and our fresh lawn dresses waiting, and the weather was delightful, and everything seemed to favor us. He was to come at night. We walked around and put on finishing touches, and I was so anxious to show off my plants that I moved the pots a good many times and ways to make them show to the best advantage. I had one pugnacious old cactus that he never liked, so I sat him in the background quite out of sight. I liked the bristling old fellow just because he never would say *die*, no matter what his treatment was.

Bub had not been in the house very long until he said: "Well, I must look about a little."

I took the lamp and showed him our new books first; then the new arrangements we made while cleaning house in the spring; then the new addition; and finally I stood before the plants in a careless, oh-that's-nothing way, and he fairly caught his breath at the bloom and fragrance. He stooped, and closed his fingers about the chin of a velvety monthly rose, when suddenly he said: "Oh, does that old cactus live yet! Why it has as many lives as a cat! Do you ever water it?"

I replied that I always watered it when I did the other plants.

"Well, I can tell you something new, then, that our teacher in botany told us," said Bub. "He said that the cacti needed no water, that they were succulent plants; that he had a large, rare one once that never bloomed, and he took special care of it because he wanted it to flower. He watered it, and watched it for years, but it grew not, nor was he rewarded by the spike of blossoms that he so longed to see. At last, in disgust, he threw it away, flung it among some bushes, and thought no more of it. Some time afterward he chanced to see something bright among the bushes, and, on examination, it was the cactus bursting into bloom. All it needed was to be left alone."

The next day I carried my pots of cactus into the garden, and put over behind the currant bushes next to the palings, where they would be slightly sheltered. In the fall, one of them had grown all over the edge of the pot, and down upon the ground, and was beginning to strike root in several places. The other, the admiration of all the neighborhood for four years, was sitting in among a nest of young cacti; really, she looked like a motherly old hen on a cunning brood of chickens that were peeping out from under her sheltering wings. These were easily cut off and removed to other pots ready to transfer to other homes.

Seems to me I hear some woman or girl say: "I wonder if the Pottses have good times when their boy comes home for vacation?"

Now, if I were a California girl, familiar with grizzlies, and Digger Indians, and the rude but expressive dialect of the born Californian, my answer would be, "*You bet!*" But I content myself with the smooth, tame, insipid, but courteous and faultless, "*We do.*"

I have told you that he never tires or wearies of the society of his sisters; no woman could ask a love kinder, more unselfish, more reverent or tenderer, than the love he gives them.

I did forget! I wanted to tell you last month, when I wrote of housecleaning, a little item of news that might have been of benefit to you, as it was to myself. It may not be too late now.

When we papered some of our rooms last spring, we could not get a border to match the paper. I didn't want a border on a deep blue ground—staring, glaring blue—when not a bit of blue was in the paper at all. The merchant said he could send and order it, but the girl who helped us was in a hurry to get through, and her time was engaged elsewhere, and I contrived a substitute that was very gratifying, very pretty, and cost but a mere trifle. I bought a roll of wall-paper that had a stripe of beautiful vine in it—three stripes in the roll. I cut these out, and we used them for a border, and they made an admirable substitute. One of the colors in a border should be one of the principal colors in the paper, else it will not harmonize and produce a pleasing effect.

I never said a word about it before any of my family, because I was ashamed of it; but I am sure it was owing to my negligence that so many of our chickens died last summer. Poor things! people called it the chicken cholera, when I am certain it was want of plenty of cold water to drink. They had a drinking-trough over toward the well in the shade, and I refused to let them drink anywhere about the kitchen pump. Sometimes I found their trough dry, and saw them standing around with drooping wings and fluffy feathers. The weather was very warm, and I am sure they did not have all the fresh water they needed, and the result was that they died by the dozen. After they became diseased, it was too late to do anything for them then.

I gave you a recipe for Graham bread and for Graham gems, but in case you are in a hurry, and have not time to make the bread raised with yeast, or if you have no gem pans, I will tell you how to make Graham short-cake; it can be made in a few minutes, and if your fire is right will be excellent.

Take one quart of buttermilk, or soured sweet milk, two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and an even teaspoonful of salt. Put all the ingredients together,

and then stir in Graham flour to make a stiff batter. You need not stir it very much. Have your long bread-pan well greased, your oven piping hot, and then pour in the batter and bake quickly. Cut it out in checks like ginger-bread and serve hot.

We received such a cheery letter from a young woman lately—a very little chick-a-dee of a girl she seems. We hope her future may be as radiant, and rosy, and beautiful as she dreams it will be, when she enters upon the new and the charmed life before her. She says she likes housekeeping, likes to wash, and iron, and sweep, and bake, and cook dinners.

That's the kind of talk, my dear! Really, I never heard a girl talk in that sensible way before, never in my life. They always say: "Oh, what drudgery! How I do dislike to wash dishes, and work over the hot cook-stove and make my face red and my hands brown." I don't have much patience with such girls, and often make no reply, but when I do, I say: "Don't call housework drudgery—it is wicked talk—God may take from you the dear father, or mother, or the dear little brother or sister, or the healthy, hearty brother grown up to manhood, and, oh, when you stand beside the cold form, how keenly will come to your remembrance every word you have said, every complaint you have uttered about drudgery! You will have one less to do for then—that one will be under no obligations to you for kindness to him or her any longer. Do you think, standing there with your accusing conscience upbraiding you, that you can ever forget those unkind words you have often spoken?"

With a dear friend I stood beside the coffin of her father. She wept bitterly, and though she had been a kind, devoted, patient daughter, the burden of her lamentations was: "Oh, I could have done more for father! I can see now so many ways in which I could have helped him, and cared for him, and made him happier! my poor, poor father! I can do nothing for him now—it is too late; he is gone forever from me!"

Whatever is our duty we should perform kindly, and cheerfully, and lovingly; we should love to do our duty for the sake of our dear ones.

The brave girl who tells me she likes housework, and that she means to learn how to do everything well, asks me a few questions in view of the station she expects to fill with honor. One is: "Can we not make lemon flavoring ourselves, a better article than we buy?" Of course we can, child; cheaper and better, and then we have the satisfaction of knowing what it is made of. Cut off the yellow outside peel, say of five lemons, shave it as thin as you can, put it into a pint of spirits and cork the bottle up tight. In a few days you will have a better quality of extract than you can buy.

If you want vanilla extract, bruise the beans and proceed the same as with the lemon. By this means you will save an item in the line of expenses, for we know that flavorings cost considerable in the course of a year.

A very good way to get the flavor of lemon is to

grate the yellow off with a nutmeg grater. Grate it over a plate of fine, white sugar, then stir it up and put in a wide-mouthed bottle and cork tightly.

She inquires how lemon jelly is made, also. Easiest thing in the world. Take a paper of gelatine and let it soak in a pint of cold water for one hour at least, but the longer it is soaked the better. Then add to it a quart of boiling water, the juice of two or three lemons and a pint and a half of sugar. Set it away without cooking at all, in a form to cool, and an excellent article of jelly will be the result.

It may be that our little chickadee don't know how to make the very best kind of bread; if she don't, we will tell her sometime. Every paper one picks up tells how to make good bread, but so much depends on the quality of the flour, that sometimes we feel disheartened and don't like to touch the bread question at all. Now here in our own family we could not get snow-white bread, and always the last of the baking was not half so good as the first, but we experimented, time after time, and still thought it was our own fault. Brother Rube's wife said other folks get white bread, and why can't we? our wheat is sound and good; it must be our own fault. We never thought of the miller at all. But now we have good, white bread, and it all came about in such a funny way, too.

Bub took a wagon load of girls up to Hemlock Falls one fine day last summer; we meant to have a good time, and for fear the day would not be long enough we went very early in the morning. An elderly man was strolling about over the grounds in a worried, uneasy way, and he carried something under his arm in a paper flour-sack, marked "Taylor's Best." That sack betrayed his whereabouts. "Taylor's Best" meant flour made five miles east of us; but that wanderer, looking like Hood's "Last Man," who and what was he?

I said: "Bub, maybe he's in distress—you must find out, poor fellow! I don't like the way he rolls up his eyes and wanders around; it might be that he had no breakfast, or, perhaps, he's not quite right in his mind, or, maybe, his friends are all dead."

"I'll speak to him," was the reply, "just to please you, then I'll come and tell you."

"And, Bub, try and find out what he has in that sack under his arm; it might be old family jewels," I suggested.

Just as I turned to follow the winding path down the steep rocks, I saw my brother extend his hand and give the old man a good cordial shaking. Afterwhile he came to us and told me the man was Jacky Pringle, and he was there to meet a dancing party from Mount Vernon, and the sack under his arm, marked "Taylor's Best," contained his fiddle; that the dancers were to pay friend Pringle two dollars for his services and give him his dinner. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "and the doctor is afraid the party will not come, that is the reason of his manifest uneasiness. He says he is well acquainted with you, Pipsey, and knew your face as soon as he saw it."

I could not remember that I had ever seen Mr. Pringle in my life; but that sack marked "Taylor's Best," gave me a new train of thought, and I concluded I would make it convenient to speak to the man before we went home. As soon as I went toward him, he reached out his hand and grinned in an abashed way.

I said: "Mr. Pringle, I believe; how do you do?"

"Well as common, I thank ye; how's yerself?" was the reply. "You didn't know me, did ye? Forgot the time I saved your life, Miss Potts."

I was astounded! Saved my life! And I had forgotten my benefactor! I asked when.

"Oh, that time you come down to Dave's to see the Indian hatchet he found, and as you clim the fence, the three dogs, Bull, and Brave, and Bounce, all made a rush for you, an' would 've tore you into rags, only that I run out and knocked 'em right an' left, an' driv 'em in under the house, an' saved your life," said he, staring at me with a little derisive sniff of a laugh that made me feel, for the first time, how great had been my peril, and how black my ingratitude.

Yes, I remembered that pack of ferocious dogs, and I remembered distinctly of reaching out my hands to them and talking dog-talk, and of their wriggles of delight; but I might have misinterpreted them, really.

Then we talked about the Indian hatchet, its perfect workmanship, and finely-wrought eye, and helve, and edge. It was found on a hillside near the house where the Pringles reside, in close proximity to a skeleton of giant proportions. Near it were the remains of a fire, coal and ashes. Nearly all of the great bones crumbled into brown dust when exposed to the air; but the poor Pringle's kept the rare little stone hatchet. The best men in the State tried to obtain possession of it, but failed. It would have been a valuable acquisition to their cabinets of curiosities.

They said: "We cannot get the hatchet, now you try; perhaps they could not refuse a woman."

They promised it to me. I was elated, and wrote to my friends, "Eureka! I'll get the hatchet!" But only the echo of my jubilant shout came back to me; I never got it. I could not humiliate myself to ask the ninth time.

Now I'll go back to the white-bread question after this circuitous, meandering, rambling way of a woman talking. The fiddle lay on Dr. Pringle's lap in its sly, ingenious casing.

I said: "Taylor's Best!" Do they make a good article of flour at those mills near you?"

"There is not such flour made in all the State," said he. "Why a woman couldn't miss getting good bread out o' such flour as that is. Our bread is always white, and moist, and spongy, and the last loaf of a big baking is even better 'n the first. Taylor has the best of millers; money is no object with him when it comes to paying a good miller; he don't much care what he has to pay 'em."

"Really, I am obliged to you," said I, "and I will coax my men folks until they go to that mill and bring home a wagon-load of sacks, marked like that is in which you carry your fiddle."

And so I did; and we all think now that it is

better to go twenty miles for good flour than to use a dark, poor stuff made nearer home, even if we got it for nothing.

Perhaps when the girl who loves housework goes into her own little cottage, she will one day be met by the perplexity that we were the other day—how to hang pictures that the light may fall upon them favorably, so as to bring out all the beauty of the varied landscape. There were rocks, and mountains, and lakes, and wildwood scenery in both; in one, the mountain tops were bathed with the sunset's gold; in the other, the first glintings of the sunrise made very beautiful the rugged peaks, and then slanted adown their jagged sides and lighted up the sweet valleys that nestled away below, and down beside the still, embosomed waters.

We were not long in finding the proper place to hang one of the pictures; the light from the adjacent window fell upon it so as to bring out into full view the most charming points in the landscape. At last a place was found for the other, and on examination we discovered that there were no places in that room in which the pictures could hang advantageously, only precisely where each one hung; and the secret of it was that the light must fall on them from the same direction that the sunrise and sunset fell. We were delighted with our success and the result of our planning.

What's this! How nice! Our nearest neighbor made a fruit pudding for dinner to-day, and sent us half of it just in time for our dinner. That's just like Mattie! It was excellent, and I want you to know how it was made that you may taste and decide for yourselves.

Pour over half a loaf of dry bread boiling water enough to cover it; let it stand until soft, then drain off the water and add to it three eggs well beaten, two cups of white sugar, a lump of butter the size of a hulled walnut, and a pint of any kind of fruit you choose—currants, berries, cherries, raisins, dried currants, or whatever you like best. Mix the ingredients thoroughly; put in a floured cloth, drop into boiling water, and keep it covered and boiling for one hour. Serve with sweet or sour sauce, as you prefer. Good cream well sweetened, into which you have squeezed the juice of a lemon, is best.

Mattie's summer mince pies are good for a change, although we do distrust them a little.

A cup and a half of chopped raisins, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of warm water, half a cup of vinegar or good boiled cider, two well-beaten eggs, five crackers pounded fine; stir all together and season with spices as other mince pies; bake with rich crust. For the top crust, roll thin, cut in narrow strips, and twist, and lay across.

In very warm weather, Mattie keeps lemons by cutting them in slices and mixing white sugar with them. Put in a glass jar, cover well with sugar, and paper securely.

If you want a very pretty and fast color in your next web of carpet, let me suggest a new one that I heard of since we talked rag-carpet the last time.

It is hardly in season to tell now, but if I defer it until the right time, I may forget it altogether. My favorite color in rag-carpet is madder red, it is bright and cheery, and always looks clean and new, but I think I would like this new tint, bluish purple, and have laid aside a couple of very old woollen blankets to dye.

For one pound of woollen goods gather and macerate half a bushel of common purslain—pursley, some people pronounce it—in a sufficiency of water. Then boil a quarter of a pound of log-wood chips in a separate kettle. Strain, and mix, and boil the goods in the water two hours. Then drain it well and rinse, and it is done. Before putting the goods in the dye it must be boiled half an hour in alum water, five ounces of alum to a pound of wool. This is for a mordant.

The girls were grieving to-day that our doorway had no flower-beds in it—nothing but trees, and shrubs, and abundance of green grass. Now, I love the beautiful grass; to me it is prettier than to see the yard cut up into beds, and a-bloom with flowers for only a few weeks, and then the unsightly stalks, leafless, and flowerless, and brown, and unlovely. Oh, I tell the girls that it is no wonder Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, and that I've no doubt he learned to like its succulent juices, and to rest his nose lovingly among the cool, green, quivering blades with a sweet sense of exquisite enjoyment.

Then I read to them this favorite poem :

"The grass, the grass, the beautiful grass,
That brightens this land of ours,
Oh, why do we rudely let it pass,
And only praise the flowers?
The blossoms of spring small joys would bring,
And the summer bloom look sad,
Were the earth not green, and the distant scene
In its emerald robe not clad.

"The grass, the grass, the feathery grass,
That waves in the summer wind,
That stays when the flowers all fade and pass,
Like a dear old friend behind;
That clothes the hills and the valley fills,
When the trees are stripped and bare;
Oh, the land would be like a wintry sea
Did the grass not linger there!

"The grass, the grass, the bountiful grass,
Oh, well may the gift endure,
That never was meant for creed or class,
But grows for both rich and poor;
Long may the land be great and grand,
Where the emerald turf is spread;
May the bright green grass, when from earth we
pass,
Lie lightly o'er each head."

THE BEGINNING OF SUCCESS.

ARE you in earnest, seize this very minute,
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WILL you walk into my parlor? It is in truth a *parloir*, but it is an *etude* as well; and a *nourrisson*; and I cannot find words in the French dictionary to tell what else this little parlor of mine is. Come to think of it, I don't think I have any parlor at all;—only a little room where I sit, and read, and write, and sew, and amuse the children, and scold the captain, and build air-castles, and look out at the green trees. It is a very commonplace little room without one bit of pretense about it—not so much as a hair-cloth sofa or a Venetian blind; whose table has generally a litter of newspapers and manuscript, and half-withered leaves and flowers; whose walls are covered all over with paintings and chromos, most of them frameless; and whose every nook and corner is filled with books. These books have most of them bright new covers, for I am not enough of a bookworm to have a fancy for the rubbish of old book-stalls; and George Eliot herself would receive but a doubtful reception from me if she came in tatters and dirt and general mustiness. It is a room liable to invasions of small barbarians who leave disorder in their track. Nevertheless, it is a room which one who loved to read or look at pictures, could take infinite comfort in; but one which would fill with ineffable disgust those who like gloom and seclusion, and stately furniture, and all that sort of thing.

Yes, it is true, I haven't any real parlor for you to walk into. So, will you please walk into my imaginary parlor? I often occupy it. It is, in fact, my exclusive property, and I feel perfectly competent to do the honors.

What makes you blink so? Does the light hurt your eyes? It is rather light, but no lighter than the great out-of-doors, where men and women had to live before houses were invented. I like light, and plenty of it. Who is it that the Bible says love darkness rather than light? No closed shutters or thick curtains for me; no shading porches or "ombras"—as some architect fancifully though not inappropriately calls them—over my parlor windows. Let the fullness of the daylight come in.

Am I not afraid of fading my carpet? Bless you! I don't care for my carpet; I don't live for the sake of my carpet. But take a look at it, and see if there is any danger of its fading. It is no glaring monstrosity of incongruous colors and forms—an architectural design wreathed with giant flowers of every hue—a carpet which, if the walker gave it intelligent consideration, must fill him with a perpetual sense of weariness as he attempts to surmount the obstacles which it presents in his path. No; my carpet, as you see, is nothing but a ground of dark green moss presenting two or three different shades, with here and there a spray of *cinq-foil*, its leaves tinged with bright tints—not real moss, to be sure, but just as restful to the eye. I never saw just such a carpet out of my own parlor; but if I failed to find one like it at the carpet stores, I should try to content

myself with one displaying a small geometrical figure instead—either green, brown or red in color.

You don't like the color of my wood-work, nor the paper on my walls? No, I suppose not; but I do, and that is all that is necessary. You don't like them in detail, you mean, but you must certainly acknowledge that the general effect is good. Time was when I, too, thought that white was the only color for the wood-work of a house, and the lightest of paper for the walls. A parlor thus papered and painted, with a crimson carpet on the floor, is really cheerful and pretty. But I leave that style now for my imaginary bed-rooms. Besides, that style would never do for this grand parlor of mine, which is intended to match the hall I described to you some little time since. The room is finished in black walnut, oiled and varnished, and the walls are papered with walnut paper in imitation of wainscoting, with panels of a lighter color. This wainscoting is about three feet in height. Above this the walls are papered in panels, the panels themselves being a rich mottled crimson, and the surroundings or columns two or three shades of light pearl color. The border is rich velvety crimson. The ceiling is papered with a pale mottled pearl paper.

"This is a curious style," remarks one of my visitors. Yes, so it would be, if I were simply ornamenting my wall. But you know crimson is the best color for a background that pictures can have, and my wall is only considered in the light of a background for pictures. In every crimson panel hangs a picture—sometimes more than one, if they are small. I will not describe these pictures, because they do not always, in this imaginary parlor, remain two days the same. I like landscapes with all the green, fresh tints of nature—not the asphaltum-pictures which so many admire because they are "so warm and soft."

You have been already admiring the arched recess of my bay-window. Is it not pretty? It is a bit of sunshine and summer the year round. The whole window is draped with vines which serve as curtains to obstruct the somewhat too fierce rays of the sun; while the shelf running around just below the window-sill is filled with roses, geraniums, heliotropes, and every pretty blooming thing that strikes my fancy. My globe aquarium, with its gleaming, golden fish and delicate water-plants, has the place of honor in the centre. I have not one particle of affection for the gold-fish that find their home in it. I wonder if any one does have? But I love to watch the brilliant effects of light and shade, as the sunlight falls upon and gleams through the globe of water, and to see the flashes of brilliant color as the fishes dart to and fro.

Somebody wants to know why I don't have a bird-cage suspended in the centre of my bay-window. Well, it *would* be pretty; but that hanging-basket is really prettier, with long, trailing money-wort, and delicate blue lobelias, and it does not make one bit of noise. I object to birds singing in my house. I prefer my bird-songs *au naturel* from amid the green leaves out of doors.

Have you taken notice of my windows and doorways? They are all arched. The abomination of ugliness is a square hole in the wall to go in or out of, or to look through. I never could reconcile it to my ideas of beauty. So those of my imaginary parlor are properly arched as they should be. My door, too, does not open and shut as doors ordinarily do. It slides into the wall when it is open, and thus is entirely out of the way, shutting up no corner. By the way, my parlor has corners. A room is not comfortable or cosy without corners. I once planned a kitchen, and found when it was finished that there were no available corners in it—they were all taken up by doorways. And I was never able to sit down in the room with any satisfaction. There was nothing cosy about it. My parlor has corners, and there are brackets holding statuettes and pictures, and trifles of all sorts.

But to return to my doorway. I had some trouble in getting my doorway to suit me. My carpenter made objections about its construction, and seemed to think it couldn't be done. But I reasoned, and expostulated with, and worried him; and being only an imaginary carpenter, and consequently more under my control than a real one, he finally gave in, and I had my doorway made to suit me. He also objected that the windows would be a great deal more expensive with arched tops. But I airily replied that the expense was a matter of no moment to me, and he hadn't another word to say. He submitted as gracefully as a real carpenter would have done under the same circumstances. If he ever brings in his imaginary bill, I shall probably find that he has taken advantage of my indifference, just the same as a real carpenter would. Never mind; my imaginary purse is inexhaustible; and it is such a satisfaction to hold one's self above the petty worriments of a limited income, even in imagination.

Do you see that green, living cornice around the top of my room? (How I abominate gilt cornices—they look so tawdry!) That is an ivy vine, and the crimson border to the wall-paper forms an excellent background to its leaves, which so admirably match the carpet. So I have not, after all, violated the upholsterer's mandate that carpet and wall-border shall match in color.

My parlor is nearly square. The long parlors which fashion decrees are my abomination. They are the result of necessity; and my imaginary dwelling is untrammelled by necessities. So to show the utmost independence in this respect, if for no other reason, my parlor is nearly square.

As imagination scarcely dares to indulge in so wild a flight as to fancy an open wood-fire lighting and warming a room in this year of our Lord 1875, I have contented myself with a heater to warm the room in the winter. I detest stoves—great, ugly, black things—that take up so much room, and look so gloomy and inhospitable! — is the best heater I know of. (I have left this blank purposely, intending to fill it up with the name of the first heater I have presented to me by an admiring and appreciative reader who has

heaters for sale, and wishes thus to earn a gratuitous puff.)

My parlor has two doors, one opening into the hall and the other into the dining-room or sitting-room direct. Sometimes when I am in the mind, this last is a double door, capable of being pushed back both ways, and throwing the two apartments into one. (There is an advantage an imaginary house has over a real one: it is easily altered or repaired without additional expense, or worry with a carpenter.)

My bay-window faces the south, of course, and there is one east window, or rather two, for it is a double window—or it may be a west window, through which to watch the sunsets. But quite as important as either of these is a north window (a double window also) where I can sit to draw or paint, with a pure, clear light. My windows have drapery. I can't endure Venetian blinds; they are my especial horror. In summer, lace curtains looped back half cover the windows, without obstructing the light; and in winter, crimson curtains, also well looped back, give a warmth to the room. The white shades, usually well roled up, can be lowered when the sun's rays become too impertinent or obtrusive, without really darkening the room.

I have neither mantle nor pier-mirrors. My parlor is a place for mutual rather than self-admiration, and mirrors are not necessary to that. My mantle has no bronze ornaments. Why? Well, I don't know, unless it is because I have got so tired of seeing them in all properly-furnished parlors. I have got a rare collection of dried ferns and lichens and mosses done up in fancy shapes—crosses and wreaths and all that—dreadful to catch the dust, I know, but pleasing me better than the conventional mantle ornaments, and renewed with less expense. Then there is a white parian vase or so, and semi-transparent glass ones, graceful and delicate in outline, which hold my dried grasses in winter, my bright-hued leaves in autumn, and sprays of leaves and flowers in spring and summer.

My furniture? Well, yes, I suppose my room is furnished, though I had nearly forgotten it, furniture is really of such little importance. There are tables and chairs and things, such as you will usually find in such apartments. No, there are not, either. There are no hair-cloth-covered chairs or sofas, nor even a marble-topped table. Those things were doubtless invented by some shrewd housewife who wished to preserve her parlor from the wear and tear of daily use, and so aimed to make it as cold and repulsive and uncomfortable as possible. The Fates deliver me from hair-cloth furniture: and from satin-covered furniture too—too nice to be used. I like green reps for right down solid comfort about as well as anything I know of. It may be striped or plain. It is comfortable and durable, and will stand much abuse.

My parlor has good wide lounges and sofas in every available place, really intended to rest upon; and it has no other kind of chairs but easy chairs. Temper your consternation by the reflection that it is only an imaginary parlor. We all know that real parlors must, of course, contain six high-

seated, uncomfortable-backed, uneasy chairs made for no other purpose than just to fill up the vacant places in the room, or possibly to seat some unwelcome visitor upon, that his stay may be short. I have no unwelcome visitors in my imaginary parlor; of course I don't need seats of that sort.

There is a good broad table extending its hospitable leaves for books and periodicals—not annuals whose beauty and value are all on the outside; but genuine, readable books, and magazines with their leaves ready cut. Over there, in that pleasant corner, between my bay-window and the register with the yet unnamed heater, is my pet desk. I caught glimpses of it once or twice in auction-rooms, but they were fleeting visions. I couldn't find it in any cabinet ware-house. The desks which I did find were all made after one or two patterns of ugliness, and I couldn't abide them. But this elegant little black walnut affair of mine is unique in pattern, and I am, so far, the sole possessor. It is half writing-desk, half cabinet, and the third half what-not. If there is yet another half, it is dressing-table, as there is a mirror in its recesses, so that when I have disheveled my hair in the frenzy attending the inspiration of a poetic idea, I can, without rising from my seat, restore it to order when I am called back to myself by the appearance of a visitor seen approaching through the window. The desk is neatly and substantially made, and ornamented with carved work. When I receive a present of such a desk, I shall tell the name of the maker, that others may have an opportunity of ordering from him. It is a useful and at the same time handsome piece of parlor furniture.

In the other corner, across the bay-window, sits the piano—or is it an organ? Somehow a parlor never looks quite furnished without some kind of a musical instrument.

Well, what do you think of my parlor? I dare say your own has cost twice, if not ten times as much, in the finishing and furnishing, but is the result half so pleasant? Here is light, coolness, cheerfulness, rest, distraction for a tired mind, occupation for an idle one, beauty, harmony and good taste—though I do say it myself—without any obtrusive display of colors or of expenditure. There is no straining after effect. Everything is just what it is, because to my mind it is prettier or more comfortable that way than it could be any other; and that is all I want of it. As for your gaudily-furnished parlors, with their silken furniture, outrageous carpets, and tarnished gilt frames filled with ridiculous daubs of cheap pictures, kept dark for fear flies and sun will mar their beauty(!) they give me the nightmare. And your hair-clothed and green-blinded parlors, considered as models of respectability by people of limited means—well, when I die you may fit up my tomb that way if you choose, for then my eyes will be shut, and it will be an additional reason for not opening them.

Give me sunlight, even if I do share it with the flies. They have, no doubt, as good a right to it as I, and I am not going to bite off my own nose to spite them. The buzz of their wings has a cheery, summery sound in it; and now and then

a great yellow-and-black bee comes whizzing in at the open window, and hums about the room in a friendly way, as if he recognized in me a kin-

dred spirit. Go your way, busy bee, I shall not disturb you. We both like sunlight and flowers, and neither of us has time for idleness.

Religious Reading.

THE GREATEST AMONG YOU.

BY REV. W. F. PENDLETON.

WE are all servants. There is something for each one of us to do for mankind, something we can do better than any other. If this were not so, we would not have been brought into existence. There is a place for us to fill somewhere in the great human form that is peculiarly ours. We may not find it at once, we labor all our life to find our true place and work, and never find it at all in this world. But it will come if we are patient and faithful. If we do not find our true work as soon as we wish, it is because we are not yet ready for it. The Lord sees that it is better for us to be where we are. So wherever we may find ourselves, that is our place for the time, and our work is right before us and around us. If our ambition is to serve, we can always find plenty to do right at hand. The work that is nearest to us is always our work, however fitted we may be for something further off. Let us do the work that is nearest to us, and our true work will come at the proper time.

We are all servants. The king upon his throne is a servant, all public officials are servants of the people, and they are entitled to greater honor than others, only because they are in a position to serve a greater use. They are able to serve a greater number of people. The Lord, the greatest of all, came to serve. "I am among you as he that serveth." Luke xxii.: 27. He was the greatest because He preferred the greatest service to mankind, and He considered Himself only great because He served the whole human race. And we are only great in proportion to our service. "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant," and there is no other way to become truly great. The selfish man, full of ambition, may make a great noise in the world, and may become the instrument in the Lord's hands to effect a great work; but he is not great, because with him there is no idea of serving. He only thinks of being served, and if he were not restrained, he would soon enslave the whole world. Such is the tendency slumbering in every man's breast, who does not labor with the idea of serving.

We are all servants, but, unfortunately, the most of us are so by compulsion. In the present condition of humanity, men are servants, not because they wish to be, or find delight in serving, but because they are driven to it by necessity, or are stimulated by love of rule, or love of gain. We serve others for the sake of ourselves, and with no thought of the happiness our service may bring to them. We do not act from a love of usefulness. A love of usefulness is a love of the neighbor; hence, when we are in the active love of use, we

are in the effort to obey the second great commandment. Usefulness is service, but we may do deeds of usefulness, and do continually, without having the love of it—only for the sake of self. We do not desire to be the greatest in order that we may be the servant of all, and thus a true servant of the Lord. We do not practically realize that he only is the greatest who is the most useful from the love of use, that he only is the greatest who is the humblest, and acknowledges from the heart that he is but a servant. The Lord teaches in the verse following our text that "whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." He that exalteth himself, that seeketh only his own self-advancement and glory, at the expense of his neighbor, who thinks only of being served, he it is that stands abased in the sight of Heaven. Only he that humbleth himself, that feels himself to be no better than others—only so far as he feels himself to be above their evils—who is willing to be the servant of mankind, without thought of personal reward, only he is exalted in the sight of the Lord and the angels.

If all men had this love of use, this love of serving, the work of the world would be very much the same as it is now, as to outward appearance. We should render and receive service just as ever. It is true, our work would be performed more faithfully, for we should then be working for our neighbor's benefit, and for the sake of his comfort our work would be done well; still, the world's work would appear nearly the same. But our motives and aims would be totally different, directly opposite to those that are our mainsprings of action now. Our love would flow out toward others, and we should consider their highest good in our work for them. Although we should still expect to receive compensation for our labor, our prime motive would be the good of him for whom we labored.

Are we willing to be servants? Are we ever ready to serve in our business, in our church or social relations, in our families? Or do we wish to rule there, and thus make ourselves the greatest? Are we thinking of the applause of men? Do we wish our good deeds to be heralded abroad, or are we ready to live in obscurity, unknown, unhonored, but yet happy with the thought that others are receiving the benefit of our work? This is a very proper test of our love, and we should apply it to ourselves continually. If we are not willing to be unknown, misunderstood, unappreciated, in our labors, and as to our motives, we are not like the Lord, and are not following Him in the regeneration. He was willing to be despised and rejected of men. He was willing to be misunderstood, abused, maltreated, even put to death,

when He saw that such an ordeal was the necessary result of His efforts to rescue man from eternal thralldom. If we find that we are thinking very much of the applause of others in our work, it is an evidence that we are seeking to be the greatest, and not at the same time the servant of all. We are serving them for the sake of the reward they will give us, rather than from a sincere desire to be of use to them.

Do we feel envious, jealous, sadly disappointed, when we see another coming into a position that we have long coveted—chosen in preference to ourselves? If so, it is because we have been seeking to be the greatest from our love of self. It is self we are thinking of, and not the use to be performed in the position. If we thought of the use alone, if we were truly willing to serve, we should

rejoice if others were thought better qualified to perform the duties required. And if we feel that our abilities are not recognized or understood, we shall still not be unhappy, placing an humble reliance in the Lord, believing that He will finally lead us to that work which is most suited to our capacity, and in which we can exercise that true greatness which comes from the feeling that we are the least of all and the servant of all. This is the essence of angelic happiness, the very perfection of human nature, the true law of heavenly order. And we are all going astray, are all wrong, all bringing upon ourselves misery, torment, despair, pouring into each others' hearts the gall of bitterness, so long as we do not adopt and make our own this eternal law of life, "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant."

Mother's Department.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

BY ELIZA BETH.

I AM an old woman; I have only a few threads more to weave, when the pattern will be completed, and the Master will fold it up and lay it away. It is an imperfect piece, full of broken threads and wrong colors. I do not like to look upon it; I would like to take it all out and weave it over again. But *no*, it must go just as it is. But I will try to add a *few* good threads and right colors, that the *finishing* up may be better; and as the garment is folded up, may they appear upon the outside, and, meeting the gaze of those just weaving their piece, teach them what to put in their pattern.

Mothers, young mothers, listen to my story, and learn a lesson therefrom. You do get so out of patience with that boy of yours. He is never quiet—whistling, singing, stamping, some kind of a noise all the time. You think you cannot bear it, your nerves are so weak, so you send him away, out of doors, anywhere that you may not be so annoyed. Don't do it any more.

Come with me to yonder cemetery. Here in the corner, under the willow, lies my boy, "Earnest Clinton, aged twenty-one." Sit down with me near his grave, and I will tell you about him. He was a beautiful babe. How I did love the precious blue-eyed one! How cunningly he would twine those little arms around my neck, and press his little cheek against mine! Every moment of his little baby life was a joy and comfort to me. Soon the little feet began to tottle round, and he would run to mamma for safety. Then the childish prattle came, and how sweetly he would lisp my name, and, looking in my eyes, say, "I 'ove 'ou, mamma!"

O Earnest, my precious boy, come back again and be once more a babe on mother's knee! Let mother try again!

But the little fellow kept on growing, and soon arrived to the dignity of his first pair of pants. How proudly he strutted around and called him-

self "mamma's man." But I cannot follow him along step by step. He soon became the school-boy; and how I used to get out of patience with him, as he came rushing in from school, so noisy and boisterous. I would scold him, and try to keep him quiet by seating him in a chair. After awhile he would not come directly from school, but would play by the way. *Mother had so much to do*, she did not take much heed of her boy's seeking pleasure away from home.

When he was a little fellow, I always went with him when he went to bed, read to him from the Bible, knelt by him while he said his evening prayer, talked kindly to him about any wrong he had done through the day. How tender his little heart was at those times, all ready to receive impressions for good. And how he used to enjoy those bed-time talks. But as he grew older, when bed-time came I would feel tired, or be busy, and would send him away alone. He felt badly at first, and would kiss me over and over again before going; but after awhile he would go without saying anything, or even kissing me. I did not then think much about the change; my mind was occupied with work, which seemed more important than anything else.

Thus he gradually drifted away from me. When he was naughty, I would get all out of patience with him, instead of kindly and firmly reproving him. I would dread vacation-time, and permit him to go from home to play; I could not stop to amuse and interest him at home, and it was *such a relief to have him away*.

But why need I go on? The loving, affectionate boy was weaned from his mother, and every year found him farther away. Rumors began to come to the ears of his father and myself of his being wild. We talked with him; he felt very badly, and promised to do better. But, alas! the chain of love which should have bound him to his home and mother had been severed, and other chains, woven by wicked companions, had been thrown around him and held him fast. We sent him away to school. I wrote many letters to him. I

tried to get my influence over him back again, but it was too late. He ran away from school, and for five years we heard nothing from him. Mothers, just imagine those five long, weary years, with no knowledge whatever of my only son!

One evening we sat before the fire talking of our absent boy. The storm raged without, and the tempest in our own hearts could not be stilled. I thought I heard a timid knock at the door. I went, and there stood my long lost Earnest. But what a change! Was it possible that this was my blue-eyed, curly-haired baby—my robust, ruddy-cheeked son? A pale, emaciated young man stood before me.

"Earnest, my boy," I cried, "is this you?"

"Yes, dear mother, it is Earnest; may I come in? I have come home to die."

We did everything we could for him, but could not save him. Those five years of dissipation had ruined his health, and he only lived a few months.

"Mother," he would often say. "I am only twenty-one, and have got to die. I have wasted the past years of my life, and cut off the future, which might have been mine to use for good."

Bitterly did he repent, and we believe was forgiven, which is the only drop of comfort my cup of sorrow contains.

He dropped asleep very peacefully, and we have laid him here to rest, till God shall bid him rise. But my heart was broken then, and bitterness and sorrow have been my companions ever since. God gave me that boy to bring up, and I was responsible for his future. There was in him the germ of a noble manhood, and I crushed it.

The heart of my child was mine, but, instead of making an effort to keep that heart, I permitted it to slip from my grasp.

I never see a little boy now, but what I want to go to the mother, and, on bended knee, implore her to so love that boy that she will be patient with him; that she will so win and retain his affections, that his love for mother shall be a shield of safety in the darkest hour of temptation.

Dear young mothers, bear with the noisy boys: better a few headaches now, than the dreadful heartaches that will come in after years. Make home pleasant for them. No matter if the work is not all done to your satisfaction; the eternal welfare of the child is of far more importance. Lay aside your work sometimes, and enter into their sports and games. Question them about their doings at school; rejoice with them when they are happy; sympathize with them when they are in trouble. Let them see that mother is a true friend to them. At the same time be firm and insist upon implicit obedience. They will respect you all the more for that. Make bed-time a happy hour for them, that the memory may linger with them in after years, and that hour shall ever be a sacred one, causing a deep tenderness to spring up in the heart, and a strong yearning to bow the head again on mother's knee, and say the evening prayer, even when they have become strong men engrossed in the business of life.

Dear mothers, as I say farewell to you, I would lift my heart in prayer, to the Father above, asking Him to give you, each and all, wisdom and strength so to bring up those boys of yours, that a noble manhood may be *theirs*, a happy heart yours, and a mansion of rest be for you all, in the pure City of God.

And if my story will help some mother to be more patient and tender with her boy, I will thank God that He has permitted a few threads of gold to finish my web of life.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

SOME BITTER APPLES.

BY G. DE B.

THERE are a great many different kinds of apples. Whole families of great, juicy, sweet ones, that everybody loves, like the sweet, every-day acts of kindness we do, that make every one love us. Then there are a number of kinds of tart ones, which, with plenty of sugar, are very nice indeed for cooking; these are like the unpleasant little things we have to do occasionally, and which we can sweeten with *patience and good humor*. And then there are hard, bitter, biting apples that no one cares very much about, and which are feed to the pigs, who even turn up their snouts at them sometimes; these are like the naughty, wicked things we are all prone to do, and by which we learn sometimes a *bitter* lesson from experience.

Little Harry Buckley gathered an apron full of apples once, which, though beautiful to look upon, proved to be some very bitter apples to him.

His mamma was sitting by the window one day,

sewing on his little, new, blue jacket, when she thought she saw a strange dog in the garden. Something was creeping along the fence very cautiously and carefully, and she watched to see what it could be. Presently a little, bare, golden head came to view from behind the currant bushes—and, yes, it was Harry. But how slowly he walked, and how curiously he behaved! He did not look up at mamma's window as usual, his face all sunshine with bright smiles. No, his head instead was drooped quite low, and he had an apron full of something, for he held it up quite tight with both hands.

Could it be that her little boy had robbed a bird's nest, when she had told him so many times what a sinful, wicked thing that was to do! That was her first thought. Then she waited to hear what he should say when he saw her.

"Where is your hat, little Golden-head?" she called out to him when he got under her window.

"Golden-head" stopped suddenly at the sound of the voice, and his name might have been "Scarlet-cheeks," too, from the color that flushed

into them as he stammered in answer: "Here it is, mamma, in my apron, and it's all full of nice, sweet apples—see!"

"Who gave them to you, Harry," asked mamma, in an eager voice, a dart of suspicion stabbing her heart as she thought she recognized the golden fruit.

"Nobody, mamma. They're ours, just as much as any ones. Franky Wilson said so," and Harry trudged on into the house and up into his mamma's room.

"But where did you get all these pretty apples, Harry?" asked his mamma, looking very earnestly at his little flushed face.

"Why, they hung over the stone wall—right in the road, and Franky said they were anybody's apples, and we could have an apronful if we wanted to."

"But where did the tree grow?" questioned mamma, still watching the anxious little face.

"Oh, the tree grew in Farmer Bates's garden, but these apples hung over the wall, in the road, and—and they're anybody's apples, mamma," the little voice shook a little now.

"How did you get them—were they on the ground in the road?"

"No; Franky boosted me up in the tree, 'cause I was the lightest; and I just picked 'em off and threw 'em down. Franky said apples that grew over the wall was anybody's apples, mamma—"

"But, Harry, see here; if the tree grew in Farmer Bates's garden, isn't it *his* tree?"

"Y-e-s—it's his tree—but, mamma—"

"Well, if the tree is his, don't you think *all* the apples that grow on the tree are his, too?"

"I told Franky so, mamma, all the time, but he said no; that apples that grew over the wall were anybody's apples, and we could have a whole apronful, they were ours."

"Oh, no, Harry," answered mamma, in very decided tones. "They are *not* yours nor any ones, but Farmer Bates's who owns the tree, and I am sure, from your words, and your face, and the guilty way in which I saw you creeping home along by the fence, I am sure my little boy felt in his heart that it was *not right* to take those apples. Did you not, Harry?"

"But Franky Wilson said—"

"I don't care what Franky Wilson or anybody said. Did you not *feel* that it was wrong? Why, Harry, don't you know it was *STEALING*? Is my little Harry a thief?" and mamma's voice was very sad indeed.

"No, no, no, I ain't—there! They're hateful, sour, bitter apples!" and the little hat was passionately tossed onto the floor, and the fruit rolled in every direction.

"Yes, Harry," continued mamma, "you took those apples from Farmer Bates's tree without his knowledge or consent. They are his apples—not yours! Now I am sure my little boy would like to do what is right, and he will pick up every one—put them in his basket and carry them over to Mrs. Bates and tell her they are her apples that you gathered from her tree."

"No, no, no—I can't, I can't," sobbed Harry, in a frenzy of grief and shame.

"Oh, yes, you can," replied mamma, in firm tones, "because it is right. Come now, get up and go over to Mrs. Bates's with the apples."

"Oh, I can't, mamma, I can't—I won't," and the word came out with full force as the little figure flung itself down onto the floor in a passion of tears.

Mamma looked very sorrowful. Was this the end of all her teachings and trials to make her little one choose right from wrong! Oh, it was hard, this training of a little, weak, frail human soul—beset, as it was, by all the temptations and trials which human flesh is heir to—every day! What should she do?

After a little while the kicks and repeated sobs of "I can't," "I can't," grew fainter, and finally ceased. Then there was deep silence in the room, and mamma feared her little one had gone to sleep with his little sin still on his conscience; presently he roused himself and came over to his mamma's knee and sobbed, very quietly now, "I was a naughty boy, mamma; I will do right; kiss me and give me the basket."

And while he gathered together the apples that lay upon the floor, his mamma said, in a pleased, glad voice: "I am so happy that you have chosen to do right at last. Now go directly to Mrs. Bates and tell her that you have brought her the apples you were persuaded to take from her tree; and say that you will try never again to be persuaded by any one to do an act which your heart tells you is wicked and sinful," then mamma kissed the little tear-stained face, and Harry started on his unpleasant errand. Mamma watched him all the way. It was only the next lot to theirs, and she felt every step he took as deeply as he did himself. Her heart almost stopped beating when she saw him pause as he got to the door—she feared, perhaps, he would fail at last to acknowledge his wrong. Are we all not faint-hearted and weak at such times? But no—it was only for a moment—on he went up the steps and into the house.

Presently a little bounding figure came skipping down the road, and very soon a bright, happy face shone in the doorway, and Harry cried: "O mamma, I am so glad I took them back—I feel so much better here," with the little hand upon his heart. "I will never, never do anything I know is wrong again. I told Franky they were not our apples all the time, but he said they were; and, mamma, Mrs. Bates said she saw us all the time, and she felt sorry that a big boy would make a little fellow do such a thing; and then I told her I was naughty, too, as well as Franky, or I wouldn't have let him persuade me; and I told her I was sorry, and I would never do such a thing again; and she kissed me and said she didn't believe I ever would; and now, mamma, will you kiss me, and do you forgive me?"

"Yes, my darling," answered mamma, "I forgive you with all my heart; and I hope now you will ask God to forgive you, too—*He saw you commit the sin*, and He wants you to ask His pardon."

And when little Harry said his prayers that night, he asked that he might never again be tempted to a deed which he knew in his heart was

a sin. And he never to this day eats an apple that he is not reminded of the little taste of experience he had through gathering one apron full of some bitter apples!

HISTORY OF A CAT.

BY NELLIE NYE.

SHE was of a beautiful Maltese color, with the softest, silkiest fur a cat ever wore. Her paws were shaded out to the most delicate tint, and she had such cunning ears. But I must tell how they happened to be so small and funny. She belonged to a poor family living near, and, moving away, they left her, then only a little kitten, locked in the house, in mid-winter, and it was fearfully cold. Her ears froze, so that about one-half of them came off. After being there several days, and, of course, nearly famished, her cries attracted the attention of a boy passing the house. He got her and brought her to our house. She soon appeared to be satisfied with her new home, and seemed to appreciate fully the kindness shown her. She soon began to show signs of intelligence, by learning to open the doors wherever there was a latch and let herself in.

On one occasion, when the writer of this was busy in the kitchen cooking, Kitty opened the outside door and came in. Not wishing to be disturbed or have her in the room then, I put her out and fastened the door. When she found she could not open it, she went to a door opening into a back kitchen, opened it, came to the door which communicated with the room where I was, opened that and came in. Thinking to show her *who* was mistress of the house, I put her out the second time, and fastened that door. As soon as possible, after ascertaining the situation of things, she went into the cellar by the hatchway door, which was open, came up the stairs, opened the cellar door, and walked in, as much as to say, "Here I am again. What are you going to do now?" Miss Puss remained in the house.

Who will say a cat has no reasoning faculties, after such an illustration?

Well, as time went on, and she grew up to cat-hood, she was very proud one day to exhibit her family of four splendid kits. Oh, she was the proudest mother I ever saw! Of course she was petted more than ever, and we tried to make her understand she was the most wonderful cat in existence.

After awhile an Irish family, living about forty rods from our house, wanted the kittens, so we gave them to them, and loaned Mrs. Puss until the kittens were capable of caring for themselves. But every morning, noon and night found her here for her meals. At first we supposed she had abandoned her family; but, on watching her, we discovered as soon as she finished her meal she went back to her post of duty. Not a mouthful of Irish food could she be induced to eat, though they tried their best to tempt her. We were flattered by her preference, of course, and fed her accordingly.

One day, when the kittens were large enough to walk some, I was standing by the window looking in the direction of her new home, when my

attention was attracted to something moving in the road. I soon became convinced it was our cat, but she acted so queer, would go a little way and then stop a few minutes, then on again. When near enough for me to see, I found she had her family with her, and was taking them home. She came the shortest route across the garden, and the poor little things were "as tired as tired could be." I went out and brought them in for her, and if ever a dumb creature expressed satisfaction, I am sure she did.

Two members of the family were making a bed-quilt, and for the convenience of arranging the blocks they had placed them on the floor. Kitty seemed to think it a nice carpet, expressly for her use, so she put her babies right on it and got them to sleep. Her family were permitted to stay with her after such an exhibition of maternal love and care.

A few months after this, a friend living four miles away wished to borrow her to kill the mice in his barn. She was a famous mouser withal. We let him take her and her darlings, determined they should not be separated. After about a week, during which time she fully sustained her reputation as mouse-killer, she disappeared, leaving the kittens. Search was made, and it was decided she had been killed by a neighbor.

A year after, my sister and myself were visiting a friend in town. When in the afternoon a cat came into the parlor, we both exclaimed: "There is our old cat!" And in endeavoring to prove her identity, we mentioned the habit of opening doors.

The lady said: "That was the first thing she did here. One evening she opened the door and came in."

She had, doubtless, started to come home, came in the right direction a part of the way, and then got lost. Her new friends had become so much attached to her, that we left her there. This was the last I ever heard of her.

TO THE BIRDS.

BY G. DE B.

SEE the little birds on high,
How their wings wave in the sky,
Small, brown sparrow, snow-white dove,
All the birds we children love;
Let us beckon them to come—
Come, birdies, come, come—
Sparrow, Robin, Bluebird, come!

A BIRD'S WING.—There are few things in nature more admirably constructed than the wing of the bird, and perhaps none where design can be more readily traced. Its great strength and extreme lightness, the manner in which it closes up or folds during flexion and opens out or expands during extension, as well as the manner in which the feathers are strung together and overlap each other in divers directions, to produce at one time a solid resisting surface, and at another an interrupted and comparatively non-resisting one, present a degree of fitness to which the mind must necessarily revert with pleasure.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE MIRACLE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[The following is the latest poem by Hans Christian Andersen. The translation is by Miss Adamine Sindberg, of Boston.]

FROM a pyramid in the desert's sand
A mummy was brought to Denmark's land—

The hieroglyphic inscriptions told
That the body embalmed was three thousand years old.

It was the corpse of a mighty queen.
Examining it, they found between

Her closed fingers a corn of wheat;
So well preserved was this little seed,

That, being sown, it put forth its blade,
Its delicate stem of a light-green shade.

The ear got filled with ripening corn,
Full-grown through sunshine and light of the morn.

That wonderful power in a corn so small—
It is a lesson to each and all.

Three thousand years did not quench its germ—
It teaches our faith to be strong and firm.

When such a life is laid in a corn,
When out of that husk a new plant could be born

To ripen in sunshine and dew from the sky,
Then human soul, thou spark from on high,

Thou art immortal as thy great Sire
Whose praise is sung by the angel choir!

The husk, the body, is buried deep,
And friends will go to the tomb and weep;

But thou shalt move on, on wings so free—
For thine is the life of eternity.

That wonderful power of so small a seed—
The miracle seen in that corn of wheat,

It puzzles the mind; but still it is done
By the Author of Life, the Eternal One.

THE RHODORA.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Lines on being asked, whence is the flower?]

IN May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their beauty gay.
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never know,
But in my simple ignorance supposed
The self-same power that brought me there brought
you.

MARGURITE.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

HER name is only Margurite;
A prouder name the winds repeat,
The wild brook babbles at her feet,
The leaves are whispering in her ear;
She stays her breath the name to hear,
Bends lower to the lace she weaves
To catch the whisper of the leaves;
But she is only Margurite.
What that the lips no more repeat—
No more repeat in whispered word—
The music that her heart hath heard?
What that with every lifted latch,
With every sound beneath the thatch,
She starts to find the coming feet
No message bear for Margurite?
A simple cottage maiden she—
A little maid of low degree—
A scion of noble line is he;
Then, though with tender, saddened face,
She bends in silence to her lace,
The witchery of the wild-woods gone,
The witchery of the free-bird's song,
What matter? He hath quite forgot
That Margurite forgetteth not.

Christian Union.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

BY KANE O'DONNEL.

AS often I pass the roadside,
When wearily falls the day,
I turn to look from the hill-top
At the mountains far away.

The red sun through the forests
Throws hither his parting beams,
And far in the quiet valley
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labors cease,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While pleased the grandame watches
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside
The rosy children come;
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever
To labor and to learn,
For love with an eye of magic
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone
Is as light from an altar fire.

Oh, flowers of rarest beauty
In that green valley grow;
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know?

Save that thy brow is troubled,
And dim is thy helpmate's eye;
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.

Scribner for May.

The Home Circle.

PANSIES.

BY LICHEN.

"There's pansies, that's for thoughts."—HAMLET.

FAST enough they come, as I gaze upon the rich, purple, pressed flowers, looking up at me with their golden eyes, from the open letter before me, in which they have travelled a thousand miles with their message of love. Thoughts of a little cottage home, embowered in evergreen trees, under southern skies. Orange blossoms and jessamine sending out perfume on the soft spring air; pale yellow honeysuckle climbing over the shaded porch. A tiny girl with curls of red gold clustering around her head, and eyes blue as the spring skies; her chubby arms clasped about my neck, and the baby voice lisping, "I love 'oo," as I catch her to me in merry frolic, and carry her up and down the porch, while she pulls my curls with her plump, dimpled fingers. Or playing in the white clover beds until tired, she comes to me where I sit with my book in the bower of Lady Banks roses, and with her little white sunbonnet in hand, and the golden hair blowing over her face, throws herself at my feet and talks her sweet, childish prattle. Then my thoughts span a bridge of years, and the tiny child is a maiden, standing

"where the brook and river meet;"

cheeks abloom, heart aglow with the enjoyment of youth and the hopes of the life just opening before her. A sweet picture she makes to the mind's eye—one that I linger over lovingly. It is her hands that have gathered these pansies, and sent them as a little love token, but she has no idea of the thoughts they awaken. She cannot remember the face now looking at them, but she loves it nevertheless, as we love so many whom we never see. Still thinking on, I am wondering if we ever will see each other's faces again—if she will stand at the gate some day to welcome me, as she used to when a little child.

And other thoughts the pansies bring me, of far different scenes. Of a gentle, delicate boy, whose little figure used to slip so quietly into my sick room, in the days when I was unable to leave my couch at all, and lay a tiny bunch of these flowers and a geranium leaf or two, tied with a narrow ribbon, in my hand. How his large, soft, brown eyes would light up, as I told him some story of the times when the fairies lived in the flower-cups, and stepped out of them at night, to dance on the green sward in the summer moonlight. Sometimes his little sister would come with him—merry bright-eyed Lu, and then there would be a pleasant rivalry between them as to which should give me their bunch of flowers first, and deliver their mamama's message. When we left the place where they lived, I pressed his little bouquet on one of the pages of a blank book, wherein I copy choice passages from books I read, or poems I particularly like, and there they are yet; faded some, but with color enough to tell very plainly what they are.

I never thought this flower was rightly named. It seems to me that, whenever possible, flowers should receive names suited to, or suggestive of something in their looks or character, and this one should surely be called "bright eyes." "Johnnie-jump-up" does very well for the *little* ones or the same species, which pop up their heads from under the leaves of such very small bushes, and stand as straight and confidently as any tall flag, or lily. I remember a mound of them mingled with many colored petunias, which encircled a young cedar tree in my childhood's home. And there thought leads me off swiftly on another track. That beautiful home spot! The large grassy yard with its gravel walks and flower-beds, and great clover patches; its rose-bushes and other large shrubs, dotted around between the trees. The row of maples shading the side of the house and reaching away to the back gate. The snow-ball under the parlor windows, almost bending to the earth with its white burden; the spreading acacia by the front steps, so lovely every spring, covered with clusters of pink blossoms. The greville rose reaching long branches wreathed with variegated bloom into the catalpa tree. Coral honeysuckles climbing over the lattice and up the wall to our bed-room window, where in the closely interwoven branches the brown sparrows build their nests. Then the large circle with the great, sweet rose-bush in the centre, and its outer border filled with small shrubs and annuals. Pinks, butter-cups, tulips, pansies and jonquils, white phlox, amaranth and flowering almond, and the old-fashioned lady-slippers and four-o'clocks, which all children love. How I loved to work amongst them every spring, planting and transplanting, hoeing and weeding, with my sunbonnet hanging at the back of my neck, and the wind and sun having a fair chance at my face. Near by was a small peach-tree, which was called mine, whose lower branches formed a comfortable seat where I used to rest after my garden work, and read my story-books. A little farther on was an apple-tree with a bench under it, where we used to play with our dolls, or keep store with little scraps of calico and domestic, folded in piles, which were sold for round pieces of white paper representing money. I dream of those spots yet, although it seems so many years since I have seen them with waking eyes. Some of my happiest memories cluster around them.

And so, sweet maiden, you see what pleasure your little flowers have given, all unthought of by you. It is just so, that many a pleasure may be given to others by an act so small and simple in itself, that we often think it scarce worth doing. Take the flowers for teachers, and they will lead you to many an act which will bear sweet fruit. May you ever have sweet thoughts at your command, which, like the pansies, shall brighten and beautify the spot where they bloom.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 6.

THESE girls! these girls! Tudie and Midget and Kitty have been measuring me with the tape-line, and they report, height five feet three inches, waist measure thirty inches, and the length of the hair fifty-one inches. And then comes the teasing and the pleading of, "O Aunt Chatty, now do please let us put your hair all up in curl to-morrow night, and then let it down on Sunday morning, just to s'prise the girls at church who have such a scant little fluffy bit themselves."

Kitty says: "Auntie, you will look very grand, you little, plump dear, with such a nest of curls as we'd make out of this heap of long hair."

I say: "Oh, I'll look like a little dumpy woolly dog!" But they hang about my chair, and pat my cheeks, and coax, until, just to please them, I tell them they may put it up in curl.

Monday, A. M.—I am glad that I did let the children curl my hair, because now I have something new to tell you. When I sat down in the low chair, they divided my hair in three parts, and each child went to work. I was reading, and paid no attention; but I was wishing that I'd never consented to such a foolish thing as that I, Chatty Brooks, widow, aged thirty-five, was going to wear her hair in curls.

After they were through they brought the glass, and I looked into it, expecting to see a fright. But what was my surprise to see the hair put up in a very becoming manner, different from any style I had ever seen before, and it was as comfortable as the way I usually wore it—a loose coil at the back of my head. At night when I lay on my pillow there was none of the inconvenience that one experiences in the usual way of putting up curls on tin, or paper, or cloth, with pins to fasten with.

Eleanor Lisle had given the girls her patent rubber curlers to use, and they are a very fine invention. I wish all you girl-readers of the *HOME* had them; you would be delighted, and could curl your hair, even though it were the stubborn, straight kind that never submitted to curl before.

I do believe I'll have to tell you, so you can buy some. Well, write to me with stamp enclosed; address, "Mrs. Chatty Brooks, Perryville, Ohio, box 64."

Nothing would do for the girls but that I must go down to Peterson's gallery and have some pictures taken while I was fixed up with curls. I had promised George Nelson's brother Levi to send him one and one to Mother Brooks.

"Can't you put on a smile, Mrs. Brooks?" said the artist. "Your expression is indicative of sadness."

Now we all know if we sit for a picture, and simpler, and smile, and try to look pretty, that the picture will grow into an annoyance and a vexation after awhile. We become so tired of that rapid smile, that senseless grin that greets us every time we look upon the poor counterfeit. The sun will tell the truth, his light will ferret out the falsity of the smile, and, in time, we will grow

ashamed of the poor superficial shadow of our own selves.

Wednesday.—We were discussing the subject of kissing to-day. It came about in this way: one of the girls has not been at home for over six months, her mother resides in another State, and yesterday two men from her own neighborhood, one an elderly man and the other young, called to see her. She did not know they were in Mill-wood until, on opening the door in answer to the bell, she stood face to face with them. She is a very impulsive girl, and, without thinking whether it was proper or not, she kissed them both.

I told her I wished she had not done so, but she said they were both old school-mates, and she had always known them, Jack and Will Mulligan, and it did not seem wrong to her.

Perhaps it was right, there is a doubt about it, when surely it would have been right had she not kissed them at all. A maiden should be very chary of her kisses, she knows not what such a kindly-given, generously-expressed token of good will may hold in store for her; and then I told the girls a little story of a dear friend of mine, a recital that makes my heart ache whenever I think about it.

It was told me in confidence, but telling it now will wrong no one, for the daisies make starry the green sod above the white face that was wet with tears when the poor girl confided to me her sad story.

My friend was attending a select school and fitting herself for a teacher. At this time she was about nineteen years old, frank, candid, impulsive, positive and not used to the ways of the world. In a neighboring village resided a lawyer, unmarried, unscrupulous, cold, unsympathizing, cynical and bearing the character of a bad man. On her way to school one summer morning, she met him. He had been at a lawsuit that lasted all night; probably he had been drinking. They were not acquainted, their paths never crossed each other, there was no sympathy, or congeniality, or bond between them. An incarnate devil must have possessed this man. He reined up his horse when he met her, and, touching his hat politely, he said—not in this poor, broken, Chatty-Brooks' language, but in that of a strong man, eloquent—that he had always heard her name spoken of as the synonym of purity, beauty, virtue, grace, sincerity, generosity and all the charming characteristics of a beautiful and excellent womanhood. Of himself, the world judged harshly; it called him hard names; and with the ban resting upon him, what did life hold that was worth the striving for. Then he drew eloquent pictures of her future, surrounded by all that makes life desirable; then of his own, bleak, desolate, despairing, hunted down, belied, despised, misconstrued, misunderstood, tortured, friendless.

The impressive young girl listened, awed by his power of eloquence and touched by the specious tale of wrong and woe, and before she was aware, the tears ran down her cheeks. So strong is the magic of eloquence.

Then he said: "Without speaking a word even,

you can do me good, and I can go home happier than I have been for long years. Lay a kiss on my poor face, like an angel of light, bless me, and let me carry one sweet remembrance down to my lonely, unwept grave. That is all I ask."

She drew back, hesitated and blushed, and started on, but the wily lawyer was eager to see if his eloquence *could* prevail—that was all he cared for; and in a voice modulated and tremulous with unshed tears of emotion, he dwelt upon his utter loneliness and lack of friends, and, the young girl cradled in a loving mother's holiest affection and knowing nothing only to believe and have faith in all, bravely and resolutely stepped up to the poor ingrate with a blushing countenance and put up her fair face nervously, and the fiend bent down from his seat in the saddle, and she kissed him. She did it honestly, and so wrought upon were her feelings of pity, and charity, and sympathy, that she would have done it with the same freedom on the streets of a city or in the crowded aisle of a church.

He thanked her with a show of civility, and sincerity, and manliness, and putting spur to his horse, he rode on.

"Mephistopheles" was the name that came to me when my dear friend told me this pitiful story.

She said she regretted the act sometimes, and then again, when she thought that she had perhaps helped, and cheered, and done him good, she was satisfied. One time, in the course of a year, she met him again, and he seemed inclined to be friendly and familiar, but she only bowed to him.

When my friend was about twenty-three years of age, she was betrothed to a young merchant, and the day was fixed for the wedding, but her lover grew cold and distant, and finally sought to be relieved from his pledge. When she inquired the reason, he stammered, and with faulty speech informed her that he did not choose to marry a woman who had been an intimate friend of —, the lawyer, whom she had kissed.

The poor girl's sorrow was intense, but her pride held her up. She told the correct story to her betrothed, yet his mind was poisoned, and he questioned and doubted. Then it was better that they should part forever, and they did.

But this was not all of it. One time she was a witness in a suit in court, and a question was put by a lawyer, in cross-examination, which brought to the surface that remorseful kiss, and it was used against her character. I could cry yet while I write this, and it happened long ago, and the grave has closed over the dear girl, who carried her sorrow with her all through the rest of her poor blighted life.

Thinking of all this, it was no wonder that I cautioned my dear little flock about indiscriminate kissing. I told them to confine this kind of demonstration to their own immediate families and girl friends. We have all heard enough of the folly and absurdity and wickedness of promiscuous kissing within the present year. It has been very disgusting, and has brought into disgrace fair names that else would have had no stain upon them. Why I was so shocked that I resolved I

wouldn't even kiss my dear dead husband's brother Levi ever again. It is silly, and weak, and sinful, and wicked, and is not far from the limits of modesty and purity.

But Margie calls us to tea just while we are talking on this subject. We are experimenting in making biscuit. One girl makes one time, and another the next, and another the next, each trying to excel the rest. My girls are all good cooks, and we are learning each other's ways and methods of doing all kinds of work, both in the culinary and housekeepers' department.

GIVE THE MONEY TO YOUR WIVES.

THERE is one subject upon which I think most men agree; and that is, that they can buy any article of dress or ornament to suit their wives, better than said wives can for themselves. This mistaken idea generally is indulged in by the kindest and best of husbands. Thus, Mr. Goodman, country merchant, when he returns with his spring goods, brings with him a bonnet, which the city milliner has assured is just the one suited to his wife's style, and which he fully believes will be the envy and admiration of Starville. Well, Mrs. Goodman knows that it is not becoming to her, that the very stylishness of the hat makes her whole attire look shabby, and knows that the price of it would have covered the expense of a bonnet for her and hats for her little girls, at the village milliner's, which would have suited her much better. But with wifely affection, knowing the kindness that prompted the purchase, she conceals all of this and wears her old bonnet to save the new one as often as she can.

In like manner, Farmer Day, after selling his produce of the season at a much higher figure than he expected, remembers the good wife at home and resolves that she shall have a shawl. Man-like he thinks the highest priced is the best, and, as he has heard his wife admire Mrs. Ray's brocha shawl, one at twenty dollars is purchased for Mrs. Day. Well, it was kind, she says, and of course is delighted, while in her heart she knows that for ten dollars she could have suited herself far better and had the extra ten for so many things.

So I often think, when I see the wife really worried with a gift that ought to be a pleasure to her, how much better to give her the money and let her suit herself.

MONA.

"Valley Home," May 6th, 1875.

FRIEND "PIPSEY:" From a quiet country home, I feel like writing to you, *my friend*. I feel that you are a friend of the human family, coming bravely forth to meet the evils of the day; giving your opinions fearlessly; helping the weak to rise, strengthening the strong in their good purpose! Your wisdom and experience are invaluable! Thank you for permitting others to profit by them. I have learned to love you, and look for you each month with your words of cheerful advice and sweet love for the little ones. I, too, love the little "darlings," although our home echoes no longer to the sound of tiny footfalls,

Not that we have never had them, but they have grown from babyhood, and are almost ready to go forth and do the battles of life for themselves. So it must naturally be; we cannot guard them always; but hopefully, prayerfully, we must watch their future, trusting the good seeds we have endeavored to sow in their young minds may not be fruitless.

We mothers particularly need encouragement and wisdom to enable us to do our duty. In this day of extravagance in dress, 'tis a difficult matter to regulate the wants to the means. And how much could be said of the evils attending the course of youth. The importance of sound moral principles is not fully realized in our day. The hours that are spent in the adornment of the person, the vitality employed to have every article in the "latest style," is almost incredible. We that realize the effect on our children and our neighbors' children, tremble for the future. The kind hands, willing to smooth the sufferer's pillow, attend to the claims of childhood and imbecility, are preferable to the soft, lily hands of selfishness and pride.

I have long wanted to write to Mr. Arthur, and through him thank you, and many more of his contributors, for their living interest manifest to the readers of his magazine. "Lichen," in her quiet nook, looking so bravely into her path wherein lameness "has fallen," teaching us patience and resignation by her sweet fortitude. "Chatty Brooks" makes me think of the busy hen with her brood around her, hopeful and pleasant, turning life into a pleasure-boat, where all must row to keep afloat. We need a "Deborah Norman" spirit amongst us, for the evils of

King Alcohol are manifest to a greater extent than usual.

If the mothers, years ago, had fully agreed with some of your ideas, how many heartaches the little ones would have missed! How many more of their rights and privileges would they have enjoyed, and how much better would they in turn have been fitted to become wives and mothers! In this life of incompleteness we cannot expect perfection, but we can aim high, and society is being prepared for woman to take a higher position than was once considered her privilege, making it so much more her duty to cultivate her mind and that of her children to fill the new era.

I am all unused to writing to strangers, but wanted so much to know your true, living self; wanted you to know there was at least one more added to the number of those whom you have strengthened. Many an hour has been brightened by your words speaking from the quiet pages of the magazine, which has been a welcome member of our family for almost twenty years, and within the last two years is more valuable to me than ever before. I never read a number without feeling better for it, if it is only seeing through some other person's eyes the duties of the day. The article in March number, entitled, "Concerning Women," particularly claims my attention. I rejoice with the writer in the coming "millennium," when woman shall be valued for her goodness and usefulness.

Again let me thank you all, "Pipsey," "Lichen" and "Chatty," for many profitable suggestions and pleasant hours of reading.

Yours truly, AUNT HOPEFUL

Moral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABRETT.

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSPLANTING.

THE general transplanting season must be, in all cases, when danger of frosts are over in that particular locality. If it cannot all be done at one time, which is hardly to be expected, advantage must be taken of the most suitable times for the tenderest plants. "After a rain," is the old maxim, and for cabbages and the like, grown out of doors, will do very well, as the chances are they will live any way. But some soils will pack very tight and become hard by baking in the sun, if stirred and pressed firm enough to support a newly-set plant whilst very wet. In soils somewhat clayey, I have been obliged to lift a plant thus set fairly out of the earth, in order to loosen the ball from the roots, breaking them more or less in the operation. Asters set in this way I have always found more likely to suffer from lice at the root; it may be because it takes the roots so long to find their way into loose, well-aired soil. It seems to me as

necessary that the plant should be in proper condition for planting as that the earth should be for receiving it, and if the two cannot be in that state at one time, give the plant the "benefit of the doubt," and trust for the earth to acquire it.

When plants have been transplanted once or twice, and are well used to the sun and air, it will hardly be necessary to shade them at all when set in the border, especially if it is done when they are full of moisture, and, like a well-fed child, able to wait longer for a new supply, than if disturbed in a famished condition. Under no circumstances should a plant be set in a wilted, drooping state. When it exists, as often happens with gifts, exchanges, etc., they should be wet and placed in a cool, dark cellar until they have recovered their crispness.

Such plants as depend on symmetry of growth for beauty, should not be left to themselves in this matter, but should be placed in proper and natural position, and supported until they have acquired strength to hold themselves erect. Nor will it do to leave them wholly to themselves when set in the border. A stick by their side, with a newspaper wound around it and the plant,

and tied lightly at top and bottom is a very good protection both from sun and winds. It must not, however, be wound so closely as to smother the plant, or so loosely as to sway with the wind and fret off the leaves. I have transferred to the borders in this way choice petunias, that had run up to an almost fabulous length in winter, and by cutting off the buds at top, they would send out side shoots the whole distance of their stalks, and in a little while form a pyramid of bloom, highly satisfactory, requiring no further care through the summer, if properly secured to the stake at first.

I do not like the practice of pouring water in the holes prepared for transplanting. If the ground is pressed sufficient to secure firmness, the effect is the same as in working the earth too wet with rain. Neither have I found it well to dash water on and around plants that really seem to be dying for the need of it. When it is evident that there must be, for awhile, an artificial supply of water, it is much the best way to place a flower-pot, partially imbedded, as close to the roots as it will do to dig, in such a way that the hole will be as near in the direction of the root as possible, then fill it with warm water and let it leak out gradually, to secure which I have sometimes placed a stone or loosely-fitting stick in the hole.

This method of watering will be found to answer well applied to plants requiring extra moisture, such as hydrangias, caladiums, cannas and the like. It should be affixed at the time of setting them in the ground. Any article of crockery that Jack Frost has remembered when forgotten by others, can be made available for this purpose, and helps one to look upon bottomless pitchers with more equanimity than had been supposed possible. Glass fruit-jars, with the bottom off duty, (or an old "tin" one, if anybody is so unfortunately careless of poison as to use their contents,) may be secured at top with its legitimate fastening, in such a way as to leave a little leak, and when concealed near a plant needing such aid, can be kept with water slowly draining out for a day. The top should be covered with a piece of shingle or tin, and this with a little earth, so curiosity is not excited, nor good taste offended.

A dipper gourd with a long, sharp-pointed handle, is very useful in supplying water in this way, where the arrangement need not be permanent. Make one small hole through the stalk at the small end, or several still smaller ones just around it. Cut out the blossom mark large enough to admit of pouring in the water, then this apparatus can be forced into the ground and allowed to remain till empty; or, into pots containing plants, where there is no convenience for immersing them.

It will do to give liquid manure in this way, but it must be clear, as, indeed, it always should be, however applied. This gourd is also useful for watering hanging-baskets, as it is easily kept upright by leaning it against the strings, when it will saturate them without the trouble of taking them down.

A string may be arranged at the top of the gourd, in such a manner as to be readily tied in place to a stick

or string, where it cannot in any other way be kept upright.

Arrangements of this sort are very useful where layers are made in places that would otherwise be too dry to succeed. When used for this purpose, the drip of water should be near the surface, and as near the expected rootlets as practicable.

Moss may be used to conceal the vessel containing the water, if desirable, and will help to keep the ground in a moist condition around it; judgment must be used in regard to this matter, however, as some plants are liable to "damp off" if kept too wet after being layered. The carnation in particular is apt to do this, whilst roses and shrubs in general, will not root if lacking a constant supply of moisture; in some cases this may be attained by placing a stone over the incision, but if at all exposed to direct rays of sun, the above method will be found a help, if not a necessity.

During the season of transplanting, I have found it convenient to have a vessel of strong tobacco tea in readiness to immerse the roots of plants known to be infested with, or subject to, root-lice; for asters, verbenas, etc., this precaution is indispensable; cabbage also is so much benefited by this treatment, that I may be excused, perhaps, for mentioning it thus "out of its sphere."

Another enemy to be guarded against at this season is the cut-worm. Some of my sorest trials in gardening have arisen from finding a choice and perhaps only plant of some desirable variety cut off by these voracious depredators, without leaving a bud or eye to keep hope alive for a moment. The only consolation in such cases is to dig for the offender. A careful search is generally successful, and you can dispatch the enemy at once, making a sort of compromise between your vindictive feelings and necessity for the rigid performance of duty, to save other plants from similar fate.

To secure plants from mishaps of this kind, I have taken various methods, but have found a strip of stiff paper pinned together at the ends to answer very well. Any paper will do, however, if folded until it will keep erect around the plant; they may be sewed together with needle and thread quite expeditiously. They should be made with reference to the size of the plant needing protection, and should be two inches or more in height above ground and one inch below, with the earth pressed closely enough to keep them from blowing away. Gray paper shows less than other colors, and will not require to be removed on account of unsightliness, as it disappears before the winds and rains in most cases by the time the worms have ceased to be troublesome.

If seeds are to be sown where the presence of these marauders is suspected, it is well to look over the ground carefully before sowing, and then fence in the portion used with paper, or anything else that will present a perpendicular barrier, at least two inches high, quite around the place planted, for the little globules of water seen in the morning on the top of a bunch of headless seedlings, is not nearly as poetical as a legitimate dewdrop.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

ALTHOUGH the extremely backward season has delayed in an unprecedented manner the appearance of spring costumes upon the streets, the time is now fairly reached when they can be worn. It is noticeable that the styles are far plainer than heretofore, being almost severe in character, with their uniform perpendicular lines, unrelieved by horizontal or diagonal trimming.

The polonaise with underskirt still holds its own.

The underskirt is made long at the back, while a cluster of box-plaiting gives it the proper fullness. These plaits should be caught together by several tapes underneath. The underskirt is often trimmed at the sides or front, but the full portion of the back is seldom or never decorated. The polonaise is long, sometimes draped high at the sides. The most fashionable costumes now worn, have the underskirt of some plain color, while the overskirt and basque, or polonaise, are of plaid. There is a little variety displayed in the arrangement of the materials of the dress. Sometimes

the entire overskirt and basque are plaid; again the overskirt and body of the basque are plaid, with plain sleeves; or the body is plain, and the sleeves plaid.

The camel's-hair serges, semi-thick, twilled and soft, are especially suitable for sea-side or mountain wear during the summer. They are also very serviceable, since no amount of wetting will injure them beyond the renovating influence of a warm iron.

Plaid cashmeres in high colors are popular for children and misses, and fringes and gimps to trim them may be found harmonizing with any of the colors in the material.

Hats and bonnets have so nearly approached in shape, that it now seems to be merely a matter of strings or no strings, whether we bestow upon an article of head-gear the one name or the other. They are for the most part profusely trimmed, especially about the face, with

flowers and ribbons. They are worn farther back on the head than formerly, and on the under portion of the brim, which is usually raised from the forehead, there is generally displayed a full coronet of flowers. A very pretty style for misses' wear, is the sailor hat, bound or faced with silk, with full face trimming, and trimmed with a broad sash or scarf, tied loosely and carelessly about the crown. This season's styles of hats and bonnets are noticeably larger than the last, both in crowns and brims. The crowns are for the most part made flat, but English hats, in some cases, exhibit the conical brigand shape. The brims, however, are the leading feature, their extreme width giving them much the appearance of the Mexican *sombrero*. Any style can be attained by the tasteful manipulation of these brims. Real and imitation chip are the most popular material. Undressed white, gray, brown and black are the leading colors.

New Publications.

Miscellaneous Poems. Stories for Children, The Warden's Tale and Three Eras in a Life. Printed for private circulation. Porter & Coates. Many of the poems in this volume show a cultured taste, a fine fancy and great tenderness of sentiment. The writer has evidently touched some of the lower depths in life's experience and brought up pearls of wisdom. We make a single extract:

"THE CUP OF LIFE.

"I hold with trembling hand the full, rich cup
Which God has given unto me to drink—
Such generous dole that not one added drop
Could fall within and not o'erbrim its wealth,
I would my hold were stronger, but, alas!
The strongest arm is weak indeed against
The purposes of God. Ah! blest is he
Who still can give God thanks when all the wine
Life yields is spilled, and naught is left but lees,
Couldst thou, my heart? What didst thou do but moan
When on a time a north-east wind did breathe
Upon thy calm, vexing thy life with plaints
That would have best befit a tempest storm?
But now the wind has lulled, 'tis well and wise
To search thy soul, and question of its strength,
And if again a few drops from thy cup
Are swept unto the ground, thou shalt not grieve
As if the richness of thy draught was gone.
Take time to thank thy God for what He leaves,
Faint heart, and thou wilt find the hours grow few
Wherein thou mournest over what He takes."

Spain and the Spaniards. By N. L. Thieblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Mr. Thieblin takes his reader with him right into the heart of that much disturbed country, whither he was sent as special correspondent of the *New York Herald*. He gives us a graphic description of the state of Spanish affairs during the recent disturbances in that country; and he fills his pages with personal experiences among the armed factions. He is a lively writer; yet beneath his brilliancy of description, there is an under-strata of carefully-collected and as carefully-sifted information. This book is for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Types and Emblems. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. This is a collection of Mr. Spurgeon's Sunday and Thursday evening sermons, delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. These sermons, sixteen in number, are practical in their character, and possess, in an eminent degree, the special merits which belong to all that proceeds from the great English preacher's mouth. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The American Temperance Cyclopædia of History, Biography, Anecdote and Illustration. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D.D. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This is a collection of anecdotes, incidents, poetry and sentiment, all touching upon or illustrating the subject of temperance.

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RAFTING ON THE TIGRIS.—It is curious to note in comparing the ancient usages with modern, how little progress has been made by Eastern people in the common arts of life. Take this instance given by Mr. Myers, in his recent volume, "Remains of Lost Empires." He says:

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"The greater part of the rafts employed upon the Tigris are freighted at Diarbekir and Mosul, and floated down to Bagdad. Upon arrival there they are taken to pieces, the wood of which they are composed is sold, and the skins are carried back by land. From Herodotus, we know that the same method was practiced in his day."

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

DESCRIPTION OF MISSES' COSTUME.

The costume represented by this engraving is made of French gray silk and challis. The simplicity with which the materials are combined, together with that of the shaping, renders the costume very popular and attractive. The skirt is similar to those worn by ladies, hanging full at the back, and closely at the front and sides. It is made of challis, and that material being rather flexible, a lining of crinoline is added.—The bottom, after being hemmed, is completed with a deep but scanty flounce, set on under a silk band. The pattern by which the skirt was cut is No. 3066, price 20 cents; it is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is suitable for any other material than that described.

The over-dress, which is really a plaited polonaise, is made of silk, with sleeves and decorations of challis. Three plaits are laid in both the front and back, terminating at the waistline, where they form a skirt-fullness. A side-gore is let into the skirt, the back of which is draped by tapes. A band of silk, below two others, borders



the bottom of the skirt, while two similar bands complete the pointed cuffs at the wrists of the sleeves, each cuff being further trimmed by three buttons placed lengthwise through its back or deepest portion. The garment closes at the back, and the neck and sleeves are completed with tiny muslin ruffles. The pattern used in cutting the over-dress is No. 3886. It is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, 8 yards of material will be required. The skirt can be cut from 4 yards of 27-inch-wide goods, and the over-dress from the same quantity of goods measuring 36 inches in width. The cost of material and trimmings will depend upon the goods selected and will vary from \$10.50., to \$22.

The straw hat has a low crown and a wide sailor rim, and is bound with silk. A wreath of Marguerites with foliage encircles the crown, and is confined at the back with a bow of ribbon. If preferred, a rubber cord may be substituted for the ribbon ties represented and a scarf used instead of the wreath.

BOYS' COSTUME.

No. 3907.—These engravings represent a stylish pattern that can be made up of any goods worn by boys. It is in 4 sizes for boys from 2 to 5 years of age, and costs 20 cents. Three yards and three-fourths of material, 27 inches wide, will make the dress for a boy of 3 years. When *de bête* is employed wide worsted braids should be selected for trimming; but if linen or piqué be chosen, then fine braids in handsome designs have the prettiest effect.



3907

Front View.



3907

Back View.



3901

*Front View.***LADIES' MANTLE.**

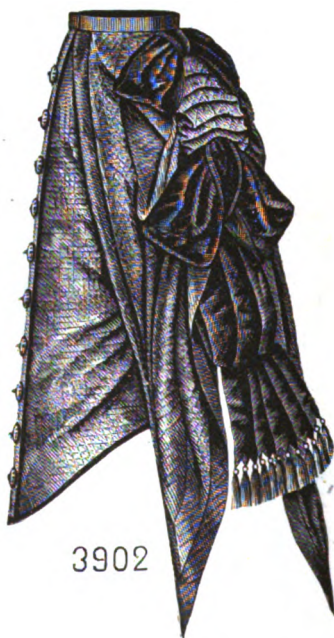
No. 3901.—The charming wrap represented by these engravings is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. It can be made up of any material employed for such purposes, and requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, to make it for a lady of medium size.



3901

Back View.

3902

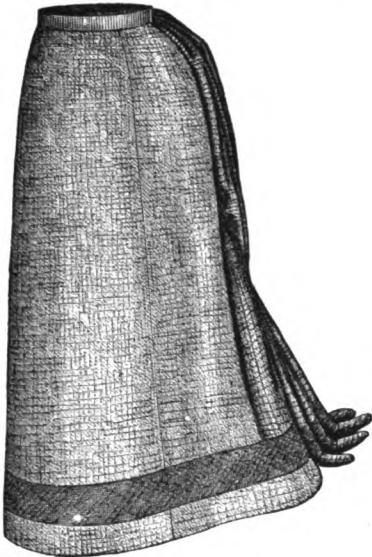
Front View.

3902

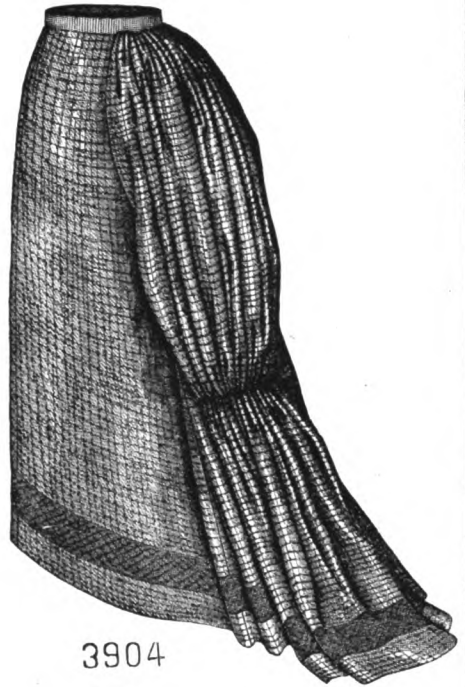
*Back View.***LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.**

No. 3902.—This pretty pattern can be made up from any suit material. It is in 9 sizes for ladies

from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and its price is 25 cents. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.



3904
Front View.

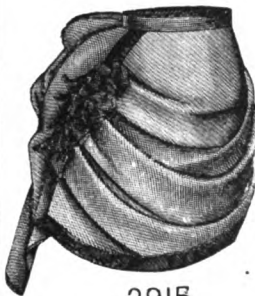


3904
Back View.

LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT, SHIRRED AT THE BACK.

No. 3904.—The charming skirt here represented can be made of any popular dress goods, but is more

particularly suitable for those of heavy texture. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{7}{8}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3915
Front View.



3915
Back View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No 3915.—This pretty little garment can be made of any material used in making up suits, and trimmed according to the taste. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a miss of 13 years. Price, 20 cents.



3896
Front View.



3896
Back View.

GIRLS' SQUARE-NECKED APRON.

No. 3896.—This pretty little pattern can be used for Swiss, lawn, muslin, cambric or print, and is in 6 sizes for girls from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the apron for a girl 3 years old, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

LADIES' SHORT
BASQUE.

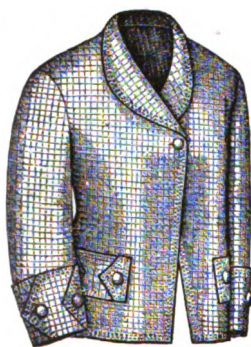
3898

Front View.

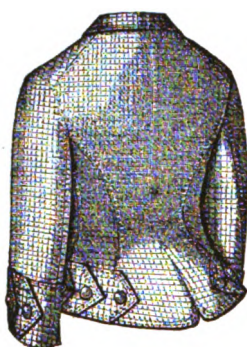
No. 3898.—To make the garment represented for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 20 cents.



3898

Back View.

3897

Front View.

3897

Back View.

3918

Front View.

3918

Back View.

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 3897.—The pattern to this pretty garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required.

MISSSES' CUT-AWAY BASQUE.

No. 3918.—To make the jaunty garment illustrated, for a miss of 12 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



3906

*Front View.*GIRLS' WALKING SKIRT,
WITH OVER-SKIRT AT-
TACHED.

No. 3906.—To make this garment for a girl of 7 years, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. It is suitable for any material from Swiss muslin to waterproof, and is pretty when made of two shades of the same material.



3906

Back View.

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LAGO MAGGIORE — Page 141.

ARTHUR'S

The brightest and pleasantest day of the year!
These are the holidays—
Brightest and best of days
In all the year!

VOL. XLIII.—29.

There is no moment for weeping and sigh
These are the holidays; daughter has
These are the holidays—
Brightest and best of days!
Daughter has come!

(406)



ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

JULY, 1875.

No. 7.

History, Biography and General Literature.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY E. B. D.

BACK again, darling! oh, welcome to home again!

Pet, I have missed you this many a day;
Now I have got you, and ne'er shall you roam again,
Till your school duties shall summon away.

Darling, you smother almost with your kisses!
Sweet! I am happy—I have you safe here
On my bosom, my arms folded round you. Ah,
this is

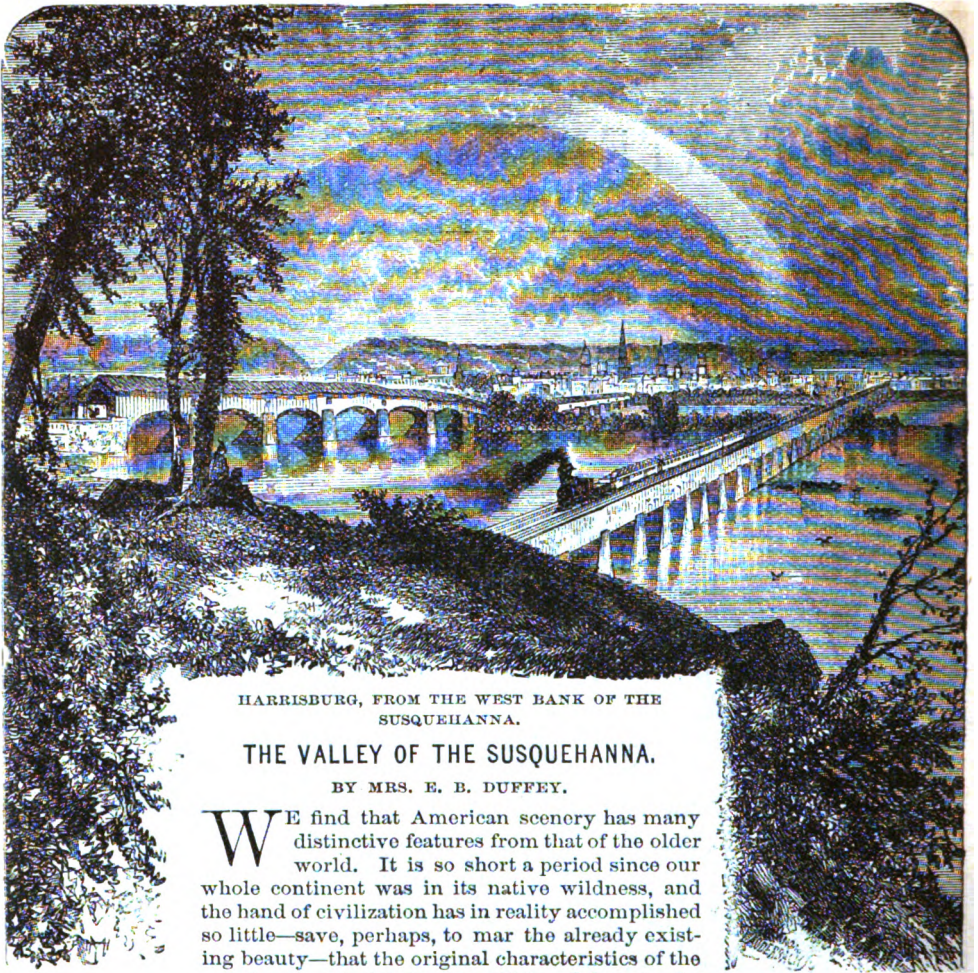
The brightest and pleasantest day of the year!

These are the holidays—
Brightest and best of days
In all the year!

Sad it is mothers and daughters must part again,
Ere of their meeting they've felt the full bliss!
E'en as I'm speaking the tears quickly start
again,

As I remember how short the time is.
Foolish am I! My tears quickly drying,
With kisses and smiles let me welcome you
home.

Now is no moment for weeping and sighing;
These are the holidays; daughter has come!
These are the holidays—
Brightest and best of days!
Daughter has come!



HARRISBURG, FROM THE WEST BANK OF THE
SUSQUEHANNA.

THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WE find that American scenery has many distinctive features from that of the older world. It is so short a period since our whole continent was in its native wildness, and the hand of civilization has in reality accomplished so little—save, perhaps, to mar the already existing beauty—that the original characteristics of the country are yet plainly perceptible. I do not refer

especially to our remarkably long and broad rivers and magnificent inland seas, which give us so marked an advantage over much of the known world. But in the countries of Europe and Asia, which have been under the dominion of man for so many hundreds and even thousands of years, we find nature guided and controlled, domineered over and perverted, by the tastes and needs of humanity. In America nature has been left for many centuries untrammelled and undirected. She has luxuriated in unpruned growth. She has revealed in unlimited and unrestrained abundance. Nature is essentially savage, when left to herself, whether she directs man or the inanimate world. And so in America we have all the beauty of a savage landscape, which utility is doing all it can to mar, and which art has only in rare and exceptional cases taken upon itself to improve. The first steps which civilization takes toward conquering nature, are the crudest and most unsatisfactory in an æsthetical point of view. The earth is denuded of its loveliness, and time alone can make amends for the wanton act, and bring a recompense, in the form of green slopes for tangled, briar-grown hillsides, stately trees for a crowded,

stunted growth. But time has only begun to do this for us. For the most part, the most charming portions of our scenery are those where nature is still left untampered with. Savage scenes, as thus defined, are rich and varied within our national domain. There is scarcely a river head that does not know them. They line the banks of our rivers; they cluster along the margins of our lakes; they allure our artists to our mountain-sides.

One of the most picturesque rivers of America is the Susquehanna, flowing as it does through a region of exceptional grandeur and beauty. Its eastern branch takes its rise in Otsego Lake, in central New York, and descends, in a general southerly course, through the State of Pennsylvania, and across a narrow neck of Maryland, into the Chesapeake Bay. Its upper tributaries drain the north-western slopes of the Catskill Mountains. In Pennsylvania it winds amid the heights of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The western branch rises in the wilds of north-western Pennsylvania, and threads a region peculiarly romantic and picturesque in its appearance.

The Susquehanna is emphatically a mountain

stream, rushing headlong on its way, over the rocky impediments of its bed, and sometimes dashing down precipices, or noisily contesting its right to proceed through narrows and rapids. It is for much of its length broad and shallow; at some seasons of the year so shallow that even where it is a mile in width a man might almost wade across it. But in the spring it loses this characteristic, and pours an impetuous torrent along its bed, its volume greatly augmented by the thawing of the snow upon the mountains, and by the spring rains; and sometimes it works terrible destruction by its floods. These spring freshets bear down immense masses of ice, timber and fragments of trees; and these, grounding upon the obstructions in the rocky bed, form dams extending from brink to brink. The water accumulating behind these dams suddenly overflows the low-lying country; and when the weight of the flood breaks the barrier, the water rushes onward, bringing irresistible destruction to everything in its course. The ice-gorges, as these icy dams are called, are sometimes magnificent in appearance, but in their consequences they are frequently terrible as well. The spring of the present year was remarkable for the excessive damage caused by the almost unprecedented floods.

Nevertheless, these floods have their uses, and when they are not excessive, are very welcome. The lumbermen of the Upper Susquehanna wait for them, as does the farmer for harvest time; as it is only during their continuance that it is possible to float down the river the logs which



WYOMING VALLEY.

have been cut in the extensive forests of Northern Pennsylvania. The passage of a raft down the river is quite an exciting affair. Its struggles with the rapids, and the skill required to avoid wreck upon the shoals and crags over which it is borne at a tremendous speed, make it an exceedingly interesting spectacle.

J. Fenimore Cooper, in "The Deerslayer," gives the following beautiful description of Otsego Lake, the head waters of the Susquehanna, as it appeared more than a century ago, while all the surrounding region was still an unbroken wilder-

ness: "On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid, that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere, compressed into a setting of hills and wilds. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to half a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance more to the southward. Of course, its margin was irregular, being indented by bays, and broken by many projecting, low points. At its northern, or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off, east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water, on quite nine-tenths of its circuit. The exceptions, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene; and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low, the background was high, though more distant. But the most striking peculiarities of this scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven and the dense

setting of the woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out toward the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark, Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, 'quivering aspens,' and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest-grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water."

Otsego Lake presents a very different scene to-day, with its thriving towns and villages sprinkled upon its once wooded slopes; its cultivated fields, and the boats which now ruffle the surface of its once placid bosom. Nevertheless, it is still beautiful. The mountain and the hills are still there; trees still overhang the water, which reflects the passing clouds as in days gone by. Cooper has made this region classic ground, since not only the novel from which I have quoted, was located here, but another one of the same series, "The Pioneers," describes the same spot, as it appeared two generations later.

No less classic ground is the Valley of Wyoming, famous for the tragedy which Campbell has described in his "Gertrude of Wyoming." The length of this valley, from north-east to south-west, is about twenty-five miles, while its width averages no more than three miles. The best

was Count Zinzendorf, the founder and apostle of the Moravian Missions in the New World, who came to Wyoming in 1742. Twenty years later, a colony came from Connecticut, and established itself in the valley, which was claimed by that State as a part of itself, under the grant which



SUSQUEHANNA AT NANTICOKE.

general view of this valley may be obtained from Prospect Rock, a crag jutting from a mountain just back of the town of Wilkesbarre. It is bounded on either side by high ranges of mountains. Through its northern section it is an extended plain, which breaks into a series of low,

gave to Connecticut all the land within certain parallels of latitude between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Pennsylvania also claimed the region, and the inhabitants of the valley, whether from Connecticut or Pennsylvania, were continually engaged in a triangular warfare between each



SUSQUEHANNA BELOW WILLIAMSPORT.

undulating hills toward the south. The Susquehanna is seen here and there through gaps in the trees, a silver line flowing around the foot of the hills, and watering the extremely fertile plain of the valley. This spot was a favorite residence of the Indian tribes, and was originally the property of the Delawares. The first white man to visit it

other and the hostile Indians, who in turn disputed their right to the ground. The history of the valley is an exceedingly bloody one; but the disasters culminated on the 4th of July, 1778, when the unprotected inhabitants were attacked by the Tories, and escaped from them to fall into the hands of the more cruel Indians, and those



SUSQUEHANNA NEAR
HARRISBURG.

who were not fortunate enough to escape perished by torture. This last catastrophe is the theme of the poem by Campbell. That the poet should make some ludicrous blunders in his description of the country, and in his conceptions of pioneer life, is not strange, since England furnishes nothing similar from which he might form an idea of the truth. Thus all who know of the hard labor, the almost total absence of sentiment and poetry, from want of time for their indulgence, if for nothing else, which characterize life upon the frontier, will, no doubt, smile when they read the following stanza:

"Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe.
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town."

We may easily forgive this flight of the imagination; but when the poet talks of crocodiles and condors, the high magnolias on the hills, and the palm-trees, one cannot but confess that these are more than the widest poetic license will justify.

The troublous times have passed, and Wyoming still stretches itself along the margins of the Susquehanna as beautiful as ever, and peopled by a civilized, a peaceful and a prosperous people. Wilkesbarre is its most important town, having a population of upwards of five thousand, while the large coal-mines which surround it, and the ample facilities for transportation, both by rail and canal, make it the centre of considerable business.

The southern limit of Wyoming Valley is defined by the mountains between which lies the

entrance through
Nanticoke Gap.
Here the road to
the valley enters

a narrow mountain defile, through which the Susquehanna rushes in rapids which bear the name of Nanticoke Falls. From the heights at the little coal village of Nanticoke a fine vista of the extended plains of Wyoming are disclosed to the view; though at this point the distance is so great that the curiosity is only finally satisfied when Wilkesbarre is reached.

The junction of the east and west branches of the Susquehanna is one of the most beautiful situations in the State, and offers a striking combination of mountain and river scenery. The village of Northumberland is situated at this point.

The course of the west branch of the Susquehanna is quite as bold and grand in its scenery as that of the east branch. Its upper waters flow through a comparative wilderness. It crosses the line of the Allegheny Mountains, hugging close to mountain sides, and taking acute angles around them. The town of Williamsport is the principal point upon this branch. It is a beautifully-situated and rapidly-growing town of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, and with immense lumbering and lumber-manufacturing interests. The lumber used in this town is floated down from the upper waters of the river whenever there is a rise in the waters.

Below Northumberland the Susquehanna

spreads out into an exceedingly broad stream, while it still retains all its wild picturesqueness of scenery. One of the most beautiful spots upon the river is found at the junction of the Juniata with the main stream. Here the Susquehanna spreads out into a broad, lake-like expanse, several miles in width, its bosom dotted with green-growing islands, and its sides encompassed by the everlasting hills. The same characteristic scenery continues as far as Harrisburg, and below. At Dauphin, a few miles above Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad crosses the river, after taking a sudden, almost right-angled turn over a long, covered bridge. This bridge, which was built many feet above the ordinary level of the river, was swept away during the spring floods of the present year. The view at this point, both up and down the river, is magnificent in the extreme. Bold mountains raise their precipitous sides directly from the river's brink; and it has been found necessary in many places to cut a foothold for the railroad on the very face of the cliffs.

I doubt if there was ever a more picturesquely situated town than Harrisburg, the capital city of Pennsylvania. The Susquehanna is here nearly a mile in width, and the outlying hills of the Blue Ridge are already assuming mountainous proportions. The State House, an edifice of no special beauty in itself, occupies a commanding position upon a natural eminence a little north of the centre of the city, and from its dome a beautiful view may be obtained of the river, studded with its numerous green islands, and of the horizon-bounding hills, or rather mountains. Harrisburg is principally a manufacturing city, having innumerable iron-mills and machine-shops within its limits.

As long and as broad as is the Susquehanna, it is of little avail for purposes of navigation, save as it furnishes the water for a complicated net-work of canals, since it is navigable for sloops only five miles from its mouth. It is a mountain stream from Otsego Lake to Chesapeake Bay. The bay is but a broadening of the river, and its true mouth might be considered to be at the outlet of the bay, between Capes Charles and Henry, since there it is no wider than it is at many points above, nor so wide as at some.

The Susquehanna possesses the breadth of the Delaware, with all the petulance and waywardness and romantic beauty of a hill-side rivulet. During the summer it sometimes dwindles to a thousand threads, winding their way through a maze of tiny islands. But when spring returns, it forms a rolling and seething torrent, a mighty flood, striking terror to the hearts of the beholders, at the same time that it challenges their admiration.

[The pictures that accompany this article are taken from "Pennsylvania Illustrated," Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. It is a very attractive book, giving a large number of views in the great valleys of the Delaware, Schuylkill and Lehigh, and along the route of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Noted places in and around our city, with many of its fine public and private buildings are also illustrated.]

NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.

EVERY branch of fine art springs out of something within human nature. All the arts are the external expression of something in the spirit, and literature, being one of the arts, must also be the external expression of something within." In seeking for the cause of some branches of the fine arts, it is often essential that we fall back upon our rights as human beings, and, placing our hand upon our hearts, say, "I love this or I love that because—I do." None of you can rise in your place and tell why you love music. Very often we have to be like the young man who was walking in the garden among the Romans—I am sure it was in the Roman days—with an old philosopher, and having come to a bed of popples, the young man said: "Father, why is it the poppy makes people sleepy?"

Now, the custom of those old Latin and Greek professors was never to admit ignorance of anything, but always to know the whole reason; and there are men yet living of that class—theologians generally.

The old philosopher, looking upon the ground, said: "My son, the poppy makes people sleepy because it possesses a soporific principle." And the young man was happy.

Walking through the garden of literature, this flower called the novel—not this poppy, for the sermon is the true poppy of literature—this rose rises up before you and asks if you can tell the source of its gorgeous coloring.

The great Hindoo nation produced a beautiful system of morals, and quite a good system of scientific thought and truth, but no novel. Why? Because the reason of the novel had not been permitted to exist. The Hindoo world denied the existence of woman as a mental and spiritual being, and thus, having held back the cause, the effect failed to put in an appearance. The novel rose up out of the land which emancipated woman; and ever since that day the novel has been the photograph of woman, beautiful as she is beautiful, wretched where she declines. In the days of Sir Walter Scott it was nothing but the history of a green country courtship long drawn out and full of monotony, that is, to the rest of mankind. Had not Sir Walter Scott woven into his novels a vast amount of scenery and costume, his works to-day would be entirely crowded from our shelves. In Sir Walter Scott's day the entire efforts of genius in this line was to postpone a wedding. Just think of it! Escapes from bandits, Indians, poisoning and mothers-in-law, enabled the novel-writer then to accumulate stuff enough for two volumes, and then came a wedding or a funeral.

The question, Who should read novels? is perfectly absurd. There are in all the arts the high and the low. The wit of Rabelais is low, of Cervantes lofty. The paintings of the old Dutch school were humble, being most of them scenes in groggshops; but in the Dusseldorf school lofty, being for the most part great scenes from the world of nature. The poetry of Swinburne is low for the most part, that of Bryant lofty. These two colors, white and black, run through all the arts

everywhere, and it is for us to choose. Who should read the novel? Everybody should read the novel where woman decorates the great truths of life; but where the novel is the simple history of love, nobody. And especially should those read novels who the most don't want to. They the most need them; and there ought to be a law requiring a certain class of people to read one novel a year—persons who, through some narrowness of law, or of medicine, or of merchandise, or, what is most probable, of theology, have been reduced to the condition of pools of water in August—stationary, sickly, scum-covered, and just about to go dry.

Nor are we to love only the novel in the day when history has become so deep, so broad, so grand, not being the history of wars any more, but of thought, of science, of art. In such a day, to love only the novel, and to read only the novel, is to offer an insult alike to God and to man; but even Tyndall ought to turn away from his perpetual analyses of drops of water, everlastingly weighing of dust, and over the pages of John Halifax pass from a world of matter to a world of spirit. So must you all live, with all the beautiful things and the powerful things of God's world falling right into your open hearts, feeding the great flame of life. As miners look up a long shaft and see a little piece of sky which they call Heaven, so there are men who look through a long-punched elder, very long and very slim, and they see through the other end of it a spot, and call it a world. No, it must be the effort of your lives, my young friends, to get right away from this imprisonment. To be too near any one thing—that is fanaticism. It is the eclipse of God's great heavens in favor of your tallow candle.—PROF. SWING.

FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"The mind of Cervantes stifled his heart. He who could make Don Quixote ridiculous had no heart. Neither the cascade of Marnbrino nor the love of Marlton makes me laugh. It always makes me weep."—FERNAN CABALLERO.

THE greatest successes in the more modern lists of fiction have been achieved by masked knights. Often the mask was very flimsy, revealing glimpses of feminine features beneath the knightly helmet, and as often the disguise was almost impenetrable. "Boz," "Titmarsh," "Waverly," "Currier Bell," "George Eliot!" Masks!—but how dear to many who care very little about the faces that are behind them.

Fernan Caballero, who has given "a new world to Castile and Leon," is one of those who, in the present century, have gained their renown under a pseudonym, "He is a she." Her maiden name was Caecilia Böhl de Faber. Having married three times, she is now a widow, Madame de Baer. The *nom de plume*, Fernan Caballero, lives, but how many of her readers burdened their minds with her thrice-changed cognomens?

Her father was Don Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, to whose erudition and industry Spain owes a collection of ancient poetry, entitled, "Floresta de

Rimas Antiquas Castellanas." He had emigrated to Cadiz from Hamburg.

Caecilia was born in 1797, at Morges, Switzerland. It is worthy of notice that the publication of her first work was owing to the encouragement received from our own great writer, Washington Irving. The field of Spanish fiction had been unreaped since the time of Cervantes, but there was little market for the grain. The Spanish people, like Don Judas in Fernan's story, "*Una en Otra*," do not read because reading injures the eyes. Knowing this, our authoress wrote her charming idyl, "The Alvareda Family," in German, and then rewrote it in Spanish. She did not at once publish this story, but, encouraged by Washington Irving, to whom she had submitted her manuscript, she went to work on another.

Sometime in 1849, "*La Gaviota*"—"the seagull, an epithet which Andalusians give to scolding women—made its appearance in the *Heraldo*, a daily paper of Madrid. Up to this time, it was not strange that Spanish women looked on novel-reading as something approaching the magnitude of a crime, for the only specimens of light reading attainable were translations of Sue, the early "inspirations" of George Sands, and the feuilletons in the French papers. The publication of "*La Gaviota*" opened a new vista. "In all this, however," says the *Edinburgh Review*, after mentioning several minor poets, "there was little sign of genuine national inspiration; the appearance, therefore, of an author like Fernan Caballero, a really original writer of fiction, offering vivid delineations of the manners and characters of the most poetic population of the peninsula, is an event in the literary history of Spain, and, we may add, in that of Europe."

The success of "*La Gaviota*" induced its author to place numerous other works before the public, which were well received by foreign critics, and the best of them translated into German, French and English.

A recent writer divides Fernan Caballero's works into three classes. The first comprises those stories which represent Andalusian life among the small farmers and rustic laborers, such as "*La Gaviota*," "The Alvareda Family," "*Una en Otra*," and "Simon Verde;" the second consists of those which describe "good society" as it exists in Seville; and the third of the stories of a shorter kind made to illustrate the proverbs that the Spanish peasant loves so well.

The majority of her stories were taken from real life. She moved from Cadiz to San Lucar de Barameda, from Chiclana to Seville, for the purpose of studying the characteristics of the Andalusians; "Living in the midst of this fine population," says a French translator of her books, "observing its manners, its ways of speaking, taking on the spot all those precious pictures of country life which need neither the imagination nor the arrangement of the novelist to be moving and profoundly dramatic."

Her romances excited great interest in France, and many attempts were made to discover her real name. "*Qu'importe!*" exclaims Germond de Lavigne in a notice. "'*La Gaviota*,' 'Dolores,'

'Elia,' are signed Fernan Caballero; the Spanish say, 'Our Fernan,' and ask no more.

Such reasoning would not satisfy the American public in the case of a favorite writer; as the author of "A Princess of Thule" complains in a recent letter, they have a *penchant* for getting at the bottom of things.

Monsieur Merimée named this author "the Andalusian Sterne." From the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," we translate the following enumeration of her characteristics, which, being admirable, shall take the place of our own analysis:

"Like Sir Walter Scott, Fernan Caballero has a lively feeling of the traditional and local life of the regions about which she writes. She loves Spain, it is her first, her only inspiration—she loves Spain in its landscapes and its miseries, which are not without greatness. Her creations, her combinations, her personages, are not imitations; they are taken from the heart of the national life. They proceed from observation of the reality and comprehension of the poetry of common things, two qualities which, united and balancing each other, make real and original inventors.

"Fernan Caballero has a genius for details; she makes everything live. She has an instinct for those thousand shades, often imperceptible to vulgar eyes, which give each mood of nature a distinct physiognomy in the sight of all other human beings. Like Sir Walter Scott—more than Sir Walter Scott—she likes digressions, sinuous conversations, abandoning herself to them with delight, multiplying portraits and pictures full of freshness, prodigal of all that can throw new light on manners and characters. She collects the legends sung by the unlettered Andalusians, and passes with graceful ease from the refinements of the aristocratic world to the most humble scenes of popular life."

Madame de Baer herself appears to think that her works bear more resemblance to those of Emile Souvestre than to either Scott or Sterne's. In fact, they stand alone—the author is *sui generis*. Great talent impresses them, as it stamps the works of Sir Walter. She loves the legends of Spain as he loved the ballads of Scotland. She paints lovingly each national trait. Besides this, there is little resemblance; but the comparison seems to be a favorite. "La Gaviota," says Don Eugenio de Ochoa, "will be for our literature what Waverley was for English literature, the dawn of a beautiful day."

"La Gaviota" is, even setting aside its national significance, a truly powerful novel. As a work of art, it is perfect. The character of Marisalada, the heroine, is unique in modern fiction, and is worthy of the pen that drew Tito in "Romola."

The works of Fernan Caballero will never become popular in America without, indeed, their very contrast to American modes of thought and life should draw our people to them; but no student of literature or of national peculiarities should neglect them. To the latter they will prove of more advantage than a year's travel in Spain.

The assertion that Fernan Caballero's novels were published at the expense of the queen, does great injustice to the Spanish people. A complete

edition—a rare enterprise in Spain—was issued at Madrid by Don Francisco de Mallado. This is the greatest compliment that could be paid to "our Fernan." During Isabella's reign, Madame de Baer occupied apartments in the Alcazar. It is hardly possible that the new government has been less kind to this great novelist than that of the Bourbon queen.

The words prefixed to this paper give the keynote to the sentiment of Fernan Caballero's writings.* Like the Andalusians, who, literally, find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," she sees a tender thought, a suggestion of beauty in the most common and uncouth things.

A WORD TO WIVES.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

"NOT crying are you, Mattie? What has happened to distress you?"

"Well, I am ashamed to tell, or ought to be, I suppose. But, you see, I had set my heart on going to the social, and, as usual, Edward has contrived some errand to take him off in another direction. He is so absorbed in business that he scarcely ever finds time to go out with me of an afternoon, or even in the evening; and what is worse, he never seems to think that I want to go anywhere. If he finds sufficient food and relaxation for his own mind in his changeful employment, he ought to remember that I need some recreation, shut up here from morning till night with the squalling young ones."

"I thought Edward was very social in his habits."

"But he is not at all the man he used to be. He used to be very fond of society, and never thought of going out without taking me with him; but now if he *does* happen to go anywhere, he manages to go when it is impossible for me to accompany him. You can't begin to think what changes five years have wrought. But what vexed me most was—though, I suppose, I ought not to mention it, even to you—he said he thought I might find quite work enough to employ my time at home."

I thought so, too, as my eye glanced over the forlorn-looking little woman, in a slovenly morning-gown, with gaiters fretted and torn out at the sides—these being the only articles of wearing apparel visible upon her person—and then took a

* Apropos of this, we may quote the following: "There is hardly a bird, or a shrub, or an odor, about which the Andalusians have not some pious and simple legend. The white poplar was the first tree the Creator made, and therefore, being the oldest, it is hoary. Rosemary has its sweetest perfume and its brightest blossoms on Fridays, the day of the Passion, because the Virgin Mother hung on a rosemary bush the clothes of the Infant Jesus. Everybody loves the swallow, because they plucked out the thorns of our Saviour's crown on the cross; while the owl, who dares to look impassively on the crucifixion, has been afflicted ever since, and can utter nothing but *Cruz! Cruz!* (Cross! Cross!) The rose of Jericho was once white, but a drop of our Saviour's blood fell on it; and it has been red ever since. Children smile in their sleep because angels visit them."

hasty survey of the room, for, though it was late in the afternoon, the table was standing against the wall with one leaf raised, and covered with a soiled cloth and the remains of dinner. The potato-kettle and frying-pan were sizzling on the stove, which, to say the least, was not the tidiest stove in the world. A patchwork quilt was spread on the dusty carpet, and two pillows—I will not attempt to describe them—supported a six-months-old baby in a sitting posture upon it; while a four-year-old boy with smutty face and tangled curls—yet, withal, a bright-eyed, interesting child—was doing his best, with tin whistle, and rattle-box, and various toys, to amuse the little one; and I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming: "What changes five years have wrought, to be sure!"

And as the mother lifted the little one from the floor and sat down in a low rocker to give him his dinner and hush him to sleep, my mind went back to the time when Mattie was a charming girl, with sweet and winning manners, and so neat and particular about her dress and appearance. I knew that the proud, sensitive, high-spirited Edward Osborne had regarded her as the perfection of loveliness, and when he had won her for his bride, everybody said, "It was such a good match, they were so well suited to each other," and had predicted for them a cloudless life and an unusual store of happiness.

For a few months after their marriage he had seemed to enjoy so much going with his young wife into society, and had seemed so fond and proud of her; then our paths in life had diverged for a time, and I had seen but little of my friends till of late.

That there had been a change was apparent; and the cause was apparent, for, in addition to the careless, untidy habits which I have described, I had more than once been witness to little exhibitions of temper—which no third person should witness—had seen the pouting lip, the flashing eye, and the defiant look; and heard the words of cutting censure; and had noted with sorrow the lack of the little courtesies and loving attentions that had once been so easy and natural. And I knew that love was in jeopardy; that the peace and happiness of two hearts that should be as one, was endangered. I knew that the canker, the mildew and the blight does not more surely work out destruction and devastation, than that these little things, so thoughtlessly committed and neglected, eat out, and undermine, and destroy all that is lovely and pleasant and to be desired in our lives.

It is pleasant to be loved, and, wives, if you would retain your husband's love in all its freshness and old-time fervor, be yourself a lover. Be to him all you would have him be to you. Make yourself as attractive in his sight as was your wont in other days. Your cheek would have tingled once, and you would have been embarrassed beyond measure had he surprised you by his presence when you were in faulty attire and your hair in papers. You would on no account have appeared before him in slatternly dress or disheveled hair. And if the lover was worthy of painstaking, the husband should be still more so.

The love that is worth winning is worth retaining. The thousand little arts that you studied so carefully to make yourself charming in his eyes are no less needful now.

The years are slipping by. One by one they drop from the golden thread on which they are strung, and you cannot gather them up. By and by your hair will begin to be threaded with silver, your cheek will become wrinkled, your eye dim, your sense of hearing dulled and your beauty and outward attractions will grow less and less; but, if you will, you may build around your husband a wall of love that the tooth of time cannot affect. You may bind his heart to yours with a threefold cord that cannot easily be broken.

Make home pleasant. Make it just as bright and beautiful as it is possible to do, and great wealth is not necessary for this. It is astonishing how much may be accomplished with very little means. Plant flowers. Train a vine over the lattice. Let the glorious sunshine into every room in the house. Have books, magazines, pictures and music, if you can, and let furniture and ornaments, however simple and plain they may be, harmonize. Be scrupulously neat, tidy and punctual. Be yourself the light and charm of your home. When your husband comes home, tired with the day's labor, meet him with a smile and kind words. Exert yourself to make home the brightest, dearest spot in all the world to him. There are many temptations in the world; allure him from them by every art in your power. Inform yourself on the current topics of the day, and be ready to discuss them at the tea-table, or in the evening. Study his tastes. Defer to his opinions when you can, or, if you must differ, do it modestly, with sweetness and gentleness of manners, avoiding everything like altercation or contradiction.

Be content to live within your means. Economize if circumstances demand it. Many a man has been ruined by his wife's extravagance. Many a man has risen to competence and wealth by his wife's frugality. I despise littleness and stinginess. The woman who would dicker half an hour to buy a paper of needles for five cents worth six, is not my ideal of a woman. But I would recommend a cheerful, fearless retrenchment of all superfluities, if the indulgence of them would expose your husband's business to embarrassment. Don't wear expensive finery if your means will not allow. It is out of taste. If you cannot afford to wear silk, or velvet, or costly material, have the courage and independence to wear calico, and do it uncomplainingly, as a true woman should. Many an indulgent husband has yielded to unjust and exacting demands from his wife, greatly to his detriment, because he could not bear to see her tears or hear her reproaches. It has been truly said that woman has it in her power to make or mar her husband's fortune.

Solomon described a model wife, and said: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of his life. She worketh willingly with her hands. She looketh work to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

The happiness, comfort and thrift of home depends in a great measure upon woman, but while she occupies her rightful place beside her husband in the great battle of life, she should never indulge in a domineering or dictatorial spirit. It is in exceedingly bad taste.

I know a woman, a very worthy woman in many respects, who takes it upon her to dictate to her husband in all matters, great or small, pertaining to his business; and he, a kind, hard-working, indulgent man, submits with a grace that is truly praiseworthy and martyr-like.

She says: "We did not buy the adjoining lot which husband wished so much to do, in order to bring his farm into better shape, because I thought the price asked was too high." Or, "We did not build a barn this year as we intended, because I thought the money could be better invested in fruit trees and shrubbery." Or, "We did not sow fall wheat, because I thought it would be better to sow oats in the spring. Husband had quite set his heart on a mowing-machine this year, but I told him that as he had got along without one so long, and always got his hay in in good season, I guessed he could wait another year, and the money was just what I needed to buy a chamber set."

Now it is all right and proper that a woman should understand her husband's business, and be able to help him in any way that he wishes, or circumstances require. And I think those families prosper most—other things being equal—where this is the case; but she steps from her own proper sphere when she assumes the control of what rightfully belongs to him even in ever so small a degree. "She wears the breeches," is an exceedingly doubtful compliment.

There are cases, indeed, where the woman is far more competent than her husband to manage business affairs; and if he knows it, and is willing to abide by her judgment, it is all right; but if she has sense equal to her capabilities, she will not take advantage of this fact to show her superiority over him, much less to parade it before the world. But she will exercise her presiding genius in such a modest and unassuming way that no offence will be given, and no slur cast upon her womanhood.

There are, here and there, milk-and-water men and women, who will tamely submit to any invasion of their rights, to indignity and even abuse, their sensibilities not being fine enough to be hurt thereby, or not having force of character enough to resent; but, as a general thing, the assumption on either hand of the rights and privileges that naturally, or by right of bestowal, belong to the other, is promotive only of evil.

Wives and mothers, to you individually is committed the noble privilege and duty of making home worthy of the name. It is for you to say whether your home shall be a paradise or a prison bounded by four gloomy walls. It is for you to determine whether you will be queen or menial in your own home. If happiness cannot be found in a cheerful, well-ordered, refined, cultivated, Christian home, then we need look nowhere for it in this sin-stained world.

A DREAM.

BY E. MILLER CONKLIN.

TWAS nothing but a passing dream,
A vision of the night;
And yet, so real did it seem,
I almost mourned its flight!
The boat was frail, the winds were wild,
The sea rolled mountain-high;
But hand in hand we sat and smiled,
My father dear, and I!

And wave on wave rose threatening o'er,
But did not overwhelm;
We knew not how we reached the shore,
Nor who was at the helm!
Ah, could I feel that hand-clasp warm,
That long-lost dear one see,
Fain would I brave the wildest storm,
Nor fear the tossing sea.

FIFTY YEARS AGO;

OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 7.

PASS the dish to father," I said this morning at breakfast.

"Oh, no, I don't like grits; the no-taste carries me away back to 1811 and '12, when we had to eat them without salt," said he. "I never taste grits without seeing the old hominy mortar, or block, standing in the yard before Uncle Davis's cabin. There were no mills in reach of us to grind our corn, and the only alternative was to pound it up tolerable fine.

"How was such a block made, father?" asked one of the boys.

"Well, you see," said he, "that we worked according to the tools we had. A solid new stump was chipped and hacked a little in the centre, then some kindlings and stones laid on it and a fire started. After awhile the stones would get hot and burn into the stump, and a nice, smooth hollow would be the result. Then, for a pounder or pestle we always drove an iron wedge into the end of a thick, heavy piece of timber, and this made a very good substitute. The corn was pounded and sifted, and the meal that was fine enough to go through the sieve was used for pone and mush, and the coarse, cracked pieces of grains made grits or hominy. Our pounding-block was a movable one, and could be taken into the house and we could work at night. Oh, when we used to eat our humble food unseasoned by salt, I thought times were very hard indeed! The nearest salt was at Zanesville, and there was no road in that direction, so that it had to be packed on horses. One horse would walk directly behind the other. We made a tincupful of salt go a great ways then. It was not uncommon for women to borrow a teacupful of salt at a time."

"Did you think this was a pretty place when you first came here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! I had quit fretting for the evergreen trees, and the broad and beautiful view of Lake Champlain, and the men and boys we had left

behind us, and the tea and short-cake and all these likes that were so dear to my heart.

"You see, when we left Uncle Davis's, we all moved into a little cabin that our daddys had put up on Uncle Solomon Hill's land, just over there across the creek, up on that slope above the bank. We three families lived all together in the one cabin for as much as six months. During that time my daddy built on this farm and cleared some.

"But you asked if I thought this was a pretty place, and how it looked. It was in the month of February that I first saw this place. I felt an affinity for it the minute I set foot on it. That February day was a mild one, there was a humid atmosphere, a blue, soft haze enveloped the hills and lay in the creek valley. I crossed the creek on the ice, and followed a little path that my daddy had made through the woods. More than half the way was through a dense thicket, a low matted growth of small timber interlaced with vines. I stopped and took long breaths, and stood in my bare head and looked up at the sky through the woven branches. I imagined that I would soon become an adept in popping over Indians. We were the fifth family in the township."

"There is one thing that I cannot understand," said one of the girls, "how in this world could people manage when they had only one room in which they ate, and worked, and slept. The sleeping arrangement is what puzzles me."

"Easiest thing in the world," said he, laughing. "If two beds stood close together, a quilt or sheet was hung between them. My mamma's bed had a curtain of blue calico hanging around it."

"What did you do when the preacher stayed all night at your house?"

"Well, we men folks would sit round the fire in winter, or the fireplace in summer, and tell stories, and pat in the ashes, and punch the brands, and be so much interested that we didn't notice when the women retired. Then when we went to bed the fire would be all covered up and the house dark. In the morning, when breakfast was nearly ready, and the preacher opened his eyes and yawned, then the women would have some excuse for going out-doors, maybe for chips, or to cut meat for breakfast, or to do the milking. At a concerted signal they would come in. I presume this was the unpleasant part for the teacher who boarded round, and had to sleep in the same room with the whole family. I know of one teacher who used to sleep in a little loft in the milk-house, some distance from the dwelling."

"Why, that was a strange place for lodging; rather cool and airy."

"Oh, he said it was delightful to lie and listen to the rippling of the water and to peep out from the openings in the roof and see the blue sky and the gleam of the stars," said father, laughing, "but I guess it was the blue of a pair of eyes that he admired the most."

"Oh, what was it, father? do tell us the story," said one of the girls.

"Oh, it is a homely sort of a narrative, not much of the romantic in it, and if there was I couldn't bring it out," said our father, laughing. "Well,

I can tell it just as Carrol told me. He said he wanted Lucy, and her father wasn't willing, and got mad and said it would be a pretty story, indeed, for his daughter, the like of Lucy Clark, to marry a schoolmaster who had to teach school for a living at ten dollars a month. Now, Carrol had set his face on the law and put his aim pretty high, and he meant to come up to it. Lucy loved him, but her father influenced her, and she finally married John Hunks, an old bachelor, whose farm joined the Clark's section. Carrol went off and studied law, and in time was one of the first lawyers in that part of the country. Somehow, he couldn't get the image of Lucy out of his heart, he couldn't fall in love with any other woman.

"One day, about five years after his disappointment, he took a notion he'd like to see the place and the people where he had taught his last school. He was heavily bearded and dark, and had grown taller and looked very unlike the smooth-faced boy of other years. He longed to look upon the idol of his young manhood. Fortune favored him. He went to the village near her home and idly sauntered into the one dry-goods store. No one knew him. He had not been there ten minutes until a little, sun-burnt woman came in, carrying a bag of rags, a basket of eggs, a pail of butter and an empty jug. Her face was flushed with walking and her bare, brown hands looked like a pair of claws. She wore a calico sun-bonnet made over a whole sheet of pasteboard, and her shoes were a heavy pair of clogs, a size too small for her husband, which she wore as a matter of economy. She did not recognize Carrol in the manly man who sat back a little from the door.

"His heart beat faster, while it ached with pity. Poor Lucy, into what a mercenary niggard had the lassie ripened! She inquired what they paid for rags, eggs and butter, and began a tirade against the low prices. She wanted to buy some muslin and some molasses, and when told how they sold them, expressed great astonishment that they would dare to ask so much. She called their system of traffic dishonest, and said they ought to become rich at such an unreasonable rate per cent.

"Carrol's idol crumbled and fell to the ground. It was but coarse clay, after all. When the indignant little termagant closed her bargaining, she gathered up her bag, basket and pail, shut her white lips with a pucker, that meant business, and walked out of the store, digging her little, hard heels into the floor defiantly, while she lugged the dangling jug of molasses by a string instead of a handle.

"He was cured, and in less than a year married a woman who was his equal if not his superior.

"I rode with Carrol all day in a stage-coach once; we were the only passengers, and that was how he came to tell me this episode in his life."

"What became of Carrol, the poor schoolmaster and the rising lawyer? did he reach the goal he had aimed for in his young manhood?" I asked.

Father laughed knowingly and smoothed the end of his thumb over a threadbare place in his jeans pantaloons, as he slowly said: "Do you remember a lawyer in — by the name of —?"

"Yes," said I, "but what of him?"

"Well, he was the poor schoolmaster whom I have called Carrol, that's all," said he.

"Why, father, how you talk! you surprise me! he was the governor of the State; our best and noblest governor," I said, with staring eyes.

"Yes, so he was. Carrol was the best governor we ever had," was the reply; "the noblest Roman of them all."

"And what became of Lucy Clark Hunks, the blue-eyed school-girl, who was the first love of the governor?"

"Well, she was the mother of eight poor, ignorant sons and daughters, who had no higher aim in life than to become wealthy, and they counted wealth by acres. They were the greediest, grasping family I ever saw. Why, whenever Lucy was sick unto death, she always whined for a little sack of money that she had, and it was brought to her, and she held the little wallet by the neck, sleeping and waking. I remember, one time, her husband was at our house to see about buying some calves. I was in the sitting-room, reading, and he was shown in to where I was.

"He stopped, and stared, and stood still. When he spoke, he said: 'I declare! I don't go much on books myself, I s'ider that a man can do without 'em, and I cided long ago that the money 'vested in books better be put into real estate, good land, fat acres, somethin' that can't take wings and flee away, somethin' safe from fire, and water, and 'structive elements; that's my 'pinion.'

"I thought such a narrow-minded man wasn't fit to be the father of a family.

"I remember hearing my daddy tell of the Methodist preacher staying at our house, one night, long ago, and John Hunks's father was lying ill and it was feared he never would recover, and the poor old man, with death staring him in the face, concluded it might be well enough when the 'Methody minister' was so near them to send for him.

"The preacher found him lying in a dark corner, breathing with difficulty, and approached him with: 'My friend, this is hard to bear; I hope you are patient under the circumstances. Did you want me to come and pray with you?'

"'Wall—yes,' was the reply, wheezed out in a voice scarcely audible; 'don't know as 't'll 'mount to much, but I thought as how you was so nigh to us, you might pray a little, it won't do any harm, any how, you know.'

"'Do you love to read your Bible? have you found precious the promises contained therein?' said the minister.

"'I can't read nary a word, but then I know a good many things that's in the Bible from hear-say. These old ears have served me faithfully. I know all the fax about Addum and Eve just as well as if I'd 'a' been there—'bout their residen in the garden of Egypt and eaten of the—the—British soup, I think's the word—and their findin' out their stark nakedness an' makin' aprons fur themselves out o' pig leaves. I have that all at my tongue's end, an' then I know about Mosy in the little plastered basket, and the trouble he had with the Pizzyites, and the Izzarites eatin' mamma off

the ground that had rained down out o' the sky, an' about the plagues of the fleas, an' all that. You'd find me pretty well posted on Bible matters, squire,' and here the poor old man stopped and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"'Have you ever made a profession of religion; ever experienced a change of heart?' asked the minister.

"'Well, that's where you have me, squire,' he replied. 'I did sort o' jine meetin' once, but, somehow, I didn't stick; I s'pect I didn't git the right flop in the fust place, or else I hadn't good root or somethin'. Last winter I tuck to goin' to meetin' agin, an' got kind o' warmed over, an' I felt better, a sight better, than I did at fust. I was in danger o' the dark place, sure.'

"'Do you enjoy communing with your Saviour? do you love to pray?' asked the minister.

"'There you've got me agin, squire; I'm not much on prayin', an' the like. Fact is, I didn't come o' prayin' stock,' and the poor old man smiled a made-up, ghastly smile that was pitiful to see.

"The minister read the chapter about the thief on the cross, and knelt beside the bed and offered up a fervent prayer. Before he took his leave the old man called him to the bedside, and after painfully fumbling around in his bosom, drew out a wallet and shook out of it a warm silver dollar, which he urged the minister to accept. The proffered kindness was politely rejected."

While father was talking, one of our old neighbors, Elnathan Starkey, came in. We were laughing heartily about old Mr. Hunks telling the preacher that he did not come of "prayin' stock."

Elnathan turned in and laughed as hard as any of us, then he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his wamus and said: "'Pears to me now that in those old times, Alex, there was a power of real Simon-pure religion in our new neighborhood. What ranting, stirring, wide-awake Methodists we did use to have in our day! Just think of the Gwin family, for instance. They were a holy family—the religious element could have been no stronger without reaching fanaticism.

"I often laugh over an incident that occurred in 1820, when little Hannah Gwin was teaching school. You remember she taught a term or two in the lower part of Father Gwin's old house. Hannah wasn't much of a scholar, could only read and write, tolerable like, but she was so good that some of the mothers prevailed on her to gather their little ones around her for instruction. Hannah wouldn't make near so much teaching as she would sewing. You know, Alex, she commanded a dollar a week the year round; she was a powerful fine hand with the needle, no sewing-machine of nowdays could make any finer stitching than did Hannah."

"But what is the incident, Elnathan, that you started out to tell us?" said May.

"Oh, well, yes, yes; it was in 1820, one hot summer day a sudden storm came on with thunder and lightning and pouring rain. The old clap-board roof leaked a good bit, but Hannah had the children sit in dry places, and they didn't mind it much until the thunders were so loud that their

voices were drowned in the noise. All at once came a peal of thunder that shook the low cabin, and almost at the same instant it was followed by a blaze of lightning which struck the trunk of a large elm directly in front of the house. The shock was severe, and very white were the faces of poor Hannah and the little ones. I told you that Hannah was a good Methodist, but, unfortunately, she could not sing. Looking around over the little group, she said: 'Will some one start a suitable hymn?' That instant a blue-eyed little girl, with a voice that suggested the song of the lark, started up, to the tune of *Pisgah*, that blessed old hymn, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' She sang at the top of her voice and the fire of enthusiasm caught, and all the scholars and the teacher joined in with an earnestness and fervor that was beautiful. By the time the hymn was finished, patches of blue sky began to appear and the black clouds were gathered up and the storm was over.

"Poor Hannah, she felt so safe, and trustful, and happy during the storm: the hymn seemed to lift them all out of the reach of danger. I remember she said to the little girl, 'Why, I was so glad you chose that suitable hymn; it was just the very one for the occasion, it lifted me above all fear and care and made me feel that God was watching over us like a tender, loving father. Perhaps it is well enough that I cannot sing much; I should always be singing hymns and, maybe, annoying people.'

"But, Alex, I declare for it! I often smile now, after the lapse of fifty years, when I think of that wild summer storm, and Hannah and the children in the midst of it, singing so beautifully. 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' Hannah thought it was so appropriate, too, when, you see, that it wasn't at all, only that the word stormy was in it."

This incident was very enjoyable to us; we who were not born, and knew nothing of life, and times, and trials of fifty years ago.

"I'll never forget," said father, "a little fuss I saw at the raising of old Captain Parker's barn. It was just after old Bedford was out of the State's prison; he had served a year and this was the first gathering after he came home. Deacon Jones's father was talking to Judge Lee, perhaps on some political topic, and old Bedford heard him use the word plenipotentiary. He became very wrathful, and flew at him and was raining down the blows thick and fast, when some of the men interfered and shook him, and an explanation ensued, and it came to his understanding, very dimly, however, that he had been over-sensitive and had no cause whatever for insult. Bedford had never heard of such a word in his life, but the word penitentiary was somewhat like it in sound, and he knew what that meant."

"As a general thing we had good preachers in early days," said Elnathan, "but when I tell my folks that everybody used whisky and thought it no harm and no more disgrace than to drink tea or lemonade now, I can hardly make them believe it of the preachers."

"It is a fact, nevertheless," said father, "but

speaking of preachers reminds me of old Parson Harmon; ha, ha! Now, really, that man, when excited, frequently used language that was a little dubious, I think. Really, I couldn't call it much less than downright, real wicked, bad language. Yet he was a very earnest, tender-hearted, generous man, his language was good and he was especially eloquent in prayer.

"People were not so ready to criticize their pastors then as they are now, they allowed them to have human traits, to be brother men. I remember, one time, a committee of two were appointed to confer with old pastor Harmon, to approach him very gently on this point and see what he thought of it and how he regarded it. We didn't want the unconverted to find a flaw in the character of our preacher.

"Judge Lee approached the subject as gently as he could. The parson looked up with a bright, frank face and, smiling, said: 'My dear brothers, you are mistaken. I never swear. I would scorn to do it; still, I am aware that sometimes my language is very strong, but it is only a kind of a rough way I have of praying when I am excited! I may be a little peculiar, that's all.'"

LUCERNE, ITS BRIDGES AND MOUNTAINS.

BY C.

LUCERNE is a very pleasant little city, the capital of the canton of Lucerne, in Switzerland. The River Reuss runs through it, which has meandered down from above the St. Gothard Pass, and here becomes an arrowy, sea-green river. It is spanned by handsome bridges, having for foot-walks covered galleries, whose walls are all painted over with pictures, some like those in old-fashioned books for children, some really excellent, all old and huge, many very interesting, and some amusing, so that you think you will never get across the bridge for looking at them. One of the bridges has none but New Testament sketches on the walls of the walk on one side, and Old Testament sketches on the other. This scriptural bridge is of considerable length, but you do not get weary of it, for you can rest your eyes from the frescoes by gazing over the lovely lake. In another bridge are painted famous scenes in Swiss history. In another, the complete array of Holbein's "Dance of Death," which is not now believed to have been painted by Holbein. Wordsworth, who wrote some poetry on these bridge paintings, says there are two hundred and forty in the scriptural bridge.

Lucerne is highly picturesque, enclosed by a wall and watch-towers.

The arsenal at Lucerne contains many curious old trophies that give one new ideas of implements of warfare before the use of gunpowder. Here also may be seen the shirt of mail worn by Duke Leopold, of Austria, when he was struck down by a club in the great slaughter at Sempach. Thorwalden's monument to the Swiss guards is one of the most chaste, simple and touching works of its kind anywhere to be found.

The Lake of Lucerne is called by the Swiss the

Vier Waldstetter See, or Lake of the Four Cantons—the four original cantons of Switzerland bordering upon it. It is surrounded by scenery more sublime than any other in the world, except, perhaps, the Lake of Geneva. It is walled in by rich, green mountains, rising from the water's edge, or leaving garden-like plats in front, relieved by ravines opening back from the shore, dotted with houses and rich with cultivation. These near mountains are from four to seven thousand feet high. The Righi is the highest of them. Through every opening the peaks of the Oberland Alps appear afar. On the south-east, a few miles away, tower heavenward the snowy masses of the Clariden Alps, more than ten thousand feet high. And on the south, a few miles further away, with only their bases hidden, stand three other mountains nearly as lofty.

Thus, within the Lucerne panorama, we have every element of beauty and grandeur that the Lake of Genoa has, except that there is not within range any such one giant of glory as Mont Blanc. The ascent of the Righi is the most glorious of all excursions to be had from Lucerne now since the railway runs to its top, and a visit to the Lucerne region without going to the top of Righi, is not to be thought of.

We have read that Petrarch once climbed a high mountain, and after enjoying all that was there spread out to the vision, he took from his pocket Augustine's Confessions, and his eye rested on a passage much like this: Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the source of rivers; but they neglect their inborn majesty and the source of their salvation. Petrarch closed the book and meditated: Since I have wearied myself so much to reach the summit of this mountain, that my body might be nearer to heaven, what toil would be too great to procure the entrance of my soul there?

It has seemed to others that the climbing of mountains works but little redemption. To go to the top of Righi in the afternoon, see the sun set, remain over night (there is a house kept open a few weeks each season,) and see the sun rise, and view all the mountains brought out with splendid distinctness, and in the rear reinforced by all the rest of the Oberland range, while on the remote west the low sky is serrated with the white crests of the Helvetian Alps, is a sight that fills one with an overpowering sense of awe. The amazing panorama, seen from the Righi, has a circumference of not less than three hundred and fifty miles. We look down into the streets of Lucerne, and it seems impossible that it can be six miles from the foot of the mountain. One hundred and fifty villages can be seen from its top.

Directly east of the Righi is the Rossberg. Their summits are, perhaps, five miles apart. Seventy years ago an avalanche, nearly half a mile wide, from the side of this mountain, fell and crushed into the vale between the Rossberg and the Righi, burying every house and person in the village of Goldau so deep that no vestige of it was ever found, except the bell of the church, which was thrown a mile up the valley, and by some strange

chance was not injured. A village now stands where Goldau was, bearing its name.

Within the memory of many people now living a part of a mountain that rises from Lake Lucerne fell into the lake, and threw up a wave, that sped across the lake, there four miles wide, and destroyed the whole hamlet of Obermatt, with every person and living creature. Another hamlet of the same name stands on the site of the one that was drowned.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

FROEBEL.

WE take from the *Methodist* the following interesting sketch of Froebel, the originator of the Kindergarten system. It is by Edward Eggleston:

The Kindergarten writers and translators have given us in English hand-books and guides and everything else but the beautiful story of the self-sacrificing life of Friedrich Froebel, and of the gradual development of the man until his invention of the Kindergarten system—his "discovery of the method of nature," as he would call it. For all the germs of the Kindergarten were in the life of Froebel—he was the apostle of childhood, outfitted with a wonderful store of natural gifts and subtle sympathies, and providentially enriched by his various experiences as a boy and man, and as an educational reformer during half a century, and divinely set apart to be the deliverer of infancy. What a world of benignity, of patience, of endurance, of unselfishness, of child-like simplicity shines out of his homely face as one looks now at his portrait!

He intended himself for an architect; God meant him not to build cathedrals, but for the grander work of building little block-houses for babies. Is it not the greater mission? For with block-houses he built the living temples of human nature. What is there in St. Paul's, or Notre Dame, or St. Peter's—what is there at Strasbourg, at Cologne, at Milan, worth the education of one child? Who would not rather be Pestalozzi or Froebel than Michael Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren? Froebel, like so many other great men, discovered his destiny only by accident—If, indeed, there are any such things as *accidents* in such a life. The young architect happened at a meeting of Pestalozzian teachers at the house of one Grüner, a school principal. He was asked to give his opinion on some educational question. As he, with that marvellous intuition so characteristic of him, unfolded to his charmed listeners his views, Grüner clapped him on the back, crying, "Froebel, you are meant for nothing else but a teacher; will you accept a place in my school?" The young Froebel, whose own childhood and youth had not been happy, did not hesitate when he heard this call, but forsaking his dreams of distinction as eagerly as Peter left his fishing-nets, gave himself thenceforth, in evil and good report, through opposition, calumny, persecution and disaster, to education in the highest and truest sense. No desire to make a popular school ever tempted him to swerve from the lofty ideal that

he had set before him, no wish to make a good show at examination ever led him to dream that he could educate a child by cramming him with facts. He could neither be seduced, nor intimidated, nor discouraged. He became the leader of a devoted band of teachers, who counted nothing in life dear unto them, if they could but accomplish the end of living. I do not know that there is any other Christianity in the world but just this.

Froebel was past fifty years of age, ripened by all his experience, study and toil in teaching, when he set about reforming the management and training of the youngest children, and devised the plans which have not to this time been improved. He was quite unwilling that his new institution for children under seven years of age should be called a school. He called it Kindergarten—intending it to be a true "Child-garden," where little children might grow as naturally as plants in a garden, having such assistance and direction as a gardener gives. For the gardener, wiser than a routine teacher, does not attempt to make a plant grow contrary to its own nature, he helps it to the highest growth and completest development possible to its nature.

Jean Paul said: "Play is the poetry of childhood." Froebel, with equal insight and more practical wisdom, said: "Play is the first work of childhood." This immortal sentence is the cornerstone of the Kindergarten. There must be nothing in it but play. All the training it gives is given through plays—that is, through employments delightful to children. Irksome tasks are banished—time enough for them when the muscle has hardened, and the mind is more mature. To make little children drudge at lesson or work is as unnatural as to yoke frisking calves to a plough. But Froebel knew that the earliest childhood was a period of the greatest susceptibility to educational influences. If not directed, infancy must be lost, and may be perverted. So, with colored balls, with "gifts" of sphere and cube and cylinder, with stick-laying, mat-weaving and slat-interlacing, with pea-work, clay-modeling and net-drawing, with miniature gardening, paper-cutting and tablet-laying, with merry musical and imitative plays, all philosophically arranged and subordinated to their end, the good and wise teacher, like a magician, managed to give moral and mental discipline of the most invaluable kind to little children, while he rendered them ten-fold happier than they could be without the Kindergarten.

Froebel was a great educator, and the leader of a band of teachers who were called Froebellites, before he bethought him of his Kindergarten. But this work, which occupied the last fifteen years of his life, he rightly regarded as the embodiment of the ripest result of his studies. The younger Fichte finds in the Kindergarten methods evidence that Froebel was a great philosopher, with an unsurpassed knowledge of human nature. This knowledge has not found its best utterance in his writings—it is not in them that his greatness appears—but in his adaptation of methods to educational ends. I cannot hope that my own testimony

will be of any value after so many of the most eminent thinkers of Europe have given their approval to Froebel's plans, but my admiration for the greatest of pedagogues has increased with every year that I have known the Kindergarten, and seen its methods and its results.

Froebel died at seventy, surrounded by the devoted Froebellite teachers.

"Carry me to the window that I may look out," he said.

"It will hasten your death," said his physician.

"Friend," answered the child-like old man, "I have been all my life accustomed to live in the society of nature, and will you forbid me to look upon her once more before I die?"

And so, looking nature in the face, the old man who had become as a little child, who had lived for "the least of these" brethren of Christ, died calmly.

No monument—not Sir Christopher Wren's itself—could be more appropriate than his. They put over his grave a cube, a sphere and a cylinder—"the third gift"—with which he was accustomed to teach children of three years of age to observe and to discriminate. And they wrote upon this unique tomb his motto—his glorious battle-cry let me call it: "Kommt lätzt uns unsern Kindern leben"—"COME LET US LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN." Amen.

WOODS OF VIRGINIA.

BY ELLA F. MORLEY.

THE characteristic scenery of Virginia is that of her woodlands. Though you do not find in these the weird and ghostly forest scenes of the far South, where the cypress and oak stand draped in long, gray mosses that hang like rent drapery around their dark boughs, nor the warm splendor of color that lights up their fields with flowers like Aladdin's fairy garden of gems; although the gloomy grandeur of the forests of fir that darken the mountain-slopes of the North, may be lacking here, you cannot walk in them a day without feeling the spell of their sylvan beauty. Your heart will unconsciously be won by this cool and quiet nature, full of freshness and repose; and the thousand fleeting and lovely changes of light and shadow, the green glimmer of the boughs overhead, the golden glow on the rugged trunks, will leave no room for further desire of effect or hue. You would feel the gorgeous coloring of the South, or the Rembrandt darkness of the far North, like a false chord in these pure green lights, so aerial in their tone, and these transparent gray shadows, so tender and so swiftly passing.

Everything is subdued in tint. The flowers have a moonlight hue—white and faintly flushed with pink—the wild rose, the honeysuckle, the kalmia or mountain laurel, the trailing arbutus, which, under a mass of half-dead leaves, brown as those of last autumn, conceals its clusters of wax-like and delicate blossoms full of subtle and delicious fragrance. Now and then there will be an exception, as in the dark purple of the wild pansies, opening their velvet petals along some neglected wood-road, or the blood-red crimson of

the Indian pink. The flower last named is, indeed, worthy of the closest artistic study, so beautifully does it grow, with a background of rich lush green grasses, or springing up out of the clefts of some cool, gray rock, its five flame-like flower-leaves standing out in exquisite clearness against the gray and the green behind it. These woods, with their long glades between the hills, down whose sloping sides the sunshine is shivered by intercepting branches into a thousand arrowy or lance-like gleams, are full of beautiful flowers and ornamental shrubs, from the fragrant, rich brown calycanthus to the pendant scarlet bur of the anemone, the long, red cone of the wild cucumber-tree and the tulip-like flower of the poplar.

You see much of the beauty of these quiet woods in the long journey by water between Richmond and Lexington. It is, indeed, the sole charm of these "slow-trailing barges" or canal boats, that even as the sultriest, most breathless sunshine beats down on the dilapidated cabin and bare deck, you can catch glimpses of cool and sun-flecked openings into green and tranquil woods, and see gray cliffs with hanging clusters of flowers and trailing vines, and hear the swish-swash of the rope in the water, as it drags across tall reeds and water plants. Later in the evening, indeed, cool gusts of air began to blow the fragrance from the white, blooming banks into your face, and across the distant river you see a golden and crimson splendor of the sunset glittering, and and the woods and far-off vision of mountains looking aerially fair as their lovely reflection undulates in the deep waters. Even the long, doleful sound of the horn, and the ruined-looking buildings you pass, will scarcely lessen the delight of these slowly-drifting views.

It is a striking source of delight in these woodland views that you can never go beyond sight and hearing of running streams. There is a constant network of rivulets and springs all over the country. No inclosed field is without its wide-spreading tree overshadowing some cool, deep spring; no forest-walk without its "trickling of invisible brooks." If you sleep, they seem to flow and murmur through your dreams; if you lie awake in the dark, and listen, you will soon hear the distant roll of the water plunging down some steep bank. The spray and foam of these small cascades moisten the exquisite plummy and close-wrought mosses, of which you will find as many as thirty varieties in a few hundred yards, and keep alive great beds of nodding ferns. Even in winter time the hillsides will be green with these fresh banks of feathery verdure, and they overhang every curved bank, and rocks that project out into the waters and throw their green and lovely shadows upon their still surface.

But when these streams widen and deepen into large creeks, you will find that the ferns are not their only lovers. In quiet places the flags will bloom, and a hundred varieties of grasses with green burs and feathery arms will crowd together with blue and white flowering plants into the cool shallows. Over them brown and shining dragon flies, azure butterflies, long-billed water-birds, will fly and hover. By the "netted sunbeam" on

the low waters, a water-snake will roll his undulating length, and the minnows will glance swiftly from the light to shadows that lie dreaming in the darker corner of some deep pool. All is astir and afloat, and now and then a light wind ripples it suddenly with its coming, and tosses down a leaf to skim and drift over its upper waters, with the shadow leaf floating far down within it. There is such freshness and tranquil joy here that you sympathize with him who said: "In the woods is perpetual youth. In the woods a man casts off his years as a snake his slough; and, at whatever period of life, is always a child there." For childhood sleeps ever in the tender soul and needs only the look or tone of the great mother to awaken it into life.

DUMB FOSTER-MOTHERS.

BY M. O. JOHNSON.

WHAT would you think of a cow adopting lambs? Such a thing really happened, not long ago, at West Oxford, where, on a farm, were three little orphan lambs. The mother-sheep died while they were very young, far too young to feed. By way of experiment, not knowing what else to do, their owner held one of them to the cow to get its supper, and found it would nurse, and she seemed willing to let it.

The next morning, when he went out to milk, all three lambs were cuddled up beside the cow, and she was plainly quite happy with her charge. Her owner put one more lamb beside her; and she took care of the four, as if they were her own offspring. They would follow her about, and she defended them from dogs, and any animals that might harm them.

Quite as curious was the conduct of a pet cat toward a little chicken. The hen had left it, and its owner carried it into the kitchen. Pussy was there, but no one was afraid of her hurting it. A cat well fed, kindly treated and accustomed, from a little kitten, to live among hens and chickens, as a general thing, is perfectly harmless to them; she understands that there is a difference between these and her lawful prey. A kitten can be taught this without whipping or any hard treatment, except, perhaps, a few pecks, which the hen is not slow to give, if little puss chases any of her brood.

Well, soon after the little chick was left in the kitchen, it was found cuddled close to pussy's warm, furry side, with her kittens. Of course, it was fed with dough and crumbs; but pussy gave it bed and blanketing, mother-care and love, till it was old enough to take care of itself, and go with the hens. It would follow pussy, run at her call as her kittens did, and sleep in the midst of them; and she seemed to love it just as she loved them.

A cat, belonging to Dr. Whiting, of Hyde Park, adopted an entire brood of chickens, which had been deserted by their mother. She watched over them with constant care, and if they seemed to be in danger, showed great alarm. When she was fed, she called her chickens, and waited till they were around her, before she could be even coaxed to eat. She would not allow any of the hens to notice them at all; seeming jealous that they might

try to entice them away from her. At night she gathered them all around her, and slept in their midst.

A dog and cat, owned in one family, were mothers at the same time. The dog had five, and the owner thought it would be a heavy tax for her to bring them all up. But they were of a valuable kind; and the lady went into the kitchen, and said to the cook: "What would you do? It seems too bad to destroy them."

"Give them to the cat," was Biddy's suggestion.

The lady thought she would try it, so she placed two of the puppies beside the cat. Pussy seemed to have no objection, but made room for them with her kittens, and began to wash their faces. The kittens and puppies grew and thrived together—mother pussy feeding, washing and playing with all alike. Strange to say, the two puppies with the cat outstripped the other three. They were larger, stronger and could run about, while their brothers could hardly more than roll.

The kittens were, after awhile, disposed of, one at a time, and pussy did not seem to mind it, but was contented with her foster-charge. But by and by, when they were old enough, they were sold or given away; and pussy wandered about the house, looking for them, day after day, till she found the remaining three with their mother. Instantly she pounced upon them, and a fierce dispute ensued. Pussy triumphed, and carried off one little dog to her own nest. But she was not satisfied. Back she came, and after another conflict, took a second. She meant to be just, however, for she claimed only two, the number she had before; and these two, that she honestly thought her own, she brought up with all motherly care and kindness.

A dog, who had lost her puppies, was known to adopt a brood of motherless ducklings. They

slept cuddled close to her shaggy side; she shared her food with them; and, as she was a water-spaniel, she would lead them to the pond, and swim about with them. The tiny ducklings and their foster-mother seemed to enjoy the bath equally; and it must have been a pretty picture.

THE LOVER.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

A LL hail, the beloved lover,
For who is so blest as he!
The wonder-world of his future
Such a vision of victory.

He walks like the man first fashioned
In a happy garden's aisles,
And scorneth the thought of sorrow,
In the light of the loved one's smiles.

Wherever a father and mother
Stand amid children fair,
We see his triumph recorded,
For once the lover was there.

And though ever so old the story,
Like some traditional rhyme,
It groweth more sweet in the reading
When read for the hundredth time.

Full soon o'er the little folk playing
Under unshadowed skies,
As sure as the hours are fleeting
Will the lover's star arise;

And, be he a prince or peasant,
With jeweled or gilded ring,
To place on the dear one's finger,
'Tis the lover out-king the king.

The Story-Teller.

THE WISH-BONE.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAURA JAMESON DAKIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE chicken was done to a turn, and sent such an appetizing odor through the room that the boys, Ned and Joey, could hardly conceal their impatience to be served to a dainty bit. They kept their hands tightly clasped together under the edge of the table, but their feet would push about on the chair-rounds uneasily, their eyes would look anxious and hungry as the chicken sent up fresh puffs of steam, with savory smell of dressing, and their lips would twist and turn in all sorts of grimaces, in sympathy with the carving-knife that twisted and turned in all sorts of ways as it carved the plump little bird. At last their plates were supplied most abundantly, and with a sigh of satisfaction they gave their longing mouths some real work to do.

"I've got the wish-bone, Flora," said Neddle, balancing it dexterously on the end of his fork.

"But I don't care if you have it to put over the door, if you want it so bad. I don't care so very much about breaking it with a wish, 'cause it takes so long for it to dry first; besides, I never get my wish. Wished for a horse and gun last time, and haven't got 'em yet; so what's the good? Pass it to Flora, won't you, papa?"

"No, no. I don't want it. What a memory you have, Neddle Thornton!" exclaimed Flora, laughing and vexed.

"You needn't turn so red in the face, Flora," piped Joey, "for papa don't care if you put it up over his door. Do you, papa? So's she can see if Will—"

"Oh, be still, boys, do!" entreated Flora.

"Never mind the boys," said my husband, good-naturedly slipping it under the edge of her plate. "Put it up, Flo, if you want some fun. I dare say a Walla or Chinaman will come marching under it first; but I know you do not really believe anything in it any more than I do, so it will not matter who it is. As for William Hays, he is out of town, and will not be back for several

days." And then he turned the conversation, much to Flora's relief.

She was a little afraid of Mr. Thornton—afraid he would think she was foolish to have talked about trying a charm; but she need not have fretted herself about that, for well do I remember when he tied knot-grass with great soberness and anxiety once upon a time; but I suppose he has forgotten all such folly in the wisdom of his forty years, and that is why Flora stands in awe of him, and tries to check her wild spirits in his presence. Though I do believe he likes to see her full of mirth and jollity notwithstanding his own gravity.

After dinner, Flora hid the wish-bone in her napkin, hoping the children would have forgotten it; but, no indeed, they began to besiege her on every side to put it up. "Please put it up, Flora."

"But you boys will tell of it, and that would spoil the fun. I do not believe you can keep a secret."

"We won't tell," said Neddie. "We won't speak a word about it. All the kings horses and all the kings men can't draw it out of me."

"I can keep a secret, too," asserted Joey, with dignity. "Katy Fletcher told me a secret of her birthday party to-morrow, and I never told a single anybody."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Neddie. "What a boy you are, Joey Thornton."

"You are an innocent little rogue, Joey," said Flora, kissing his rosy cheek. "It is fun to trust you with a secret, you are so honest you won't tell if you know it, so I guess I'll put it up and see how careful you will be."

Then, amid much laughing and cheering from all of us, Flora mounted a chair, reached up and laid the cupid's bow—in other words, the wish-bone—over the door.

The next day we were busy all the forenoon, absorbed in the duties of washing and setting the house in order. The children were so excited at having duly received an invitation to Katy Fletcher's "birthday party," that they had quite forgotten Flora's wish-bone, and all their speculations about it, and were only anxious to be dressed as soon as dinner was over and go early to Katy's home. After they were gone, Flora concluded she would go up to Lillie Merriam's and give her another lesson in worsted flowers.

"Come home early," I called to her as she started, "because there is to be a meeting at the Hall to-night. Colonel Baker and Mr. Denham are the speakers. Mr. Denham is an old friend of Albert's, they were at college together, and I am almost as anxious to hear him as I am to hear the colonel; they are both good speakers, Albert says."

"Well, it must be a poor sort of a man who could not speak eloquently in these war times. I know I could if I were a man, or I'd go and fight. Oh, don't laugh, I would! But, as it is, I can only send my last 'bit' to the soldiers," and Flora shook her empty purse at me, while her eyes looked so earnest and lovely that I had to fly to her and kiss her glowing little face, and tell her I quite believed in her power to interest any audience.

"Colonel Baker is going East to join the army very soon, so that adds greatly to our desire to see him. Everybody is enthusiastic about his coming to-night."

"Yes indeed, I should think they would be. I will be back in time to go down with you, you may be sure."

Then Flora went her way, and I turned back into my quiet house, and sat down with a new book to read while I rested. By the way, when a woman has finished her week's washing and got a good dinner for her husband, she may consider her day's work done, and she may read or write or take a nap afterward if she please, and no man shall call her lazy. That is my proverb; but, I am sorry to say, I do not often live up to it; for many is the time that, having washed more than half the day, I have ironed till nine o'clock at night, because the clothes were just right, and it seemed so good to get them out of the way. Nevertheless, it was a wrong thing to do, because, though I took the wrinkles out of my clothes, I put ugly wrinkles into my face, and I would not wonder if I put ugly wrinkles into my heart, too: for it made me deathly tired and full of unhappy thoughts. Therefore I write my proverb, and obey it when I can.

Well, I had been reading contentedly for an hour or more, when I heard the gate click, and Albert's hearty tones in conversation with some one; and in a minute more he came through the hall, and was introducing to me his old friend John Denham. I liked the looks of the man; not that he was handsome, but he looked honest and earnest, as though he found life quite worth the living, and meant that his days should be godly and honorable.

While I was taking these mental notes of him, he began to remove his duster. "I think I will step out and shake it," said he, at the same time passing through the side door.

What would Flora say if she had seen him? I thought, and instantly resolved that she should not know it, not for a long time, at least. She would only be embarrassed when she met him if she knew he had passed through the charmed door.

"It is surprising that we have had no rain this month, so early in the spring, too," said Albert, following him out to the porch with a dust-brush in hand.

"Yes, the roads are quite dusty from Hilford's Ranch, or a little beyond."

"Seems like old times, don't it, John?" said Albert, as he administered a final sweep of the brush to his friend's coat-sleeve.

"Indeed it does; you have not changed much, old fellow, in the last eight years. Do you remember the year at Blue Stone Gulch?"

"Ah, that I do!" and they laughed cheerily.

Now that they were fairly launched on the wave of "old times," I could only sit and listen while they went through college again, took the voyage around Cape Horn, landed in San Francisco in '50, helped build several California towns, besides going through half a dozen mines. It was: "Don't you remember the time we had up on Dutch Flat?"

"We didn't pan out much there—came out 'dead broke.'" Then how they laughed again.

"'Twas better at Hardtack Canyon; we made a very fair show there."

"Wonder what has become of that Captain Heeley we met there? He was a rough customer, to be sure."

Several times I wanted to ask a question about these old times, but they were so absorbed in each other there was no chance for me to get in a single word, and I began to wonder why women are said to be greater talkers than men. Finally I slipped out to the kitchen to get tea ready.

After supper, the two men prepared to go out and hunt up old landmarks that they had known before the town was built. While Mr. Denham was drawing on his gloves, I managed to telegraph to Albert to come one side while I whispered: "Don't tell Flora that he has been here."

He looked at me for a second in a dazed sort of way, and then laughed: "Oh, I understand. No, I won't speak of it."

Soon after they left, the children and Flora came home, and we were both busy getting ourselves and the little ones ready for the evening, when there came a knock at the side door. I opened it, and in walked old Mrs. Severns and her son, Jefferson Davis Severns.

"How'do, Mrs. Thornton?" said Mrs. Severns. "How's all you uns this evening?"

"Good-evening, Mrs. Thornton," said Jefferson Davis Severns. "How'do, boys? You're lookin' mighty peart; I rayther reckon yer goin' to the speakin' to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Neddie. "I'm goin' to take care of Cousin Flora."

"You're a right smart boy, but I reckon you're not quite large enough for that."

"Oh, yes I am—specially Joey and me together."

At this Mr. Severns laughed loudly, for he was a boisterous, good-natured Western man—from the neighborhood of Pike's Peak, I suspect. He continued to laugh and banter Neddie till his mother poked him with her parasol, saying: "You go 'long, Jeff, an' stop yer gassin'; 'pears like ye can't live 'thout dev'lin somebody."

Just then Flora came in, and Mr. Severns arose with an awkward bow to greet her, explaining his rather unseasonable call by saying that his mother and himself had come over to the lecture, and thought they would call on us till it was time for it to begin. Flora tried to smile and say something pleasant to both of them, but I could see that she was decidedly uncomfortable.

I took Beth upon my lap and began to lace her shoes, at the same time talking to Mrs. Severns about her ranch. She was descanting at length upon their cows, turkeys, hens and ducks, with a minute account of the eggs she had sold and the butter she had made, when I noticed Flora rising hurriedly and saying to Mr. Severns: "I have a picture in my album which I think is Colonel Baker's likeness; perhaps you can tell me whether it is or not."

As she passed me she twitched my sleeve slyly, and I looked up just in time to catch a look in her

eyes and a turn of her head that said to me plainly enough: "O Kate, just look at those boys!"

I was a little startled, but turned carelessly in my chair, so as not to attract Mrs. Severn's attention, and sure enough "those boys" had most inopportunistly thought of the wish-bone. Joey had planted himself before the door, with his hands plunged deep in the pockets of his knickerbocker, and his eyes fixed on the tip of the wish-bone, where it lay on the narrow ledge above the door; he was breathing noisily, as though the weight of the secret was more than he could well carry. Neddie sat in his chair holding himself quite rigid, his mouth shut close, his cheeks puffed out, and his eyes glaring warningly at Joey, as though he felt that "All the king's horses and all the king's men" were after them sure enough. Before I could move, Neddie suddenly leaned forward with his hand around his mouth, and whispered: "You Joey, hush that looking up there! If you don't, that man'll guess he's come under the wi—"

"Boys, your papa will be coming up to take us to the Hall, presently, so get your hats and wait for him at the gate," said I, as calmly as I could, glad to see our visitors so engaged in listening to Flora's description of her collection of photographs that they were quite oblivious to everything else. The boys rushed away with vigorous hurrahs, and Flora settled back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

Beth being now ready, I asked my visitors if they would not like to go into the garden and get some fruit and flowers. They readily assented, but as we passed out and down the steps, I noticed that Flora lingered behind, so, while Mrs. Severns and her son were busily examining a blossoming cactus, I stepped back to look for her just in time to see her snap the wish-bone in pieces and drop it into the stove.

"This adventure is worse than your Grandsire Higkins," she whispered, as she joined me, her face flushing as red as a rose. And I laughed with more enjoyment than she could appreciate, knowing, as I did, that it was not Jefferson Davis Severns who had first passed the charm, yet I was naughty enough to still hug my secret, thinking it was not time to tell her yet.

But Flora forgot all her vexation that evening as we listened to the stirring speeches, and watched the animated faces of the orators. Indeed, though Colonel Baker fell bravely and early in the fight, I shall never forget his face as it looked that night, full of zeal, earnestness and self-sacrifice. And when the audience cheered, it was with such heartfelt applause, that we had to assert our "woman's right" and clap our hands, too.

Mr. Denham had promised Albert that he would go up home with us and occupy our guest chamber that night, so, when the meeting closed, he joined us, and, as I introduced him to my "cousin, Miss Anslie," I thought he was quite struck with her animated face, there was a glow and gladness in her eyes, as though she fully sympathised with all the sentiment she had heard that night, and only wished she could reach out into the world and help the right, if ever so little.

But the perverse child—when we were going up the street she began to ask skeptical questions concerning the South; and so they came to loiter behind us, talking very earnestly. Flora cautious and doubting, Mr. Denham energetically asserting, explaining and correcting, as though they were old friends.

When we reached home, Flora and I excused ourselves to our guest and went away to put the sleepy children to bed. Meditative and smiling, Flo unbuttoned Beth's wraps.

"Which speaker did you like best?" she questioned, confidentially.

"Well, I hardly know, they were both so interesting. But Colonel Baker's name has the most attraction for us now because he is going into the army."

"Yes, I know. Of course Mr. Denham is married, isn't he?"

"No, I do not think he is, indeed I am sure I have heard Albert say he was not."

"Then I ought not to have asked such questions; he will think I am very forward."

"I am sure he will not think so, men always like to explain things. Makes them feel their superiority, you know."

"I don't think he feels superior. Though, of course, he knows he is superior to most men, but he don't put on airs about it certainly."

When we returned to the parlor, we found Albert and Mr. Denham searching through Flora's music for war songs.

"Come, Flora, let us have the 'Battle Cry of Freedom,'" said Albert. "Mr. Denham will take the tenor, and we'll have a rousing quartette."

That song was followed by others, and I believe we sang well, for our sympathies had been stirred during the evening till we could sing with the "spirit and the understanding also."

The next morning Mr. Denham left us, promising most earnestly to visit us again sometime during the summer. I wondered if Flora would think of him two days after he had gone, but I could not tell whether she gave him a serious thought or not; as the weeks went on I thought she was a trifle more quiet than formerly, and she practised her music more thoroughly, especially some songs and marches that she received from San Francisco. But who could be sending them, she said she was sure she could not tell. Who did I think it was? I was just as sure that I could not tell.

"Could it be William Hays, or Jefferson Davis Severns?" I asked her.

"No, indeed; it is neither of them; they do not know enough to select such music. If they were to choose it would sure to be 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' or 'Dixie.'"

CHAPTER II.

I WAS opening the windows in the early morning to let in the air and sunshine, the music of bird-songs and sight of flowers and foliage.

"I like the way your windows are arranged with weights and pulleys, they slide up so easily and remain open just as much or just as little as

you please, with no fear of their falling on an unsuspecting head. I have seen no other windows in town fixed in this way," said Flora.

"And it is curious how we happened to have ours made with pulleys," answered I. "You see, when Albert began to build, he said he intended to have a more substantial house than Californians had been in the habit of building, and so we drew plans and tried to remember the conveniences of modern houses in the East. He hired a New England carpenter, after the cellar was dug and stoned on all sides in orthodox fashion, and our house progressed to our own and the master carpenter's satisfaction, until they came to the windows, then he wanted to put in pulleys, but Albert said no, common window springs were good enough, it would take more time and bother to put in pulleys."

"'Nononsense,' said Mr. Aubin, the carpenter. 'Your windows are larger and heavier than common windows, and your common patent spring will fail some day, and down will come your window on somebody's head; your children's, most likely.'"

"'I don't think there is the least danger,' said Albert."

"Now, the house we were living in had the patent springs to the windows, and that very morning, after the men had gone to their work, Neddie, who was a little fellow just beginning to pull himself up by chairs and such things, crept along to the open window, reached up, clutched the sill, and began to struggle to his feet. Just as he had raised himself almost erect the window fell with a crash and within an inch of his fingers. I was desperately frightened for a minute, but soon found there was no harm done, only an argument raised in favor of weights and pulleys."

"At dinner-time, Mr. Aubin went back to the old subject of the windows, but without making any impression on Albert, who ridiculed the notion as much as ever. And I never said a word about what happened in the morning, for I knew he would feel a little mortified if I exposed the flaw in the springs he was advocating while the carpenter and his assistants were present, and they would be too triumphant. So I waited until they were fairly away, and then I told him of Neddie's adventure."

"'If the little darling had been up two seconds sooner,' I said, 'his hands would have been out of the window and badly hurt; so it seems to me that it was a warning to us, happening as it did just when we were discussing the merits and demerits of window-fastenings.'"

"'Perhaps it may have been,' he answered, thoughtfully. 'And I suppose I had better let Mr. Aubin have his way.'"

"And so he did have it, gratifying himself with the idea that it was his arguments that had conquered Albert's prejudices and brought him to reason. However, I have always liked my windows, for they are convenient as well as safe."

Now when Flora and I were talking about my windows that day, we had no thought that we should soon have greater cause to be thankful for their convenient arrangement; but so it was. As

to how it happened, I must first tell you that Mr. Thornton was at this time superintendent of the Great Mining and Irrigating Ditch Company, and while they were building the dam and flumes he had several thousand dollars in his hands that were to be used in paying off the workmen, and for lumber or other material, if wanted.

One morning he came in saying he must go to Sonora on business for the company, and wished I and the children to go with him for the ride. Flora had already promised to spend the day with a friend, and so decided not to accompany us.

When we were getting ready, my husband said: "What shall we do with the money? It is hardly safe to take it with us, as we shall be quite late getting home, and you being with me would not hinder a gentleman of the road from trying to rob me, I suppose. If I take it, they might smell it, you know."

"Oh, dear, don't joke about it, it is dreadful to think of! Can we hide it so it will be safe to leave it?"

We looked around us, but every available place seemed to be the very one where a robber would be likely to search, if one should force his way into the house during our absence.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Albert. "I will put it into my old boot here that I've just taken off. Nobody will think of looking there."

So he pushed it into the toe of his boot, and left them, one standing up and one lying down, as though he had just pulled them off and dropped them carelessly.

We fastened doors and windows, Flora taking one key that she might get in if she happened to come home first. Then away we drove right merrily, the children going almost wild with delight at sight of rabbits, squirrels and owls, pine trees and great rocks. I, too, enjoyed everything with them, and only gave the money a passing thought, and then felt sure that no robber would go near the house—they never had, and why should they?

We got our dinner in Sonora, and Mr. Thornton attended to his business, which consumed more time than he had expected, so it was rather late when we started on our return, and began to be dark when we were still miles from home. Suddenly I began to be troubled about Flora, and to hope that she would not go home; though when she had spoken of returning before us, I had felt no fear, for I had often stayed alone evenings; there were neighbors so near—just over the fence in the next garden—how could anything happen? And yet I could not help feeling worried. When we had hidden the money and imagined a search, we had imagined it happening in the day-time, when the house would be quite deserted by us; but here we were belated, and what might not take place in evening?

Now I must tell you what really befell Flora on this eventful night. The moon was full, and shone from our cloudless California sky with a brightness and clearness only equaled in Italy. She stopped at the gate a minute, thinking how gradually daylight had faded into moonlight, and then walked carelessly on toward the lonely house without a fear. She unlocked the door and passed

in, leaving it open so that the moonlight might guide her over to the windows. She crossed the room and drew up the heavy shades, turned back the window-locks, and was about to raise them so as to air the room, when she heard the bolt slide to its place in the door she had just entered.

She was a brave girl, but now she turned faint, and staggered back against the wall, for the door was closed, and beside it stood a man as shaggy and fierce as the story-books are apt to make their villains.

"Don't ye be afeared, miss, I won't hurt ye ef you jest mind what I tell you. Speak out now, and less know whar Mr. Thornton keeps his money."

"I do not know where he keeps it; I haven't the least idea," answered poor Flora, with the earnestness of truth.

"But you kin tell me the most likely places round this here house wheer they'd be apt to leave it. I've looked all over, an' can't find hide ner hair o'nt."

"Probably Mr. Thornton took it with him."

"Probly not is what I say. Gentles don't take the'r money roun' with 'em now 'days; so pull down them curtains an' git a light. Don't make a noise, fur I've got somethin' 'at 'll stop it suddin."

What could she do? Was it any use to scream for help? No, he would be sure to rush at her and choke or gag her. Should she make an appeal to his better nature? She felt that it would be useless, but yet ventured to say: "Pray do go away; I don't know that there is any money in the house. Even if there is, why will you undertake such an awful business as stealing. Oh, be sure that God see you, and that He has something honest for you to do in the world if you would only—"

"Jest stop thet blarney, will ye, an' do as I say?"

At that instant they both heard the gate latch, and a firm step coming up the garden-path.

"Ef ye stir, or as much as squeak, or let on in any way that ther's anybody here, I'll send a bullet through yer head quicker'n light'nin'!" hissed the thief, taking a step toward her.

Flora listened breathlessly as the step came up on the piazza, and then came a knock at the door. Here was help; and, oh, she could not let it go away without giving a sign of her danger. Should she try to open the door? It would take too much time; it would be prevented. But there was the large window that would fly up at a touch; and with the thought her hand was on the frame, the window flew up, and she cried out sharply: "This way, John; have your pistols ready, here is a thief."

There was a quick bound toward the window; the thief wavered an instant, but as a tall figure was leaping in, he darted for the back door and was off like a flash. There was a rush through the trees and over the garden fence, the new-comer in full chase. Flora expected every instant to hear the report of a pistol, and was half wild with terror. What was coming—what would happen next? kept running through her mind in a dazed sort of way, as she stood with every nerve

tense listening. Suddenly rapid footsteps came up the street—they were in the garden—on the porch—then Flora thought of the open window. Was the thief coming back? She tried to move toward it, but only gave a wild little cry and huddled back into a chair, for there was a tall, dark figure pausing by the window in the moonlight; but at that cry it sprang through, as it had once before that night, but stopped now and bent anxiously over her.

"Are you hurt, Miss Ansilie—Flora, are you hurt?"

"No, no," answered Flora, fighting with herself to keep from crying. "Not hurt, only frightened."

"Well, it is over now, and I am thankful you are not hurt. The robber is gone, but I have reported to the sheriff, and he may be taken yet."

"You are Mr. Denham," said Flora, half-questioningly.

"Yes; how did you know me when I knocked at the door?"

"Oh, I didn't know; I had no idea who it was."

"But you called my name," said he, not remembering that there are a million Johns in the world.

"I spoke at random the first name that came into my mind, for I wanted that dreadful man to think I knew who was there, and that I knew you had a pistol."

"I wish I had had a pistol, then he would not have escaped so easily."

"I thought I saw one in your hand when you came through the window."

"It was only my spy-glass; I thought it likely that a thief would not stop to examine it very closely, and he did not. But what happened before I came—and where are Mr. Thornton's family?"

Then Flora told him all her adventure with the housebreaker, trying to laugh at the fright she had felt, but only succeeded in becoming almost hysterical.

"You poor child," said he, "I hope we shall not find your hair turned white in the morning," and he put out his hand and touched the dark braids gently.

"Nonsense! you know there is no danger of that, for, luckily, you came too soon to allow anything so sensational as that to follow. But I will get a light now, and we will see what the robber has really done."

"Cannot I get the lamp? you ought to keep quiet after so much excitement."

"You could not find it or the matches; I know just where to go for them."

"Come, then, I will go with you," said he, drawing her hand through his arm. "And if we can't find the matches we will—why, we will make one. Won't we?"

"I never served an apprenticeship; I should not know how. And here they are just at hand," answered Flora, striking a lucifer and touching it to the lamp-wick; the light flared up and showed her face, not pale and frightened now, but quite rosy and happy, even if it was a little shy and confused.

"What is this?" she cried, as the light spread through the room and showed on the table a bundle tied up in a red silk handkerchief. Mr. Denham unknotted it, and there lay all the silver spoons and forks belonging to the house. Flora's little specimen pin and an old-fashioned silver buckle and needle-case that used to be grandmother's, even the children's purses with their little savings were there; in fact everything of value, even to our thimbles and napkin-rings.

"He must have been into every corner of the house to collect these; but there is nothing lost, for he could not find the money, and I am thankful for that," said Flora. Just then there came the sound of wheels and voices at the gate.

"Oh, there they come! what will they say?" and Flora began to laugh and almost to cry in the same breath, of which she was quite ashamed and declared that it seemed as though she could not bear anything that night.

"Because you have borne more than enough already," said Mr. Denham. "So you must sit still in this easy chair while I go and tell them about it."

But the minute he was gone she crept away to her room, and so, when I came running in, so sorry for her terrible trial and so thankful that it was no worse, there was no Flora to be seen.

"Flora, Flora; where are you?" I cried, but getting no answer, I flew to her room, and there was the dear little maid kneeling by the door and actually crying at last with her face to the wall.

"I co-couldn't stay there," she sobbed. "I knew I should cry and ma-make a scene if I tried to tell you about it, and that is just what I am doing."

"And you may cry, you darling! how could you bear it all and be so brave," going down beside her and holding her close in my arms till she was quiet and comforted. "Mr. Denham calls you a real heroine, so now you must go to bed and rest upon that," I whispered, and then started to cross the room in order to light the bed-room lamp, but stumbled and fell into such a pile of furniture and dry goods as quite astonished me.

"Why, Flora, everything is in the middle of the floor, all tumbled in heaps by that wretched man." Then I called to Albert to bring a light; and when he came what confusion we beheld, it was even worse than I had imagined. The bed was pulled to pieces, the bureau drawers were taken out and ransacked, and articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder.

Upon seeing this, we went through the house on a tour of inspection, first to my room, and there the bed was pulled to pieces, the bureau drawers were taken out and ransacked, and articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder.

"But here are my old boots looking as innocent as you please with the treasure all safe in their shabby toes. What would have become of it if I had left it anywhere else?" said Albert, glancing around the room.

"Everything else seems to have been thoroughly searched, even your pictures have had their backs laid bare by that industrious man," said Mr. Den-

ham, who stood by the door holding my frightened and sleepy-eyed boys by the hand.

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, lifting the frames carefully, "here is my Evangeline torn right across her beautiful eyes."

"Never mind," said Albert. "Remember that Flora's eyes are safe."

"Ah, so I do," said I, thankful to see them as bright and happy as ever; for this "topsey-turvy" state of things had given Flo something to think of, and helped her to forget herself, and she was quietly restoring to their places some of the household goods before us while we talked.

But now we all marched away to the spare room to inspect its condition, and, if you will believe me, it was as much like the other rooms as possible, for the bed was pulled to pieces, the bureau drawers were taken out and ransacked, and articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder.

"If this isn't too bad," said Flora.

"Never mind," said Albert again; "I can help make up the beds; I served my time in early days, didn't I, Denham?"

Then we thought of the boys' room, and wondered if that had been spared; but, upon opening the door, there was the little bed pulled to pieces, the little drawers taken out and ransacked, and little articles from the closet were thrown about in the greatest disorder. I declare, it seemed as though a horrible Genius had been at work in the house.

However, we went to work and restored order in this room first, and put the little chaps to bed. Then we arranged the other rooms so that we could pass the night comfortably, Albert helping famously, even if he did hang up some of my dresses by the bottom of the skirt, and put my best bonnet in the stocking-box.

The next morning when I went to get the breakfast, I missed a plate of cold meat, some gingerbread, a pie, and doughnuts without number. And Albert, coming in, reported that he had found a new hoe in the garden, and a small patch of earth freshly turned up, and upon inquiry among the neighbors we learned that a man had been seen going in at our gate with a hoe on his shoulder, and they had supposed him to be some man whom Mr. Thornton had hired to work in our garden. But that was the last we heard of our thief; to be sure, the sheriff had ridden a little way out on the Stockton Road and back again, but the man he was after had probably taken to the hills and gone to parts unknown.

Mr. Denham stopped in town that day, and after dinner Flora sang for him some of those songs that had come to her so mysteriously from San Francisco. Just as they had finished their third song, in rushed Neddie.

"O Flora, here comes Jeff Davis Severns; you know he is the one that—"

"Was going to bring us some nice butter from the ranch," said I, in pity for Flora's suddenly flaming cheeks, for I knew she suspected Neddie was on the wish-bone question.

"No, no; I mean—"

"Eggs?" said I, cheerily. "To be sure he was

going to bring eggs, too, and you are to have a nice little custard. You and Beth and Joey."

"Baked in little cups?"

"Yes; now let's go and see how many he has brought."

But as I left the room, I saw that all was not right, for Flora had turned so many colors in a minute that Mr. Denham, looking gloomy and disturbed, had walked away to the window to think about it, I suppose, and Flora was playing an impromptu march. So I thought the best thing I could do would be to bring Jefferson Davis Severns into the room and let Mr. Denham judge for himself whether he had anything to fear from him. Therefore, when Mr. Severns had brought in his baskets of butter and eggs, I said: "Won't you come into the parlor a little while? Mr. Denham is here; perhaps you would like to meet him. You heard him speak last spring, you remember."

"I'm lookin' right rough this mor'n," said he, running his fingers through his hair, which was not very carefully brushed. "But I don't keer if I go in; he was a right smart un, thet Mr. Darningham, and I reckon he kin tell me the state o' the San Francisco market."

By this time we were at the parlor door, and I ushered him in.

"How do you do, Mr. Severns?" said Flora, with a reproachful glance at me.

"I am right well, Miss Anally. How's yerself?"

Then I introduced him to our visitor, taking particular care to speak Mr. Denham's name plainly.

"How are ye, Mr. Durham?" said he, striding across the floor to shake hands. "It's right warm to-day. I reckon I seen you afore—time yo was here last spring; but 'tain't likely yo noticed me," with a jovial laugh at his own joke that set us all at ease.

"I do not remember having had the pleasure of your acquaintance, but am glad to meet you now," said Mr. Denham, cordially.

"Thank ye. I ain't much on secessh, ef my name is Jeff Davis; though 'pears like folks take a mighty sight o' trouble to tote out my hull name now'days," with another good-natured laugh; and, hearing it, I began to think that perhaps his name and native State had not quite spoiled him, and I mentally resolved to call him nothing but Mr. Severns in future, though I could not determine whether he disliked having his whole name "toted out" or not.

"Wal, how's market prices down to 'Friseo? How's peaches, sweet potatoes, tomaterses 'n' onions? Been thinkin'er takin' down some bar'ls of projuce," he continued.

"I cannot inform you as correctly as the city papers would do. Here is yesterday's *Bulletin*, if you would like to look at it; but I think you will find that it will not pay you to send anything unless it be fine large peaches. They are supplied with vegetables nearer home."

"Yes? Wal I reckon that's so. But how's earthquakes down your way?"

"Rather shaky," answered Mr. Denham, smiling.

"Worse 'n fever 'n' ager to scare folks, ain't they? It is a good thing they're more spatterin', don't you think so?"

"If you mean less frequent than cases of ague, I agree with you."

"That's about it, sure as you're born. But I must be goin'. Call in and see us when ye come our way, Mr. Dillingham, you'd be mighty welcome, sure. Mrs. Thornton, you an' Miss Ansilly must come out an' see the old woman. She'd think the world of a visit from you uns."

We thanked him heartily and assured him we would do so at the earliest opportunity.

"He is not so disagreeable as I have always thought him to be," said Flora, after he was gone.

"Well, we have never become much acquainted with him," said I. "For, although he brings butter and vegetables once or twice a week, he has never been into the house since last spring."

Then I went out to look for Neddie, and having found the unsatisfactory child eating a raw turnip which Mr. Severns had given him, I proceeded to take him into my confidence.

"O Neddie, dear! Mr. Severns was not the first one that went under the wish-bone, so do be careful and not call out again that he was the man, Flora wouldn't like it."

"Why, I never!" cried Neddie, with a face expressive of great disgust. "I was jes' goin' to say that he was the man that said I wasn't big enough to take care of Flora down to the Hall."

"Was that it, little man? I was afraid you had forgotten that you were not to say anything about the charm."

"Course not, why I sh'd think it was most two years ago, since Flora said she had taken the old wish-bone down, 'cause there wasn't much fun in it."

I felt quite foolish to think that Flora and I had such consciences that we could not allow the children to say what they pleased without causing such a commotion. And I firmly resolved never to "aid and abet" another young lady by encouraging her to put wish-bones over my door, not I, indeed!

I noticed that shortly after Mr. Denham went away this time, Flora began to get bulky letters from San Francisco instead of music. But it was not until she had worn an engagement-ring for some months and was about to exchange it for the wedding-ring, was even dressed for the marriage ceremony, and John Denham was waiting for her in another room, that I told her who passed under the wish-bone first.

"Was it really John?" said she, blushing and smiling brightly. "Well, considering all things, I am glad you did not tell me at the time, for if you had I should not have known what to say when I met him, I should have been so conscious and embarrassed. How could I have been so foolish as to have had a bit of superstition about any such charm? for, although the coincidence may seem a little curious, I know it would all have happened just the same if I had never touched the wish-bone. So, you see, I do not believe in charms, after all."

"Neither do I, only in the charms of a good,

sensible face, neatness, pleasant conversation, a sweet voice, a cheerful temper and a good, pure life. These are charms that may be desired and cultivated by any woman; and I think John Denham will find them all in his charming little bride. So, bless thee, Flora, the minister has come, and somebody is tapping at the door."

HOW ETHEL FOUND HER WORK.

BY MAJASA.

ETHEL GARLAND was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer; the large farmhouse was commodious and pleasant; luxury, perhaps, was wanting, the definition of that term depends, in a great measure, upon the standpoint taken by the observer, but comfort surely reigned in the quiet rural home.

The family originally consisted of Ethel's parents, two brothers and two sisters older than herself, and two younger brothers.

The older brothers owned farms adjoining, and being, like their father, industrious, and with a gift for management, they were gradually increasing in wealth, and abundance of this world's goods seemed in store for them.

The girls were sent off, a winter a piece, to a large boarding-school in an adjacent town. Mr. Garland would not be behind his neighbors, many of whom were wealthy; though "readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and jography," summed up his ideas of education in general, and a woman's in particular.

But Ethel was not content with her one term of "schoolin'" away from home; her active mind once aroused was not ready to settle down to the usual routine of farm-life; on, on she longed to go in search of the knowledge so congenial to her intellectual nature.

She pleaded so earnestly for another year's study that it was at length granted. An eager, enthusiastic student, she stood high in her classes.

The second vacation, the principal of the institution visited her home, gave such a glowing picture of her scholarship and the honors awaiting if only allowed another year and permitted to graduate, that the pride of her father was roused, and thus the third term was gained.

Ethel then returned to her country home; baked and churned, washed and scrubbed as before, to the great delight of her father, who was now fully convinced that "schoolin' didn't spile girls."

Her mother took great delight in the simple tunes breathed forth from the little organ, and a few drawings that adorned the "front room" and "spare bed room." Her own life had been filled with toil and homely, every-day duties, and the æsthetic part of her nature now found utterance in her daughter's accomplishments.

Thus three years glided calmly away; Ethel was twenty-four, active and vigorous both in body and mind. Her physical powers easily found a field of labor—did a farmer's daughter ever lack employment? True, much of this labor was self-imposed; she cared for the chickens and turkeys so efficiently that quite a little sum of money each year was gained and expended for books and periodicals. The apples wasting in the orchard

were dried and sold, thus adding to her small income. She loved the farm, the garden and all the dumb animals around her; to her they seemed wonderfully intelligent. She fed the calves, petted the colts, and often salted and counted the drove of sheep. Choice flowers bloomed under her fostering care; even the onion beds and rows of peas and beans claimed a share of her attention. Poetry and the best authors of fiction occupied many spare hours in the summer, while the deeper mines of metaphysics and history were explored in winter.

Meanwhile, her sisters married farmers' sons, with good prospects and comfortable homes. But when Ethel refused Sam Marley, a thrifty young farmer and speculator, worth "fifty thousand dollars," the good father was much disappointed, and concluded, "If schoolin' didn't spile girls for work, it did make 'em act mighty queer. To be sure, Ethel was 'mazin' handy, and kept his 'counts jest like a boy; but only think of her sayin' 'no' to such a nice man as Sam Marley, worth fifty thousand!"

The mother replied by saying: "Ethel never was like the rest of the children."

Ethel was not satisfied with her prospects, yet she could not be reconciled to the idea of uniting herself to a man whose heart was so bound up in broad acres and fine cattle.

Her life at home was easy and comfortable; what more did she want? She enjoyed her work and books, music and pets; what else could she ask?

Ah, many a thoughtful girl in a pleasant home can understand the question. Petted, indulged young ladies, willing to have papa spend hard earnings and mamma wait on them, might reply, if the truth were really known, "More fine dresses, beaux and parties, and by and by an elegant establishment of one's own."

But these things were not the daily desires of Ethel's heart. If just the "right one" had presented himself, she might perhaps have married, but this was not the beginning and end of life with her.

Dimly conscious of "reserved power," she ardently longed for something to do worth the doing in this busy, practical, wide-awake world of ours. She was not *needed* at home. Amid the work, and want, and sorrow of life, surely some place demanded labor such as she was able to perform. She went through her daily round of self-imposed tasks, but they grew more and more monotonous, while the question, "What is it all when all is done?" would keep coming back, unbidden and unwelcome, as it often was.

Oh, if she might only share in the toil and triumph of those whose lives were a blessing to mankind!

At length she mustered courage enough to ask her parents if they had any objection to her teaching school. Not that she felt herself possessed of a peculiar fitness for such a position, but she had often envied some independent "schoolma'am" friends who seemed very happy in their work. And then she did not see any way open for her except in this direction.

Her mother thought it quite right for Ethel "to use her education." The father took out his pocket-book and asked "if she wanted money."

Right here, too, was a tender point with our heroine; because she "was nothing" but a girl," was that sufficient reason why she might never enjoy the longed-for privilege of earning an independent income, and using it just exactly as she chose? To be sure her father was generous, and gave her all he thought she needed; but she was now of an age when it would be deemed a disgrace for her brothers thus to live off of the paternal estate. Why should she not also support herself?

So Ethel's steps were bent one bright spring morning to the little brown school-house on the hill, with the earnest hope that her problem might be solved within its walls.

Earnestly did she toil through the summer. Her school was pronounced a success by the directors as they offered her the position for the winter. But to herself she confessed, as she placed her little bell on the mantle-piece in her room, that it had rung for her as teacher for the last time. The confinement of the school-room was irksome to her, the children's noise grated on her ear, and the oft-repeated lessons haunted her dreams. The trouble was, the labor was not to her a work of love. Coleridge declares, "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward."

Now Ethel believed it possible to find a large degree of reward in the work itself, entirely apart from pecuniary recompense, fame or position. She could not bring herself to say, as a certain lady, when asked if she liked teaching, "Yes—the results."

Then she returned to the old life on the farm more dissatisfied than ever. She asked her pastor's advice; he told her to be satisfied with the position in which Providence had placed her; but she could not help feeling that her way was hedged up by the false ideas of woman's work rather than by Providence.

Her parents, astonished by her perplexities, feared "something was wrong with her mind," and sent her on a visit to a relative up the river, hoping "a change would drive away her fancies."

In a few weeks a terrible disease broke out in the neighborhood; her aunt was suddenly stricken down. Ethel had never seen sickness only in a mild form, and was entirely inexperienced as a nurse.

The violent attack almost paralyzed the family with fright; no one seemed calm enough to carry out the physician's orders, while the sick woman raved and tossed in excruciating pain or wild delirium.

Ethel, though trembling in every nerve—for death seemed near, and she had never looked upon its awful face—by a strong effort of a determined will forced herself at length to calmness, and received the doctor's directions. She took charge of the remedies, and was the ruling spirit in that chamber of terrible suffering. Soon she became deeply interested in watching the course of the disease—a malignant fever of a type almost unknown in that region—and as the physician

explained the effects intended to be produced by the medicines, she carefully noted their effect.

Day and night she kept watch, only relieved for a few hours at a time; and thus the weary weeks went on until life triumphed over death. The grateful circle of relatives gathered around her, declaring that her care had been the chief means of recovery. How happy and thankful she felt; once in her life she had been useful.

The fearful disease spread rapidly. Ethel went to other stricken homes, watched with the sick and dying, and tenderly arrayed the dead for the last resting.

She was astonished at herself; she found her brain clear, her hand steady in trying hours. The gray-haired physician, whose instructions she so carefully obeyed and treasured up, told her she ought to study medicine—it was woman's work, and her experience in those awful weeks ought to prove to her her fitness for this mission.

Ethel's heart echoed his words, joyfully she said to herself: "The way is opened to me at last; I may yet live for some purpose."

The scourge of death passed by, and then she felt her strength failing; in her eagerness and zeal she had gone beyond the powers of physical endurance, and paid the penalty in long weeks of sickness and suffering.

But her determination faltered not; if God spared her life she would consecrate it to Him in labors for poor suffering humanity.

She was spared, and as strength came slowly, she felt that the hours of pain and weakness were not lost—they were a part of the discipline for the work before her.

We need not follow Ethel back to her home, and listen to the remonstrances of wondering and even indignant friends. Nor need we narrate the history of years of difficulty and trial, as she went on nobly in her chosen profession. Many brave women are now treading this rugged path, and they will find at length, as Ethel did, an open field, a wide-extended work with great reward.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEN like Deacon Strong are hard to kill. Their tenacity of life is very great. Your iron-willed, earnest, aggressive men have large vitality, and hold their own in a life or death struggle better than most people. The deacon's time had not yet come. There was a chance for him to grow better, and to do better work in the world than he had yet done; and the opportunity was reserved. So his will and vitality stood him in good service.

But the accident was a terrible one, and left him maimed for life. The crushed arm had to be taken off; and the broken bones of his legs—one of the joints was badly injured—could not be so re-ad-

justed as to make walking easy. Besides, a serious inner hurt, the nature of which the surgeons were not able to determine, had been sustained, and recovery was very slow in consequence, running on through many months, during which he was confined to his chamber.

The first impression made on the deacon's mind by this calamity was a little curious. He felt like accusing God with having dealt by him falsely. Why should he be so stricken down, bruised and mangled, and not one of the "godless" creatures in his mill receive the smallest injury? Was he not one of the faithful? Had he not always been true as steel to the doctrines and ordinances of his church, ever ready to do battle for them and to give of his substance for their support, thus honoring the God he worshipped? He was shocked and almost indignant at such a return for his loyal service. Had not the righteous children of God the promise of protection and prosperity? Was He not to give His angels charge concerning them; and were not these heavenly guardians to bear them up in their hands lest at any time their feet should be dashed against the stones?

The mind of Deacon Strong fell into great darkness and confusion. Among those who came earliest to his bedside, after the first intense sufferings were over, and the surgeons had done for him all they could, was his minister, the Rev. Silas Deering. The surgeons interdicted any conversation, but could not forbid prayer. So the minister knelt down and prayed for this stricken member of his flock, so wording his petition as to flatter the religious vanity of the deacon, and present him before God as one of His saints on whom a dark and mysterious calamity had fallen; half suggesting at the same time that there might have been some mistake—the bolt of anger which had stricken down this faithful soul, being really intended for another. Rising out of this thought, he prayed with an intense fervor that lifted his voice into the higher tones of petition, asking God to restore, as by a miracle, the shattered frame of His devoted follower; or to send upon him, His humble servant, the gift of healing, that, like the apostles of old, he might touch this hurt and mangled body and make it whole.

But no such miracle was wrought, and no such power given; and both the minister and his faithful church-member felt a dash of disappointment as the fine enthusiasm of the moment died out and the maimed and helpless sufferer felt no influx of health and strength thrilling along his half-palsied nerves and muscles.

The visit of Parson Deering and the help and comfort he had sought to impart through prayer, were not effective in bringing the mind of Deacon Strong into a state of submission to the will of God. What had he done that so frightful a dispensation should fall upon his head? Why had God permitted this awful thing to happen? But in the weakness of the flesh his spirit broke. In his effort to look heavenward, even though the bigot and the Pharisee were active within him, he opened the door for another influence to come in. Self-accusation began to whisper in his heart. The image of Deborah Norman arose before him, and

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with her presence in his thought came, like a shock to his weak and breaking spirit, the charges she had brought against him. The convictions he had crushed down and trampled upon only a few hours before, were all restored to life again, and he felt himself in the avenging hand of an angry God, helpless, weak and in despair! Now came to his inner ears, as he lay crouching in bed, scarcely able to move hand or foot, the startling accusation, "As much as ye did it *not* unto the least of these, ye did it *not* unto me!"

The very life seemed to go out of the deacon. He felt himself under the curse of an angry and vindictive God, the spirit of whose divine precepts he had trampled under foot. Death seemed very near. He might be raised from this bed of suffering; or it might be only the gate of death through which his soul must pass naked to its Judge. He tried in imagination to lift his eyes to the face of this Judge; to speak to Him of his faithfulness and devotion as a Christian believer; but even as he did so he saw an angry frown, and heard a stern voice saying: "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me ye workers of iniquity."

Down into the valley of humiliation and despair passed the soul of Deacon Strong. He seemed to be in the midst of a company of accusing spirits, who took delight in exploring his memory, and bringing out of it and into view every act of his life that was not in accord with the teachings of our Saviour. How many there were! What had been the essence of his Christianity? Faith in doctrine, and faith only! On that, and the righteousness that came by faith, had he rested all his hopes. The love that adjoined itself to that faith had, with him, been only self-love. Of the higher faith, that comes through obedience to the law of love, he knew nothing. It was so much easier for him to believe and be saved than to work out his salvation before God in the way of self-denial and charity.

It all grew plainer to him as he lay there broken in body and weak of heart. He began to see in a purer spiritual atmosphere; and there came to him a perception, dim at first, but growing gradually clearer, that God looked closer into men's actions and deeper into their hearts than he had supposed, and regarded them more from quality than from profession. That what a man really was, gave him higher favor with God than any church membership or soundness of doctrine. That worship was only a form of expressing religious faith and feeling, but without acceptance with God, unless the heart were filled with charity toward the neighbor. He gained no comfort from this. In just so far as it took hold of his convictions, it covered him with fear and dismay.

Of all the past that came back to the deacon, his thoughts dwelt with most comfort on the concessions he had made to his poor work-people on the previous Saturday. Singularly enough, and in the face of his belief that works of merit on a man's

part were offensive to God, and brought him into greater condemnation, he began to rest on this one good act, and to trust in it for some degree of divine favor. To feel that, so far as it went, it would entitle him to a "Well done good and faithful servant."

It was under the influence of this feeling that he said to Mr. Trueford, on the morning of the day after the accident, speaking in a weak whisper: "Maybe the new rule is best; and you may keep to it until I get out again."

"It will be best for all, as you will see in the end," replied the overseer, in a voice so kind and tender and full of interest, that the deacon's heart was touched.

"I must trust you now in everything, Mr. Trueford," he said, looking up at him in a helpless, appealing way.

"I will manage your business as faithfully as if it were my own," returned Mr. Trueford.

"I believe it," said the deacon. Then, after he had been silent a little while, lying with his eyes closed, he added: "I wish you would see Mrs. Jenks, and talk to her about her girls. They're not strong enough to work in the mill—at least not strong enough for what they've been doing. If you can find anything easier at which they can make their wages, I'd like you to do so."

"I was thinking about the poor girls as I came over," answered Mr. Trueford, "and I'm glad you've spoken about them. If you'll leave it all to me, I'll fix things so that they can go on working at the mill and not be driven beyond their strength, as heretofore. There is some light piece-work that I can give them, and they will be able to earn as much as they get now, and not be taxed half so hard."

"Oh, thank you!" spoke out the deacon, in a grateful voice, as if he had been the recipient of a favor.

"And you may trust me," said the overseer, "to keep your interests carefully in view. There are many ways in which a case like that of the Jenks girls can be met without loss to business; and often with a real gain."

"Maybe there are," replied the deacon, in a feeble way. "I don't know; but I leave it all to you. I'm too weak to think about it. But I'm glad you can make it easier for the girls."

Gradually, and in spite of his minister's efforts to disabuse his mind of that dark impression, the conviction grew stronger and stronger with the deacon that he had fallen under the displeasure of God, who had sent this hurt upon him in anger, and as a judgement. His eyes had become opened to the real character of his life in the world, and he saw how utterly at variance it was with the teachings and practice of our blessed Lord. It was for this reason he now believed that he had fallen into disfavor with God, who had laid His hand heavily upon him. How to appease the divine wrath and turn away the almighty vengeance, became an all-absorbing thought. The God of his imagination was a jealous God, who had created man not that He might have something to love and bless, but to show forth His power and glory. He was a God easily offended, exacting and in-

exorable. His laws were arbitrary enactments; the mere expression of His will; made to secure His own glory.

The deacon had felt safe and confident a little while before, because, under the full belief that he had accepted the legal provisions set forth in the great charter of man's redemption and salvation, and so become reconciled.

But now all the foundations of his religious confidence were moving beneath him. It had become as clear to him as noonday that mere faith in the doctrines of a church could give a man no acceptance with God; and that, as his faith had never come down to the level of humanity, it was only a dead faith, and of no value in the sight of Heaven. He was, therefore, still under the divine displeasure. Christ had died for him in vain. He was a child of hell, and the curse of Adam still lay heavy upon him.

A great darkness came into his soul. He could not look up with the serene and self-satisfied confidence of old, and say to God, "There stands my Redeemer and Saviour. He has borne my sins and made full atonement for all my transgressions. In His blood I have washed by faith and am clean. Through Him I have forgiveness and reconciliation. I am Thy child, the brother of Thy own dear Son! Thanks be to God for this great salvation!"

No; the deacon could not say this now. His faith had dissolved and passed away, leaving him in fear and darkness, and under a paralyzing sense of the divine wrath and indignation. It was all in vain that Mr. Deering, and many brethren in the church, talked and prayed with him, and besought God to let the light of His countenance shine again upon the heart of His doubting servant, to strengthen his faith and give him once more the blessed liberty of the Gospel. The old confidence and peace would not come back.

And now there came a conflict in his mind between the value of faith and the value of works as a means of placating God; for Deacon Strong had no higher idea of God than of a being who was to be placated. Of the new birth he had no true conception. That a man must be born again before he could enter into the kingdom of Heaven, he knew, because the Bible said so, and the church affirmed the doctrine. But just what the new birth was he did not know. All who accepted Christ and believed in Him, were washed in His blood and made pure and clean; became new creatures; were in some way born again. This had once been very clear to him, and he had felt as sure of his own new birth as of any well-known fact in nature.

But of that implantation in the mind of spiritual truths from the Word as seed in good ground; of their germination, growth, blossoming and fruit-bearing in the life, he understood nothing. And now, in his fear and dark gropings about for the way in which he might get favor with God, he had no thought of an inner change, but of something to be done in his outer life. It was not faith, now, in any great plan of salvation, but good deeds among his fellow-men, by which he was to be saved. He must walk more closely in

the footsteps of Christ, and make Him his great exemplar.

As Parson Deering, who visited him daily, saw the direction in which the mind of Deacon Strong was drifting, he warned him faithfully and prayed with him earnestly.

"God is not mocked in this way, my brother," he said, with deep solemnity of manner. "It is not the road to peace and safety. You must go to Him in faith, pleading the merits of His Son, and He will give you back your lost peace and confidence. All this is a temptation of the enemy; a dark delusion of Satan. Reject him! Think no more of works as a means of restoring your lost confidence. But lift your soul on the wings of prayer—cast yourself upon God—rest in His promises—let your faith be strong; and light, and joy will come into your soul. The old, sweet peace will flood all your life, and this sick chamber will be to you as the house of God and the gate of Heaven!"

It was but a little way upward that the deacon could ever be lifted by such exhortations and incitements; and the wings of his faith soon grew weary and let him fall back again into the valley of doubt and fear. If he were ever to get out of this valley it must be by climbing up the rugged sides; not by flying through the air. Of this he had a solemn conviction. And so his thought turned from doctrines and theories of salvation and found something more stable to rest upon in considering the ways and means by which he might do good, and so win back the acceptance he had lost. He would offer up, on this altar of sacrifice, his most precious things, and make them a sweet savor unto the Lord. He would deny his love of self and love of gain, and share his money with the poor. He would be more considerate toward his overworked and underpaid people. He would see that the wretched hovels in which many of them lived were put in better order and made more comfortable. He would cease from being a partner in sin, and from sharing in the gains of iniquity.

It was a low state, and full of selfishness; but a better and more hopeful one than that from which he was rising; for to do good is better than to do evil, even though the prompting motive be fear, self-interest or any other form of self-love. Its danger to the soul lies in its confirmation. A man cannot earn the right to enter Heaven by doing good. He enters Heaven only through the door of his affections; not by the door of his deeds. But he gains his heavenly affections by denying the selfish ones that are perpetually seeking to lead him to hate and wrong his neighbor—denying and repressing them because they are evil in the sight of God. In this sincere denial and repression of self, the love of heavenly things is born; and man begins to enter Heaven. As the love of doing good—for this is the true heavenly love—grows stronger and stronger, a man thinks less and less about the merit of his works and his acceptability on their account; for he knows that God does not regard him for anything that he may do, but only from the character of the affection from which he acts. If the affection be good—that is, unselfish—

then his act is good in the sight of God; but if the affection be mean, or selfish, or tainted with hope of reward, then it goes for nothing.

With what marvellous force and terseness of expression did St. Paul announce this truth nearly two thousand years ago; and ever since his voice has been heard along the ages, repeating the golden sentences. But how few have believed them? "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. * * * And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

A man cannot be in love or charity without doing the works of charity; for love is an undying force that always impels to action. And so the soul that is filled with heavenly love will express this love in useful and beneficent deeds. By their fruits ye shall know them.

The spiritual culture of Deacon Strong was not advanced enough for him to comprehend with any degree of clearness the truth of all this. If, through contact with another and purer mind, he were lifted occasionally into more elevated regions of thought, where glimpses of higher truths than had yet come to his dull sense were given, he soon fell back again into the obscurity from which he had been lifted. To love good, or to love to do good, was to him a thing impossible. He loved only himself; and to love to do good, which was a voluntary denial of self, and the doing of glad service to others, was something beyond his conception. He could make a sacrifice of his good things for the sake of others; not that others might be benefited, for in his heart he cared for only himself, but in order to gain favor with God and turn away his anger.

Deacon Strong, in his new state of mind, saw no hope of getting back his old peace and confidence through simple prayer and faith. If he looked up and prayed, as he sometimes did under the pressure of doubts that drove him almost to the verge of despair, the heavens seemed as brass to his cries. He saw only an angry God, and a stern voice seemed to cry down to him, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me." What was left for him now but to do something unto the "least of these?" To earn the right of approval in the Judgment Day by feeding the poor, and clothing the naked, and

doing whatever else might be required of him. The task looked hard and dreary, for there was no love in it; but how else was he to escape the wrath of God and the torments of hell?

CHAPTER XVII.

KEDRON was in great excitement over the accident which had come so near sending Deacon Strong into another world. Many stories were afloat in regard to the accident, and various were the comments made thereon. With some it was a dark and mysterious providence; with others a direct judgment of God. The deacon had his friends and his enemies; and the case took its light or shadow from the estimate in which he was held.

If this accident had stood alone as an element of excitement in Kedron, that excitement would have died out quickly; but such was not the case. Deborah's invasion of some of the drinking-saloons, the closing of Sandy Spieler's bar, and the Sunday fight at Harry Conlan's, growing out of one of the young woman's visits, were incidents of too much novelty and significance not to produce a disturbing effect on the public mind. Any number of stories, as we have said, were floating about; some true and some greatly exaggerated. Peter Maxwell, the agent of Deacon Strong, had related with his own gloss and feeling what passed before his eyes, and what he had heard with his ears, on the occasion of Deborah's first visit to the deacon. Spangler, Victor Howe, Gilbert, and others who were present when Deborah made her call upon Sandy Spieler, had told over and over again the incidents of the occasion, until all the town was familiar with them. That Spieler should have been led to close his bar and abandon his calling, was a matter of surprise to all; and one of the good results, seen in the reformation of Gilbert, was spoken of and commented upon, though few had any confidence in the permanency of his reform.

The noticeable thing was a disposition to make of Deborah a central figure. Now that she had drawn upon herself the public gaze, it was remarkable how many incidents of her quiet life in Kedron were brought forward, and such a charm and mystery thrown about the maiden as to lift her above the common ideal. Who was she? and where did she come from? were questions passing from one to another; but in no case finding a satisfactory answer.

Few, it was observed, ventured to speak of her lightly; and if any did so, even in a bar-room or among coarse fellows, some one had a quick, strong word in her favor, which usually found a hearty response.

Days passed, and in all that time no one had seen Deborah on the street. Queries began to be made; and then it became known that, since the accident to Deacon Strong, she had not been well enough to leave her room, though nothing serious was alleged. But soon rumors of a dangerous illness began to circulate, and public feeling took the alarm, showing how strong public interest had become in the stranger-maiden, whose sweet

and work in Kedron stood out, so far as known, in marked and rebuking contrast to that of some of its best and most prominent citizens.

The causes of this illness, as explained by Mrs. Conrad, who also became an object of interest, were overwork among the poor and the nervous exhaustion growing out of this overwork. She had heard, though not from Deborah, of the fight in Conlan's saloon, and was shocked and scandalized at the incident—not hesitating to condemn, in her peculiar phrase, the folly and madness of the gentle girl whom she had learned to love with almost a mother's tenderness. To her surprise, instead of finding everybody on her side, not a few, and among them people for whose judgment she had great respect, spoke approvingly of what Deborah had done; and referred to the good results which had followed—especially in the closing of Spieler's saloon.

"But, sakes alive!" returned the old lady, warmly, in answer to one of these apologists for Deborah; "what does all that amount to? Shutting up Spieler's saloon doesn't stop the curse of rum-selling in Kedron. It's just as easy to get liquor now as it was before Spieler went out of the miserable business."

"But, maybe, it will not be as easy in six months to come," was replied; "and all because of Deborah's good work."

"Good work!" ejaculated Mrs. Conrad, with ill-concealed impatience. "You see what this kind of good work has brought on the poor child. If I had known anything about it, I'd have locked her in her room, and kept her there until she promised to act like a sensible woman!"

Mrs. Conrad was inclined to flourish a little sometimes.

"I heard this morning," said the other, "that Deacon Strong has ordered his agent, Peter Maxwell, to close Conlan's saloon as soon as the lease expires; and that he has given the same order in regard to three other properties in which liquor is sold. So much for Deborah's work."

"So much for God's judgment!" replied Mrs. Conrad, with a snap in her voice. "Deborah has no more to do with it than you or I."

"Peter Maxwell holds a different opinion," was answered. "He says that Deborah came down upon the deacon, one day last week, about the sin of letting his houses to rum-sellers, in a way that scared him, and that ever since he hasn't seemed like himself. He says that she prayed with him in his office, and talked to him in a way that seemed to make the deacon's hair stand on end."

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Conrad, lifting her hands and looking the picture of astonishment. "That beats me out! Prayed with the deacon? And scared him? Sakes alive! Just to think of her tackling on to the deacon! What won't the girl do next! Dear, dear! And Peter Maxwell saw and heard it all?"

"So he says."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the old lady, her mind growing more confused over this revelation.

"What Deborah has already done," said her sister, "is destined, some believe, to effect a great reformation in Kedron; and the work will not

cease, though her hands may never put forth their strength again. You may not know it, but all the town is alive with stories of her pure and gentle life; of her ministries among the sick; and, more recently, of her feeble attempts to stop, at its very source, the flood of intemperance that is sweeping hundreds of our young men to ruin. She went, all alone, moved by God's Spirit, as she believed, and lifted a voice of appeal and warning; and her cry has not been in vain. The sound of it will not soon die in Kedron."

"I don't know about all that," replied Mrs. Conrad. "Good may grow out of evil sometimes; but I don't believe in doing evil that good may come. 'Tisn't right nor safe."

"But one would hardly call rebuking sin and warning sinners, doing evil work," said the other.

"It depends altogether on how you do it," answered Mrs. Conrad. "There's a right way and a wrong way for everything. Look at our poor Deborah! Do you think she'd be lying up-stairs, as weak as a baby, and with an in'ard fever burning out her life, if she'd kept to the right way of doing things? No, ma'am! She's just gone and killed herself; and you needn't tell me that she's done right. If you want to break stone you must use iron hammers, and not wooden mallets or soft fists; and if you want to shut up rum-shops, you must set strong men to the work, and not puny girls! Praying in whisky-saloons! Faugh! I've no patience with such things!"

"You think Deborah seriously ill?"

"Of course I do. The doctor don't seem to make out what ails her. She lies just as still, all the while, as if she were asleep; and I can't get her to eat a thing—just sips a little tea now and then. Poor child! I'm dreadful anxious about her."

This was nearly a week after the accident to Deacon Strong. If Deborah had not fallen sick, her influence in Kedron would have been limited. She might have gone on with her ministrations among the poor, and continued to lift her voice in testimony against evildoers; and her work would have borne good fruit, though the harvest might not have been large, yet precious as are all such harvests. But the fact of her having been stricken down with a sudden and seemingly mysterious illness, and at a time when all eyes happened to be drawn upon her, made the fair young girl an object of especial interest; the more so, as it was alleged that her illness grew out of excitement and exhaustion, and was the consequence of over-effort in trying to do good and to break the power of a great and destructive evil. Men began to think, and talk, and grow serious over the state of things in Kedron, over the poverty, and crime, and suffering against which Deborah had sought to contend single-handed, and with such marvellous results, if a tithe reported by common rumor were to be believed. If from the efforts of a single young woman—a stranger in Kedron—so much good were done, what might not be hoped for, if all true men and women in the community were to unite and do their best for the suppression of things wrong and hurtful; for the help of the



who needed help; for the protection of the weak and the encouragement of virtue?

These were sober questions, and as men and women pondered them they grew in earnest. To think and feel earnestly on any subject is soon followed by some kind of action. And so it was in Kedron. Social wrongs and abuses which had been tolerated for years, until they ceased to attract attention, and were regarded as existing by necessity, or in the very nature of things, now demanded consideration. Christian men and women began to think and talk about the degree of responsibility that attached to every individual in a community. Well-to-do people, who were easy and comfortable, did not feel quite so easy and comfortable as before, now that the wretched condition in which so many were living came more distinctly to their notice. The men who had in charge the government and well-being of the town, and who had gain or distinction therefrom, began to look about them, and to see many things that ought to be changed for the better. Individuals who had long been free to manage their affairs wholly in their own interests, regardless of who might be annoyed, oppressed or injured, felt the eyes of their neighbors turning upon them, and became conscious of a growing sentiment of interference—or, as some expressed it, “meddlesomeness.” Many things long tolerated were discovered to be nuisances; and some things sanctioned and upheld by law were openly denounced as evils that ought to be removed.

There was, in fact, a ferment in the public mind that went on increasing from day to day, until from thinking and talking people began to act. Deborah, well and active, going about among the sick and poor, or breaking away from her quiet sphere under some sudden pressure of feeling, that she might raise her voice in testimony against the wrongs that lifted their hideous forms in her path of duty, would have continued to be an agent of great good; but Deborah, stricken down in her work, and idealized in the minds of the people—transformed from a woman into an angel of mercy, whose true character they had not known until now—became a power in Kedron that made itself felt everywhere, and stirred all hearts not wholly dead to the claims of justice and mercy. Men and women indifferent to the common good before, were shamed or stimulated by the recital of her unobtrusive deeds, that often gained a hue of romance in the ardor of relation.

There had been an angel in Kedron, and the people knew it not; but now that she was discovered, and the paths along which her feet had walked were revealed by the shining of her footsteps, surprise and admiration knew no bounds. A feeling of reverence took possession of almost every one; and this grew stronger, blending itself with a sentiment akin to pity and tenderness, as curiosity about her antecedent life obtained little information beyond the incident of her lover's visit, in regard to the meaning of which nothing was known beyond the vague guesses of Mrs. Conrad, who was as likely to be wrong as right. The fact of this visit from a handsome stranger, whom many remembered to have seen at the

hotel, and who had acted, as some now said, in a singular manner, gave for Deborah a new interest in the minds of many.

Throw a mystery about any one, and you make him an object of unusual consideration, and the subject of a thousand vague stories. Every one will have a guess or a theory to explain this or that; and it is remarkable how positive and circumstantial some of the relations will be, and on what apparently good authority the wildest statements will be made. That there should be a lover in Deborah's case was the most natural thing in the world; and every one was ready to believe that disappointed love was at the core of the mystery of her life. She was a nun, hiding herself and her heart-burdens away from the world, and her cloister was the home of the poor and suffering. The lover had found her place of retirement and seclusion. He had knocked at her cloister, but she had refused to open the door.

Think of Deborah as they would, in all aspects she was now an object of deep interest to the people. She had dropped in among them a year before, coming without observation, and her life for the most part of that time had been so unobtrusive that few but the poor in out-of-the-way places took more than a passing note of her presence.

Mrs. Conrad was as much at fault in regard to Deborah's previous life and history as any one else. About a year before this time of which we are writing, as she sat one evening at her lonely meal, a hesitating knock came upon her door. Opening it, this young girl stood before her in a light gray travelling-dress. She had a small satchel in her hand. There was a half-frightened look in her eyes as she stepped inside.

“Is this Mrs. Conrad?” she asked, a tremor in her voice, which had something in its tone that went right down to the good old lady's heart.

“Yes, Mrs. Conrad is my name,” she replied, a spontaneous good-will in her manner. “Come right in.”

And with an impulse of kindness and protection, she took hold of the stranger and drew her into the little parlor, where a lamp stood burning.

“Sakes alive, child!” she exclaimed, as the light fell clear on the face of the young girl, and she saw its paleness and distress; and saw, too, that she was trembling violently. “Sakes alive, child! Who are you? and what ails you?”

“I'm a stranger, and sick.” And two small hands took fast hold upon Mrs. Conrad.

There was no opportunity for hesitation or denial, for in a moment afterward the girl, with white face and ashen lips, was lying heavily against her. She had fainted.

Lifting the slight form of the stranger as if it had been that of a baby, Mrs. Conrad bore her up to a little spare chamber and laid her on the snow-white bed. Then hurrying down, she quickly returned with a lamp, some cold water and vinegar, and went vigorously to work in efforts to restore the fainting girl. Success soon crowned these efforts; and in less than twenty minutes, with all the mother-love which had been shut up in her solitary heart for years stirring from its long sleep, Mrs. Conrad sat bending over the sweet

young face of Deborah Norman and looking into her soft, brown eyes that were full of mystery and tender sadness.

"Who are you, child?" she had asked again, as at first.

"A stranger—tired, and sick, and homeless," answered Deborah. Her lips trembled; tears filled her eyes.

"What is your name?"

"Deborah Norman."

"Where do you live?"

"Here," returned the girl. Then noticing the shadow and questioning doubt that came into Mrs. Conrad's face, she added: "God gives us our lives by moments at a time. I am living *here* now. Where I am to live to-morrow, or next day, or next year, He only knows. I shall trust Him, and try to be content."

For an instant Deborah seemed like one lifted up and set to a distance. Mrs. Conrad would scarcely have been more surprised at words from a statue than she was at this sentence from the weak and helpless girl, who seemed to have fallen at her feet like a broken and wind-beaten flower.

"Have you a mother?" asked Mrs. Conrad, after a long pause.

The fringe of lashes fell upon Deborah's cheeks, hiding her eyes. Her lips drew closely together, and an expression of pain flitted about them.

"I have no mother. She died when I was a baby." The answer was in a calmer voice than Mrs. Conrad had expected to hear. But the eyes of Deborah did not open.

Mrs. Conrad rose from the bedside and stood for a little while above the girl, looking upon her pale, still face. Then she bent down and kissed her. She could not help it.

There was a visible tremor of suppressed feeling on the part of Deborah, and a lifting of her arms as though she were moved to throw them about the neck of Mrs. Conrad. But she only smiled a restful smile, and looked the loving thanks that were in her heart.

"You will tell me all about yourself to-morrow," said Mrs. Conrad, after she had brought Deborah some tea.

"No," was the firm, but gently spoken answer. "My past self belongs to the past. It has been laid in the grave; and until God wills it, there can be no resurrection."

The shadow and the look of doubt crossed the face of Mrs. Conrad again.

"Why have you come to me?" she asked. "How did you know my name?"

"He that feeds the ravens does not forget His children," replied Deborah. "I was led hither."

"But how did you know my name?"

Deborah was silent for a little while, and then said: "I was going away from the past; going I knew not whither; but trusting in the Spirit to lead me aright. Too sick to continue any farther, I stopped in Kedron. Night was closing in. Alone and a stranger, I shrunk from remaining at a public house, and after getting my trunk into safe hands, started out to seek for shelter. As I passed from the door of the hotel, I met a woman and asked her if she knew of a kind-hearted person

where a sick stranger might find a temporary home; and she said, 'Go to Mrs. Conrad,' and came with me and showed me the way. And so, guided by the Spirit, I have come to thee."

Two things were a surprise to Mrs. Conrad; this strange story of being led to her by the Spirit, and the fact revealed by the little word "thee," that Deborah belonged to the people called Friends. She had her strong sectarian prejudices, and among these was a dislike for Quakers. Why she held this dislike it would have been hard for her to explain. If questioned, she would most probably have answered: "Well, I can't bear Quakers, and there's the end on it." It is very certain, that she had a style of saying and doing things not at all in harmony with the staid and proper ways of Quakers; and this may have had something to do with her feeling toward that people. Of one thing she became conscious, and that was of an increased respect for Deborah, and a removal of certain doubts and suspicions which had kept intruding themselves in spite of every effort to keep them out of her mind.

"And so you are a Friend," she said, in a changed voice, and with an expression of surprise on her face.

"Yes," was the simple answer.

There were some moments of constraint on the part of Mrs. Conrad. She did not feel the same nearness towards the girl; not the same brooding, motherly tenderness. A sense of coldness and distance came upon her. This was perceived by Deborah, who spoke, with a sweet rebuke in her voice that went to the heart of Mrs. Conrad.

"God's children have many names, but He loves and cares for them all with an equal love."

"True, child, true!" said Mrs. Conrad, softening, and bending nearer to Deborah. "But we don't always think of that. We build up walls, and set gates with sentinels in them, just as if we were enemies and not friends—the children of one great Father who, as you say, loves and cares for us all with an equal love. And I've sometimes thought," she added, after a brief pause in her speech, "that He doesn't know us by the names we call ourselves here. I once heard a great preacher tell a dream. He said that he saw Abraham looking down from the sky, and he called to him and said, 'O Abraham! are there any Baptists in Heaven?' And Abraham said 'No!' Astonished and frightened, the preacher spoke again and said, 'O Abraham! are there any Methodists in Heaven?' And again the answer came, 'No!' 'Any Episcopalians?' 'No!' 'Any Presbyterians or Congregationalists?' 'No!' It was 'No,' 'No,' 'No,' to every question about sects and denomination. Then the preacher called out, 'O Abraham! who are in Heaven?' And Abraham replied, 'They only who love the Lord Jesus Christ and abide in His words.' And I guess Abraham knew."

There was just a shade of humor in the emphasis with which Mrs. Conrad uttered the closing sentence.

"I'm a Baptist and you're a Quaker," she added, after sitting silent for a little while; "but that doesn't signify anything."

"Not if we love the Lord Jesus Christ and abide in His words," returned Deborah, taking the hand of Mrs. Conrad that lay upon the pillow near her, and touching it with her lips.

The feeling of distance and coldness which had come over Mrs. Conrad's heart melted off like a veil of snow in the sunshine, and she answered the kiss with another, laid warm on the young girl's lips.

Later, and when Mrs. Conrad was about leaving Deborah for the night, the latter said, with something like hunger in her voice: "Won't thee read a chapter for me before thee goes? It will do me good."

"Sure, child." And Mrs. Conrad looked to shelf and table; but there was no Bible in the little chamber.

She was leaving for her own room to get one, when Deborah said: "Open my satchel. Thee'll find a Bible there."

Mrs. Conrad took from the satchel a small pocket Bible, and turning to the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, read:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."

As she closed the volume and looked over to the stranger, she saw that her eyes were shut, and that an expression of rest and peace was on her pale countenance.

"Thank thee. It has done me good," said Deborah, as her eyes unclosed, and she lifted them to the face of Mrs. Conrad, who touched her lips again, saying a soft "Good-night," and going out, so blinded by tears that she scarcely saw the way.

(To be continued.)

"UNTO ONE OF THESE."

BY M. T. ADKINS.

"TOM!"

It was a weak, querulous voice that came through the open door of the humble kitchen out into the grassy yard, where a boy was playing under an apple-tree.

"Tom!"

The voice was a note higher, but weak and querulous still.

"Tom, please come here!"

"Yes, I'm comin'."

The boy dropped his playthings, and went through the kitchen, on into the further room, whence the voice had called.

"What do you want?"

"Won't you please run over to Mrs. Hope's for me and ask her to loan me some more magazines? I'm so tired of lying here with nothing to do, VOL. XLIII.—31.

nothing to read, and nobody to talk to me, when you and Mary are out."

"Yes, I'll go," said Tom.

"And, Tom, please take back these magazines, and tell her I am much obliged to her for loaning them to me."

"Well?"

"And, Tom, please don't stay long."

"All right," and the boy caught up his hat and was gone.

It was a humble room, small and poorly furnished. Its only occupant was an invalid, a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years.

"Oh, I am so tired of lying here!" quavered the weak voice again. "I hope Tom will hurry back and bring me something to read."

But Tom came back empty-handed.

"What did she say?" eagerly asked the invalid as the boy came into the room.

"She said she could not lend you any more now; she hadn't read them herself."

It was pitiful to see the poor youth's face as the boy said this. For a moment he said nothing, only turned his face to the wall, while the tears of disappointment stole over his poor thin cheeks.

It was only such a little thing, you will think; but remember that the poor fellow had been lying there for long, weary weeks, stricken down by a slow, lingering fever. It had come on in the early spring days, when the blue-birds and peewees were building out in the old apple-tree, and now the young birds were almost ready to fly.

For the first three or four weeks he had gone creeping around the house, each day hoping to be better to-morrow, and each day growing weaker. But now he had got so weak that he never walked farther than out into the little kitchen and back. There were only three of them—this invalid, the little brother Tom and a sister—and they were orphans. Tom and Mary, the sister, were kind and patient with the stricken one, and did their best to cheer him up; but Tom was only a child, and almost all the household cares devolving on Mary, she was unable to give that attention to her sick brother which he needed.

No wonder the poor fellow turned his face to the wall and wept.

"Oh, it is so hard to lie here day after day with nothing to read, nothing to do, and no one to talk to me but Tom and Mary! Oh, I get so tired and lonely! I wish I could get well!" and the poor fellow's tears flowed afresh.

"Mary!"

The patient girl dropped her work in the kitchen and obeyed the summons.

"What is it, brother?"

"Won't you please go down to Mrs. Moore's for me after dinner and get me something to read?"

"Yes, brother."

"Mary, I will never forgive Mrs. Hope for her treatment. She forgets how our poor father nursed her husband for six weeks, and caught his own death by it."

"Hush, brother, you must not talk so; you are getting excited, and it will make you worse."

And sitting down by his side, the patient girl

soothed and comforted him until the tears ceased to fall.

"To be sure, child," said kind, motherly Mrs. Moore, when Mary explained the object of her visit, "you shall have as many papers and magazines as you want for your brother. I am sorry he is no better. After he reads these, send Tommy down and get some more."

In addition to the goodly bundle of reading matter which Mary carried back, was a basket of choice fruit, just such as would tempt the fickle appetite.

"O Mary, did Mrs. Moore give you all of these?" and the thin hands seized the papers eagerly. There were illustrated weeklies and monthlies with their beautiful stories. They gave the poor lad another glimpse of the busy, outside world, from which he had been so long exiled. It was better than any tonic to that hungry, weary, starving mind. Yes, I have not put it too strongly. That young, active mind was actually starving for food and companionship.

Oh, could Mrs. Moore have seen the effect of her little act of kindness, she would have been amply repaid.

Nor was this all that she did for the poor little fellow. She visited him and talked with him about his illness hopefully, cheerfully; she loaned him books, and brought him fruit. And it was not long ere the Christian kindness of the lady had its effect.

The invalid soon began to rally. The weak, complaining voice grew stronger and the pale, thin cheeks grew fuller. The lingering fever lost its hold upon his feeble frame.

He had needed books and papers with which to amuse his mind; and more than these, kind, cheerful, hopeful words of sympathy and encouragement.

Oh, ye rich! in your daily walk and conversation, ever remember Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

MRS. GASTON'S "DAY."

BY MRS. SARAH HART.

MRS. GASTON was one of the cheeriest, liveliest, most hopeful little women that ever lived. But, on this particular morning, her brow was shaded by something that resembled a frown, her voice had lost its cheerful ring and there was a mopishness about her movements that did not agree with her usual briskness. To tell the truth, Mrs. Gaston had an attack of the blues. She had been obliged to acknowledge this to herself, but was quite unwilling to disclose the fact to any one of her family, for they firmly believed her proof against all such weaknesses. She had believed the same herself, and now here she was as miserable as any hypochondriac, and, strangely enough, was taking a morbid delight in being thus miserable.

As soon as her daughter Maude, a bright girl of twelve, had given her a good-bye kiss and started to school, and Mr. Gaston and their son were safely out of the way, Mrs. Gaston sat down on the edge

of the bed, drew a letter from her pocket and began to read. But the shade on her brow deepened and the lines about the pleasant mouth increased as her eye ran over the page. Then she folded the letter and said aloud: "It's too bad, any way. I'm not envious, but it is hard to think that Ellen can have everything, while I must drudge and drudge, and have nothing after all. If we had only stayed in Boston, I believe we might have been well off to-day. Just to think of her presents on New Year's! A diamond ring and a silver tea-set, and a piano for Mary! My Maude is just as clever a girl as Mary ever was, and just as fond of music and beautiful things as *she* can be. And to think of her out here with so few advantages. I cannot see why we ever came to this wilderness. What good has it done us? We're poorer than when we came, I'm sure. I don't care for myself," she added, wiping her tear-wet face with her apron, "I don't want a silver set nor a diamond ring, but I do care for the children. What will they ever be brought up in the society about here? And as for myself, I am just rusting out."

She sat a long time with her hands folded in her lap and her countenance the picture of discontent, until, glancing at the clock, she saw it was time to prepare dinner. Getting up in a listless kind of way, she put the room in order and went to work at the dinner, all the while contrasting her humble three-roomed house with its humble furniture, to her sister's stately mansion in Boston. True, that mansion stood on a very poor foundation; for Henry Graham, her sister's husband, was a wholesale liquor dealer, and by no means an abstainer himself. A very different man from John Gaston in every respect; for he was "almost a fanatic about temperance," the neighbors said. But these reflections availed very little to Mrs. Gaston this morning. Sister Ellen had a silver tea-set and everything to match, and her daughter had a piano, and Maude had none. So poor Mrs. Gaston was making her usually happy self as discontented as possible in consequence.

Then, as she thought of the diamond ring, she glanced down at her own hard, stumpy, brown hands, and thought of Ellen's soft, white ones and sighed again. But her eyes caught sight of the gold band on her finger. It was worn thin, but it was as bright as on the day when John had slipped it there and called her his queen. It was just like John—plain, and honest, and pure; and the sight of it led her back to the days when she and John were first wed.

He was then a book-keeper in the same store where Henry Graham was clerk. But the confinement of his position was wearing on his health. The doctor had said a change must be made, or he would soon be a consumptive. She remembered distinctly how she had urged him to sell out their stock of worldly goods and seek a home on the free, wild prairie. John had objected at first to going. He knew what it meant to be a farmer in a new country, and was loth to take her away from kindred and society to bear the toils and privations of a poor farmer's wife. But the subject of his health was dearest to her heart, and she overruled every objection, and hopefully,

bravely urged the change. And so they had come; and she had cheerfully endured everything, as she saw John's health improve, until no one would have recognized in the broad-shouldered, bronzed-face, muscular farmer the puny, pale clerk of other years.

But somehow even this failed to comfort her this morning, and time after time she found herself sighing and wishing they were back in Boston, and wondering what ever possessed them to come away. If there was only some society here, or if Maude could have a piano, she thought, nothing more would be wanted.

A loud knock at the door startled her. She opened it quickly, and saw her nearest neighbor.

"Good-morning, Mis. Gas'on."

"Good-morning, Mr. Thomas. Walk in."

"I can't; I reckon my feet's too muddy," he replied, glancing down at his number tens in a questioning way. "I come over, Mis. Gas'on, to git ye to come over to our house a spell this afternoon."

"Is Mrs. Thomas or the children sick?" inquired Mrs. Gaston.

"Waal, no. Ye see the ole woman's kind o' down in the mouth. Got discouraged like, and wants cheerin' up a bit; and you're just the one can do it," and a wan smile lit up the man's face as he glanced at Mrs. Gaston, whose heart palpitated faster as she thought what a poor condition of mind was hers to think of cheering up any one.

But she answered: "Well, I'll come over a while after dinner, Mr. Thomas."

"All right. Thankee. I'm going over to 'Squire Greens's after some clover seed, and sha'n't git back afore dark, and it'll cheer up the ole woman right smart if ye can go," returned the man, shuffling about on the large, flat stone before the door. "'Pears like she's got onsatisfied or sumthin'."

"Oh, no, she hasn't," said Mrs. Gaston, cheerily. "She just wants to talk to some woman. We'll have a good chat. I'll go over as soon as I can after dinner."

"That's the blessedist little body that ever got into this yer country," soliloquized Mr. Thomas, as he trotted his angular nag over the smooth prairie road. "She never gits down in the mouth, I know she don't, 'cause there's never a wrinkle in her face, and her hair is never tumbled-lookin', and she's allers got a collar on, and John Gaston allers looks like a 'squire instead of a farmer. Mighty high folks fur this country."

Somehow the idea of cheering up poor Mrs. Thomas, and the pleasant intercourse of the family while at dinner, went much toward restoring Mrs. Gaston's spirits, and setting things right again. After dinner she changed her dress from calico to calico, put on a clean white apron, gave a glance over the tidy room, and set off to her neighbor's. On her way, she thought many times of the unfortunate letter, and was ashamed to think she had allowed it to so affect her. But it was over now, and, like a thunder-storm, it had purified the air, and freshened and beautified even the very weeds.

It was not the first time she had gone to Mrs.

Thomas on a similar errand. They had been neighbors for some years, and to Mrs. Gaston's friendly counsel and helping hands they owed many of their comforts. Formerly, they had had no ambition beyond bare floors and dusky windows. Mrs. Gaston had suggested rag carpet, and even helped to make one. Then they had taken pattern from her own neat home, and had put forth an effort to make their own more attractive. Hanging-baskets, winter bouquets and rustic frames, had found their way into these rude homes, and now adorned the once dingy, cobweby walls.

It was like a gleam of sunshine crossing the threshold when Mrs. Gaston appeared before Mrs. Thomas that day. The sad look vanished as she said: "I'd ruther see you comin' in than my mother. The sight of your face always does me good."

"Then I'm glad I came. How nice your curtains look!" said Mrs. Gaston, glancing at the windows.

"Yes. I took your plan, and made them out of old sheets and things. They look a heap better'n paper ones; but I reckon they'll need washin' 'bout every week," replied the woman, a flash of gratification lighting up her eyes.

"Oh, they're very little trouble to do up," said Mrs. Gaston. "Then they always look as nice as new when they're clean."

Then sitting down, Mrs. Gaston drew her knitting out of her pocket, and commenced knitting away vigorously while she told Mrs. Thomas about the sermon which had been preached over in the Creek School-house the Sunday previous; how earnestly the preacher enjoined them to walk in their appointed paths, trusting in God for blessings and comfort. Then she told her of the temperance society the young folks and old folks, too, were talking about forming. Then of Mrs. Tucker's new baby; and when everything else was exhausted, she actually told her about her sister's letter. Told it in a way that made her listener think how wonderfully Mrs. Gaston was blessed in receiving such pleasant letters.

"You have given me a world of comfort," said Mrs. Thomas, as her visitor at length rose to go. "Somehow I always feel stronger after I have talked with you."

"Do you? Well then we'll have many a good chat, won't we?" replied the cheery little woman. "It will soon be time for gardening," she added, as she passed down the door-yard. "I expect some rare seeds of flowers and vegetable from my friends this spring, and I will share with you. I mean to have every spot in the door-yard just glowing with flowers this summer."

As the kind little woman walked briskly homeward, she wondered why her heart felt so full of joy, and how even the sunset clouds, which had grown purple and dark in the short twilight, were seemingly tinged with a soft beauty.

"It must be because spring is so near," she said half aloud, as she glanced over the wide prairie, which was already covered with a greenish gray, a token that vegetation was beginning to spring up under the warm March sun. Upon that

southern slope, was just where the first flowers would be seen, and she and Maude would come very soon now to gather them.

That evening, as the family were all gathered around the cheerful fire, Mr. Gaston said: "Mother, what do you think I heard Neighbor Stines say to-day?"

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Gaston, while the children looked up from their books in questioning surprise.

"He said that John Gaston's wife was the bravest, cheeriest, helpfulest woman in the neighborhood. That his wife would have been discouraged and gone back East long ago only for her. She was always on the bright side and never got the blues."

"We all knew that before, didn't we, mother?" said Maude, laying her head in her mother's lap.

But Mrs. Gaston did not reply. She was think-

ing of her "spell" of the morning, so she only stroked the bright young head and inwardly rejoiced that she had not betrayed herself to them.

"I believe mother's secret lies in this, she is always counting her blessings," said Mr. Gaston, smiling.

But that night, in the quiet of their own room, Mrs. Gaston told her husband her experience of the morning.

"I was wishing myself back, John. I was envious of my sister's comforts, and in cherishing my envy, I lost sight of you, of myself and my God. I could not see any Providence in our being out here, deprived of society and friends. But I see now, and am satisfied to fill my appointed place, and God will see to it that our children fill theirs also."

For all answer John folded her close in his arms.

Young-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 7.

THE girls were wishing for something to make pie of—something new and not common.

Now we all know that prunes are wholesome fruit, and I suggested them, and thought no more about it. The next day, at dinner, we were treated to prune-pie, the fruit stewed until it was soft, the pits taken out, a glass of currant jelly mixed with it, the whole well sweetened and baked with one crust, and narrow strips of twisted pie-crust laid across the top and white sugar sifted over. It was very nice, and, to us, it was new.

Our prune-tree, that has stood in the yard for six or eight years, remarkable for nothing but its leafy beauty, bore two bushels of fruit last year. We have been experimenting with it for some time, but with no avail. The last thing we did with it—the year before it bore—was to scatter coal-ashes about it to the depth of perhaps a foot. It may be, that the little varmint could not make his way up through this covering, we do not know.

We canned and dried of the fruit, made jelly, and jam, and preserves, and shared with our neighbors.

One day, I stewed a dish full and placed them in the dining-room window where the current of air would cool them before tea. At tea we tasted and shook our heads, and tasted and made faces, and looked at each other, and said, "What's the matter with the fruit?" None of us wanted any. They had an old greasy taste that we could not account for. I had been scrupulously particular in cooking them, and yet, if they had been dishd out with a tallow candle the flavor would hardly have been any worse. I examined everything, intent on discovering what was wrong. I peered, and sniffed, and drew my brows, and at last I discovered from whence came the taste. A little,

white piece of lawn had been laid on a folded *Tribune* the day before, and a pan of cookies and a custard-pie placed on it on the table. While the sauce was cooling, I saw flies alighting on the edge of the dish, and I picked up this bit of lawn and spread over it, the sun shone on it and made the taint of lard grow foul, and the steaming fruit absorbed it, and hence the flavor of grease. The knowledge of this came to me like a text, and I said to the girls: "How delicious this fruit looks, almost transparent, quivering like jelly, glowing with the tint of the ruby, and yet it is not pure, and not good, just because of that one evil association. That one little influence has spoiled it."

"Shirley Dare," who is good authority, upset a bottle of ink into her lap upon a pretty linen dress, striped with brown and white and trimmed with many rows of braid. In her fright she dipped the stained portion of the dress into warm water, rinsing out as much of the ink as possible, then quickly it was again plunged into a warm solution of oxalic acid, hot, that it might take effect sooner. Only the spots were dipped into this liquid, and in a minute they faded, taking the color of the stripes with them. The linen was rinsed in warm water again and wet with a solution of ammonia, which changed the skirt to its original color, and the dress was as good as ever.

She says: "Henceforth I keep high and sublime courage over all ink mishaps, sure that acid and ammonia and care will make it all right again. The process must be gone through with as quickly as possible, when once begun, but it will cancel old ink stains on wool, cotton or linen."

Now, if I had a nice carpet with a grievous ink-stain on it, I would treat it after this manner. While I write this I seem to see home circles, and one woman reads aloud, while another curls the baby's hair, and another bastes her work ready for the sewing-machine; and I seem to see them

all look up at once, and their eyes meet, and they say with bated breath: "Let's try it! You know how that stain has troubled and annoyed us for years!"

Well, try it, and may success attend your effort.

I am sorry I cannot give you the exact proportion of water to mix with the oxalic acid and the ammonia, but your judgment will determine that. I can always tell by rubbing my fingers together in the dilution when it is as strong as it should be. I shall be very glad if my suggestion helps any of you to remove an ink stain from a carpet; such a mishap worries one almost as much as a stain on the conscience; from the latter, however, may the good Lord deliver us.

How to be handsome. No woman need deny the soft impeachment, it is a very comfortable feeling to be handsome. But, ah, the devices in men and women seeking to improve their good looks—washes and paints, and all kinds of tricks and cosmetics, including the dastardly anointing with hair oil!

I admire beauty; I feast on it; it rejoices me wherever I see it—pretty hair, pretty eyes, good complexion, a good mouth, an honest, pure eye, the beautiful curve of the cheek and chin, the clean, well-kept teeth, the erect figure, and the firm, springy step, I admire and love them all wherever I see them. Everbody can be a little bit pretty, no matter what the features are; and this is how it can be done: Keep yourself clean by washing often and freely. The skin wants to act freely, and it will take care of itself if its thousands of pores are not closed and clogged by the impurities it is daily casting off. Eat regularly of healthful food; don't eat between meals; give the stomach a chance to rest.

When the children were small, and I wanted them to understand the functions of the stomach, I used to make myself understood by this simple illustration. I would say: the stomach is like a poor washerwoman, who makes her living by going out to wash. She excels in that kind of work. It takes her five hours to do a washing. It takes the stomach five hours to digest a meal. Now suppose that two or three hours after a hearty meal you eat a piece of pie or cake; that is just on the same plan as though, when the washwoman was nearly through with her work, you had brought out some quilts or sheets and thrown them down, saying, "Here is something else to wash." See how you would impose upon her—how unfeeling you would be. Yet you could in part recompense her with money. But not so that faithful, patient, wearied and wonderful organism, the stomach. Sometime the penalty must be paid, and frequently it is a fearful one.

Good teeth make a plain face quite handsome. They should be brushed or washed after every meal, and at night before going to bed. Keep them clean. No one is lovable who neglects his or her teeth. There is no excuse for it.

A pretty girl said to me once when I ventured to tell her that her neglected teeth was her crowning sin: "Oh, my gums bleed when I brush my teeth!"

"Brush away with a soft brush," I said; "that will toughen them, and make them grow closer to the teeth, and be redder and healthier."

Plenty of sleep and abundance of pure air are necessary to good looks. Exercise on foot is positively necessary; and the mind must be active; think and study, and work with hands and brain. Endeavor to associate with people who know more than you do yourself; do not be content to babble and tattle, and heed with interest the idle gossip of the neighborhood. Keep up out of the reach of that; do not let it touch even the air you breathe; be watchful lest you catch yourself relating the floating tattle of the community in which you live; nothing drags one down lower, or is more debasing, and humiliating, and disgraceful. Hear all the good lectures you can, even if you make some sacrifice in doing so; heed all the sermons you hear; live a consistent life, obeying the golden rule to the very letter.

We think a merry heart makes a handsome face; it imparts a glow and a cheery brightness; not the habitual giggler do we mean, but the bright, cheerful, hopeful, happy soul, whose very eyes are magnetic and full of good-will and good-cheer.

Lilly steals in and looks over my shoulder, and I feel the touch of her ripe, red lips softly on my cheek, and when my pen announces a period, she says: "Do please let me tell you what to say now, and then you please say it, Pipesey, that's a darling!"

I say: "Well, tell me what it is, and I'll see about it. But if it's poetry, I don't want it, and Mr. Arthur don't want it either. We like practical things. You know you interfered and wheedled me into putting some grass poetry into the last article. If I don't watch, you'll make me turn troubadour yet."

Well, her selection is pretty, and, as Dr. Bodkin would say, it is right to the point. We yield to her solicitation, and append it as following immediately after my talk on cheerfulness. She says it is called "A MERRY HEART."

"It gives to beauty half its power,
The nameless charm worth all the rest,
The light that dances o'er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.
If beauty ne'er has set her seal,
It well supplies her absence, too,
And many a cheek looks passing fair
Because a merry heart shines through."

To keep hair in curl, take a few quince seeds, boil them in water, and add perfumery if you like; wet the hair with this, and it will keep in curl longer than from the use of any other preparation of which we know. It is also good to keep the hair in place on the forehead if you are going out in the wind. The seeds can be bought at the drug store for a few cents an ounce; or, when you make your quinces into jelly, you can save the seeds yourself.

This is the time of the year in which I always dig some of the largest and crispest roots of horseradish and grate them, being careful to have no

part of the root saved except the clean white, and cover with good cider vinegar. Working-men relish it on their food, which, in spite of us, seems to all taste alike to them sometimes. While grating the roots, to avoid weeping, stand where the wind will blow across the table.

Now I want to whisper a little private talk—get your heads all down so you can hear, for I'd rather that woman down in ——— wouldn't hear us or observe us at all. I want to tell you about her, poor thing; she gave me a terrible drubbing with her pen! positively my eyes are red yet from weeping, and you see my hair is all scutched up and I look forlorn and 'bused.

She said I didn't write nice things, and that no woman was excusable for being so ugly and homely as I was, and that she'd think my girls, Ida and Lily, would feel like marrying 'most anybody, for fear, if they lived single, they might become like me; and she said I ought to be ashamed to tell about my catarrh, and my odd clothes, and my homely self; and that I was a real old man-trap, trying to catch a husband, that I tried to ensnare poor Deacon Skiles and old Elder Nutt, and now, just as likely as not, I was after our present preacher, Brother Burley! And then, to cap the climax, she said she loved me, and thought I was sensible in some things and that there were worse folks in the church than I was.

I was hurt when I read the letter, and the poor girls were indignant beyond expression. I smiled, however, and said: "Oh, there's the same old story that has been dinned in my ears ever since I was three weeks old! At that ripe age the deacon first exercised parental authority, and gave me a good whipping" because I objected to having the light extinguished; he said he did it for my good, and in all the following years of my childhood and girlhood he always insisted that the frequent punishments were only 'tokens of his affection.'"

So, when I read the woman's candid letter, I said, "the medicine is very bitter, but, like the whippings, I must believe it to be a token of regard." Really, I think, though, that I don't like such tributes of love; I presume I cannot appreciate them. I thought, if it would please her, I would turn over a new leaf and try and behave more sedate and womanly, and I'd quit laughing and saying funny things, and I'd conform more to the ways of the world in the matter of dress. My heart aches so over that letter yet, that I think I could not raise a laugh even.

You will understand, then, if I am quiet and talk serious things, that it is because the poor, angry woman wants me to do it. She loves me so.

In this particular case, I see I must take the well-meant castigation kindly and be reconciled, in the same manner that the Dutchman's wife was when she met the grim monster, death. The woman died, and a few days afterward a friend met the bereft husband, and in his sympathy he said: "So you have lost your wife, my dear sir; it is a great sorrow—an irreparable loss."

"Yaas," answered the stricken one.

"Was she aware of her coming dissolution, and was she reconciled?" inquired the friend.

"*Ragoneiled!*" said the husband, sharply; "*'y, dunder, she ha't o' be ragoneiled!*"

Floating Island. Put about a pint of good milk on to scald, take the beaten yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one spoonful of corn-starch, which has just been stirred up with a little cold milk, stir all together and add to the milk, carefully, that it may not be in lumps, and as soon as it thickens well, pour it into the dish designed for the table, then add a teaspoonful of lemon. Put some boiling water in a clean spider and beat up quickly the whites of the two eggs until they will heap up, put a spoonful at a time into the boiling water until you have what can be cooked at one time. Do not turn them, but lift out carefully with a skimmer, one at a time, and lay them gently on the dish of float.

This is a very pretty dish for the tea-table, but it should be made in the forenoon, so that it will be cold and refreshing at supper-time.

In making any kind of berry pies at this season of the year, I think they look prettier and more appetizing if the upper crust is omitted and little twisted strips of paste laid across instead, and then white sugar sifted over.

It may be a whim of mine, but I think it is so much better if you have flowers on the table. I don't mean a towering bouquet that you find in your way every time you speak to your friend across the table, but flowers in something low and unassuming. A large bouquet is well enough in the dining-room, or on the side of the table that remains unoccupied.

Another good, cool dish for this season of the year is tapioca cream. It is better cold, and is a convenient dish to make the day before the one in which you know you will be too busy to cook much. Three spoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in cold water, or an hour or two in the morning in warm water. Drain off the water, add one quart of good milk and a little over half a cup of sugar, and put it on to boil. Then stir the beaten yolks of four eggs in the milk when boiled. Let it boil about a minute, and pour out into a deep dish. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the dish with the cream. Flavor as you choose.

Care must be taken in cooking tapioca, corn-starch and like things, that they do not burn. The fire should be steady and partly burned down. A very good way, however, is to cook such creams and puddings in a pail standing in a kettle of boiling water.

The hair-striped or dotted shirting calico makes pretty dresses for summer, and they are so cheap and look so clean, and fresh, and cool, that you women should have three or four of them. Make them with little or no lining, so they will be cool and comfortable; put a bit of a narrow ribbon bow on a hair-pin at one side of your coil of hair, or where your curls are caught up back of your ears; wear a bow of the same color in front, and you will look really pretty and nice.

All kinds of fine white goods are so cheap now that each of you girls can afford a white dress, surely, with Victoria lawn costing only twenty-five

cents a yard. Make them up neatly, getting a dressmaker to fit the waist, by all means; have as few furlongs about them as possible, with an eye to ironing-day.

I never do the ironings now since the girls are old enough to do them, and I observe that they are careful not to have elaborate fixings on their white dresses. Sometimes I watch them slyly to see how they manage. Many things are new to me—different from what they were “in the good old days” when I never thought of wearing a white dress only on the Lord’s day, and then in a very careful, sanctimonious manner.

When they iron, one takes the fine things, and the other the common ones. They stand the large table a few feet from a window, and one uses it and the other the ironing-board, a board five feet long and two feet wide, smoothly covered with sheets that are pinned on the underside. One end of the board rests on the table and the other on the window-sill. The white dresses, skirts and shirts are ironed by slipping the board through them. A newspaper is spread on the floor below the board. If a white dress does not retain dampness until it is all ironed, it is dampened by a white cloth wrung out of clean water. We did talk about ironing shirts, polishing, starch, bosom-board, and all that before.

In ironing cotton hose, always iron them on the wrong side, then the seams will not hurt and chafe the feet. It is advisable also to smooth down the shoulder-seams in a dress, and the facing about the neck; sometimes the starch dries in these seams, and unless ironed they will irritate and scratch one’s neck, and cause considerable annoyance.

In ironing sheets, it is only the ends and selvages that are hard to get smooth. A neighbor of mine overcomes that difficulty in this way: Fold in the middle crosswise, the seam wrong side out, then fold the hems back to the centre each way, which brings it right side out, and all right to iron, after which fold at the seam. By so doing, you bring the ironing where you want it, across the ends of the sheet.

Keep your iron-holders laid away with the sheets you iron on; let them be used for nothing else. Many an annoying smirch on the bosom of a fine shirt or a white dress comes from the touch of fingers soiled from an old iron-holder that had been use for other purposes.

ONE LITTLE SPOT.

BY MADGE CARROL.

BRET HARTE says very truly: “The rear of a house only is sincere.”

If the back yard reveals a heap of ashes and rubbish, genuine neatness has no place under that roof, although the entire front, from cellar window to cornice, may stand the glistening embodiment of cleanliness.

Nor does true flower-love dwell in that home whose rear windows face a wilderness of bricks, however artistic the display enchanting the world at the front. That city yards are too small for

great things in the way of gardening, is no excuse for delivering them over to dirt and desolation. What housekeeper ever refused to furnish her parlor because of its dimensions? However four walls press, there’s room for a parlor inside; so however they press there’s room for some greenness and beauty outside. Another plea for the avoidance of rear adornment is want of leisure. This is a strong point with many women, and always will be, so long as, if there’s any deception to be kept up, it’s sure to be at the front of the house. The family wash is an additional obstacle. There is such a thing as taking that into consideration when making out the first garden plan. Put all sorts of shrubbery, or any plant of free-growing habits, close to the fence—never be deluded into fancy trellises for the centre—then with long, strong props swing the clothes high, and that difficulty is obviated. Still another stumbling-block, perhaps the very biggest, is the expense. There is a way of getting over, or around, even that. Seldom indulge in novelties; let nothing suffer for want of a little attention; collect the seed of annuals, look after slips, roots, bulbs, from season to season, and there need be no outlay after the first year.

One little spot in this great city proves how much a woman can do, when she will, with small means, and some odd minutes that fit into a flower-bed as nowhere else. The pleasure of learning her plans, and seeing them effectually carried out, has been so great, the writer wishes others to share it, and, if possible, go and do likewise. In the first place, it is fair to state the size of this little spot—fifteen feet in length by sixteen in breadth, with a side yard eighteen by four. The latter terminates in a recess only big enough to hold a medium-sized vase of flowers. Necessarily, one-half of even this tiny bit of ground is reserved for walks, although Miss L— narrowed the one down the side yard by removing a couple of rows of bricks, thereby securing a foot-wide vine border. A low, rambling line of rock-work forms the centre of a wee stretch of grass.

A friend, unacquainted with geology, yet eying these specimens critically, once remarked: “I thought I understood your garden expenses to have been trivial at the very outstart? Unless you’ve friends in the carting business, these stones must have cost something considerable.”

“They cost me the use of a wheelbarrow, two boys’ time two hours, and a walk,” replied Miss L—. “I got them on the lots, where as likely specimens can be picked up any day. In their former sphere of life, they doubtless did good service in the way of baking, boiling, stewing, and are none the less useful here, although, I flatter myself, decidedly more ornamental.”

Closer examination led to the discovery that this dainty, really artistic piece of *rock-work* was composed entirely of rusty tins! Skilful arrangement, some common paint, and a sprinkling of sand, aided a deception few were clever enough to detect. Anxious to disclose a leakage somewhere, this visitor questioned Miss L— in reference to earth for filling in, and was informed that it was gathered from the street in the fall. Exposure to

one winter's cold rendering it fit for every ordinary gardening purpose.

This lady has found uses for many things usually thrown away as worthless. One of the loveliest hanging-baskets in her garden's round is an old wash-basin, with gnarled roots about it, and suspended by a chain such as any hardware dealer sells for six cents a yard. Another novel feature is a rustic box, odorously with golden-dropped, sea-green musk. This box is nothing more nor less than an ordinary pudding-pan, with splints of kindling-wood, the bark left on, fastened around it, then varnished. The family fruit-cans, and, latterly, compressed-beef cans, for which the grocer has no use, find a place somewhere. Up the shed posts or along the shady fence side, filled with trailing plants and painted bronze, brown or green, they form a very attractive feature.

For almost any out-door painting this helpful woman declares that bristles from a worn-out window-brush, fastened tightly around an old pen-holder, are quite good enough. As for perforating tins, a hatchet, a nail, a brick and a tolerably strong right arm, will do it. For removing the tops of fruit-cans, set them on hot coals a moment, then a half brick, or cobble-stone, fitted into the opening, will enable any one, capable of using a nail and hammer, to make a hole in the side for the purpose of fastening wherever wanted. Use fine wire for securing roots or bark; either painted or varnished, this will last two or more seasons. Miss L— has discovered that fine wire and hoop-skirt springs form a neat lattice-work for vines, and afford no highway for that enemy of city gardens, the cat. Preserve the woven covering, as it prevents overheating, straighten out the springs, cross them, either in squares or diamonds, then fasten with wire, and, if desired, paint. Strips of leather tacked over the join secures the frame. It will last at least two years, or can be easily arranged so as to be taken down and kept indoors through the winter, when it will serve a much longer period.

Miss L— recommends an excellent water-proof varnish, prepared without alcohol. Take three parts, by weight, of pale shellac, one part of spirits of sal-ammoniac, and six or eight of water. Shake them together in a bottle, then cork up for twelve hours. Next place in an earthen vessel over the fire, and boil, with constant stirring, until the shellac is dissolved. This solution may be used for staining wood, and at the same time rendering it water-proof. It also readily dissolves certain aniline colors, as green, yellow, etc.; and can be employed for the purpose of imparting a permanent color, not in the least affected by moisture. The basin-basket, described, has a coating of this varnish, and is quite as pretty as any article at the florists, with the additional advantage of hanging within reach of all.

In fact, one little spot proves conclusively how much brightness and beauty lies within reach, and needs only to be laid hold of to become a real home comfort and delight. For instance, there are the fruit-cans. Somebody else may own the garden, or perhaps there is none, but anybody might pick up a can and a nail, then somewhere,

there's a post, or a shady sill, a little earth and a seed.

"A friend of mine," said Miss L—, "a seamstress, who lived in a second-story room up a narrow court, and was much annoyed by an opposite neighbor's prying gaze, took a hint from these cans. A row of them nailed along the window-sill, and filled with running-vines, not only shielded her, but brought rest and refreshment. The hanging of a curtain would have set idle tongues to running, putting up cans was a signal for others, and by the time summer came around again the court was all in bloom."

Will any other bit of God's earth be brighter next year for this glance at one little spot?

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 7.

"WHAT do you think of this?" said Lot-tie, to-day, as she read an item that has been going the rounds in all the newspapers, from Maine to California. And then she read aloud a recipe for starching black calico dresses by dipping them in sweet milk.

I had often read the recipe, and every time I was vexed, and said if women were editors this abomination would cease, for no lady could stand it to wear a dress that had been dipped in milk. We all know that if a cow kicks over the pail and the milk is splashed on a woman's dress, she changes it immediately, or washes it out, and a man is just as particular, if he meets with a similar mishap. I know that my George Nelson used to milk a kicking cow which we owned, and very often a soft towel, wet in warm water, was called into requisition to wash a splash off from his sleeve.

No woman is likely to have more than one black calico at a time, and I think she could stand it—that one dress from among all her others—if it were not starched at all. That would be preferable to having it dipped in sweet milk and be punished by the filthy, unclean odor and the presence of the myriads of flies that would be attracted to the good living the dress afforded. It is not pleasant to contemplate, and we hope the recipe will reach the end of its journey and, like the stubborn mule in the long-ago school book, "sink to rise no more."

Tuesday.—One thing makes me feel so sorry, that is, to see young girls uneasy, and fidgety, and unnatural, and—I do hate to say it—trying to attract attention, especially that of young men. It is only a species of girlish vanity and they will get over it after awhile, but we grown people understand it, and it is pitiable to us. One of my girls is that way; she inclines to be coquettish, and flirty, and vain, will toss her head to make her ear-rings sparkle, will put her hand up to her face, pensively, to show her rings and bracelet, and if she is entering a church or store, will stand lightly on the steps with the skipping motion of a tomtit, for no other purpose only to show her dainty little No. 28, and the trim ankle peeping out from the snowy hems, or the delicate embroi-

dery of pretty skirts. She manages very adroitly to drop her veil, or glove, or handkerchief, when a crowd of young men are standing about, or when one of them is walking behind her, and she wants to attract his attention. She sings one octave higher than any other person. She selects a seat so that the prettiest side of her hat or the prettiest arrangement of her curls will be on the "congregation side." She is scheming and artful, and yet she wears the most innocent ways; while she plots with all the secretiveness of a wily detective. I could shake her sometimes when I see her laughing just purposely to show her white teeth or the dimples in her cheeks, or to make the sparkles come in her sunny brown eyes. Ah, the cunning of the fox is under all these pretty blandishments and disguises! Her voice is melodious, and that is why she so frequently speaks aloud in the vestibule of the church, or when riding past a crowd. She manages to have her gossamer veil stream from her hat, and loose ends of ribbons flutter in the wind, and curls slip loose and lie caressingly on her white neck; and yet it all seems to happen with an artless grace that is perfectly charming and natural. She would blush to be called bold, or immodest, or coquettish; she would weep tears of angry resentment at the imputation; and yet she is really all of these.

The young man we call Orga Torix—you remember him—escorted her home from the last Thursday night lecture, and I walked behind them with Tудie and Kitten. It was beautiful moonlight, and I heard the little flirt quoting poetry something about the "silver moon," and she hung on Torix's arm as helplessly as though she were a feeble octogenarian, while she looked up into his eyes with a languishing, die-away expression that was very disgusting to practical, matter-of-fact woman.

I don't say anything to her about this, because I think it belongs to some girls to be silly, and sentimental, and shallow, and I know her mother was just exactly like her twenty years ago; but I do talk in an off-hand way to all the girls about being modest, and unassuming, and cautious about their behavior in public. There is no charm in woman equal to modesty; it adorns, and beautifies, and covers a multitude of defects.

I remember when I was a girl, if my brothers were speaking of a young woman, and wanted to say of her the best thing that could be put into language, it always was couched in the tender words, "She is so modest." I was astonished when, from among all the pretty, and good, and lovable young women in our whole township, my brother Tom chose for a wife little, dark, dumpy Lutie Fairfield. I could hardly believe my own ears when he told me that Lutie was his choice. There was Josie Hamilton, tall, and fair, and robust, and full of fun, I was sure she would have found favor in his sight before little Lutie, for she and Tom were always such good friends, and always laughing and running jokes on each other. Then there was Sybilla Hunt, with her queenly figure, and black eyes, and raven curls, a girl who was equal to any emergency; she could officiate at the bedside of the dying, fill the moderator's

chair with honor if called into it at a public meeting, survey a puzzling piece of land that farmers had quibbled over, make gilt-edged butter, or work any place that a sensible, intellectual or domestic woman had to. I did wish Tom would take a liking to dear 'Billa Hunt; but, no, he turned from all, and worshipped at the shrine of brown, little, pug-nosed blushing Lutie Fairfield. Lutie's mouth was large, and her upper teeth jutted over, and her gray eyes were prominent and bulged out, and her voice was fine and squeaky as a little fiddle, and her shoulders round and stooping.

I said, before I thought how wrong it was: "O Tom, why didn't you choose a lady-like woman!"

He smiled like the kingliest man in the world, and replied: "Lutie's worth all the women in Ohio. Oh, she's so modest!"

Yes, she was very modest; the pretty glow of blushes were always rosy, and ready to come and go. She was so pure and good.

Another of my girls is always complaining. I know very well how this comes about. She is the pet at home, and has grown a little selfish, and to thinking too much and too often of herself. This is the fault of the mother. Any mother can make her children, especially her daughters, petulant, and babyish, and weak. I am well acquainted with the mother, and know just how she has brought up her daughter, and I hesitated when she wanted me to take the girl under my care. She has been accustomed to magnifying every little ache and ailment, and dwelling upon it selfishly.

She will rise in the morning and come to the table—generally the last one—and she will say: "I didn't get to sleep very much last night. I heard the clock strike twelve, one, two and three; and I had such a horrible dream of being chased by a sheep." Some one will pass her the baked potatoes, and she will say: "No, I'll not take one, I had such a burning pain in my stomach yesterday that I must be careful." Then she will rise and pour boiling water in her tea, and just as she sits down will say: "Tудie, put the cat out; if there's anything I hate it is to have a cat walling up its yellow orbs at me when I eat. A little of the gravy, please—but, oh dear, I got my sleeve in the cream!" And then she runs to the pantry, and fusses round, and calls one of the girls to get her the washbasin with a little warm water in it. She comes back to the table with, "I am so nervous this morning!" and she holds her hand over the region of her heart, and rolls up her pale blue eyes. Pretty soon she leaves the table to fix her collar, saying: "I've stood that scratching at my neck as long as I can." After breakfast she comes to me with, "My hair is coming out so badly; do you know what would prevent it? I'm 'fraid I'll lose all of it yet." I tell her what to do. And I am very busy cutting out and fitting the waist of a dress, when she comes again with, "One of my great toe nails is growing thick and stubby, and it pains all the time. What would you do if you were me?"

I say: "Bathe your feet in warm water, and scrape the top of the nail in the centre with a bit

of broken glass, and then wear shoes a size larger."

"O auntie, my shoes are a mile too large now! Just see!" and she thrusts out a clubby foot that spills over the sides, runs back, and bulges up at the toes.

At dinner-time she has the girls looking at her eyes to see if they are not unusually red. She thinks she feels symptoms of inflammation. She takes supreme pleasure while at the table of telling an old family yarn about her grandfather having a crimson flannel cockade given him by General Lafayette.

While we sit at the table, Josephine, in taking something out of her pocket, drops her kid gloves, which my complaining lassie picks up, saying: "Thank fortune, I don't have to wear number sizes!" and she puts on the old gloves, and makes

her hand into a fist, and laughs immoderately at the loose fit.

She is always afraid to go out alone at night, even to the cistern pump; and if she reads anything frightful before she retires, she always keeps her lamp burning. She never thinks of going to bed without looking under it for burglars, or fiendish men intent on murder.

She is always thinking of herself; always magnifying every ailment and misfortune; always fearful of lightning, and tornadoes, and rain storms, and drought, and famine, and pestilence, and contagion. She keeps a full supply of quack medicines for "toning up the stomach," "giving an appetite," "enriching the blood," "assisting the liver," "regulating the bowels," "helping nature," and "rectifying derangements." Poor girl!

Religious Reading.

LAYING DOWN THE LIFE FOR FRIENDS.

BY REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—JOHN xv., 13.

LOVE is life. If the love is natural, the life is natural. If the love is spiritual, the life is spiritual. If the love is evil, the life is evil. If the love is good, the life is good. In all cases the love is the measure of the quality and degree of the life, for it is the life.

The first degree of love in the order of time is the natural. It is the love of this world, and of the things of this world. Its various derivative forms are called natural affections. It is also the love of self. This is a good love when it keeps its place. It is right for us to love ourselves and the world, our children and friends. Natural delights are good in their degree and kind. The Lord created us to enjoy this life, to derive pleasure from all its possessions and relations. But it is only good when it is estimated at its true value. It is the lowest form of life. It is temporary, and when judged by the highest standards, by the true end of life, it is only an apparent good.

But it becomes evil as soon as it is over-estimated, as it is by every one before regeneration. The natural degree of life was formed to be the foot, and it assumes to be the head. It was designed to be merely an instrument in the production of higher forms of life; but it absorbs all the sap and vigor of the tree, and "produces leaves only." It is now practically regarded as the only real life, and it is so called. To be successful, fortunate, is to obtain an abundance of the things of this life; and life itself is regarded as existence in the material body. All the common forms of thought and modes of expression confirm the truth, that we do practically regard this world as the real world, and this life as the real life, and its possessions as the real, substantial good. When this state of the mind is mentioned in the Word, it is sometimes called life, though in truth it is

death. Consequently we find it written, "Who-soever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." Here we find the apparent and the real life contrasted. Our life is the natural, evil life, and if we try to save it, that is, if we live only as natural men, and seek only to enjoy the pleasures of this life, we shall lose our spiritual and eternal life. But if we subdue and destroy our evil life, we shall save our spiritual and eternal life.

This over-estimate of our natural life is the inversion of true order. It must, therefore, be corrected before we can be truly said to live. We must "lay it down." We must cease to regard it as the real good. We must bring these natural loves, which assume to rule over us, into subjection to the true order of life. In this order they are servants, and they must be made to serve. They are not friends in any sense. In a true order of life they are good and faithful servants. In an inverted order, they are usurpers and enemies, and must be put down.

And they must be put down for our friends. Who or what, then, are they? Speaking generally and abstractedly, the truth is our friend. "Ye are my friends," said the Lord, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." All the Lord's commandments are truths. We can all see that if there is any true path of life, those directions which point out the way without any mistakes are our true friends, for they show us how we may escape the dangers of error and secure the highest ends of life. So far as these truths are embodied in persons, those persons become our friends, and the only true friends we have.

A true friend desires to help us, and not himself. He favors us and helps us along when we go right, but he hinders and opposes us if we go wrong. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." A true friend stands by us as long as he can do us good, and he leaves us when, by so doing, he can serve us more effectually than by remaining with us. He assists us in our weakness; reproves us for

our errors; encourages us when we despond and faint; chides us when we linger and halt in the path of duty; rejoices in our real prosperity; grieves at our adversity, and sympathizes with us always. His hand is ever extended to help, to sustain, to guide us. Such a friend is the truth. It is the straight path to the true goal of life, it is the light which always shines, whether clouds obscure our minds or not. It never deserts us, though we may forsake it. So far as any one is the embodiment of the truth, so far is he a friend to every one, though he may appear to be an enemy. The Lord is such a friend. These are the friends mentioned in our text, for whom we ought to lay down our life. And so far as we do, it becomes a test of our love for them.

By "laying down our life," however, is not meant the giving up of our life in this world, the separation of the soul and body. A man may expose himself to certain death in battle; he may surrender himself into the hands of the executioner, or go voluntarily to the stake and give his body to the flames, and yet not lay down his life for his friends. He may do all these things for the love of glory, or some other evil love. He may regard himself first in his surrender of his natural life. But we only lay down our life for our friends when we give up our selfish and worldly loves for them. This is the most difficult thing we can do, and thus it becomes the severest test of our love for them.

But there are those, perhaps more than we think, who do possess this "greater love." There are parents who lay down their life for their children, and children who do it for their parents, husbands for their wives, wives for husbands, and friends for friends. And the exhibition of this love by whomsoever exercised, is one of the noblest and most beautiful sights in the world. You have seen it—perhaps you are doing it yourself. You have seen a son, noble and dutiful, foregoing his own pleasures, postponing or giving up entirely his most deeply cherished plans, for a father or a mother; restraining the impulses of youth and giving up entirely his strength to be the stay and the staff for the feebleness and decrepitude of age. You have seen a daughter, with beautiful and touching tenderness, lay down the delights of youth, the pleasures of social life, and give up, one by one, some dearly cherished tastes and habits, and it may be hopes and affections treasured in the inmost shrine of her heart, to watch over aged and infirm parents, to lift the burdens which often press so heavily upon us toward the close of our earthly life, to minister to their many wants, to be their hands and their feet, a light to their eyes, and a song of joy in their hearts.

You have seen a wife and mother, with a devotion which has no parallel, lay down her own worldly and selfish life upon the altar of her affections. Many of you who hear me may be doing it now. Day by day you go the round of domestic duty. You lay down your youth and the beauty and freshness of life's morning. You give up the home that sheltered you in infancy and childhood; the patient and tender care of parental affection.

Many give up wealth for poverty; luxurious ease and freedom from all care, for daily toil and painful solicitude for others. They give their strength and the fresh vigor of their prime. Patiently and tenderly they wait and watch, and renounce, weaving the web of others' lives with threads drawn from their own, and in manifold ways foregoing their own wishes, denying themselves and offering up their own lives, for those dearer than life, and often for a poor and cold return.

The days of martyrdom and heroic self-sacrifice are not yet passed. The four walls of many of our dwellings enclose the scene of tragedies as painful, as heroic and sublime, as was ever enacted on any stage, or wrought out by fire and sword in days of persecution and blood. There are noble offerings of love to duty; a weary, painful, protracted wasting of life by inches, where the light of all hope fades as a summer sun, and the darkness is seen approaching, with slow but sure and steady step, like a stormy night. The warmth of affection wanes, and the cold of neglect comes creeping on, as winter cools and chills, and turns to ice in his frozen bosom the fervid summer and bounteous autumn. Aye, there is more than this. There is blood. Not the red current that flows in the veins of our bodies, but the blood of a higher and nobler life. There is torture, worthier of its infernal origin than ever racked the bones or stretched the quivering flesh, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. There is the slow torture of a sensitive life; the pulling out, as it were, fibre by fibre, of the living soul. Death in battle or by the hands of the executioner, or even at the stake, is nothing compared with this. In the roar and din of conflicting armies, men are hurried on by excitement, and they become unconscious of danger and suffering. Even the martyr is sustained by the stimulus of applauding and sympathizing crowds. If the pain is great, it is momentary. A flash, a stroke, or at most a few moments of agony, and all is over. But this immolation of the soul is by slow and painful degrees, with no sympathy. It is suffered alone.

These are some natural examples of the general truth of our text, which fall within the observation of all. But there is a sense in which it is applicable to all, in every station, to the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, the prosperous and the unfortunate. All who become regenerated and attain a true spiritual life, must lay down their natural life, their selfish and worldly loves; and the degree in which they do it is the measure of their spiritual life. Let us apply the test to ourselves and see how we can stand the trial.

Our real and true friend is the love of spiritual goodness and truth, the love of learning it and obeying it. How many of you, my friends, love the truth better than any selfish or worldly interest? How many are willing to lay down your natural delights, your worldly hopes, your selfish pleasures, your business, your office, to break up your selfish relations, to sever your natural ties, to abstain from vicious habits, to consider yourselves, in all aspects of your life, as spiritual and immortal beings, if the truth demands one or all of these things? The truth does demand of you

to put your own interest on a level with your neighbor's in all your business. Can you do it? Can you lay down so much of your natural life for your friend, justice, as to do that? Can you look to his interests as well as your own? If you employ others in the house or shop, the store or field, can you look to their interests as well, as really, as fully, as your own? Can you treat them as you would wish to be treated, if you were in their place? Can you be kind, considerate and just to them? Can you in any respect lay down your natural life for them?

If you labor for others, do you look to the interests of those who employ you, as well as your own? Are you diligent, faithful, willing to give the just measure of your strength and ability? When your selfish and worldly interests come in collision with theirs, can you give them up, so far as the truth requires?

You are all links in a vast web of social relations. You talk of each other's interests and actions; you discuss each other's opinions, character and conduct. Are you as considerate and tender of their reputation and honor as you wish them to be of your own? Are you unwilling to believe evil of any one until you are compelled to do it? If you hear an evil report, do you conceal it, and bury it in silence? Do you throw the mantle of charity over the failings of others, and try to find the good in them? When unkind thoughts arise in your mind against them, when pride, or envy, or jealousy, or any evil intention manifests itself, have you a sufficient love of the truth, and for your neighbor, to lay it down? When others speak plain and true things about you—point out your evils—can you be thankful for it as for a great favor conferred upon you? Can you put down the uprising selfhood, and consent to remain indebted to your friend for a time without any over-anxiety to repay him by a similar service? Can you, from a regard to the truth, lay down every or any disposition you find in your heart to detract from the minds of others, to say sharp and unkind things, to utter harsh judgments, and to poison the currents of social life?

The interests of our spiritual nature ought to be valued more highly than any natural good. But are they? Do you think as much of your spiritual as of your natural wants? Are you anxious to learn what they are, and to provide the means of supplying them? Are you ready to give up the necessary time, and money, and thought? When a spiritual and a natural good are fairly placed in competition, and you must choose the one or the other, which would you regard as your friend? Which would you lay down? Which do you lay down?

We have only to watch the voluntary motions of our own minds, to observe in what direction our thoughts tend, to what ends our affections draw us, for a single day, to see clearly how strong our natural life is, and how weak our spiritual—how much the love of self and the world is regarded as our life, as our true friend, and how hard it is to lay it down.

All the trials, the cares, the conditions, the fears,

and the so-called misfortunes of life, have their origin and cause in this worldly love, and in the necessity of laying it down. So strong are these natural desires, that few, if any, of us lay them down until we are compelled to, or are led by a long series of disappointments to see that they are only an apparent, not a real good. You have all had some love that was stronger than your love for the truth. Some thing, some end or some person that you cherished and guarded as your life; that you have lived, and labored, and watched, and prayed for; something so desirable, so dear in your estimation, that you would lay down all other things for it, and you may have been called upon to give up the treasure. While you were just entering upon its enjoyment, you have seen it vanish away. It has been torn from your reluctant grasp while you clung to it with the tenacity of life. You may have seen the blow coming; you have trembled, and struggled, and prayed, "O, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me;" and you have not bowed humbly and meekly while your heart finished the petition, "Not my will, but Thine be done." But the cup is put to your lips, and you must drink it to its bitterest dregs. Why is it? It is that you may love the things of this world—your friends, your children, your husbands and wives—not less, perhaps, but the things that relate to your spiritual interests the more. It is that you may have a greater love, for which you can lay down your natural life, in whatever pleasing and beautiful forms it may be embodied, when your spiritual interests require it.

But whether you are called upon in the Divine Providence to sustain these great trials or not, you are called to lay down your life daily, hourly, little by little. You are called upon to quell the rising murmur against the Lord for some want of success in natural things, for the privation and want you must undergo, for the labor you must endure; to slay, in their inception, envious and jealous thoughts of others; to check the unkind word ere it flies like an arrow from the tongue; to restrain the foot when it would hurry you away into some evil; to cut off the right hand when lifted to do a wrong; to pluck out the right eye when it looks to any worldly or selfish lust; to give up personal comfort and ease when a greater good demands it; to hush the clamors of selfish desires; to deny yourself; and in all things to lay down the natural life for the spiritual and eternal life.

We often think that we could make great sacrifices if we were called upon; that we could do some great, heroic and noble action. And doubtless we could, though it might not be the laying down of our life for our friends, but the cherishing of a stronger selfishness. If you wish to do something really great and heroic; if you wish to put your love for your spiritual friends to the severest test, try to lay down your life for others in all your daily actions. Think of them kindly; speak to them gently; treat them lovingly; perform your duty faithfully; act in every relation justly; obey the truth promptly; and in all the little and comparatively unimportant contracts of

life, lay down the life of self cheerfully. Do it for all, for husband and wife, for parent and child, for brother and sister, for servant and master, for buyer and seller, for acquaintance and stranger, for lover and friend. Do this, and your life must be more than angelic if you do not find self-denial a renunciation that will tax all your heroism and strength.

We sometimes meet with persons who are striving to die such a death, and to live such a life; and when we do, we meet with angels. It matters not in what outward garb they appear, how rich in this world's goods, or how poor, with how many or how few earthly friends. They may live in the remote alley; they may dress in worn and faded garments; their hands may be soiled and hard with labor; they may be uncultivated in manner; they may have little or nothing in the external to commend them to us, and yet they are angels. They are in the society of angels, and they are bound to them by indissoluble ties. Heaven is within them, though all without is poor and rude.

But this heavenly beauty and loveliness is exhibited in clearer and, if possible, in nobler forms in those who have had much to resign. "He loveth much to whom much is forgiven." There are those who have possessed a large amount of this world's goods, and who have enjoyed them highly. Their natural tastes have been highly cultivated, their habits have been formed by that culture, by those associations and instrumentalities which wealth or high social position alone can secure. They have a fine sense of the beautiful, and a keen relish for natural delights. They have been unused to hardship and daily toil, and their natural passions are vehement and strong. When you see such persons lay all these things down, if in the Divine Providence they are called to do it, meeting the rude contacts of life patiently, taking

up its burdens cheerfully, you see an exhibition of true nobleness, of heroic self-renunciation, that has no parallel in human life. They do really lay down their life, and the action of their language is, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Such natures do not become morose and misanthropic; they do not fret and complain. Their temper is sweet and their soul serene, and when called upon for some new sacrifice, they lay down their life freely and meekly upon the altar of that greater love for the greater friend.

This is what our Lord did for us. With the infirm humanity, He assumed all tendencies to evil possible to us, and by temptation-combats He overcame them and laid them down. "I lay down my life for the sheep." It was the laying down of this life that caused the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and the despairing cry upon Calvary. It was the test of His love for us, and the degree in which we lay down our life, is the measure of our love for Him, and our love for Him is the measure of the good we can receive from Him.

As the Lord laid down His life that He might take it again, so we are called to lay down our life that we may receive a higher and better. As the lower is put off, the higher descends; as selfish and worldly loves and hopes of earthly good fade away, the love of the Lord and the neighbor, and the ineffable blessedness of Heaven draw near, and become more real.

Brethren and friends, commence this work of renunciation, if you have not; carry it on with more vigor if you have begun it. Be patient, be humble, be faithful, be docile, be tender, and gentle, and pure, be thorough in your work. Be inflexible in your fealty to the truth, and persevere unto the end. Deny yourselves, take up your cross daily, and follow the Lord. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

Mothers' Department.

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED BY "VARA'S QUERIES."

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"VARA" is not alone in her difficulties. The first one, I think, presents itself to every mother of boys. I certainly would not attempt to give *advice* on this point, speaking at all as one having authority, for it is one of the hard places in my experience; but only would try to help another, if I may, by the thoughts that occur to me, and the means I am trying.

It seems to me that children, girls and boys alike, should have a regular weekly allowance. How much, of course, must depend on the parents' means and judgment; and sometimes on the tendencies of the child. Encourage them, too, to earn money as soon as they are able. There are various ways that suggest themselves, especially if you live in the country. It has always seemed to me unwise and unfair to demand children's ser-

vices as a right, and punish or reprove them if they manifest an unwilling spirit. Their playtime is their property, their own especial right, and *very dear* to them. We would not like to be called from our sewing-machines, in the middle of a seam, or from our pretty laces and muslins half-ironed, to wait on somebody; and we might not be very gracious about it. Their employments are of just as much importance and interest to *them* as ours to us. How often is a real self-denial exercised, in compliance with a parent's wish, and meets little or no appreciation. How often is a child *ordered* to run up-stairs for one thing and another, to go and tell Katy this, or Patrick that, to draw the baby's carriage, or take these letters to the post-office, and be quick about it. How seldom are remembered the little words, "please," and "thank you," that cost nothing, but profit much. At least, let us make our requests courteously, as we would of a neighbor, and thank our children pleasantly. And I think it is well to

make a small cash payment for many of their services. I do not mean, of course, every time a child carries a message to the cook, or picks up a ball of yarn, or hands mother her scissors—that would make them mean and niggardly enough—but for things that cost them effort and time.

It is an excellent plan to give a boy a garden-patch; and after having it ploughed and prepared for him, allow him to raise vegetables, and sell them. You can buy them yourself, or let him peddle them in the neighborhood, or at the provision-stores. Most boys count this "good fun." Then, in berry and nutting-time, the chances are plenty, and they enjoy both the work and the profits.

My eldest boy began gardening at four years old. That is, he planted a few kernels of corn in the flower-plat, and we did not know it till the tiny green blades came to light. We let them grow; they looked odd, to be sure, among the flowers, but far from unsightly; and the corn ripened just in time for a *birthday* present to grandma. The next year, Frank had a good-sized bed; and every year since, has raised vegetables for sale; peas, beans, corn, beets and so on; the ground was ploughed for him; but after the heavy work was done, the rest was left wholly to him. He selected his own seeds, planted, watered and hoed, and had the proceeds. The vegetables were mostly used on our own table; but he measured them fairly, and received the market price for them.

He had a present of some hens, took care of them himself, and sold eggs and chickens. He has never lost his relish for either this work or gardening; and now, at about fourteen, employs much of his time out of school in these ways, and his little brother learns from him.

Methods like these result in great good. Of course, the child's natural tastes and abilities determine just what means should be chosen. Gardening, for instance, keeps a boy, who likes it, happily and usefully employed; and is in the highest degree healthful. It tends directly to teach him the value of money. He can hardly help acquiring knowledge, and exercising thought and memory. It trains him in habits of industry, forecast, perseverance and economy.

It is a good opportunity to give instruction, easily and pleasantly, in book-keeping, in connection with any gardening or mechanical business in which he engages. It is well for him to make out regular bills, even when his parents are the purchasers.

Then, if to these good business habits, you can add charity and self-denial, you do much toward training him in Christian living and thinking. I do not believe that children should be urged to put their money into mission-boxes, for some far-off and doubtful good, that they cannot see or realize; nor to give *all* their money for any purpose, however good. No Christian man gives away all his business revenue; no woman all her income; nor would any be justified in doing so. But all our worldly wealth, our time and talents, may and should be consecrated. Everything should be turned to good uses, and held in the

spirit of Christian fidelity, truth and good-will. And this is the lesson we should aim to teach our children, by precept and example.

Christmas and birthday gifts are a great help in keeping alive a generous spirit. Hardly a child, brought up in a home of affection, and having the means at his disposal, will be reluctant to purchase little gifts at these seasons; and there are countless things that cost very little, that yet are pretty and useful; and when received as tokens of love, give as real pleasure as costly presents. There is no objection possible to giving our children money at these times, Christmas especially, for this very purpose; but this need not take the place of their own money; rather supplement it.

It is not usually difficult to awaken pity and sympathy in children, when a real need is brought before them. Kind people may differ about the objects of charity; but "the field is the world," and "The Children's Mission to the Destitute Children," for instance; the "Home for Little Wanderers," and the like, have the ring of peculiar fitness. Suppose, for once, you make this experiment. Take your boy to one of these or similar homes; let him personally see the children thus benefited; the various rooms and provision made for their comfort and instruction; explain to him how the money contributed is used, and why it is needed. Tell him stories of children that have been in these very homes, and been blessed and saved by their influences.

After he has had time to think it over, perhaps when you are yourself sending a contribution, or repairing a half-worn garment for one of them, ask him if he would like to give something to help these children. But never require it; do not even urge it, or seem disappointed if he refuses. Let him alone, he will think the more. We must wait and hope for the growth of the sweet flower of charity, as he waits for his corn and peas.

Another object that seems to me equally important is aiding to protect dumb animals; and in this direction it is very easy to lead a child of good disposition. I do not believe one lives, born in a happy home, and taught by word and example to treat animals kindly, who will wilfully abuse them. Children do hurt and tease even their pets, but almost always from thoughtlessness or want of instruction. They may easily be trained to be gentle themselves, to take thoughtful care of the animals around them, and also to take a personal interest in helping to protect these in general.

With regard to expenditures for themselves, it is well to let them, in some degree, learn by experience. It would not be wise or kind to refuse advice. Give them the benefit of your judgment; say not only, "That is not best," but explain the reason. Yet let there be no *commands*, beyond a prohibition of really hurtful purchases. Sensational books and papers, cigars, etc., of course, should not be allowed. But if a boy or girl is bent on an unwise purchase, it is sometimes the very best and kindest thing to let the experiment be tried—only never say, "I told you so!" When it fails, do not count the trouble small—it is not so to your children. Give ready sympathy and en-

couragement, though usually it is not wise to make up the loss; the next time, probably, your advice will be welcomed and heeded.

Judgment must be formed mainly by experience; and it is far better to begin while the outlay and probable loss are small, and there are home sympathy and help to turn to, than in after years, when, at best, the burdens will be heavy, and disappointment may prove disaster.

The timidity "Vara" mentions, is, of course, constitutional, and time and patience will best answer its needs. Anything like force is worse than useless.

You remember, perhaps, Mozart's dread of a trumpet, in childhood. His father attempted to overcome this, by having one played in his presence, regarding his fear only as a childish whim. But the boy instantly grew faint, and the trumpet had to be removed. Parents sometimes try to cure a fear of darkness by leaving a child alone in a room at night without a lamp. There is great danger, absolute cruelty and no profit in any such course. The terror is deepened, and the impression made lasting. Instances we have all heard of unprincipled servants frightening little children into idiocy, or convulsions and death. Even mothers have been known to do the terrible deed in ignorance, and blight their own lives with remorse. A mother once left her little child to cry itself to sleep—not that she was impatient or over-wearied; she was in easy circumstances, and kept more than one servant; but thinking it a point of discipline, forbade them to go up-stairs, and went out to walk. When she returned, not long after, her child slept "the sleep that knows no waking."

Any child, and especially a nervous, timid one, should be guarded with the greatest care from hearing books read or stories told of an exciting or painful nature. Ghost-stories, of course, should be strictly guarded against, and everything that tends to awaken fear. The parents' example of fearlessness will gradually influence the child. A gentle word, in the right season, a kind explanation of cause and effect, is helpful. But direct attack upon his fears, or expressed contempt for them, is only hurtful. And ridicule should never, in any circumstances, be employed between parent and child. It hurts most cruelly, lessens confidence, sours temper and does no good whatever.

Let us bear in mind, too, that oftentimes what we call physical timidity is more than counter-balanced by moral courage. Sometimes a sudden emergency brings out this moral power in a way that surprises us. Sometimes in physical crises, the hitherto timid child is aroused to a degree of physical courage and action all unlooked for; true, this is generally closely allied to moral courage, and occurs especially when the occasion is of such a nature as strongly to move the affections. How many instances have been known of delicate little girls, nerved by love of a mother, to deeds of daring and endurance!

Years and growth, gentle training and encouragement, will develop and strengthen courage in both forms.

A child's religious training depends most of all on the silent, unconscious influence of home—what the home is, and the life therein lived.

Direct "preaching" always disgusts children, and engenders hatred of everything in the way of religious instruction. But the example of an earnest, truthful, loving, reverent life is powerful for good; never forgotten, however slight impression it seems to make day by day. A fretful, desponding or impatient spirit will neutralize every effort at religious training. A genuine piety is always one with a true and earnest life; and it is this that tells on the character of the children. The selfish seeking for Heaven, the craven fear of God, that often passes for piety, is far, far removed from the Christ-like spirit that quietly and cheerfully does every day's duty as it comes, reaching out to humanity hands of brotherly helpfulness, and looking unto God in loving trust as a tender, all-wise father, leaving things present and to come in His care. A gentle word now and then, if borne out by the example of daily living, is a good seed sown, that, beneath the sunshine of a loving, cheerful spirit, will grow and fructify.

To the mother who is much with her children, times and seasons for direct teaching will readily suggest themselves. The passing incidents of daily life often furnish material for useful lessons; but this we must be careful not to overdo; too many words spoil it all. Much may be done by pleasant stories, ranging from Bible narratives to fairy tales. Any innocent story has its place, and subserves a good purpose. Children dearly love stories; even the old tales oft repeated do not lose their charm. There is a Providence in this universal thirst of childhood, and, if rightly stimulated, it will prove an efficient aid.

The Sunday-school I believe to be very important; and yet it cannot, as we are too apt to try to have it, supersede diligent home-instruction. We must act with and for the teacher, and manifest our interest in the Sunday lessons, if we would have these result in lasting good. When parents have succeeded in making Sunday a pleasant, welcome day to their children, while seeking to keep it holy in spirit, they have gained very much. Morning and evening prayer should never be omitted; it may be brief and simple—all the better for that—but if it is a sincere and grateful offering, it is never fruitless. And it seems to me that at least a verse of the Bible should be nightly read and explained to our children. These are the seeds that, if our daily life bears witness to their power, shall surely fructify some time, though it may be when the grass grows above our rest.

Home, to exert its holiest influence, must be not only pure but happy. Sunshine in both a literal and metaphorical sense, is as needful for children as for plants. A large liberty may be safely given where the pervading spirit of the household is reverence toward God and mutual love. Pleasures, not in themselves harmful, should be permitted—of course, within reasonable limits and in well-chosen company.

Let us make our homes beautiful and pleasant, so far as lies within our means. Far better to exercise self-denial in the way of dress and style,

if we must choose between these and pictures for our walls, books and music to cheer our winter evenings. Flowers, birds, home-pets, give pleasure indeed, but they do far more. They draw out the best feelings, and refine the tastes. And children need much association with one another. If bad company and bad books are strictly shunned; if obedience and truth are required; if the home is literally open to sunshine, and glad

in the light of love, there is little to fear. In good time the harvest shall ripen for the garnerers of Heaven.

"Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day."

The Young Girl.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

No. 13.

FRIEND, whoever you are who read this page, I wonder if you look from your window this morning, as I do from mine, upon something beautiful or pleasing to the eye. In how many different places such windows are. Some, in the great city, look out only on crowded streets and little strips of blue sky; others upon the snow-crowned mountains and spreading plains of the mighty West, where the sky reaches far as the uninterrupted sight can range. Some over the quiet beauty of field and orchard, where the grain ripens for the reaper's scythe, and apples are growing rosy under the ardent glances of the summer sun; others where hill and dale, brook and meadow, present a varied picture to the eye. One looks over the broad, blue sea, where white sails gleam and foam-capped waves run high; while another opens upon a quiet river, whose surface is scarcely stirred by a ripple. The pine forests of the South throw their shadows over some. I know of one where I am almost sure a young, bright face is watching the long, gray festoons of moss swaying gracefully from the branches of the tall, solemn-looking trees, and the baby in her lap coos and crows, and reaches out his tiny hands toward the crimson flowers in the window-sill. Other that I know look out upon orange-trees and jessamine bowers, and faces that I love are often near them.

Then I wonder about faces that I have never seen. I imagine Hattie Bell sitting by her "east window," enjoying the morning breeze and the birds' song in the apple-tree opposite. Perhaps she is trying to read, but I know she cannot keep her eyes in-doors steadily with this glorious sunshine and summer beauty luring them away. And little Amy—what are the window-pictures she loves to gaze at as she opens her casement? Green hills and fruitful valleys? or the smooth streets and pretty houses, surrounded by flower-gardens, of a quiet town?

Different people will see such different things from the same window. One will look out on the city street and see bright faces, and the most attractive scenes that are passing, while another notices at first the most unsightly objects and disagreeable sounds. I know some would look from this window and see a rough road, and dirty

children playing in the dust near by; or a dilapidated house at a distance would offend their eyes; but I see only the green slopes of the hills opposite, with clouds leaning low to kiss the tree-tops on their summits; the ledges of gray rock on the mountain-side, peeping through thick summer foliage; a cottage embowered with shade and fruit trees, and cattle grazing quietly in the distance. I hear an oriole trilling a waltz in the lilac bush, and a mocking-bird's occasional burst of song from the grove near by; and the child crying in the next yard, and a little boy calling out, "Ah-hoo-ah-ha!" does not disturb me at all.

Do not think, my friend, that I selfishly turn away from pain, suffering or sorrow, when they are real tangible things, coming under my notice—especially if I can do anything for them by sympathy or actual help—because I love best to look only at the beautiful. But I believe that God made these things for us to enjoy, even when we have trouble, weariness and care, and that the weariness and care may be lightened by them sometimes; else He would not have lavished such beauty around us so much of the time. And when sorrows are not pressing upon us, or suffering absorbing our senses, I think it is well to cherish cheerful, pleasant thoughts as much as we can, and *not* well to gather up little vexations about things which are of no real consequence to us.

Do not think I am talking of what I do not understand, or that I have always been able to speak and feel thus. I used to hug sorrow to my heart, and even thought sometimes with the poet Rogers that there was

"Such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

And the petty vexations of every day assumed for me a much greater importance than—I have found from the study of life and its greater trials—they really possess. Mrs. Browning says:

"We overstate the ills of life."

"Light human nature is too lightly tost,
And ruffled without cause, complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being o'erthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet."

Now if any of the readers of "Chambers's Essays" see this, they may accuse me of "riding off" from my subject. I confess that I have wandered gradually away from the starting-point, and will try to find the way back to my first *outlook*, if possible. As a first step toward it, I must say

that I *now* think it is a great gift to be able to look at the brightest side of everything. The one who possesses it has treasure worth more than countless riches. I do not pretend to have it always, myself. I hold fast to it for awhile, and think I will keep it securely, but occasionally it gets out of sight, and is hard to find. My windows do not *always* open to the east. Did you ever think of the signification of eastern windows? Light comes to us from the east, and it was a star in the east which foretold the coming of the "Light of the world," and pointed out to the wise men the spot where He was to be found.

So, when we open the eastern windows of our souls, spiritual light will come in, and bless and brighten our lives; while if we keep them closed, our minds are in a state of darkness into which truth cannot enter, and our lives will be a miserable failure. Open the eastern windows, then. Let the sunshine of love and charity stream in, listen to the bird-songs of hope and trust, and breathe the fragrance of the many flowers of virtue which, with careful nurture, blossom in the garden of the heart.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: I send you a little sermon by Fanny Fern, which I came across in my reading the other day. The text from which she preached is "Husbands, be cheerful at home," and I think it will do no harm, and may do some good, if it is preached over again. So, if you have no objection, let it find a new audience in the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE.
B—P—.

HUSBANDS, BE CHEERFUL AT HOME.

I dare say that your Bible may belong to an expurgated edition, but the above verse is in mine, though I cannot, at this minute, point to the exact chapter; but that's neither here nor there.

In every "Guide for Wives" I find "Cheerfulness" the first article set down in the creed; with no margin left for crying babies, or sleepless nights, or incompetent servants, or any of the small miseries which men waive off with their hands as "not worth minding, my dear!" So when the time comes for John's return from the shop or office, they begin the cheerful "dodge," just as they are bid by the single men and women who usually write these "Guides for Wives." They hurry to wash the children's faces, or to have them washed, and stagger about, though they may not have had a breath of fresh air for a week, to make things "cheerful" for John. John's dinner and dessert are all right. He accepts them and eats them. Then he lies down on the sofa to digest them, which he does silently—oow fashion. The children, one by one, are sent to bed. Now, does it occur to John that he might try his hand at a little "cheerfulness?" Not a bit. He asks his wife, "coolly, if there's anything in the evening paper.

She is so tired of the house and its cares, which have cobwebbed her all over till she is half-smothered, soul and body, that this question seems the cruellest one that could be put in her nervous

condition. She ought to answer as he does, when she asks him what is in the morning paper, the while she is feeding Tommy—his Tommy as well as hers—"Read it, my dear; it is full of interest!"

Instead, she takes up the evening paper wearily; and though the tell-tale, exhausted tones of her voice, as she reads, are sufficiently suggestive of her inability for reading aloud, yet he graciously listens, well pleased, and goes to sleep just as she gets down to the advertisements, which is a good place!

Now that woman ought just then quietly to put on her bonnet and shawl, and run into the house of one of her neighbors, and stay till she has got a little "cheerfulness;" but the "Guide to Wives" insists that, instead, she must sit down and look at her John, so that no unlucky noise may disturb his slumber; and half the wives do it, too; and that's the way they make, and perpetuate, these very Johns.

The way men nurse up their frail bodies is curious to witness, in contrast with the little care they take of their wives. Now, it never occurs to most wives that being "tired" is an excuse for not doing anything that, half dead, they are drummed up to do. Now, there's just where I blame them. If they wait for their Johns to see it, or to say it, they may wait for the millennium. There's no need of a fight about it either. He wants to lie there and be read to. Well—let him lie there; but don't you read to him, or talk to him either, when you feel tired. If he is so stupid or indifferent as not to see that you can't begin another day of worry like that without a reprieve of some kind, bid him a pleasant good-evening, and go to some pleasant neighbor's, as he would do, if he felt like you, for the same reason—as he did do the evening before, without consulting your preference or tiredness.

Now this may sound vixenish, but it is simply justice; and it is time women learned that, as mothers of families, it is just as much their duty to consult their physical needs, as it is for the fathers of families to consult theirs, and more too, since the nervous organization of women is more delicate, and the pettiness of their household cares more exhaustive and wearing than a man's can possibly be; and this I will insist on, spite of every parson who ever said, "Let us have peace!" Peace, reverend sir, is of no sex. We like it, too; but too dear, a price may be paid even for "peace."

Now I know there are instances, for I have seen them, in which the husband is the only cheerful element in the house—when his step, his countenance, like sunshine, irradiates and warms every nook and corner. But, ah! how rare is this! I know, too, that cheerfulness is greatly a thing of temperament; but I also know that it is just as much a man's duty to cultivate it by reading to his wife, and conversing with his wife, as it is hers to amuse and cheer him when the day's cares are over. And in this respect I must say that men, as a general thing, are disgustingly selfish—absorbing, but never giving out, accepting, but seldom returning. It is for women to assert their right

to fresh air, to relaxation, to relief from care, whenever the physical system breaks down, just as men always do; for the Johns seldom wake up to it till the coffin is ordered—and pocket-handkerchiefs are too late!

ONE MARK OF A GENTLEMAN.

THERE are many people who pass for very genteel folks in society who have not yet learned the very foundation principles of politeness. It is not in the drawing-room, in the society of his equals, that you can determine whether a man is a gentleman or not, but in the society of his inferiors and dependents. How does he deport himself among his workmen? Does he put on the airs of a petty tyrant where he dares to tyrannize? Does he speak haughtily to his boot-black, and find needless fault with those who serve him? If so, mark him down, girls, as no true gentleman; and I shall not blame you if you seriously mistrust the sincerity of any religion he may profess.

True religion softens the heart toward all around us, even the dumb creatures made subject to our will. True high-breeding is shown by a courtesy and kindness of manner toward inferiors and dependents. A gracefulness of demeanor here, tells far more of a person's true character than the most punctilious etiquette in "society."

It is at your peril, girls, that you accept a suitor who is not a "true gentleman." He may possess this noblest distinction and wear the roughest homespun. His hand may be toil-hardened, and his brow sunburnt, but if he is a true gentleman he is the peer of any prince.

The man who is coarse and careless in his behavior to his mother and sisters will never be a desirable life-companion. The one who is very exacting toward those he employs will make home-life a burden by his endless fault-finding. Weigh the character of the one who seeks your hand far more critically than you weigh the fortune. A happy life is more desirable than a gilded cage.

J. E.

A LETTER FROM "LIBBIE."

MR. EDITOR: Having been a constant reader of your magazine for a number of years, I want to let you know how thoroughly I enjoy and appreciate it. If I was an enthusiastic school-girl, I should say your magazine is perfectly splendid; but being a married woman, I will only say I prize it above all others, hoping at the same time that you are a modest man, not conceited, or so much praise from every one might turn your head.

I always turn the leaves eagerly until I come to "The Deacon's Household." Dear good Pipey, how I love her for the many good things she has said to us through the pages of the HOME. I want to tell her through you how much good her "talks" in the February number did me. I have read them over, and thought of them more, I think, than of anything she has ever written before. I want to say to her I think, as regards

her "family affairs," *she* is correct, and *not* "brother Rube."

The "Mothers' Department" comes to me freighted with loving, earnest words—words which I have pondered in my heart, and which have helped me through many a long, care-burdened day. Sometimes, as I begin the day's labor, and look forward to the endless round of tasks which my one pair of hands must accomplish, I almost shrink from them in despair; but with a prayer to "our Father" for strength and guidance, and the knowledge that my darlings are still spared to me, while so many mothers moan over "empty cradles," I strive to do well each duty as it comes.

And then dear little "Chatty" (I always think of her as little). It seems to me I am well acquainted with each of her girls. I understand all about their school life, for I don't have to look back so very far to remember mine. I did have to laugh, though, Chatty, when you gave us the "only correct way of mopping;" not that it isn't the correct way, but, Chatty dear, if I, with my two babies, were to go through with that long process of mopping every time my kitchen floor needs it, what would become of the knitting, and sewing, and mending, the dinners and suppers, the thousand-and-one duties of my household? Who would watch my little ones while I was breaking my back wringing out the mop some eighteen or twenty times—for you say it is to be wiped dry three times with the mop. I try to be neat; I call myself a cleanly housekeeper, but I never could adopt your mopping system and have any time or strength left for other work. If I "took in mopping," now, Chatty, it might do. I detest mopping anyhow; and so, to obviate the necessity, my good husband painted my kitchen floor last week while I and my babies were making a visit "home."

Dear me, how long my letter has grown! I am afraid Mr. Arthur will consign it to the waste-basket, so I will end just here.

LIBBIE.

TO THE FRIEND

WHO GAVE ME A "PEN-AND-INK PORTRAIT" OF
LITTLE LICHEN.

DEAR FRIEND: Your little sketch of Lichen was gladly read; and, if Mr. Arthur will permit me, I would like to thank you for it. It is ever a pleasure to me to know what I may of those in whom I become interested, and I welcome every glimpse of their life and character. Dear little Lichen! I do love her, and I can readily believe all you write of her. Her window-pictures are filled with a true spirit of Christianity, and I could but believe them pictures of her life and soul. It seems sad that one so gifted must pass her life in sorrow and suffering; yet I question, would the gifts have borne such rich fruit but for the suffering—but for the discipline it brings? The law of compensation ever holds good. The kind Father does not take one thing from us without thereby providing a way for the growth of another of richer worth; and when we are shut out from active life or work by sickness, we

should gather the treasures yet left close around us and make the most and best of them. One can hardly over-estimate the blessings of health and freedom from pain, but one can do much good and make much sunshine lacking them, and life is yet worth the living. It is easy to write these words, but memory tells me of many hard, sad hours when I could not take them into my heart and be brave, cheery and patient. I understand so well the "inexpressible pain and sadness," the "longing and yearning," little Lichen used to feel, standing out in the sheltered porch and noting "everything in nature springing into new life, while her own life seemed withered and dead." I have stood just so in our porch, and felt the great sobs choking in my throat. It was so hard to be idle when everything seemed calling me to work. It was not so often. I, too, learned to look beyond—to look higher—and I tried to learn aright the lessons He would have me know.

Poor, tired Lichens! May God ever comfort them with His own sweet comfort and peace, and make their recompense great in that happy spring-time when they shall be forever well.

Do you care to hear more about my little moss-garden made in April? The plants in it are growing very fast, and have given me many beautiful flowers. The wild geraniums are all in bloom now. The pure white of the one kind and the delicate pink of the other, together with the soft, green leaves, form a very pleasing contrast and fill our room with wild-wood beauty and fragrance. I wish Lichen had it that it might rest and cheer her as it does me. Ah, the world is full of beauty. Do you catch much of it, unknown friend of mine?

EARNEST.

ANSWERS TO VARA'S QUERIES.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: As I am one of the mothers and grandmothers who read the *HOME*, I will try to give you some of my experience, in answer to "Queries" in the May number. I am more than half way home, with five children. I started out to have them perfect in obedience. At twenty years of age, and with no experience with children, I found it up-hill work. I found this direction in "The Book," "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally."

My aunt said to me, one day: "When children are in mischief, find something they may do and call their attention to it, without saying, '*don't do that.*' Prohibition begets desire," and I remembered, as I looked back, that the things forbidden were the first ones done when amusement was wanted.

My oldest was very nervous and afraid to be left alone in the dark. When put in bed, her father told her of God as a loving Father, always present with her, to *take care of her*, and kneeling by her bed, committed her to His care, and there was no more trouble from that cause.

With my fourth child, I made *love* the ruling principle. When I said to him, "Please do this for me?" and he showed reluctance, my remark, "If you do not love me, you need not," would

always conquer, which I have found so much easier and better than the old way fighting it out, whip in hand.

When seven years old, he had to go a quarter of a mile on a lonely road, after dark, to meet his sister, or she had to come alone. He was a frail, nervous boy, yet he never failed to do it cheerfully, but once, through some wicked boy's stories.

He is now twenty, and I am perfectly satisfied with *this rule*.

My youngest daughter was born with nervous heart disease, which made her very timid and dependent. When she was ten, we had a peculiar experience with burglars in our neighborhood; they went up the pillars of the piazza and through the rooms while the family were down to meals. She would not go from one room to another, alone, in the day-time. I turned the matter over in my thought, on going to *The Unfailing Source*, I found a remedy, full and complete, in the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm.

So far from finding (the right kind of) "talk upon religion" an injury to my "nervous, imaginative children," it has been my great help, coupled, of course, with the "daily walk" and firm faith in God and His promises. Here is a staff for parents to lean upon. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." Can we find a better teacher?

GRANDMA.

MR. ARTHUR: Will you please give me a little space in the "Home Circle." I want to ask some one of the friends who tell us so many good things how to fasten shells and seeds on what-nots and picture-frames, so that they will not come off. I have tried different ways; but, in a few days, the shells would drop off at the slightest touch.

Pipsey, that starch is splendid. I don't burn my hands straining starch now, thanks to you!

ANGIE.

HOME MANUFACTURE.

MY little girl has had dolls of many sorts and sizes, from the pretty, flaxen-curled wax-doll of Christmas times, to the tiny china doll which would just fit a puny cradle. But of late she has busied herself in the manufacture of a square-built image made out of black carriage-cloth, which has given her the greatest amount of enjoyment. Miss Dinah serves in the capacity of nurse to her numerous family, and blooms out in a new dress almost every day.

"I wonder Hattie can like that ugly thing so well," I remarked, in some surprise, one day.

"Don't you know the reason?" said her older brother. "She made it herself."

I think children usually prize the toys they manufacture far more than any that are bought for them.

A set of doll's patterns, which can now be obtained at most toy-stores, will give a little girl who can sew more enjoyment than the finest French wardrobe for her dolly. Indeed, our Hattie could scarcely sew at all when a friend sent her a set of

these patterns from the city. Her first effort was a trailing skirt for her doll, which I showed her how to cut, but left her to sew it alone. She complained of the hem being difficult to manage, and on looking at it, I found she had laboriously gone around it, beginning at the left hand. She has improved greatly since that time, and now rejoices in beaded sacques, waterproof wraps, polonaises and redengote for her favorite doll:

In no way will a little girl learn the art of sew-

ing and making so pleasantly as in skilled work of this kind for her doll.

One would almost think the care of dolls a provision of Providence for the culture of women. They are a time-honored institution. I remember seeing some curious wooden dolls, as flat as a shingle, in an Egyptian museum. They had seen service, and no doubt delighted the heart of some little Egyptian lady as much as wax-dolls do our children.

J. E. McC.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

NEDDY AND THE CHICKENS.

BY VARA.

NEDDY was visiting at grandpa's in the country in summer-time. Grandpa had a nice lot of chickens, and one particular brood had its home right beneath the window where Neddy slept. Every morning while mamma dressed him, he would stand on a footstool and look out to see the little yellow, brown and white biddies eat their breakfast.

Now Master Ned was only two years old then; but he had a grown-up Cousin Nellie, who was visiting at grandpa's, too, and she made a pet of Neddy and of one big white chicken that she named "Jim." Every day when dinner was done, Nellie would take some crumbs and go out to the door and call "Jim." And so she fed him every day, till Jim grew very saucy. He would follow Nellie about the yard, and fly up and pick her hand to remind her to feed him; and poor little Neddy could not eat a bit of bread or cake near the door but "Jim" would snatch it from him, leaving Ned crying from fear and anger.

One night mamma called her boy to go to bed. But Neddy said: "No, no—no go 'eep."

"Yes, my boy, the chickens have all gone to bed, and it is time for little boys."

"Go 'eep with the chickies. Ned go 'eep in the barlel!" meaning barrel, which was the chicks' bed-room. And all the time mamma was undressing him he kept crying and coaxing to "eep with the chicks."

He made such a fuss, that at last grandpa told mamma to wrap a shawl about him and he would take him out to the barrel, and see how he would like it when he came to get near the old hen and her brood.

So Ned had a shawl wrapped over his white night-dress, and grandpa took him up. Neddy laughed outright, and kissed us all round for good-night, and then went out doors, while we all ran to the bed-room window to watch. Grandpa pulled away the board in front of the barrel. "Cluck," said mother biddy. "Cluck," and then she added a little quieting talk to her children, as if she asked them to lie still for it wasn't morning. The saucy Jim ran out, however, to see what was going on. Neddy laughed rather faintly at seeing him; but when grandpa said, "Do you want to go in there now?" he said, "Yes." So grandpa

stooped down, and, putting Neddy's little yellow head close to the barrel, said: "Move along, old hen, and make room for Neddy."

The old hen started up with a loud "Cut-cut-caw." The chicks peeped out shrilly, and Neddy, turning, grasped grandpa tight about the neck, cried out: "No, no, go 'eep with mamma—not 'eep with the chickies!" emphasizing his words with kicks of his fat legs. And as the chicks all ran out, he called, "Go back, Jim—go *every one* chicky back to 'eep."

So grandpa brought Neddy in, and mamma put him in her bed, and we heard no more about "eeping with the chicks."

Well, the chicks grew and grew, till their mother hen thought she could leave them to care for themselves. But they still came to the old barrel to sleep nights, until they were so large they filled it quite full, and grandpa said it "wasn't healthy for so many to sleep in so small a place," and he tried to teach them to go to roost in the hen-house. But the old hens were cross to them, and the young ones some of them would come back to the old barrel. So grandpa took the barrel away, and told the chicks to "go sleep where they were a mind to—there were plenty of trees about for them to roost on."

But the very first night two or three of the smallest chicks flew up on the well-curb, thinking that must be a nice place—I presume because it was so near the house. When grandpa saw them about bed-time, he carried them, "*squaking*," off to the hen-house. He thought he took all of them. But the next morning, on looking down the well, there was a nice white chick, looking as though she was swimming on the water. Alive, too, for she turned up her little head as grandpa exclaimed, "Why, how came you there!" as much as to say, "Please get me out."

It was a dry season, and the water very low in the well, and on a stone that was close to the top of the water poor chickybiddy had found a little place to cling to. She was a sensible biddy, too, for when grandpa lowered the bucket she hopped on its edge, and clung there while he drew it up by the windlass, and when at the top, Neddy's mamma took her off a wet, cold biddy. She walked about rather stiffly that day; but she soon was smart as ever.

In a week or two after, one morning there was a cry of, "Another chick down the well!"

Grandpa looked down. "That good-for-nothing, lazy Jim, I do believe."

But, no, it wasn't Jim, for, on hearing his name, "saucy Jim" came strutting round the corner expecting his breakfast. Grandpa lowered the bucket for this chick, but he was not so intelligent as the other biddy was, and flopped round and round the well, and acted so wild and frightened that grandpa said he would drown himself. So Neddy's papa came to the rescue, and getting a very long, long pole, he poked and pushed the poor chick into the bucket, almost falling into the well himself as he reached so far down. And that poor chick was rescued from a watery grave!

A LETTER FROM A QUILL.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.

MY DEARS: You have all heard of the Foolscaps, though they are of no *commercial note* whatever. You will generally see them in *quires*, though I never knew of a natural singer among them. They are an *odd set*, considered individually, but these very oddities are the making of the Foolscaps.

But, in order to keep up my own reputation for *pointedness*, I will try and get at the *pith* of my story by saying that Foolscap and I have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of furnishing stories for young people. I expect to do all the writing, and Foolscap is to *rule* the concern, and this makes it all *even* in the eyes of the world. He, Foolscap, knows full well, though, that he must always come to me with a *smooth face* or I'll *sputter*. I won't stand any of his *wrinkles*, and he knows it.

You'd think by the make-up of Foolscap that he was well calculated to do *double duty*, while I am put together in such a way that you would naturally expect me to do things by the *halves*. Appearances are often deceiving, and Foolscap is a *two-sided* creature, if there ever was one. He knows how to present his best side to the printer, but I am thoroughly acquainted with his *lazy streaks*, I assure you.

He says I am too *blunt* sometimes, and that I need a good *whittling* down, but he can't do that little job. I can hold him down every time, if he does make so much ado about his *ruling*. You never see me *tipped* with diamonds, though I feel a wonderful *nearness* to *fine feathers*.

Foolscap is a *square-cornered* chap, and he don't believe in *gilt edges* any more than I. He has a foolish fondness for going to the printer, but always wants to borrow my clothes—oh, he owns up that he is a perfect *blank* without me. Well, I always dress him up in my most *stylish* suit, and he slips on a long snuff-colored overcoat, and off he goes as proud as if he wasn't dressed in borrowed *plumage*, while I either lie on my back or stick up edgewise and rest till his return—for he always has returned so far. People say it would be greatly to my pecuniary advantage if the publishers *would* only take a fancy to Foolscap and *set him up* in the *type* department. I do wish they would, and, would you believe it? I felt, when I saw him coming back from his last trip, as though

I should *fly*, the silly, little, *wee bit* of a goose that I am, for, to tell the truth, we are neither of us "worth a red cent." Yes, we are worth *just* that, and nothing more. "A small capital," I hear you saying, "on which to set up in business." Well, I mean to go *write* on, and do the best I can. I know there have been Quills that have made quite a *flutter* among the children, and Foolscap says if I can succeed in doing it that he will see to it that the publishers *rattle* out the dimes.

Good-bye. If you want anything in our *line* just send a postal-card to Quill & Foolscap.

KINDERGARTEN CLOCK SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY G. DE B.

SEE, see,

How prettily

The swinging pendulum moves along,
And as it goes it sings a song:

Tick tack, tick tack,
Night-time goes and day comes back.

Too slow

The long hands go,
And as they creep the hours along,
The clock sings on its little song,
Tick tack, tick tack,
Day-time goes and night comes back.

Hear, hear,

How sweet and clear

The bell within the clock rings out,
"Little ones, grow strong and stout,"
Tick tack, tick tack,
Dark night goes and day comes back.

Eat, eat,

The clock says, sweet,

"Children eat, grow tall and strong,
Bathe and sleep, and sing a song,
Tick tack, tick tack,
Childhood goes and ne'er comes back."

LAMPS AND LANTERNS IN EASTERN CITIES.—Highly civilized nations are known as "enlightened." The term becomes almost literal when we notice the streets of their cities. Public lamps are the "useful luxury" of refined commonwealths only.

Dr. H. Bonar says, "As there are not street lamps in Jerusalem, one must have his lantern when needing to be in the streets after sunset, both because he would be laid hold of by the guard as a suspected person if found without a light, and because the rough, narrow streets really require it. Our Jerusalem waiter, Gabriel, considered it as regular a part of his duty to come for us with his lantern as to wait at table. On he marched before us, up one narrow street and down another, always holding the light as near the ground as possible, to indicate the ruts and stones, for it was our feet that alone seemed to need the light. We thus found a new meaning in the passage, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'"

Evenings with the Poets.

"OF LITTLE FAITH."

BY MRS. S. M. WALSH.

O YEARS that lie before
In dim uncertainty,
What do ye hold in store,
Of good or ill, for me?

What shadows on my way
Shall gather darker still?
What that I dread to-day
Shall future time fulfill?

Must what I love to hold
Drop from my fond caress?
Must lambs from out my fold
Stray in the wilderness?

Oh, dim to my sad eyes
The unknown way appears!
No prospects fair uprise
Adown the coming years!

Ay, while I wander here
Mine eyes shall holden be,
Though Heaven itself be near,
And God encircling me!

But when upon mine eyes
No longer dimmed by tears
Heaven's glittering domes uprise—
Then have I done with fears!

Then all the dreaded way
Shall shine with living light;
And thou, O sad To-day,
Be radiant to my sight!

Then, O my garnered years,
No more uncertainty!
Despite my faithless fears,
Ye held but good for me!
Christian Union.

CORA—A DAUGHTER.

BY ALICE CHADBOURNE.

BRIEF and pretty title;
Full of meaning, too,
Do you know, I wonder,
All it tells of you?

Like a perfect poem;
Like the song of bird;
So much pleasant music
In a single word!

Sweet to be a "daughter,"
In a sheltered home;
Needing not, nor caring,
Yet awhile to roam;

Cherished and enfolded
By the purest love,
God has sent to show us
What is Heaven above.

Gentle duties wait you
Every day and hour;
Graceful duties, making
Life a fragrant flower,

Yielding truest pleasure
For your tender thought,
Into loving service
Reverently wrought.

So I count you happy
In your girlhood free;
Make the present noble,
Let the future be.

If a deeper gladness,
If a wider life,
Should await your coming;
Or a sadder strife,

You will joy or suffer,
With a truer heart,
If, as faithful daughter,
You have borne your part.
Portland Transcript.

FIRST-BORN.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

SEVENTEEN years of shine and shadow,
Since the rosy light of morn
Made the sweet June roses redder,
In the hour that you were born—
Hour that brought to flesh and spirit
Such an ecstasy of pain—
Such a rapture of rejoicing,
As will never come again!

I remember how the tender
Rose of morning flushed the gray,
How the sun with sudden splendor
Changed the dawning into day;
How the dappled clouds went sailing
All across the summer sky,
How the robins trilled and twittered—
When I heard my baby cry!

Seventeen years! but I remember
Still the passionate delight
Of that radiant June morning,
After all the weary night.
Haply, born to woman-nature,
It may come to you to learn,
With your own child for a teacher,
Such a story in your turn.

If it ever does, my darling,
May the time be rosy June—
May the robins trill and twitter
Such another happy tune—
And the child that God shall give you,
All I ask is, it may be
Just the daily joy and comfort
That my first-born is to me!
Scribner's Magazine.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

Housekeepers' Department.

BABY MAUDE'S SWEET APPLES.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

I HAVE always been taught that it was not polite to answer a question addressed directly to another person, but I wonder if "Exie" will think me very unmannerly if I reply to her inquiry in the February number of the HOME? You see you don't ask anybody but Pipsey to answer you, Exie, but I think I'll tell you how I manage fruit stains of any kind, and if you do not consider the recipe orthodox, because it isn't from Pipsey, she being a regular member in good standing in the Baptist church, and knowing almost everything, why then, my dear, you have only to set it at nought, and wait until she answers your question herself, in her own inimitable way. She would, undoubtedly, make quite an interesting article out of it, but I can only give you the plain, unvarnished truth, and that in very few words.

For fruit or berry stains, then, of every kind, dip the spots immediately in sweet milk—new milk is best—and let them soak for a few minutes; then wash and rub between the hands until the stains disappear, or if they do not entirely vanish, boiling will usually complete their removal. Another way, which a lady told me, who knows almost as much as Pipsissaway, is to spread the garment out on the grass, where apple-trees are in blossom. She said the stains would surely disappear.

Tell Mrs. R. next time baby Maude eats a big, sweet apple (or anything else,) just to tie on her a thick gingham bib, and lift her up into her little high chair, out of harm's way, and those indelible, unenviable patterns will not be found as an after reminder or source of annoyance. Tell her, too, to take some of her sweet apples, wash them, cut out both the stem and blow end and other objectionable spots, put them into a porcelain-lined or preserving kettle, pour in a quart of water and a teacupful of sugar, and set them over the fire. Let them boil slowly until very soft. If more water should be needed, put in a little from time to time until they are all done. They are much better than baked apples ever thought of being; so juicy and sweet. They look so nice and tempting, too. When done, pour the remaining syrup, which should be rather thick, over them, and they are almost as good as preserves, and, I suppose, good, old, honest physicians would tell us, far more healthy as an article of diet.

While I "have the floor" on the sweet-apple question, I may as well tell another way I know of fixing them. Pare and halve them, and take out the cores, and prepare them as you would peaches or pears for canning, only spicing them with cinnamon and cloves, or flavoring with lemon. Then seal them up in the cans you have already emptied this winter, and you will thus be replenishing your stock of canned fruit, and, by

and by, when everything else of the kind is gone, you'll be glad you saved them in this way, especially if the appetites you have to provide for happen to be of the "saucy" kind.

I used large pound-sweets, but I presume other varieties are equally as good.

Oh, dear! I've tried to tell somebody something new, but just as likely as not they all knew it before. Well, if they did, I only hope they won't tell me of it, for "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and so I'd much rather remain in my blissful ignorance, and fancy I have been generously communicating new and important truths, and that all the housekeepers of the Home Circle will at once proceed to write them down in indelible characters in their best recipe-books, and label them "Sweet thoughts can never die," or something equally appropriate.

Perhaps if they never use them themselves, some one who is now a little girl may grow up, and in after years be glad she found such plain, practical things in grandma's old recipe-book.

A GOOD NAME AMONG DOMESTICS.

BY ELLEN.

IF any has reason to realize that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," it is the rich housekeeper who is always out of help, and who finds all the available girls in the community shy of engaging with her.

"You won't be contented there," one says to another. "I tried it awhile, but she is awful queer." That last term generally implies that her temper is such, a girl cannot abide long under her roof.

The aristocratic lady may toss her head at the idea of her social status with servants being a matter of any importance. She will find, to her sorrow often, that a good name in that low plane is a very desirable thing.

"I don't see why it is that a girl will go from our house, where we have every convenience, and pay the highest wages, and work for our neighbor, who gives much less a month and has no modern conveniences in her house. I think the reason is we do too much for servants. It spoils them."

So I heard a lady once complain, and could not help smiling at her solution of the strange problem. I thought of a remark made by a working-woman, when expostulated with for leaving such a "good situation."

"What are wages worth to you, if you ain't happy."

That was the difficulty, girls were not happy in that home of wealth. They were looked upon as soulless machines, out of which it was desirable to get as much work as possible, but no corresponding duties on the part of employers was ever recognized.

If you wish to keep house comfortably, have a good name in your vicinity among the working

classes. It will serve you better than money a thousand times. It is not obtained by a silly familiarity, which quickly calls forth disrespectful behavior, but by a true *friendliness*, which shows itself in words and deeds. We are quick to detect this spirit among our own associates, and those we employ are not less quick-sighted.

THE STOCKING-BAG.

BY J. E.

"I MUST take time this evening to mend up all these stockings, if I sit up till midnight. Not that we are out, but there are old arrears that I have let lie over until I could find time. Extra bad cases that require some especial surgery, Cousin Em. You know nothing of these cares and troubles. Why even such a small matter as stockings make me nervous. Leave a few pair over every week, and here the work-basket is overflowing. Then I tuck away a few of the worst into a drawer, I am so ashamed of seeing them around. Then, as likely as not, a few slip into another drawer, until it seems to me it is old stockings everywhere. You needn't look solemn over such shiftlessness. I assure you if you had six feet to keep covered, stockings would be a serious matter with you."

"I was only thinking, Libbie."

"Thinking up a substitute for them? Get out a patent for it, and your fortune is made."

"Oh, no, not quite that. I was only thinking of a very simple plan by which you could keep them from flowing over so into everything. Just make a nice stocking-bag. I will make you one in ten minutes, if you will give me a breadth of old calico."

The calico was produced and made up, and then Cousin Emma ransacked every nook and stacked up all the stockings she found in the rocking-chair. It was a longer process to assort them out and mate them properly, but this, too, was done.

"Now each pair is rolled up by itself, and I have put in your ball of darning-cotton and needles. When you get a minute or two of spare time, it will not seem like a great task to take out a pair and darn them. The rest will be out of your way until you are ready for them."

"It makes me feel comfortable already, Emma, and I am sure I can work at them with twice the courage. Thank you very much for the suggestion and prompt help in carrying it out."

There are many others who would find such an arrangement a great convenience and comfort.

Sandy Creek, New York.

EDITORS HOME MAGAZINE: Your magazine has become a necessity in my home and is a highly-prized treasure. It is truly a woman's magazine. It appeals to the heart of maiden, wife, mother and housekeeper.

I was especially interested in Mrs. Duffey's suggestions "How to make home pleasant." It seemed addressed to me, as it answered many of my thoughts how to beautify home with a moderate outlay.

I had been thinking how I might make a scrap-book of pictures for my little boy. An old agricultural book, with every fourth leaf removed, makes a very good book for reading matter, but I wanted a larger book for the pictures, and was delighted to learn Mrs. Duffey's way.

A room with an unpretending carpet and furniture can be made very attractive with tidies, mats, pictures and a few vines or flowers. I have a corner bracket made of common wood and stained and with a lambrequin (or, bracket-cover, as they call them around here,) made of scarlet rep with a bouquet worked in the centre and finished with a bead-fringe.

Last October, when our woods were ablaze with beauty, I gathered a large quantity of maple and dogwood leaves. I fastened with small tacks a large half wreath over the bronze clock on the mantle. The scarlet, mottled, bronze, golden and green leaves make a fine painting. Just above the clock is a bouquet of pressed ferns. I have a large bouquet of pansies pressed and framed in gilt, whose bright colors rival water colors. Such pictures would be pretty in *pass-partout* frames, which, by the way, was something new to me.

I think one's kitchen walls are generally too bare. A woman who does her own work, necessarily spends much of her time in the kitchen, and if there is something of beauty around it rests her, though many times unconsciously. As my little ones are in the kitchen much of the time when I am, I have tacked a variety of wood engravings and colored pictures on the wall, and there is not a day passes that they do not ask me questions concerning them. I should miss the pictures, too, were they not there.

A neighbor of mine has a room full of luxuriant plants. I was attracted by two scarlet crosses that glowed brightly among the leaves of the ivies that twined around them.

She made them as follows: First make a cross of wood; tie raisin stems or knotted cord firmly to the wood. Have equal parts of beeswax and rosin tinted with vermilion. While it is hot (melted, of course,) dip on the cross.

I am very much interested in Pipsey and Chatty. But I wish the former would not wear a calash any more, it is inconsistent with her polonaise.

MRS. DELIA ORVIS.

THE EARLY BREAKFAST.

BY M'C.

I WISH I could prevail upon every house-keeper who prepares breakfast herself, to take her own morning meal as early as she can prepare it. No matter what "the folks say." It will be a vast gain to her, and, no doubt, add years to her life. Any one who has tried it, knows with how much more zeal and energy she can go about her work, after a good nourishing meal, especially if it has been taken quietly. But the mother who wearies herself out with preparing food for the household, and then sits down exhausted to take her own, as she can snatch a moment of time in the intervals when she is not waiting upon the children, begins her day's round under very great

disadvantages. The system, too, is far more ready to any contagious disease when the stomach is empty. The chills and fevers of our western country are sure to creep into the system when thus exhausted. Persons who have practised eating breakfast almost immediately on rising, have entirely escaped this difficulty.

Make your preparations over night for this early breakfast. Rise a few minutes earlier, if needful, and as soon as your fire is lighted, and the breakfast for the others started, prepare your bit of steak and an egg, if you like, and sit down to eat

it with a good slice of bread and butter, while your kettle is boiling and your griddles heating. It will not be time lost, but hours saved in the increased vigor and comfort with which your day's duties will be performed. Then you can sit down to the family breakfast and pour coffee for the rest, and sip your own in comfort. The old-time nervousness will be gone, and you will be surprised to see how much more smoothly the wheels of the domestic machinery will move on.

Try the experiment a week, and if you do not like it, you can easily drop it.

Health Department.

INSULATED BEDS.

AN insulated bed is one set on some non-conductor of electricity, so the electricity cannot flow to and from it freely. Their usefulness is as yet a matter of experiment. Their value might be tested by invalids, at little expense, for an insulated bed can be made by placing the four feet on four strong glass tumblers. Dr. Wagenhols, of Columbus, Ohio, recently read an article on the subject before a medical society, detailing many cases of acute rheumatism which had been benefited by sleeping on an insulated bed—among others his own. We quote:

"On December 25th, 1871, I was attacked with rheumatism of the ankle and knee joints in one limb, then the other. I treated myself actively by alkalies, opiates, etc., in the ordinary manner recognized by the profession as of most value in this disease. I was unable to leave my bed for three months, could not walk until April, 1872, and did not fully recover until the warm weather in June. On the 16th day of December I was again assailed by my tormentor, treated myself as before, 'and I thought myself happy' that I was able to be out of my room in eight weeks, privileged to hobble around the streets of the city with the aid of a cane. Warm weather restored me to health, and during the summer and winter I attended to my professional duties. On February 16th, 1874, while I was congratulating myself that I should escape my annual attack, I was suddenly seized in the night-time with severe pains in both ankles. In the morning I failed, after an ardent effort, to leave my bed. Fever was intense, as also the swelling of ankle and knee joints. A sense of coldness of the lower extremities existed, which was even more distressing than the pain caused by the swelling of the joints. This condition continued until the morning of the 18th. From the 16th to the 18th I was unable to sleep. On the morning of the 18th I *insulated* my bed by causing the legs of the bedstead to be placed in four glass tumblers. I fell into a profound sleep, waking on the morning of the 19th bathed in a profuse warm perspiration, without the aid of diaphoretics or anodynes.

"I steadily improved, and in a few days was out of my room. On Monday, February 23d, I left

home for Cincinnati, where I remained a week, during all of which time I felt neither pain nor soreness in the joints. I returned to my home in six days, and found next morning the disease returned. I at once insulated my bed, and in six days was able to go to my office and engage in my professional duties."

This single case, remarks the *Herald of Health*, is of little consequence, but the doctor gives a large number of others corroborating it. How much is due to insulation, and how much to the expectation of a cure, we cannot tell. As the remedy is perfectly hygienic and easily tried, we hope further experiments will be made.

The closing part of Dr. Wagenhols's paper is suggestive, and we quote it:

"One of the patients makes mention of the sensation of drowsiness which came over him by the prolonged use of the insulated bed. This I have noticed in several cases, and distinctly observed it in my own. Now the question is, do the effects of this form of treatment, which, in comparison with our former modes, is simply marvelous, depend upon expectant attention? Is it another specimen of the wonderful power the mind has over the body, or does it depend upon changing the electric state of the body? It certainly deserves attention, as, in either case, the patient is benefited, and this is the end of all therapeutics. All our treatment is empirical, and, on the results of a truthfully recorded experience the success of our measures depend; but why go any further now?

"It is unnecessary for me at this time to elaborate. I have in my possession several communications from gentlemen of worth and eminence in the profession, who fully corroborate my experience in the particulars set forth; and I am confident that if this subject, which I deem important to the profession as well as to the community, is properly tried and thoroughly investigated, much information will be gained and large beneficial results will be accomplished. Notwithstanding the cautious manner in which our profession has advanced as a science within the last twenty years, there are in our ranks good men who are captious and unwilling to assert or employ in the treatment of disease any remedies or agents that were not

used by their forefathers, who have long since fallen, some of them martyrs to their opinions, others to age, and many without ever having conceived the first principles of a profession whose complexity they had not the willingness to unravel.

"We live to learn; as we learn we advance in knowledge, our information and attainments expand, and thus our usefulness is made felt in communities in which we reside, and our vigor and energy is undaunted, by reason of the good results we obtain."

A WORD FOR CONVALESCENTS.

BY M. O. J.

NO doubt there is danger in giving too much or too strong nourishment to convalescents; but more frequently, perhaps, is the mistake made of giving less than the enfeebled system requires. This is especially the case with children. The disease is overcome, and the physician perhaps says, "Give gruel, toast-water," etc. The child is weak, nervous and thoroughly uncomfortable. Perhaps he tries to satisfy his craving with these things, but it is impossible; perhaps he turns away in utter dislike, or even aversion; but in either case he feels so badly that he "don't know what to do with himself," and soon the tired, worried mother thinks he is cross and peevish. Perhaps she bears with this patiently, and her weary feet go back and forth; she rocks him, sings to him, tells him stories, till after awhile, utterly tired out, she says to some friend who is by: "Well, I declare, I am discouraged trying to do anything with that child! I thought, when he was so sick, I would never complain again—never be impatient; but I do think this is downright perverseness. I don't believe I ought to humor him."

Sometimes, indeed, a child is severely reprovved, or "let alone;" and the sensitive little heart is sorely grieved. Perhaps a fit of crying ensues, and does more harm to brain, and nerve, and body, already unstrung, than the doctor's prescriptions can remedy in a week.

Suppose, instead of these weak and weakening messes, the little patient is allowed broth—mutton, chicken, beef or oyster broth. Of course, care must be used. Whatever is given must be well cooked, and free, wholly free, from grease. The quantity at first should be very small; perhaps, in cases of recovery from severe sickness, a teaspoonful might be the starting-point. But, in that case, give it often—say once in an hour. And by the way, till the patient can have his regular meals with the family, he should have food often; certainly once between breakfast and dinner. Cakes and sweet things generally should be let alone, unless in case of some peculiar craving.

A good way to make beef-tea is to take the upper part of the round (this is juicy), cut it in small pieces, put it in a stone jar with tight cover—a bottle will answer, but is more troublesome, and liable to get broken—set it in hard-boiling water, and when thoroughly cooked season with a little salt. Some prefer to soak the beef first

(after cutting) in cold water for half an hour, and then boil. In the other way you can put water with it, if you prefer, or condense the richness and nourishment. Much would depend on the taste of the patient. If there is no danger of a recurrence of fever, the broth may just as well be as strong as he wants it. It is well, soon, to take a little light bread or biscuit with it. Beef-tea, made in these and similar ways, is an invaluable tonic.

"THE TWO BREATHS."

SO far as pure air is concerned, some hints are given by Canon Kingsley which may be useful even to the poor, or to employers who care for their men. He describes what he calls "the two breaths," and their effects. The two are of course the breath taken in—which "is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid"—and the breath given out, which "is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid." He then points out that this carbonic acid gas, when warm, is lighter than the air, and ascends, and, when at the same temperature as common air, is heavier than that air, and descends, lying along the floor, "just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it." Hence, a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor; and hence, as "the poor are too apt, in times of distress, to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds," the friends of the poor are entreated never to let that happen, and to "keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from carbonic acid on the floor."

A HINT.

MULTITUDES of women lose health, and even life, every year, by busying themselves until warm and weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering, or in a room without a fire, or by removing their outer garments after a long walk, and changing their dress while in a state of perspiration. If you have to walk and ride both, do the riding first, and, on returning, go to a warm room, and keep on all your wraps until your forehead is dry.

HOW TO SLEEP.

THE *Science of Health* says: "The very best method we have yet discovered is that of counting. Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort), and with expiration count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some will be asleep before they can count fifty in this manner. Others will count ten, twenty or thirty, and then forget themselves and cease counting.

"In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen, repeat the dose until cured."

Floral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABBETT.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANNUALS—SOWING OF SEED.

THERE is no one point in gardening where the novice is so likely to fail as in the successful culture of choice annuals, especially such as are delicate and tender in their habit, and have small or imperfectly-developed seeds. Sometimes it may happen that seeds have lost their vitality, or never have had any; but in most cases, I am satisfied from experience and observation, that the fault lies in mismanagement.

Large seeds, as a general rule, give little trouble; common kinds give less, and that is doubtless the reason why they are common; but the tiny seeded fancy varieties are the kinds most likely to fail, and most likely to tempt one by their rare beauty as well as scarcity to brave the danger of disappointment in the uncertain hope of success.

This seems to me to be the mania of flower-growing; having myself for years tried various kinds of seeds, without the satisfaction of getting one above ground; or if, occasionally, one cheered the sight, it would disappear in much less time than it took to make its advent. Still, I cannot give up the interest in new flowers, and love the excitement consequent upon their growth and development.

It will not do, however, to depend on these untried desiderables; that is, to assign them places in designs or patterns, where their failure, by leaving a blank, would spoil the effect of the plan.

To insure success in germinating and after-treatment of small seeds, they should be planted in small pots or boxes. A saucer of red or unglazed earthen, if it will hold an inch and a half of earth in depth, will do nicely for this purpose. As these saucers have no drain, except the porosity of the material, it is a good plan to place a broken lamp chimney (an article most families can supply at short notice) in the centre, the smooth end resting on the saucer before putting in the earth. This may be filled with water, which, in leaking out, will dampen the earth from the bottom upward, without hardening it or displacing the seeds. You can also see in it, if water is standing at the bottom, making in a small way a wet subsoil.

The earth, for planting small seeds, should be fine. Small roots or fibers will not injure it, if kept at the bottom as directed hereafter. Sandy loam is best, but if not obtainable, mix with heavier soil, in equal parts, silver sand and old, well-rotted top soil from the woods. Let the earth in all cases be thoroughly baked in a stove-oven before using, in order to kill all eggs of insects, as well as all seeds or roots, that may be in it.

This precaution will enable you at once to determine whether you are nursing weeds or the expected plants as soon as vegetation makes its appearance. It may keep hope alive to nurse a pigweed, but it is vexatious in the end, especially if one has been liberal and supplied their friends with these little disappointments.

Pots that will hold a quart, if used for planting seeds, should be half-filled with charcoal, broken fine for the top, and then covered with the fibrous soil, or that which is unsifted; if small ones holding a gill or so are used, this will be unnecessary. Fill large pots within an inch or two of the top, smaller ones nearer full, yet leaving space for shading and watering.

The earth in contact with the seeds should be sifted. A tin strainer that will hold a pint, with a strong

handle, the bottom full of holes the size of a pin, or in appearance like perforated paper, will be found a very useful article in this kind of planting. The fibrous portions of the earth that will not go through the strainer should be used in the bottom of the pots. The sifted earth should be an inch or so in depth before planting, or sufficient to prevent the seeds from washing down between the coarser particles. Press the earth firmly around the sides of the pot with the smooth end of a stick or knife-handle; use the ball of the thumb to press the middle evenly; then scatter the seeds upon the surface, if very fine, quite close together, so that they may help each other to lift the soil in coming up.

Do not trust to chance to cover them the proper depth, but stick a few pins in the earth near them, leaving their heads just as far above the seeds as you wish to cover them, and then sift on earth until the pin-heads alone remain in sight; in this way you will be sure you have given them just what you intended.

Small seeds should have a very slight covering—just as little as possible to put them out of sight. Seeds as large as balsams will need a quarter of an inch. Flat seeds should be placed in the earth edgewise, as they will then have less weight of soil to lift in coming out of the ground.

The name of all seeds should be marked, so that there can be no mistaking their places. It will not do to omit labelling the kinds with which you are familiar, trusting to recognize them as they grow, because if they happen to decide not to grow at all, you will not know the name of the delinquent in time to remedy the difficulty.

The common method of marking is to write the name with a pencil on small strips of wood, and inserting these slips in the pots or in the ground near the seeds planted. If this method is adopted the labels should be painted white, and the pencil of good quality. Such labels can be procured at any seed store, or sent by mail any distance, cheaply. If homemade, unpainted ones are used, they should be wet with the mouth before writing on them.

The objections to this method of marking are—the pencilmarks have a fashion of disappearing when you want them most; the sweep of a dress-skirt, a cat or a dog, will knock them over, and displace the seeds or cover them out of the reach of germination; some visitor, with more curiosity than good breeding, will catch up the label, and, after reading it, thrust it back, the chances are, in the wrong place, and you may be thankful if not exactly where your choice, perhaps *only* seed is planted; they are also in the way where there is a necessity for covering the earth to facilitate germination.

Sometimes it happens that a lady does not wish to have the name of a plant known until she chooses, which is another reason why the above method is objectionable; for instance, a certain variety of seeds may be procured for a special purpose, to make a circle, a border, or some other definite object. The plants grow finely; no more, however, than is needed to carry out the plan, and leave a few, perhaps, for after failures; when some friend (and it may chance one to whom she is under obligations) reads the label, and at once claims a part, qualifying it by, "*You have so many,*" there is no alternative, divide or add another name to the list of stingy people, so common in gardening time.

I have escaped these annoyances in a good degree by adopting the following method. After the pots are ready for the seeds, I place small stones or pebbles

close to the sides of the pot, and register them in the garden tally-book for the year, after this manner:

- 1 small stone *Portulaca*,
- 2 " " *Petunia*,
- 3 " " *Mimulus*,

and so on, up to ten or more, varying the kinds, if numbers are likely to interfere with the plants; for instance, one *white* stone, one *round* stone, one *flat*, etc., and in some cases have beaded the top quite around, which serves the double purpose of a tally mark, and keeping the earth in close contact with the sides of the pot.

After the pots are finished as above, set them in tepid water, to within an inch of the top of the earth, and let them remain until dampened through; then cover carefully with pieces of old black silk, laid on lightly, and they are ready for placing where you design to sprout them.

This *place* is, in most cases, only a choice of the best at hand; that is, with small and "make-do" gardeners, who have neither green-house, hot-bed or cold frame at their command. Light not being essential until the plants are out of the ground, I have been very successful in piling pots on one another, with little square bits of boards between them, and placing them back of the stove until the seeds germinated. With different kinds of seeds, rarely more than one variety at a time will show signs of growth by lifting the soil. When

this occurs, place the pot on the top, and leave uncovered until the plants are out of the ground, then remove to the light, as directed hereafter, giving its place to the next one making its appearance.

These directions impose care and labor, but, if properly done, will insure success.

Earth containing small seeds, should never be wetted with a garden watering-pot, no matter how fine the holes in the nose, for the water will drop in large globules, occasionally, and either wash the seeds out of the ground, or into it so deeply that germination is out of the question. If the supply of water from immersions of pots, as before mentioned, should not keep the surface under the silk in good condition, give water from a wet brush, drawn lightly over the finger ends. A little practice on unplanted soil, will enable the performer to operate in a skillful manner, so that the earth will appear as if wetted with a gentle dew. As soon as the plants begin to appear, remove the silk, and keep the pot out of direct and long-continued rays of the sun, until the first leaves or cotyledons are standing upright and have cast off the seed covering, giving water with the brush, and at no time letting the earth become dry, until they are well established.

After plants are fairly out of the ground, if they are not left to get *too dry*, they will bear and need the sun except for a few hours in the middle of the day.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE is no more serviceable material for summer wear, for either church, home or travel, than pongee. It is especially attractive for a bridal travelling dress in midsummer, and is quite handsome enough to be worn during the ceremony, when there are to be no wedding festivities.

Speaking of wedding festivities, reminds us that the recent marriage of Miss Greeley was made remarkable by the absence of all ostentation and vulgar display—forming an exceedingly agreeable contrast to the numerous weddings in "high life" which have preceded it during the last year or two. None of the bridal party wore any jewels whatever. No bridal presents were on exhibition. "Everything," says an eye-witness, "was in good taste, elegant, simple and befitting." It is to be hoped that the exceedingly sensible fashion Miss Greeley—now Mrs. Colonel Smith—has set, may be followed, as more consistent with republican ideas of simplicity, than the vulgar shows into which mere wealth is able to transform the occasion of a wedding.

Advices from Paris tell us that the styles of parasols for the present season are especially noticeable for diversity. The plain, medium-sized sun-umbrella comes into favor again for the promenade. Silk, pongee and linen are the materials of which they are made, while the colors are black, green, brown, smoke, a dark shade of blue, plum, cream and gray. The darker ones are often made of a twilled silk of which the two sides present different colors. Thus an outer surface of black will possess an inner surface of blue, rose, green, maroon, purple or lavender. When a de-

cided shade in the parasol is selected, it must be of a tint which will either harmonize or contrast with that of the costume which is to be worn when the parasol is carried.

These promenade parasols or sun-umbrellas are usually finished on the edge with a plain hem, or with small scallops bound with a narrow fold of the silk. The handles may be perfectly plain or handsomely carved. One of the latest styles is to have the tip-point and six or eight inches of the handle smoothly encased in silver, which is either left plain and brightly burnished, or delicately engraved with small figures. Steel is also used in the place of silver. The latest novelty in handles is a little mirror of cut glass, varying in size from one to three inches in length, set in the handle in some quaint design. In one of these latter a lion or tiger holds one end of the glass in his mouth, while his claws are braced firmly at the other end, as though trying to tear it to pieces.

The parasol for carriage use is medium-sized, and often finished most elaborately, with embroideries of silk, jet, pearls, glittering spangles of silver, coral, plain or burnished steel. Or they are trimmed with ruffles and puffs and shirrings of silk, or with laces, fringes, feathers, ribbons, insertions, etc. Some are embroidered entirely in white. Some are finished with scallops, while others have a deep fringe depending from the scallops. The handles and tips are frequently of ivory, shell or coral, and most handsomely carved.

All sorts of little capes, talmas and fichus, of white muslins, black grenadines, black silks and cashmeres, either matching or not matching the costume in color and material, will be fashionable this summer.

Li-
ar
Publications.

The Mills of the Gods. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Twells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Among the many novels that are laid upon our table, we find few as entertaining and readable as this. The scene of the story is laid for the most part in France and Italy; and the description of Paris during the terrible days

of the siege, is most graphically given. The characters of the story are well drawn, and the plot well conceived and well carried out.

Our First Hundred Years. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: United States Publishing Company. This is one of the many books which our ap-

proaching Centennial is calling out. Though by its title it seems as if devoted to the history of our country since it became an independent nation, it in reality goes back farther than this, and begins at the very discovery of America. The work, which comprises two volumes, divides the history of our country into four great periods: the first beginning in 1492 and extending to 1776, including the discovery and colonization of the country; the second, from 1776 to 1815, its consolidation and statesmanship; the third, from 1815 to 1848, its development and work; and the fourth, from 1848 down to the present time, its achievement and wealth. The author has made use of the highest standard authorities in the preparation of this comprehensive work; the facts are collected in succinct and convenient shape; and the style, though perhaps a little marred by a display of fine-sounding words and rhetorical flourishes, is pleasing in the main. The first volume is now ready for the public, and as a popular history of our country has, we think, all things considered, no superior.

Personal Reminiscences. By Cornelia Knight and Thomas Ralke. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is the seventh volume of the extremely popular Bric-a-Brac Series. No volume of the series has, perhaps, possessed more interest than this one. The two persons whose reminiscences are given, lived in a period not so far remote but that the people of that generation are still objects of interest and curiosity to us. Miss Knight was lady-

in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, and afterward to the Princess Charlotte; and this attachment to the persons of royalty brought her into direct contact with all the celebrities of the time. Mr. Ralke was also a gentleman of extended acquaintance, and of extended travel as well. Together they carry us back for more than half a century, and their gossip about people and events is exceedingly entertaining.

The Adventures of the Chevalier de la Salle and his Companions. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This book belongs to the series of "American Patriots and Pioneers," which has already been received by the public with so much favor. Robert de la Salle was an extensive and fearless explorer of the wilderness of America two hundred years ago. He navigated the lakes and rivers of the North and West in the birch canoe. He travelled through prairie and forest, where never before a white man had set foot, his only guides being the savages, whose friendliness he had the faculty of winning. His adventures are among the most interesting episodes of American history, and this book, which narrates them, will be a popular one.

The Brook, and the Tide Turning. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This book contains two stories both of which illustrate in a forcible manner the evils of intemperance. Such books should be widely read, especially by the young, in order to encourage a healthy sentiment in favor of total abstinence. For sale by J. C. Garragues & Co.

Editor's Department.

Lago Maggiore.

NESTLED at the foot of the Rhetian Alps, bounded by the provinces of Piedmont, Lombardy and the formerly Swiss canton of Tessin, or Tessine, as it is now called, the Lago Maggiore spreads itself, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Europe. It stretches from the north-northeast to the south-southwest, and is exceedingly long and narrow, being more properly an expansion of the river Tessine than a lake, since that river flows into its northern extremity, and resumes its course at the southern outlet of the lake.

Lake Maggiore has not the grandeur and magnificence of Lake Como; but its quiet beauty will win as great admiration. The scenery of its upper end is bold and mountainous, while the distant Rhetian Alps form a magnificent background. The Valley of the Tessine is one of the most picturesque in Italy. Descending the lake, the character of the landscape becomes more quiet, until the plains of Lombardy are reached.

The shores of the lake are fringed with trees, while here and there a bold crag juts out into the water. Castles and churches, villas and villages, stud its shores, and the whole lake presents a panorama of varied beauty.

The Borromean Islands on the western shores of the lake are objects of especial interest to the traveller. Previous to the seventeenth century, they were scarcely more than barren rocks. But Count Vitaliano Borromeo, a descendant of St. Charles Borromeo, resolved to make his residence upon them. He brought earth and filled them up, planted trees, and made a sort of artificial paradise, which for a long time, until a better taste began to prevail, provoked almost universal admiration. Pope's lines aptly describe these islands as they appeared after their transformation:

"On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees!"

The lake is deep, and its waters are of a slightly greenish tinge. It is navigable for the largest craft, and steamboats pass to and fro upon it. The Simplon road passes along its western bank.

Weighted Black Silks.

LADIES are often surprised at the rapidity with which an apparently heavy silk will go to pieces. The *Galaxy* says that in some cases an explanation can be found in the fact that the material is "weighted," and thus describes the process:

"Weighting, according to Persoz, began with the modest aim of making up the loss occasioned by ungumming, but it is now carried so far as sometimes to increase the weight of the silk as much as three times, the bulk being also increased proportionately. The weight is added by treatment with salts of iron and astringents, salts of tin and cyanide, and the result is an entire change in the chemical and physical properties of the silk. What is sold as silk is in fact an agglomeration of foreign matters, without cohesion, and held together by a small quantity of silk, which, however, has suffered materially in strength and elasticity. Instead of being, as in the natural state, one of the most permanent organic bodies and sparingly combustible, it burns like tinder. When burning it hardly gives off the odor characteristic of animal matter, but it leaves an ash amounting to eight per cent. or more and rich in iron. The materials employed in this adulteration are sometimes of such a nature as to absorb gases with evolution of heat, and 'spontaneous' combustion is said to have taken place from this cause."

About Grammar.

WE don't know what the "schoolmaster" will say to the following remarks of Richard Grant White in a recent number of the *Galaxy*. Some of us who do not know a rule of grammar and cannot parse a sentence, will naturally incline to his side of the question:

"I heartily wish that so many of my correspondents were not so anxious on the subject of their grammar; so disturbed because sentences won't 'parse,' so solicitous to find a 'rule' to justify every form of speech that they may use. They remind me of Sampson in 'Romeo and Juliet,' who would not bite his thumb at the dogs of the house of Montague unless the law were on his side. Now it is very well to have the law on your side in a quarrel; and so in the disputes about language that seem to be going on all over the country, with a pertinacity and a bitterness which are to me quite incomprehensible, it may be very desirable to find a 'rule' in Lindley Murray's quiver to launch at the head of an obstinate opponent. It may 'settle' him although it does not settle the question. 'But the very worst use to which language can be put is to make it the subject of dispute. Language is of no value except for the clear and forcible expression of ideas worthy of expression; and for the attainment of that end the study of rules of grammar is the poorest of all means. Foreign languages must generally be learned by a study of their grammar and an observance of rules, which are merely formulations of usage; but even they are better acquired by intercourse with the people to whom they belong, and by reading their best writers. A real mastery of them can be attained only by those means. No one is master of a language without being able to think in it. A person who is obliged to translate his thoughts from one idiom to another will inevitably be a bungler in the language into which he translates. But although the study of grammar is necessary in the acquirement of a foreign language, and is the only means of becoming acquainted with the construction of the sentence in those languages that are called 'dead,' toward the mastery of one's mother tongue it gives no help whatever. It is safe to say that of the best known writers of the English language who wrote before the last thirty years, not one in a hundred had received any instruction whatever in English grammar. This fact is one which may well be laid to heart by the flocks of people who are in such a perpetual twitter about their grammar. The best English that I have ever read or heard came from men and from women who cared as little, and not improbably knew as little, about English grammar, so-called, as they did about the Rosterucian mysteries. Those who from childhood read the best authors and talk with the most cultivated people will speak good English—if they have the capacity of speaking it; and if they have not that capacity, they cannot do it if they sit upon a pyramid of grammars. And as to rules, they are passing away as a means of teaching 'the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly.' Those that were formerly held to be absolute have been found in many cases unsound, illogical, absurd and in all cases quite useless as the means of instruction. With them parsing will disappear. I do not hesitate to say that before another generation of teachers takes the field, parsing will have been dropped from the course of study forever."

Study to be Happy.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"We are all conscious of certain depressing influences which come to us in certain surroundings, and which we find it very hard to shake off. Often the cause is too subtle to be well understood, though the effect is so plain.

"Often walking down a particular street will sadden our spirits, though there is nothing unpleasant in its appearance. An unpleasant train of thought once occupied our mind as we walked along, and by some law of association became linked with every object. So the very trees and houses call back the feeling even long after the first cause has faded from our memory.

"It is worth our while to go out of our way to avoid these impressions where we can. An additional walk of a block or two is a trifle compared with the mischief these 'low spirits' work for us.

"It is all very well to say you will not humor yourself in such nonsense. You will yet learn to humor yourself in more difficult matters than this, if you

desire to live comfortably with yourself. Study to be happy is a very good direction. You will live longer and more healthfully for it; you will be able to double your working power, and be far more useful and acceptable in the world.

"Avoid as far as you can whatever you find to be especially depressing to your mind. Where it cannot be avoided, take with you a double stock of the happiest thoughts you can call up as an antidote. Fight hard against a tendency to low spirits, and though you may not wholly conquer, you will yet be a great gainer. Run out and call on a cheerful neighbor for a half hour, and you will find that it does good like a medicine to both mind and body."

A Century After.

WE have received from Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach, publishers of this city, the first part of a superbly illustrated work bearing the title "*A Century After: Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania*." It is in the style of Appleton's "*Picturesque America*," and will equal that work in the elegance of its illustrations and the beauty of its typography. No American city has ever been represented, pictorially, in so lavish and rich a manner as will be Philadelphia when this publication is completed. The first number has a view of Philadelphia from the State-House Steeple; views in Independence Hall; the State House in winter; Old Swedes' Church; Christ Church, and views at Fairmount—all drawn and engraved in the most artistic manner.

The literary part of this work is in the hands of Mr. Edward Strahan. The engravings are by Lauderbach, from designs by Thomas Moran, F. O. C. Darley, J. W. Woodward, Jas. Hamilton, F. B. Schell, E. B. Bensei, W. L. Sheppard and other eminent artists. It will be completed in fifteen parts, to be issued semi-monthly, and will be sold only by subscription. The publication office is at 233 South Fifth Street. We predict for this elegant work a very large sale.

Moderation.

"LIFE," says Professor Swing, "should be a long discrimination, rather than a long creation or destruction of ideas. As in the natural world, man is not expected to create a new fruit or a new grain, but only to take the wild orange and make it grow sweet, or the wild olive and persuade it away from its bitterness—as he is to take the wild crab-apple and entice from it the great New York orchards of large, solid fruit—so in the world spiritual, man is not to be a creator or a destroyer, but a worker of changes, a master of development and modification. Solomon declared a time to exist for everything—a time to dance and a time to refrain from such merriment, a time to laugh, and he leaves us to infer that the chief task is to learn when these appropriate times come. But come they do. Thus life is a prolonged act of selection, and the extremist, who goes along denouncing all pleasure, or who ridicules all solemnity, is at war with God's plan of human conduct. He that is only a student, and loves only the midnight oil, is as much a fanatic as the dervish who howls in the desert and calls his career 'a higher life.'"

Education of Children.

LADIES, some of them of the first rank abroad, have been so far from thinking it any abasement to charge themselves with the instruction of their own children, that, to their immortal honor, they have made it a part of their business to assist in that of other people's. These examples should prevail with the ladies of our age, to employ some of their vacant hours and efforts, if not on others, at least on their own offspring.

Publishers' Department.

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See new patterns in this number of *Home Magazine*, with prices.

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LADIES' TRAVELING COSTUME. For description see next page.

LADIES' TRAVELING COSTUME.

The costume represented by this engraving is designed for traveling, and comprises a skirt, basque and a long full wrap or duster. The latter is made of plain and plaid linen and reaches nearly to the bottom of the suit, terminating in a broad hem. It has a wide French back and a loose sack front; the former being partly adjusted by belt-straps joining at the center with a buckle, and the latter falling undisturbed. Each side of the front has a wide under-facing of plaid and the two turn back in broad lapels that can be closed at the throat if preferred; they need a wide round collar that rolls over the top of a pointed hood, which is folded and tacked to the shape represented and finished with a tassel. Its lining corresponds with the material of the cuffs upon the loose coat sleeves, and of the similarly shaped pockets, each being supplied at its back edge with three buttons over simulated holes. The front closes in the manner of ordinary double-breasted garments. The pattern by which it was cut is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is No. 3979, price thirty cents.

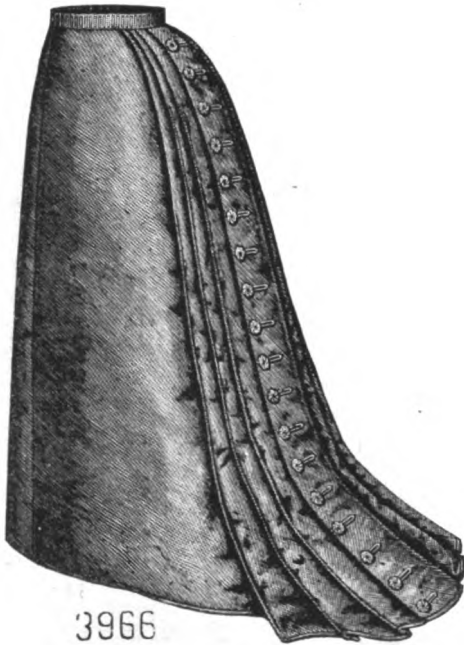
The skirt is quite narrow and is made of brown silk, just touching the floor at the back and nicely clearing it at the front and sides. Its fullness is confined at the back by a triple box-plait, which

forms such graceful folds that no trimming is required although it may be used if preferred. The pattern used in cutting the skirt is No. 3966, price thirty-five cents. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is suitable for any material.

The basque is plaited both front and back, but has long close sleeves, though the pattern furnishes a half-long sleeve lengthened with a flounce. A dart is taken up under the arm, which makes a belt quite unnecessary, though one is usually worn with this sort of waist. The back has a center-seam toward which the plaits in it turn, to correspond with the arrangement of the front. The pattern used in cutting the waist is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is No. 3485, price twenty-five cents.

To make the duster for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of plain material and one yard of plaid will be required if the goods are twenty-seven inches wide. The waist will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods, and the skirt $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The chip hat is trimmed with brown silk and a feather of the same color. The parasol is *céru* pongee and is tied at the top with a brown ribbon. The gloves and hosiery also match and are of a brown color.



3966

LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.

No. 3966.—The handsome skirt represented can be made of any dress material, with a pleasing effect. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be necessary.



2264

GIRLS' SUN HAT.

No. 2264.—The conveniently arranged little article represented can be made of piqué, chambray, linen or cambric. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 5 cents; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, being required to make the hat for a girl 5 years old.



3938

Front View.

GIRLS' PLAITED JACKET.

No. 3938.—Of any material, 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be necessary to make the garment illustrated for a girl 7 years old. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



3938

Back View.

3950

Front View.

3950

Back View.

3955

Front View.

3955

Back View.

LADIES' PLAIN, SHORT BASQUE.

No. 3950.—To make this pretty basque for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents.

GIRLS' OVER-DRESS.

No. 3955.—The pattern to this over-dress is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches in width, to make the garment for a girl of 6 years. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3962

Front View.

3962

Back View.

MISSES' APRON OVER-SKIRT.

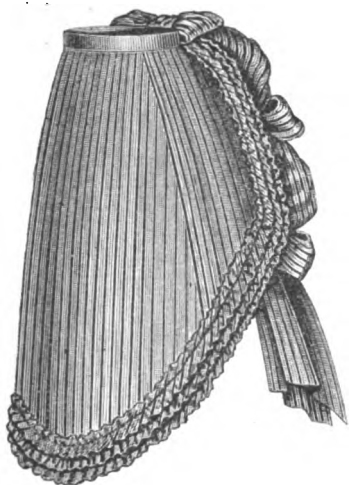
No. 3962.—This stylish pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 11 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



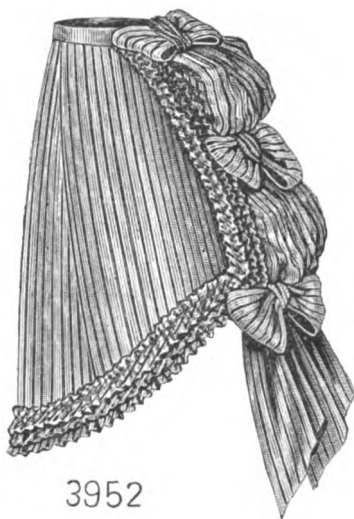
3949

NURSES' CAP.

No. 3949.—Swiss, lawn or cambric can be employed to make this cap, half a yard of 36-inch-wide goods being necessary. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3952

Front View.

3952

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, WITH PUFFED BACK.

No. 3952.—The pretty pattern represented by these engravings is suitable for any material either thick or thin. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to

36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3932

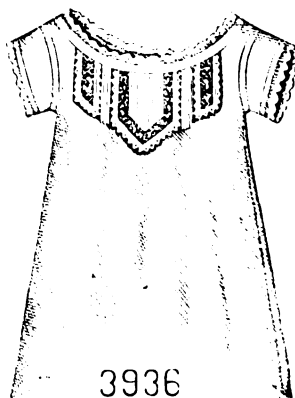
Front View.

3932

Back View.

GIRLS' LOW-NECKED APRON.

No. 3932.—This cunning little pattern is in 5 sizes for girls from 2 to 6 years of age. To make it for a girl of 4 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



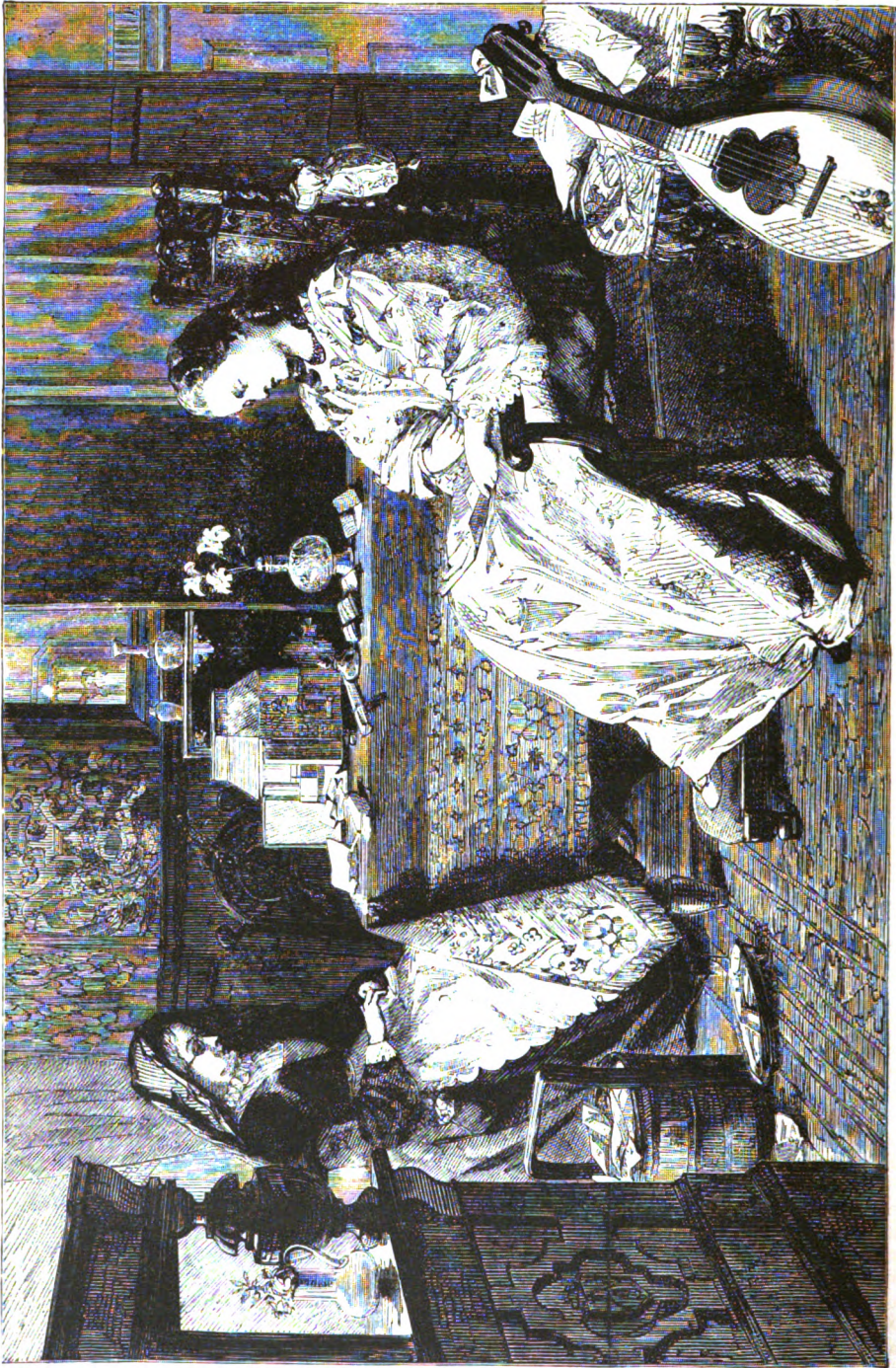
3936

LADIES' CHEMISE.

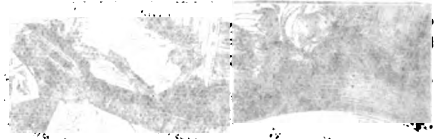
No. 3936.—The pattern to this neat and pretty chemise is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 36 inches wide, will be necessary.

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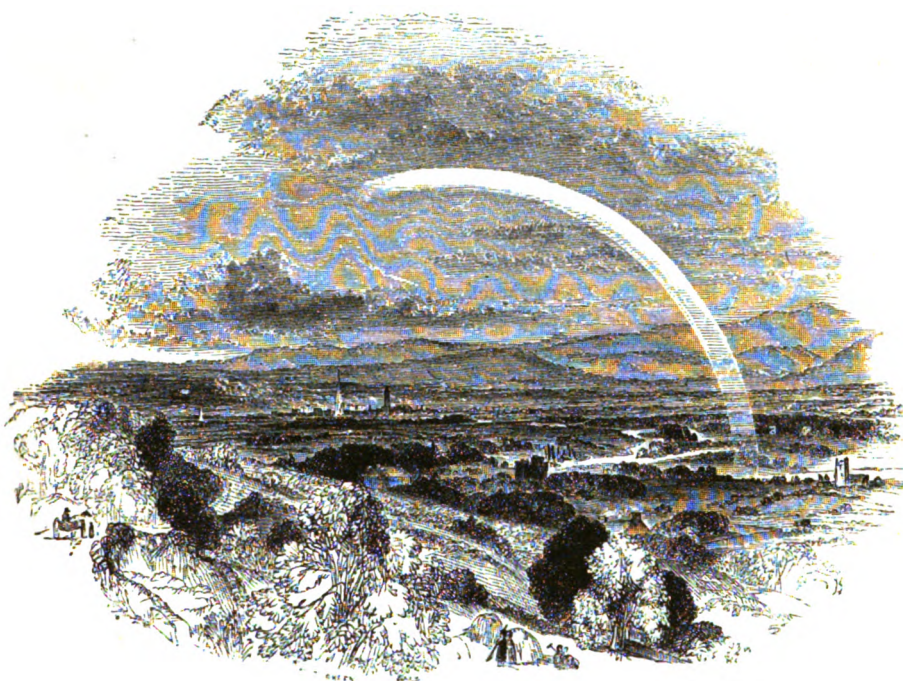
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No. 8.

History, Biography and General Literature.



CARLOW AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

FIRST PAPER.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE tourist in his travels around the world, will find few more beautiful bays than that of Dublin. The people of Dublin are fond of comparing it with that of Naples, though there is a lack of grand mountain scenery. True, Howth rises up from the sea at the north; the Dalkey and Killeny Hills show slight elevations at the south; the Double-headed Little Sugar-loaf rises near; the summit of the Great Sugar-loaf towers more remote; while the dim and misty outlines of the Wicklow Mountains fade away into clouds in the remote distance to the southward. There is a quiet beauty about the scene which is very attractive, and which, if the traveller be not expecting

too much in the way of grandeur, will amply satisfy him.

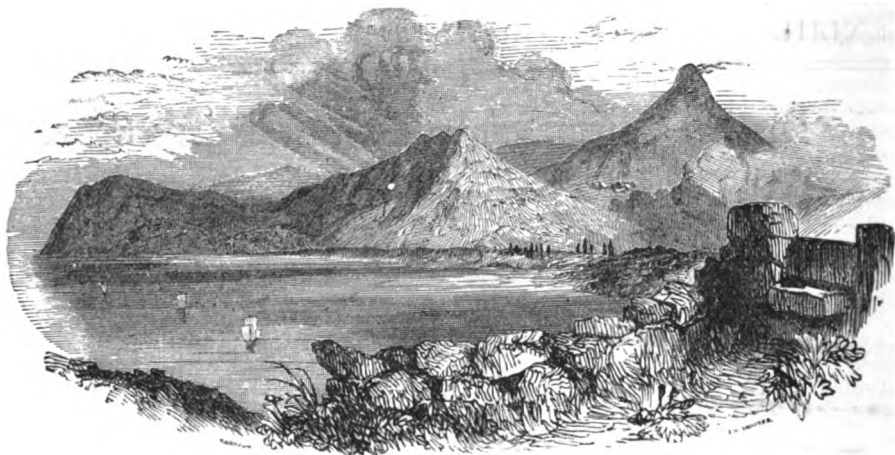
The City of Dublin is reached by rail from Kingstown, where is the harbor of the bay. The city was first founded by the ancient sea-king Avellanus, and a remote writer, Stanihurst, says of it: "The seat of this city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and wholesome; if you would traverse hills, they are not far off; if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffey runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand."

Ireland is full of interest to the historian, the antiquarian and the geologist. The neighborhood of Dublin is especially rich in relics of a past age. At the north of the bay is seen a bold promontory, on a leading pinnacle of which stands the most

picturesque of Irish beacons; while in the neighborhood of this hill is a Martello tower and an ancient abbey. At this place was once the harbor, which, in modern times, has been transferred to Kingstown, on the opposite shore. If the traveller be curious, and fond of looking up objects of interest, he may land at this harbor, and discover many things worthy of his attention. There is here a ruined church, a very ancient castle, some Druidical remains and the crumbling walls of a small oratory.

other places to which also are attached historical reminiscences. The neighborhood of Dublin is rich in relics of battles, and ruins of monasteries, and fortified castles. The whole province of Leinster, in which Dublin is situated, abounds in these traces of antiquity; but it is also rich in beautiful landscapes, which will compensate the traveller who has no antiquarian tastes.

If one would see the "Garden of Erin," let him visit the County of Carlow, to the south-west of Dublin. It is almost exclusively an agricultural



THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

Dublin presents a pleasing appearance as it is entered by the railway from Kingstown. It has numerous fine buildings—colleges, churches and governmental offices. The traveller will have his attention called to these, of course. But as this article does not profess to be of the guide-book order, it is unnecessary to mention them here.

In the southern suburbs of Dublin is found a locality which has achieved a world-wide reputation, and which, in consequence, seems to deserve some slight mention. It is no less a place than Donnybrook, where the annual fair is held. But these fairs have lost much of their former distinctive character. Tents are still pitched upon the green sward; beggars and itinerant players visit the spot, and lads and lasses make holiday, and dance under the canvas roofs; but quiet and decency now reign, where once was disorder, drunkenness and mad revel.

The village of Finglan—a favorite residence of St. Patrick, who predicted that it would be the future capital of Ireland, and who blessed a well within its limits—lies three miles west of Dublin. Finglan is distinguished as the scene of many historic events. It was here that O'Connor, paramount king of Ireland, awaited the coming of the Anglo-Normans; and hither James fled after the Battle of the Boyne, and was speedily followed by William, who encamped here with an army of thirty thousand men, and a strongly-fortified camp was built upon the spot. The spot which this camp occupied is still called the King's Field, and ruins of it remain. But it is impossible, in the limits of a magazine article, to narrate all the interest which centres around this place, or around

country; the River Barrow rolls through it, navigable for boats of considerable size; while the surface of the country is gently rolling, and green with the softest of grass and the most luxuriant of foliage. The engraving at the head of this article represents the town of Carlow, which is situated on the east bank of the Barrow. A more lovely scene than that which this town and the surrounding country presents can scarcely be imagined. The only ancient relic in Carlow is "the Castle," situated on an eminence overlooking the river, and said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed Lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. This castle withstood the attacks of time and war until the year 1814, when its ruin was effected through culpable carelessness in the use of gunpowder, which resulted in the overthrow of all but two towers. This castle was the scene, through all the centuries of its existence, of most important events connected with the political history of Ireland.

To the southwest of Carlow, and immediately adjacent, lies the County of Kilkenny, famous as the place of nativity of the Kilkenny cats, which managed to devour each other, all but the ends of their respective tails. The general aspect of the county is level, and the scenery is everywhere beautiful. Near Thomastown, in Kilkenny, are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Jerpoint. The abbey was founded in 1180, by Donough Fitz Patrick, King of Ossory, for Cistercian monks. The ruins occupy an area of three acres. A short distance east of the road from Thomastown to Kilkenny is the Round Tower of Tulloherin, one of five that still exist within the boundaries of the

county. The ruins of a large church of more recent date is close beside this tower.

The first object that strikes the traveller on visiting Kilkenny is its famous castle, the ancient and present seat of "the Ormonds," standing on a small hill that overlooks the Nore. The establishment of the original foundations of this castle is so remote as to be almost lost in the night of antiquity. At all events, it was rebuilt in 1195, after having been destroyed by the Irish. It has, within the present century, been put in complete repair, and is the present residence of the family to whom it belongs. A view of it, as seen from the opposite shores of the Nore, is picturesque in the extreme.

There is, perhaps, no city in Ireland so full of striking, interesting and picturesque ruins as Kilkenny. Wretched hovels are propped up by carved pillars, and gothic doorways are not infrequently converted into entrances to pig-sties. Ruins of abbeys, churches, castles and castellated houses, are to be encountered in every quarter, some of them in a state of decay, while others have been renovated, often with grotesque effect, and made to serve as churches or dwellings.

A short distance from Jerpoint, where exists the tower already referred to, is a second tower, called the Round Tower of Kilree. Its height is a little

At a short distance from this place is the ancient town of Kells, now dwindled to a poor and insignificant village; though its former state and importance are indicated by the ruins of many churches and castles. The town was originally built by Geoffrey Fitz-Robert, one of the followers of Strongbow. The same man also built a priory, in 1183, which was filled with monks from Bodmin, in Cornwall. The ruins of this priory still remain.

Kilkenny was the most important of the counties which constituted the English pale in the Anglo-Norman period; and the whole country is strewn with the remains of their former grandeur, though the modern towns are often mean and squalid in the extreme.

Immediately to the west of Kilkenny is Tipperary, in the province of Munster, one of the most fertile and productive of the counties of Ireland. Cultivated plains, both undulating and champaign, present a pleasing diversity of rich and verdant meads and magnificent woodlands, terminated in the distance by the blue outlines of mountains. Tipperary is said to be a corruption of the Irish Tobar-a-Neidh, which signifies "the Well of the Plains," from its situation at the foot of the Slieve-Namuck Hills—a portion of the Galte Mountains. Other etymologists derive it



KELLS ABBEY.

less than one hundred feet; and at four feet above the ground its circumference is fifty and one-half feet. Close to it is a very curious stone cross, formed of a single block of free-stone, about eight feet high, and ornamented with orbicular figures or rings. Tradition states it to have been erected in memory of Neill Callan, monarch of Ireland, who is said to have been drowned in the river whilst vainly endeavoring to rescue one of his followers.

from Teobred-Aruin—"the Fountain of Ara." Clonmel is the principal town of this county, and is remarkable as the birthplace of Lawrence Sterne and of the Countess of Blessington. A few miles to the east of Clonmel is the ruined church of Donoghmore, one of the oldest edifices in Ireland. It carries the spectator back to the first ages of Christianity in Ireland. Its architecture is exactly similar to that of ruins in the County Derry, which belong unquestionably to Pagan

times. A few miles eastward the classic mountain of Slieve-na-Man displays its bold outline, its purple-tinted sides wreathed in gray vapor. Slieve-na-Man, says an authority, may be enigmatically termed an Ossianic locality, being associated in tradition with the deeds of that bard and his father, Fin MacComhal, the Fingal of Macpherson. Until a very recent period, many of the poems of Ossian were repeated by several of the inhabitants. Slieve-na-man is also remarkable in tradition as having been the scene of the most celebrated hunting-match of the Fenlans, the best



CASHEL CASTLE.

description of which is contained in an ancient poem ascribed to Ossian.

Near to Clonmel is a holy well dedicated to St. Patrick, to the waters of which miraculous virtues are ascribed. It was once a favorite resort for pilgrims.

In Cahir, a few miles to the westward of Clonmel, is a castle on the banks of the River Suir, which occupies the site of a structure of the remotest antiquity. This castle has played an important part in Irish history.

Upon the River Suir is a stone bridge of great antiquity, upon which William III. is said to have signed the Charter of Cashel. The remains of an old circular round tower, which in former times protected the pass, continue in a tolerable state of preservation. In the neighborhood is seen the singular Rath, the "Moat of Knockgraffon," an artificial mound of earth rising about seventy feet above the summit of a hill on which it was constructed. At its base may be traced the foundations of an extensive castle, one of the square towers of which still exists. It was built in the year 1108, and ranks among the oldest constructions of the kind in Ireland. Tradition says that eighteen of the kings of Munster were born and reared within its walls. The Moat of Knockgraffon is indeed a treasury of legendary lore. There still exist a store of traditions of the ancient Irish kings, and of the fairies which still continue to guard their hereditary dominions, to which they are expected, at some future period, to lay claim.

Pre-eminent among the ruins of Tipperary, are those which crown the far-famed "Rock of Cashel." The rock, rising above the adjacent country, is seen from a very long distance, its summit capped by the venerable remains which have excited the wonder and admiration of ages, and will continue to excite that admiration for ages to come. These ruins are described by an Irish orator as "at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled; the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections."

Cashel has a history reaching far back into the past. Here, in 1172, Henry II. received the homage of Donald O'Brien, and held a memorable synod of Irish clergy. During the long and cruel contests between the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, the city was a frequent sufferer.

The White-boys—whose origin is derived from the scattered banns of Rapparees that succeeded the War of Revolution—began, according to Arthur Young, in Tipperary; and their aggressions were "owing to some enclosures of commons, which they threw down, leveling the ditches," in consequence of which they were first

known by the name of "Levelers." Dr. Campbell says: "The original cause of the rising of the White-boys was this: some landlords in Munster let their lands to cottiers far above their value; and, to lighten their burden, allowed commonage to their tenants by way of recompense. Afterward, in despite of all equity, contrary to all compacts, the landlords enclosed these commons, and precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable." These "White-boys" received their name from their "wearing their shirts over their coats, for the sake of distinction in the night." The operations of the White-boys were principally limited to Munster. Although first organizing in the name of right and justice, to revenge a grievous wrong, they shortly became the veriest outlaws in character, administering unlawful oaths, opposing the collection of taxes, and subjecting all who resisted them, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their power, to the most horrible tortures.

Ireland is somewhat noted for its organized bands of self-constituted protectors of the public welfare, who not infrequently carried their zeal beyond the limits of moderation. Thus, at the same time the White-boys existed in Munster, in the province of Ulster, in the north of Ireland, the "Steel-boys" and the "Oak-boys" were exciting the people to insubordination. The "Peep-o'-day-boys" also originated at the north about the year 1785, and owed their title to their custom of visiting the houses of Roman Catholics at daybreak in

search of arms. The society has latterly been revived under the name of "Ribbon-men." There have been "Thrashers" in Connaught; "Terre Alts" in Clare; the "Carders," the "Rockites," the "Moyle Rangers," the "Paddeen Cars," the "Caravets," and the "Shanavests." It is undoubtedly true that the people of Ireland have had grievous burdens to bear, imposed upon them both by government and by the non-resident proprietors of the soil. But the means taken to resist these wrongs have often been objectionable in the extreme, and led to still greater evils.

The traveller should not leave Tipperary without visiting the famous caves of Mitchelstown, in the extreme south of the country, on the borders of Cork. A cave in this neighborhood had been remarkable for centuries; but on the 2d of May, 1833, a man while quarrying for stones opened a "gateway to a magnificent palace of nature." The hill in which this new cave exists rises in nearly the centre of a valley which separates the Galtee and Knockmeledown chains of mountains. The "Cave," as it is called, is rather a series of caves of vast extent, and wonderful and beautiful in appearance, ornamented, as caverns not infrequently are, with pillars and arches of stalactites and stalagmites.

Waterford is the least interesting, and certainly the least picturesque, of all the counties of Southern Ireland. It resembles Cornwall not only in the ruggedness and barrenness of its surface, but in the mineral wealth which lies concealed within its bosom.

At Ardmore, on the banks of the Blackwater, stands a round tower and ruins. The ruins are of two churches, which are said to date nearly or quite back to the time of St. Declan, who lived in the latter part of the fourth century and the early part of the fifth.

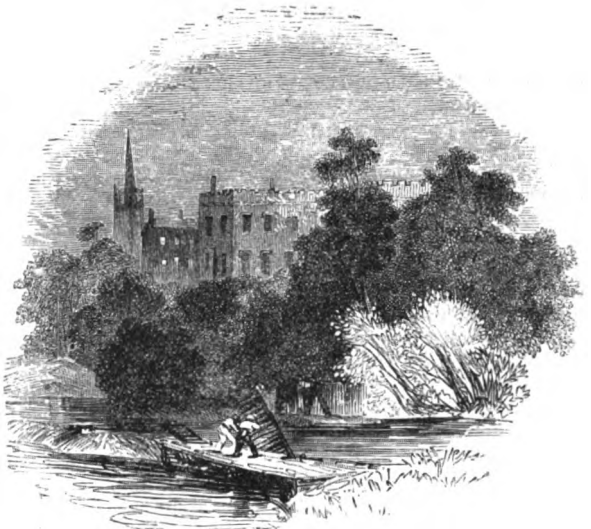
This part of Ireland was in former times specially noted for its superstition, and traces of this still remain among the peasantry. The county is plentifully supplied with holy wells and various objects of peculiar sanctity, which had the reputation of healing diseases and remitting sins. As a consequence, pilgrims used to abound, and are even yet not unknown.

Though much of the country is devoid of picturesqueness, the valley through which flows the Blackwater is fertile, wooded and pleasing. Every now and then the interest of the scenery is enhanced by some ruin of castle or church. The most remarkable of the many ruins to be encountered between Youghal and Lismore, are Rencrew, once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, and originally belonging to the Knights Templars. The castle sustained many sieges during the several Irish wars. It was the birthplace of Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who was the seventh son and fourteenth child of the first Earl of Cork. The castle is situated on a steep rock, rising perpendicularly from the river, surrounded by the thick foliage of gigantic trees; while here and there, both above and

below a light bridge, the eye falls upon a salmon weir.

Kerry is the extreme western county of Ireland, situated in the province of Munster. The scenery of this county is in striking contrast with that of Waterford. The entrance to the southern portion of the county is made from Cork, through a tunnel about two hundred yards in length, cut through rocks—peaks to a mountain which overlook Glengariff. Mrs. S. C. Hall says: "As the traveller emerges from comparative darkness, a scene of striking magnificence bursts upon him—very opposite in character to that which he leaves behind him; for while his eye retains the rich and cultivated beauty of the wooded and watered glen, he is startled by the contrast of barren and frightful precipices, along the bank of which he is riding, and gazes with a shudder down into the far-off valley, where a broad and angry stream is diminished by distance into a mere line of white. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the prospect; it extends miles upon miles. Scattered through the vale and among the hill-slopes are many cottages, white always, and generally slated, while to several of them are attached the picturesque lime-kilns, so numerous in all parts of the country."

The scenery tones down as the traveller approaches Killarney; and when that locality is reached he finds himself in fairy land. The lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper Lake, the Torc or Middle, and the Lower Lake.



CASTLE AND WEIR AT LISMORE.

The Upper Lake is the smallest of the three, and much narrower than either of the others, but for grace and beauty it is unsurpassed by them. It is situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, which close in upon it. The three lakes are separated by very narrow channels, and two of them have scarcely any perceptible division. The Lower Lake is studded with emerald islands, while the Middle Lake unites the wild magnificence of the Upper with the grace and softness of

the Lower. One of the modes of visiting the Upper Lake is through the Gap of Dunloe, which is itself one of the greatest wonders of Killarney. It presents a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence. Its deep ravine seems to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. When the pass terminates, the tourist suddenly comes upon a scene of unrivaled beauty. Before him is the Upper Lake, and above the "Black Valley," through which winds the waters of the stream which feeds the

AN AFTERNOON WITH LAURA BRIDGMAN.

BY AMANDA E. HARRIS.

A WRITER has just given in the *Christian Union* an article on the blind children at the Institution at South Boston, in which is a paragraph about Laura Bridgman. Let me supplement it with some little incidents connected with my visit to her about a fortnight ago.

If any one supposes that by reason of her deprivation she is queer or awkward in person or manners, he is altogether in error. There is nothing at all singular in her appearance. When

I entered the parlor, a member of the family with whom she lives was playing on the piano, and close beside her, on a low seat, there was a very slight, very erect, quiet, self-possessed looking girl, who seemed to be listening to the music, while her hands were busy over some crocheting or similar work. She would have been taken for a guest who was nimbly fashioning some pretty article while being entertained with music. The expression of her face was bright and interested; and one watching her satisfied look would have been slow to believe that she did not hear. The green shade over her eyes indicated that she was one of the blind. She had on a brown

dress, a blue ribbon at the neck, a gold ring and chain, and a watch or locket in her belt—a neatly-attired, genteel, lady-like person, looking about thirty-five, though her age is really not far from forty-four, with soft, brown hair, smooth and fine, a well-shaped head, fair complexion and handsome features. That was Laura. Dr. Howe spoke of her as "comely and refined in form and attitude, graceful in motion and positively handsome in features;" and of her "expressive face," which, indeed, in sensibility and intelligence is above instead of below the average.

As soon as the information was conveyed to her that she had a visitor from her native State, who knew people in the town where her nearest kindred live, she came swiftly across the room, leaving her work on the centre-table as she passed it, and grasped my hand, laughing with the eagerness of a child. Then she sat down face to face with the lady who has charge of her, and commenced an animated conversation, by the manual alphabet, easily understood by one who has practiced it; but the sleight-of-hand by which the fingers of the friendly hostess, manipulating on Laura's slender wrists, communicated with that living consciousness shut in there without one perfect sense except of taste and touch, was something mysterious, inscrutable to my duller sense. Yet that the communication was definite, quick, incisive, so to speak, was manifest enough, for Laura's face beamed, and she was all alert. Partly by the letters and partly by signs, she said a great deal to me. She "ought to be at home to be company for mother," she said; and once or twice she



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

lake. On the side of a lofty hill in this valley is the "Logan Stone," or, as the peasants call it, the "Balance Rock"—doubtless a druidical remain of remote antiquity.

A narrow and tortuous channel about four miles in length leads from the Upper to the Middle or Torc Lake. About midway is the far-famed "Eagle's Nest," the most perfect, glorious and exciting of the Killarney echoes. The rock, which is a miniature mountain, obtains its name from the fact that for centuries it has been the location of an eyrie, so situated as to be secure from all human trespassers. The rock is of a pyramidal form, about one thousand seven hundred feet high, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare toward the summit.

In the Lower Lake, which is much larger than either of the others, there are about thirty-five islands, nearly the whole of them clothed in the richest verdure. On Ross Island are the remains of Ross Castle, a tall, square, embattled building, which forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape from every part of the lake. It was built many centuries ago by one of the Donoghues, whose fame abounds in this region.

The lakes of Killarney are not the only objects of interest in this section of the country. There are numerous "loughs," more or less picturesque or famous; while the far-famed caves in its northern borders are well worthy of a visit.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

fashioned the word "Mam-ma" very distinctly with her lips. With regard to this vocal expression, Dr. Howe says: "She has attained such facility for talking in the manual alphabet, that I regret that I did not try also to teach her to speak by the vocal organs, or regular speech." She asked if I knew a member of her family now dead, and said, "That was a long year after Carl died." She seemed brimming over with things to tell me, and wanted me to know about her teaching some of the blind girls to sew, which is part of her daily employment in the school near by, and which she takes great pride in, threading the needles and making her pupils pick out their work if it is not done nicely. She is a good seamstress herself, does fancy work, and can run a sewing-machine.

Next, she caught hold of my hand and led me up two flights of stairs to her room to show me her things; but the first movement was to take me to the window, where she patted on the glass and signified that I should see what a pleasant prospect there was from it. And there she, who had never seen or heard, waited by my side in great content while I looked and listened: the sky was blue, with white clouds floating over it, and birds were singing; it was a perfect April day, but she could get no consciousness of it except in the softness of the air. Yet her face was radiant, and she stood there as if she both saw and heard. I wish I could bring before all those who are discontented with their lot, repining because God has withheld something from them or taken something away, the cheerful face of this girl who has so little but who accepts it as if she had all; who has never seen a human countenance or heard a human voice, who in the infinite glory and beauty of this outward world has no part, shut in by herself in that silent, dark, unchanging, awful loneliness.

The next act was to show me how springy her bed was, then she deliberately took off my shawl, as if she meant business, and showed me all the pretty things and conveniences she had in her room, opening every box and drawer and displaying the contents; her jet chain she laid against her neck, her bows and collars and embroidered handkerchiefs were taken up one by one, then deftly replaced in their proper receptacles; her writing materials, sewing implements, little statuettes, trinkets, large Bible—I had to see them all, and then her wardrobe, and it was with the greatest delight she ran her fingers over the "shirrs" of the flounce of her best winter dress and the cuirass basque, as if to say that her things were in the latest fashion. Finally she took out a sheet of paper, pressed it down on her French writing-board, examined the point of her pencil, and wrote her autograph, "God is love and truth. L. N. Bridgman;" and then from her needle-case and spool-box produced a cambric needle and fine cotton, and showed me how she threaded a needle, which was done by holding the eye against the tip of her tongue, the exquisite nicety of touch in her tongue guiding her to pass the thread through. It was done in an instant, though it seemed impossible to do it at all, and then she presented me

the threaded needle triumphantly, having secured it by slipping a knot.

After descending to the parlor she told me how kind it was in Dr. Howe to fit her up such a pretty room; and then I must go into the school-room, whither she led me by the hand, and introduced me to several of her friends among the pupils, and when I took my departure she would have the teacher go with me to the door to tell me which car to take.

The last report of Dr. Howe gives some particulars relating to the way in which he brought this very interesting girl into communication with her fellow-creatures, making her "one of the human family," patiently, laboriously, lovingly going over a tedious process month after month and year after year, until she became what she is. He gives also some information with regard to her circumstances. She has a home during the cold weather at the Institution; she earns "a little money by making bead-baskets," etc., and has the interest of two thousand dollars, which was bequeathed to her by two friends, mother and daughter; "but still she barely receives enough for necessary articles of dress," he adds, gently suggesting the needs of "this dear child" for whom he has done so much, to any who may be "disposed to make any addition to the Loring Fund" for her support.—*Christian Union*.

"UNBELONGINGNESS." *

BY ABBY DE WOLF.

I QUOTE a word that speaks to me,
(A word not felt by many.)

Which saith, "Oh, none *belong* to thee,
And thou dost not to any."

Friends are raised up my wounds to dress,
(Blest be each kind endeavor,)

But, oh! this *unbelongingness*
Is frowning on me ever.

Old age doth a *belonging* need,
That will the more endear it;
To aid with tender word and deed,
The overburdened spirit.

None who *belonged* to me are left
My daily toil to lighten;
Of those who loved me thus bereft,
What can my pathway brighten?

Oh! I am aching, sick and faint—
They leave not Heaven to cheer me—
Why do I utter this complaint?
'Tis God alone doth hear me.

And is it not the Love Divine,
That thou, my soul, art wronging?
O blessed Saviour, make me Thine—
The best—the true *belonging*.

Struggling upon a troubled sea,
The waters overwhelm me;
Still I can lift mine eyes to Thee;
For Thou wilt not condemn me.

Thy strength for me the tide will stem—
Thy love *all love* revealeth—
Only to touch Thy garment's hem,
The broken spirit healeth.

* A word coined (I think) by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.



TWO ROGUES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

LIVING all alone in a silent house I stay,
 No one speaking to me through the weary day;
 Reading, sewing, knitting, doing this and that,
 No companions have I but my dog and cat.
 None to say good-morning, spring with willing feet,
 None good-evening bid me with their kisses sweet.

I've a next-door neighbor more fortunate than I;
 Thinking of her blessings, I sometimes pause and sigh.

Little children scamper in and out all day,
 Making dreadful racket at their merry play;

Losing playthings here, and dropping playthings there;
 Letting song and laughter echo everywhere.

Little rogues, I see you, peeping down at me,
 With your laughing eyes, and faces full of glee.
 How your presence brings the gladness to my heart!

Would you could come to me, and never more depart!

Darlings, you are welcome, come whene'er you will;

Blessed is the home you with your sunshine fill!

RHODES AND ITS COLOSSUS.

BY C.

RHODES was an island in the Grecian Archipelago, lying between Crete and Candia. It was bright and beautiful as its name implies, which means the Isle of Roses. It is small, only about forty-six miles long by eighteen wide. Its capital, the City of Rhodes, in the north-east part of the island, was in ancient times one of the most celebrated of Greek cities. It was sacred to the sun, and its inhabitants worshipped Apollo, whom they considered the god of the sun. It has now about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and the whole island about thirty thousand. It was formerly a republic, and had many noble works of art, and played an important part in history, for with its serene sky, its healthy climate, its fertile soil and fine fruits, it was rich and powerful.

The island is traversed by a mountain chain, which is covered with forests of great value, and its valleys are well watered and very productive; oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates and other fruits being exported in large quantities.

The republic of Rhodes was, at last, conquered by the Romans, and since it was under their rule, it has been governed by the Greek emperors, by the Genoese, by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who held it more than two hundred years, and by the Turks; when Solymán was in power, it was first governed by a Turkish pasha.

The city is strongly fortified. The walls which enclose the city were built by the Knights of St. John. Its people are Turks, Greeks and Jews, with a few Roman Catholics, who have a chapel and school. There are more than thirty mosques and several synagogues. The Greeks have ten churches and many schools of different grades. The Turks have three Mohammedan colleges and a library of a thousand volumes.

The City of Rhodes was celebrated for its brazen Colossus—one of the seven wonders of the world, which stood at the entrance to its harbor. In ancient times the people had public ceremonies in honor of Apollo whenever they gained a victory over their enemies, or considered themselves particularly favored by their deity.

Demetrius, who was as remarkable for his vices as for the virtues of his character, once besieged the City of Rhodes, but the people so ably resisted, that the enemy were compelled to abandon their enterprise. The Rhodians were filled with gratitude to their deity, and, feeling that an event so important ought not to pass without suitable notice, they summoned a council to decide in what manner they might best express their divine adoration to the god of the sun. Egetus, an ancient mariner, was chosen to address the multitude. The Grecians honored age, and listened with reverence to the words of experience.

"My friends and children," said he, "my voice is feeble, but my heart is strong. For what have I been saved, when shipwrecked, and raised from the depths of the mighty waters, but to offer my incense to the god of the sea and land. It is my proposal that we build a statue to Apollo. Let it be a colossal one, let it encompass sea and land,

let its foundation be the eternal rocks, let its head be surrounded by the halo of the morning light. For this purpose I offer two-thirds of my possessions."

Enthusiastic cheers followed. Not a dissenting voice was heard. "We will have a Colossus of Rhodes!" was the universal exclamation.

Every citizen, in imitation of Egetus, contributed a part of his property. Then they unanimously selected Chares, of Lindus, for the artist. He was the favorite disciple of Lysippus, in the early bloom of manhood, and the grandson of old Egetus. He would have been the inheritor of the wealth now dedicated to the statue. He was requested to name the sum necessary for a bronze Colossus. He named what he thought would be the cost of a statue fifty feet high. The citizens doubled the sum, and requested him to erect a statue one hundred and five feet high. He immediately set about the work. Its feet were to rest on the two piers which formed the entrance of the harbor. A winding staircase was to ascend within to the top, from which could be seen by glasses the shores of Syria and the ships on the coast of Egypt. Around its neck the glasses were to be fastened for general use.

Chares, of Lindus, worked with ardor; his elevated conceptions could not be subjugated to the items of expense. For twelve years he had worked on the statue, scarcely allowing himself any rest, and as the Colossus was rising in its glorious majesty, he became satisfied that the money deposited in his hands was quite inadequate to finish it. Even if his estimate for a statue fifty feet high had been correct, the expense of one one hundred and five feet high, instead of being twice the amount would be more than three times as much, all the parts being largely increased. Had Egetus been living, Chares might have found in him a counsellor and friend, but his grandfather had been borne to his last asylum, in his ninetieth year, and the artist had no one to consult but his tender and sensitive wife. He had struggled with want and poverty; now he feared disgrace.

As his wife watched the languid eye, the pale cheek, the trembling hand and wild glances of her husband, her course was decided; for in that glance she saw insanity. She went to the authorities of the city and stated the whole truth. They listened to her statement, and sent her back with hope and comfort. They would make all things right.

"All will now be well, we shall be happy, and you will see the noble work completed," she said, as she entered their room, where all was silent.

She had rightly seen insanity in his eye. In a closet of the room, suspended by a cord, the deed of suicide was done, and the sorrow and despair of the artist ended. The honors of funeral rites were decreed to him by the people, and he was buried near the statue of the god.

Laches finished the statue. It stood with the feet on the opposite moles, and the vessels passed beneath. For six hundred years the Rhodians considered it an object of divine worship, the one god, before whom all nations should bow. Pliny, the elder, says, "It excited more astonishment

than all the other colossal statues ever known." It was after a day of public ceremony in honor of Apollo, that the statue was broken by an earthquake, and fell. It lay a ruin till Rhodes, the city of wealth, of taste and consecrated to Apollo, was taken by the Saracens, in A. D. 684, when it was sold to a Jew merchant. The statue was finished three hundred years before the coming of Christ.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

She was born at Thornton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 21st of April, 1816. Her father was a clergyman, Irish by birth, but without any trace of his origin, either in language or features. In 1820, the family removed to Haworth, a place whose name will always be associated with that of the Brontës. There were at this time six little children, the eldest scarce seven years old. The mother was in delicate health, and died soon afterward.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

WAS ever novel more absorbing in its interest than the story of Charlotte Brontë's life, as told by her friend, Mrs. Gaskell? Mrs. Gaskell, like Carlyle in "Oliver Cromwell," lets her subject speak for herself whenever it is possible. Thus, in personal memoranda, such as extracts from letters and scraps of early writings, we have Charlotte Brontë's own testimony to the facts of her life and their influence upon her character.

Mr. Brontë was devotedly attached to his wife, but reserved and eccentric in his intercourse with others. The children were thus left very much to themselves. Their amusements were singularly unchildlike. They read the newspapers, wrote plays and acted them, and published a monthly magazine in manuscript. Mr. Brontë said that he could converse with his eldest daughter, Maria, on any of the leading topics of the day when she was eleven years old. At the age of twelve, Charlotte made out a catalogue of the works she had written up to that time. There was some twenty-two volumes, in manuscript, of course, and written

so minutely that it is almost impossible to read them without a microscope. Charlotte was very short-sighted.

The two elder girls, Maria and Elizabeth, died in 1825, within six weeks of each other. Their death was hastened, if not actually brought about by the hardships endured in that school of which we have a faithful picture in "Jane Eyre." Charlotte herself never grew an inch from the day she left it, and was constantly troubled while there with a gnawing sensation of hunger.

"Helen Burns," Mrs. Gaskell says, "is as exact a transcript of Maria Brontë as Charlotte's wonderful power of reproducing character could give." The scenes between her and "Miss Scatterd" actually took place. Both "Miss Temple" and "Miss Scatterd" were at once recognized by Charlotte's fellow-pupils. It was a just tribute to the merits of one, and a just retribution for what the other had made her sister suffer.

The children clung the closer after this bereavement. An elder sister of their mother, Miss Branwell, had come to Haworth and taken charge of the household. She was a good woman, and tried to do her duty toward her young charges. She loved them, too, in her way, but it was a cold, undemonstrative kind of affection.

Under her teaching, the three girls became adepts in all kinds of domestic work. Charlotte herself was a dainty housekeeper, and as able at the needle as at the pen. The excellence of her cookery was known and appreciated long before that of her books.

We have a description of her at fifteen, when she again left home for school. She was small and plain, like her heroine, "Jane Eyre," but had beautiful hands and feet, and eyes that glowed with a wonderful light. "I never saw the like in any other human creature," says Mrs. Gaskell.

Her experience at this second school was a happy one, and very different from that she had gone through with at the first. The principal teacher, Miss Wooler, afterward became her lifelong friend. Though by no means sociable, or fond of play, she was a favorite with her companions. She was very obliging, always ready to do what they wished, and an invaluable story-teller at night, sometimes frightening her listeners nearly out of their wits. She fully realized the value of education, and diligently improved her opportunities.

After a stay of two years at this school, she returned home, and at once began to teach her sisters what she had herself learned. A cherished project was soon after realized; Mr. Brontë provided his children with a teacher in drawing. They had all a strange love for this art, and the three sisters "would take and analyze any drawing which came in their way, and find out how much thought had gone to its composition, what ideas it was intended to suggest, and what it did suggest." Charlotte had once a notion of making her living as an artist, and nearly destroyed her eyesight by the minuteness with which she executed her drawings. Yet none of the family ever attained proficiency in the art, not even Branwell, whose talent his sisters seem to have over-

Branwell's fate is well known. He was a young man of great promise, the idol of his family, but fell into habits of dissipation, and ruined himself by an intrigue with a married woman of nearly twice his age. That she acted the part of temptress does not excuse his guilt. He nearly broke the hearts of his poor father and sisters. It was almost a relief when he died, still young, but worn out with dissipation.

In July, 1835, Charlotte returned to Miss Wooler's school, accompanied by her sister Emily, the former as teacher, the latter as pupil. But Emily suffered so from home-sickness that her health gave way. "I felt in my heart she would die," Charlotte says, "if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall." She had only been three months at school.

Emily never left home but twice after that, once as governess for six months, and again when she and Charlotte went to Brussels. The same suffering and conflict ensued each time, and, though she conquered, the victory cost her dear.

It seemed as if the desolate character of the scenery around Haworth harmonized with her peculiar genius. Haworth lies on the side of a steep hill, and the parsonage overlooks the village. No trees are to be seen, only a few stunted shrubs and bushes. The snow sweeps down in the winter, burying up everything. Beyond the village lie the moors, desolate expanses, dark with heath. It is only high up among their ridges that "imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot, and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn; these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must itself burn with a purple light, intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness, that in latter spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep."

The dwellers among these Yorkshire hills are a peculiar people. They have great natural shrewdness and self-reliance. Their manners are abrupt, their speech harsh, their independence almost verges upon rudeness. When they have once made up their minds, that is the end of it; you cannot change their opinions. They are good friends, but bitter enemies. Hatreds are often bequeathed from one generation to another.

A knowledge of their character is indispensable to a full understanding of the Brontë novels. For many of the scenes there condemned as unnatural were copied from real life. What Charlotte says of her sisters is equally true of herself. "They had no thought of filling their pitchers at the well-spring of other minds; they always wrote from the impulses of nature, the dictates of intuition, and from such stores of observation as their limited experience had enabled them to amass."

In 1842, Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels for the purpose of studying French, preparatory to starting a school of their own. Anne, the

youngest sister, was left at home as housekeeper. Previous to this, all three had successively filled the position of governess in various families.

It was fated that their project of a school should never be realized. First, Miss Branwell died, and the two sisters were recalled from Brussels; then occurred the fatal episode in their brother's life; and later Mr. Brontë was threatened with total blindness. With Christian patience and resignation, these noble sisters bore each fresh calamity. Who knows but Charlotte's genius shone the brighter that it had passed through such a crucible of suffering?

We have this account of the circumstances that led to the publication of their first book. "One day, in the autumn of 1845," Charlotte writes, "I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy and elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings, even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. * * * Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that, since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses, too, had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency; it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called feminine—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery, which is not true praise."

It was not an easy matter to get this little book printed. But at last a publisher was obtained, and it stole into life about the end of May, 1846. That was all; it created nowhere any flutter of excitement; in the tumult of voices these three new ones were scarcely noticed.

Yet the poems are in many ways remarkable. They are genuine, not imitations of other poets, but records of what the writers have themselves

seen and felt. We have here no flowery metaphors or distorted views of life; everything is plain, direct and truthful. The thoughts are as simply expressed as those of Wordsworth, with a like reverent feeling and trust in the goodness and wisdom of God. But there the resemblance ceases. Wordsworth was in no respect their teacher or guide; they simply went to nature herself, as he had done, and drank from the same well of inspiration.

In the subjects chosen, and the manner in which they were treated, each writer shows a distinct individuality. Strange to say, Charlotte's verses are inferior to those of her sisters. Emily's rank highest, and are full of power and imagination. Her great soul ought always to have expressed itself in poetry; there only she attains to refined and pleasing utterance. The same might perhaps be said of Anne, for it seems inconceivable that one so gentle should have written "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." The very spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice breathes through her poems.

Notwithstanding the ill-success of their first effort, the sisters were not discouraged, but each set to work on a prose tale. Charlotte produced "The Professor;" Emily, "Wuthering Heights;" and Anne, "Agnes Grey." After having been refused by various publishers, "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were finally accepted.

"Wuthering Heights," Charlotte tells us, "was hewn in a wild work-shop, with simple tools, out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon, he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form moulded at least with one element of grandeur—power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labor, the crag took human shape; and there it stands, colossal, dark and frowning, half statue, half rock; in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like, in the latter, almost beautiful, for its coloring is of mellow gray, and moorland moss clothes it, and heath, with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot."

"Wuthering Heights" is a marvelous creation, and there is nothing like it in the world of fiction. Every page is surcharged with passion; we seem while reading it to be walking over a volcano. Its atmosphere is oppressive; there is no touch of grace or beauty anywhere; all is blackness and desolation.

Heathcliff, the central figure of the story, is a very demon, the incarnation of wickedness, "never once swerving in his arrow-straight course to perdition." As great a villain as Iago, he is coarser and more revolting. His savageness and ferocity are that of a wild beast rather than of a human being.

We are glad to close the book, and shut out its frightful pictures. It seems the production of some intellectual Titan. Its rude force and originality fairly appal us.

Ought it have been written? Ought such a character as Heathcliff to have been created?

Alluding to this question, Charlotte says that "the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself." It may be so, yet we cannot but think that Emily Brontë's genius would have borne other and fairer fruit under different circumstances.

She was herself as peculiar and original as her book. Strength, not tenderness, was the characteristic of her nature. Sympathy she could give, but not accept. "She had a head for logic, and a capability of argument unusual in a man, and rare indeed in a woman, according to M. Heger. Impairing the force of this gift was her stubborn tenacity of will, which rendered her obtuse to all reasoning where her own wishes or her own sense of right was concerned." Had she lived, it is possible, as Charlotte says, that her "mind would of itself have grown like a strong tree, loftier, straighter, wider-spreading, and its natural fruits attained a mellow ripeness and sunnier bloom; but on that mind time and experience could only work; to the influence of other intellects, it was not amenable."

She died of consumption, in her twenty-ninth year, soon after the publication of "Wuthering Heights." Stern and unyielding in her life, she met death with the front of a Spartan. For two months she wasted, day by day, yet went on performing her usual duties, refusing to accept the slightest help, or in any way acknowledge her growing weakness. Charlotte and Anne were forced to look on, passive and heart-stricken; they dared not remonstrate. Even at the last she would not give up; she arose and dressed herself as usual on the very day she died.

Branwell's death was no less remarkable. Holding an old theory that the will can be supreme to the end, he insisted on being raised to his feet, and actually died standing.

The following verses are the last that Emily ever wrote. Whatever may be thought of their theology, there can be no question as to their poetical merit:

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in thee!

"Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts—unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

"With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed."

On the day Emily was buried, Anne, the younger sister, fell ill. She had always been delicate. Charlotte watched over her with unspeakable anguish, but could not keep her back from the grave whither she hastened. Tender and submissive, she did not close up her heart, as Emily had done, but gratefully accepted sympathy and assistance. She was deeply religious, and bore her sufferings patiently to the end, dying serene and happy. From her last verses we select the following stanzas:

"Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away;
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night,
And sorrow through the day.

"These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
Can I but turn to Thee.

"With secret labor to sustain
In humble patience every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

"Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
Whate'er may be my written fate;
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

"If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be;
More wise—more strengthened for the strife—
More apt to lean on Thee.

"Should death be standing at the gate,
Thou should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now!"

Anne wrote two novels, "Agnes Grey" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." The first records her experience as a governess; the latter is as remarkable in its way as "Wuthering Heights." Charlotte's testimony leaves no doubt that its main features were suggested by her brother Branwell's conduct. Only by looking at it in this light can we understand how one so pure-souled as Anne ever came to reproduce the scenes there represented.

"The Professors," Charlotte's first novel, did not find a publisher until after she had become famous. "Jane Eyre" was more successful, and we all know the result. A work of such daring, genuine originality had not appeared for many a day; the reading public at once recognized and applauded its author's genius. Both Emily and Anne lived long enough to witness her success.

"Jane Eyre" is an autobiography, the story of a woman's life faithfully and fearlessly recorded. Nothing is glossed over, nothing hidden; all is revealed with straightforward courage and directness. "Conventionality," she writes, "is not morality, self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." After reading that, one can understand her admiration for Thackeray. Was she not following in the footsteps of the "first social regenerator of the day?"

"Jane Eyre" was at first thought to be Charlotte herself, and she admitted that there was a strong personal likeness between the two. It came about in this way. She once reproved her sisters for always making their heroines beautiful. They replied that it was impossible to make a heroine interesting otherwise. She answered, "I will prove to you that you are wrong. I will show to you a heroine as small and plain as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." Hence "Jane Eyre," who, she averred, "is not myself any further than that."

As the story progressed, her own interest in it equalled that of her readers. When she came to "Thornfield" she could not stop, but went on writing incessantly for weeks until she had worked herself into a fever. She was then forced to stop, and the rest was written afterward in a calmer frame of mind.

Never did hero stand out more real and living from the pages of a novel than "Fairfax Rochester." Strong and yet weak, full of inconsistencies, one moment sensible and affectionate, the next raving like a madman—he attracts us from first to last in spite of ourselves. Neither his faults nor his virtues are exaggerated; we see the man as he is, and admire even while we condemn. For were not his errors grandly atoned for at last when he risked his life to save that of the maniac wife who had been to him so long only a burden and disgrace?

One charge has been brought against "Jane Eyre" that fills us with indignation. It is that of coarseness, and might with as much justice, or even more, be applied to Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." Both works are alike free from that skin-deep sensitiveness which is afraid to call things by their right names, seeking to cover up the holiest truths with a mantle of false delicacy. It would be hard to find two women purer-minded, or more strictly conscientious in every relation of life, than Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë; yet they were women who dared not tamper with falsehood, or shield hypocrisy. Where others would have kept silent, they courageously spoke, and whoever calls such utterance coarse is incapable of reading its higher meaning.

"Shirley" was commenced soon after the publication of "Jane Eyre," and wrought out in the midst of terrible calamities. Branwell and her two sisters died during its progress; the first chapter written afterward was rightly called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." The bitterness of her suffering is revealed in more than one pas-

sage. Yet sadness is by no means its predominant characteristic. It is a glad, sunny book, more cheerful in tone than either "Jane Eyre" or "Villette." Mrs. Gaskell tells us that Charlotte tried to make it as much like a piece of actual life as possible. Many of the characters are portraits of real persons; "Shirley" herself is Charlotte's representation of her sister Emily, or, rather, of what Emily might have been under happier circumstances.

Critics have described the book as good "all round." It has not the force or passion of "Jane Eyre," nor the morbid gloom of "Villette," yet possesses a certain harmony and smoothness of construction peculiar to itself. Its characters are strongly individualized, its pictures of scenery exquisite, and a vein of poetic imagination runs through the whole, lifting us somehow out of the real into the ideal. What can be more beautiful than the following description of nature?

"Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling on those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors and unfledged birds in woods. * * * * I saw—I now see—a woman—Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture; they are clear—they are deep as lakes—they are lifted and full of worship—they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillbro' Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God."

There was an interval of three years between the publication of "Shirley" and "Villette." This silence illustrates better than anything else Charlotte Brontë's extreme conscientiousness. When questioned on the subject, she answered: "I have not accumulated, since I published 'Shirley,' what makes it needful for me to speak again; and, till I do, may God give me grace to be dumb." Yet she might have enriched herself had she chosen, for no name was more popular than hers in the field of fiction. Her course is in striking contrast to that of the sensational authoresses of our own day.

As a psychological study, "Villette" stands unequalled. The characters are introduced casually, as in actual life, then patiently dissected, and trait after trait accumulated, until every peculiarity becomes visible, and we know them for what they really are, not for what they seem to the world. "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" also exhibit this power of close analysis, though in a less degree.

Yet "Villette" is not a cheerful work; there are passages in it positively painful. Having read Charlotte Brontë's life, we can understand how they came to be written. Living in that gloomy

old house next the churchyard, without companionship and within sight of her sisters' graves, is it strange that her mind turned inward upon itself, and grew morbid at times?

Lucy Snowe's sufferings are doubtless in part a transcript of her own. Beneath an outward exterior as cold as her name, Lucy Snowe hides a fire of passion and imagination that, even though repressed, shines out at intervals with a mocking light. There is no grace or beauty in her life; the world to her is stern and practical, and not devoid of trials; yet she endures all calmly, if not submissively. "Lucy Snowe" is not Charlotte Brontë; neither was "Jane Eyre;" yet both open up to us certain phases of her character and experience.

Paulina is an exquisite creation, yet unreal, as Charlotte herself felt and acknowledged. She had aimed to make this character the most beautiful in the book, and lamented over her failure. But to us Paulina has a fairy-like charm that would be lost were she moulded out of substance less ethereal.

There is properly no hero in "Villette," although Graham Bretton fills for a time that position; but the interest is transferred from him at the last to Paul Emmanuel. It has been said that Thackeray was in the mind of the authoress when she conceived this character of Paul Emmanuel, but we think it more probable that its original was to be found in M. Heger, her Brussels teacher.

Thackeray, however, and the Duke of Wellington were her two heroes in real life; their portraits hung side by side in her little sitting-room. "And there came up a lion out of Judah!" she exclaimed, on first seeing Thackeray's picture by Lawrence. Yet even with him she was not wholly satisfied; he did not, she thought, always exert himself to do his best. She thus describes one of their interviews: "The giant sat before me; I was moved to speak to him of some of his shortcomings; one by one the faults came into my head, and one by one I brought them out, and sought some explanation or defence. He did defend himself like a great Turk and Heathen; that is to say, the excuses were often worse than the crime itself."

In June, 1854, two years after the publication of "Villette," Charlotte Brontë was married to her father's curate, Arthur Nicholls. "Now," thought her friends, "she is tasting happiness, after a long and hard struggle—after many cares and many bitter sorrows."

But, alas! that happiness was destined to be brief; in less than a year afterward, on the 31st of March, 1855, she died. During the last part of her sickness she lay in a stupor most of the time, but waking out of it just before the end came, and hearing her husband's prayer that God would save her, she whispered: "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy." Even then it was for the tender and faithful husband, not for herself, that she feared.

Of his desolation, and that of the bereaved old father, when she was laid in her grave, who can speak? In the presence of great griefs silence only is eloquent.

Her mourners were to be found not only in the

world of letters, but among the poor, and fallen, and distressed, whom she had helped and comforted. She was a true Christian in thought and act, and her life bore witness to her faith. Trials, she knew, were divinely appointed, and she endured hers with a courage that seems wonderful when we remember her frail health and sensitive organization. If she was misunderstood, it was only by a few who had never known and could not appreciate her worth. Her memory may be safely trusted with those who, as Mrs. Gaskell says, "know how to look with tender humility at faults and errors; how to admire generously extraordinary genius, and how to revere with warm, full hearts all noble virtues."

TEMPTATION AND CHARACTER.

THE law of industry is one of the grandest of life, and yet in the mind and heart there is a constant temptation to indolence. Hence to battle against a life of repose is as essential as to battle for the laws of Moses or of society. Each condition and locality of man has its local temptation, just as it has local language or local diseases. The city tempts to dress, to luxury; the village to indolence; and he that lives plainly, and escapes the vanity of the former, or that rises above the indolence of the latter, is equally a hero. As death is everywhere, so there proceeds from each place, city, or farm, or village, an evil genius—extreme luxury, or extreme poverty; extreme ambition, or extreme indifference; extreme labor, or extreme repose; and he is a great man anywhere who rises up every morning against the evil genius of his place and presents his virtue against its vice, his will-power against its repose. We often fail to find the real foe of the soul; and in the city we will guard ourselves against German infidelity, when the real enemy is perhaps the Christian love of gold; and in the village men will array themselves against a little dram-shop, when the grand enemy of the town is indolence, and the decline of public and private ambition. To find the peculiar temptation of the place and fight it, is the first duty of man. Temptation is an atmosphere in which a good character may ripen like the vintage upon the warm hills of France. One cannot be said to possess any security of character until he has been tried. Our mother Eve failed because, instead of having character, she possessed nothing but innocence. She knew nothing of death or sin, nothing of honor, for she had seen no dishonor. Like a child, she had innocence, but not an intelligent conception of moral worth. It is by the measurement of sin by a long standing in a howling wilderness that the man of character is found. Men are born in innocence, but they die with character. The theory of honesty is dear to all by nature, and hence the young heart not yet out in the world feels that honesty is as easy as sleeping, or looking, or hearing. Coming to early manhood, this innocent soul feels that integrity is as much his own as are his hands and his face. But the wheel of fortune turns him into the money market or into Congress, and before he is aware of it he has

no integrity left. The truth is, he never possessed any in the best sense of the word; but only entertained the theory as being true, and looked to the world of trial through the eyes of only innocence.

The reason why so many fail of honor in public and private life is, that, setting out with the best intention, they do not realize in advance the difference between the science and the art. They thought the science of honesty would save them, whereas the most powerful honor is that which has been tried, and stood the test—the honor that has been for forty days in the wilderness amid the siren voices of the world, the flesh and the devil. After a soul has once resisted temptation, it begins to pass from the science to the art; the meaning of integrity begins to unfold itself in the heart, and there comes the first consciousness of moral power. After it has for a few years withstood the trial, then honesty becomes no bare theory, but an actual trait of character; and every year of rectitude in the face of obstacles adds a new beauty and glory to the character, just as each summer-time adds to the branches and foliage of a tree. To be met, therefore, with a great trial is only to be furnished with an opportunity to become honorable.

In the lifetime of the youngest of you, you have seen great public men reach the highest places accorded to genius, and eloquence, and affability, and then sink from failure of common integrity. Their virtue had been the theory of a Selkirk on an island surrounded only by his goats, or the dream of an infant, and not the hero of temptation. They held on to honesty until it was needed, and then parted with the only power that could be of any value to them upon earth.

When a man, in early or middle life, in business or in friendship, or in political affairs, is approached by a temptation of passion or of gold, that is the only hour in which he ever yet in his life needed honor. Honor has been a dream up to that moment. To slight it then would be like a coast light-house lit up in the day-time, dark only at night.

In the past five years many of our public men have had fine opportunities afforded them for building up grand characters that would have cast light not only upon their own age, but upon millions of persons rising up in the next generation. Oh, what grand hours they have enjoyed for passing over from innocence to integrity! Honesty is like an anchor—not for calm days, but for storms. The anchor may be decked with flowers at times, and, in a harbor, may lie at the bow and silently promulge its theory. We have all seen them thus lying at the vessel's bow, decked with wreaths, and silently expressing their idea of usefulness. But when the vessel is out on its path, and there is a night with storm and with darkness, without a star, then the old mass of iron seems to glory in its ruggedness, and, leaving its ideal festoons upon the deck, in the gloomy midnight it drops into the deep, and grasps the solid earth with its gigantic arms. But much of our public honor is not of this iron-like stuff; when the storm and darkness come, the vessel goes straight to wreck; the

anchor, instead of seeking the bottom of the ocean, where lies the solid world, seems to have been made of painted wood, and, with its garlands of Christian theory still upon it, comes in afloat. A vessel is badly off when its sheet-anchor floats.—
PROFESSOR SWING.

THE POET.

BY M. E. H.

ALL day long the poet sings
To a lyre with silver strings;
In his soul he nightly hears
Music of the starry spheres,
Listens to the rhythm low
Tinted clouds make in their flow;

Forests, with their waving hair,
Lure him from a world of care;
There, 'neath shady baldachin,
Sees he spiders weave and spin
Threads of silver, webs of mist,
Dewy-jeweled, sunshine-kissed—
Fittest woof to be the wear
Of the poet's child of air!

He can read the quaint designs
Mosses write upon the pines,
Or with lover's heart disclose
Vedas of each flower that grows;
'Neath the ev'ning's veil of mist,
Hears he rose by dewdrop kissed,
And the hours of midnight tolled
By the lily's bell of gold:

Nature owns the poet's heart,
Knows it is of her a part;
Unto him she opes her store,
Shows him all her mystic lore;
Tells him how she traced each line
On the wild flower's face divine,
How the sweet wine upward wells
Thro' its dainty honey-cells;
Shows him miracles in grass,
Melody in winds that pass;
Why the sea sobs in its shells,
Why the scarlet berry swells;
How the wild-grape brews its wine,
How soft tendrils learn to twine!
From the sky she drops at night,
Ruby red and chrysolite;
In the morn she spreads anew,
Tints of ev'ry name and hue!

East and west, and south and north,
Thro' all lands she leads him forth:
Treading lofty mountain roads,
Wears the purple, like the gods,
And in vales where waters sing
Laughs he with the river-king.

Ev'ry morn she lifts the haze
From more opal-tinted days;
Each to-morrow leads him thro'
Sweeter valleys than he knew;
And the songs he sings the best
Are those borrowed from her breast.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 8.

WE reached the top of the hill and paused to take breath, Aunt Cook and I. Indeed, I always did stop there, whether I wanted to rest or not, for the view from that point was one of the finest in the State. How often I have stood there, and, with fluttering heart and panting breath, said, in my childhood, and girlhood, and womanhood: "Thank God for the beauty of this earth."

"I never stand here without thinking of poor Esther Caldwell," said Aunt Cook, "and that takes away a good deal of the pleasure. She used to say that whenever she was tired, or discouraged, or perplexed, she dropped everything and came right up here and laid down her burdens and went back to her loom a free woman. There, down in the ravine where you see that old gnarled apple-tree, half out of the ground, that was her cabin home. You can see a hollow yet where the rude little cellar was, and that hummock, with the smooth, green sod spread over it so compact, that is where the old chimney was and the hearth-stones."

There was no need of Aunt Cook telling me this, I knew it all, and more, too, but I listened to her out of respect. I had only "gone a piece" with her, to help carry the basket, and had intended going no further; so when she rose and shook the wrinkles out of her dress and said, "Well, this will never buy the child a frock," I knew it was time for me to start, too, on my return home.

But after the old lady had gone down the hill, out of sight, I said to myself: "Oh, I must run down there a minute and see where poor, dear Esther lived and died!"

Old Mortality loved to visit neglected graveyards, and scratch the mosses and lichens from dilapidated tombstones and with his chisel renew the dim, old inscriptions, so faded and blurred that often he trusted more to the sense of feeling than seeing, but he loved his self-appointed calling with no more enthusiasm than do I to visit the sites of the cabins of the old pioneers.

Perhaps the passion grew upon me when I was a morbid, sentimental, dreaming little girl, sitting upon old hearth-stones, and sniffing among smoky log walls, and peering under the mouldering sleepers on which had laid puncheon floors, picking up bits of dishes and coaxing elderly people to tell stories of old times.

Among all the old uncles and aunts, there wasn't one who ever said: "Oh, go 'long, child;" or, "I'm no hand to tell stories." Old folks like to talk about "the good old days," and they were pleased to relate reminiscences to "Aleck's gal," and to carry her away back into the lives of those who had gone before, and to see her little face shine with laughter or sadden with sympathy.

Hadn't Aunt Polly, and Aunt Patty, and Aunt Prissy, and Ruth Cunningham told me the life-story of Esther Caldwell over and over, each in

her own language, differing, perhaps, as much as the four Gospels differ? And hadn't I sat close up to the wheel when Aby Mitchell was spinning flax and coaxed her to tell the tale in her way? There was no occasion for Aunt Cook to put her hands on her sides and stick her arms up a-kimbo and say: "Esther seemed born for trouble, the seal was upon her."

Esther Leonard was the third daughter of a poor couple who entered land and built a cabin in the unbroken wilderness, the same cabin whose site I stood upon that day. It was built down at the foot of the hills for the sake of the spring that bubbled up among some jagged rocks. The father was a shoemaker, and the mother wove, and they eked out a tolerable living. The two girls older than Esther were stout little romps with red hair and rosy cheeks, while Esther was fair, and fine, and delicate, with soft, dreamy, blue eyes and flaxen hair. While the older girls were climbing saplings and bending them down for horses, making dams across the brook with sticks and stones and sod, and helping father burn brush, the little Esther was sitting off alone listening to the song of the dove, mocking the robin, watching the squirrels among the tree-tops, or the kingfisher in the gravelly bank of the creek, or exulting over the plumage of the beautiful birds of the forest. She knew where the beds of moss were the greenest and plushiest, how the hanging-birds made their nests, and why they swung them like hammocks from the swaying branches of the elm or the willow; and she could find places in the wild-wood where her voice came back to her in jubilant echo when she laughed, while the little minnows in the brook, scarcely larger than tiny scales of silver, would come to the bank and stop suddenly, as if listening, when she called and fed them.

"Sing'lar child, that," said the class-leader, when he called to leave an appointment for an itinerant preacher, and overheard Esther in the loft singing the little songs that she made up out of her own vivid imagination.

"Cur'us how children will contrive things," he added, "now there's my Sacharissa, she will make babies out of squashes, and if they don't behave, they ketch it. I've knowed her to chop up a half dozen at a time an' kick 'em all over the floor," and here the weak father laughed at what should have shocked and shamed him and set him to work trying to overcome such a frightful evidence of ill nature and destructiveness in a child.

The little one grew up to the age of seventeen, her nature not comprehended nor understood by any one except her mother. She found no companions among the girls with whom she associated, she saw nothing as they saw it, what was pleasure to them was intolerable to her, she shrank from them and preferred rather to be alone with her books or with the rocks and woods and the beautiful and silent works of nature. There she found sweet companionship, she never grew weary of the solitude that to many others would have been utter loneliness.

But afterwards the strange, shy girl, Esther, loved and was beloved in return. The favored

suitor was a lad she had known from her childhood, a poor bound boy, who lived with Farmer Hawkins. He was a quiet, pious, gentle-hearted boy, one who loved to read books, and commit poems, and transplant flowers. He was the only man Esther could possibly have loved. He was poor, but he was brave, and honest, and willing to work.

As soon as he was of age, and the Hawkins had given him his freedom suit, and a horse and saddle and bridle, they were to be married, and live on a bit of land on the other side of the creek. Old Mrs. Hawkins was spinning and weaving the cloth for the freedom suit; the coat was to be all wool, and dyed brown with butternut bark, while the pantaloons and vest were to be dark yellow. There were no woollen-factories or fulling-mills in those days, and people fulled the cloth themselves by wetting it with strong soapsuds, and then kicking and tramping it until the cloth thickened up and was firm, and woolly, and warm.

They were married at the home of the justice, ten miles away. They both dressed up in their best, and mounted one horse, and rode there and back the same day.

How that young couple did manage and contrive to make a living! The young husband, George, grubbed, and dug, and cleared a patch for corn and potatoes, while his evenings were spent in making ax-handles, and splint-brooms, and rude baskets. His spare moments he worked about the cabin making a porch, a spring-house, a shelter for the cow, rude lattice for the morning-glory vines, a hill-side cave, a corn-crib, and a safe little box of a house for the chickens. He also made traps to catch foxes, and pens in which to ensnare the wandering turkeys that roamed through the free, wild wood.

And Esther? In a cosy little lean-to stood a loom and a wheel, and all the necessary equipments of a woman who took in weaving. They had a straw bed, and a buckeye clock, and a pot, and spider, and a few dishes. The furniture was all of their own making. A bank of blue clay below the cabin furnished a very economical wash of a bluish tint for the inside walls of the one room. Flags and wild lilies, and blue, white and yellow violets, were carefully transferred into the yard, while a thrifty sweet-brier was planted at one side of the house, and a tangled wild rose at the other. Willows were removed, and found a pretty situation along the brook that curveted down the hillside, and then spread itself into a picturesque little lake under the shadows of the trees and grape-vines.

They had no good spring; that was all the fault the new home had; but when his work was not pressing, by the assistance of a neighbor George dug a well at the corner of the cabin, and attached a sweep to the porch, or "stoop" as they called it, and then the last convenience was added.

Only one terror was there to rise up in the path before the sturdy pioneer. Every year he had to pay the sum of nineteen dollars and twenty cents interest on the purchase-money. They had been married a year, and had lived comfortably, without the need of money; but now this sum must

be forthcoming, or his land would be endangered. At last he thought of a way: "I can burn a coal-pit, and sell the charcoal to the blacksmiths; that will help."

I wish I could "talk like a man," and tell you how a coal-kiln is made of split wood four feet long, set on end, tier above tier, with all the crevices filled in with loam, stamped down, rounded over, closely covered with a thick layer of earth, a hole left in the centre for a chimney, and a place to fire the compact heap; but father says: "Oh, don't try it! Women don't know about such things."

Then I say: "But, papa, the girls won't understand, and I want them to know just how it is."

"Never fear," is his reply, "there are enough old men left to tell them; they can ask their grandfathers or their Uncle Johns; don't you try it, or the old fellows will laugh at your attempt."

Well, the coal-kiln was made and fired, and the sanguine pair saw the interest-money in the distance, a sure thing. The kiln was made in the dense woods on a beautiful level spot, and Esther often went out to it with George, and while he added new loam on places over it, walked round and surveyed his work, calculated how many bushels there would be, and how much it would bring him, Esther sat on a mossy log near by with her sewing or knitting.

One evening they were out in the twilight; the work was progressing finely, they were both cheerful and full of hope for the future.

"It must be lonely when you are here so much of the night," she said; "the owls hoot mournfully, and cry of the loon is so sad, and the barking of a fox always makes me shudder, while the cry of the wild cat is really frightful."

"Oh, I like the noises of the night," he said. "Sometimes birds will come whirling over my head, and I am startled, but not afraid. I don't quite like the looks of that," he added, jumping up; "it don't burn to suit me; maybe I can tramp it down;" and he walked up upon the smoking heap and stamped his feet down firmly to press the covering of earth closer, when, with a shriek of agonizing despair, he went down into the grave of fire, and disappeared forever! A column of flame shot up instantly and marked his burial place.

Just at that instant Esther's father came out of the woods in time to save his frantic child from a funeral pyre. It was his intention to watch the kiln that night. The roaring fire-fiend never glared into faces more frightfully pallid.

The kiln was never finished; it was suffered to remain there, a spot as sacred as a tomb.

Esther was taken home again. For months she wandered about aimlessly, tearlessly, sitting in the woods or out in the clearing, with silent voice and folded hands. When her little baby was born she rallied, and seemed herself, and talked and laughed; but a shadow was over her life. Alas for the child! There was no light in its dead blue eyes, its little rosy mouth never opened with laughter, it would lie all day gazing into vacancy. Its face was deathly white, and it would slowly

shake its head, moving it from one side to the other, in the hopeless way that a mourner does.

All this was very sad. The neighbors said, "What a comfort poor Esther might have had in a sound baby," and then they said, "but the poor thing was born for trouble."

Afterwhile, Esther grew to be like herself again, and the neighbors proposed that she would teach school, gather their little ones into her own house and organize a district school. She did so, and gave satisfaction, and for two years she taught two terms each year.

The little baby, now past three years of age, could walk, and it frequently went in the little path from one house to the other. It would wander along aimlessly, often sitting down with folded hands, or stopping to gather sticks, or flowers, or leaves. It could not talk, but it called the names of the family in its own little way, and they understood it. Though a blight was upon its life, it was a comfort and a joy.

One evening, when Esther went home, she did not see the child as usual in his little chair, but she supposed he was with some of the members of the family. When the sister came in from the spring-house, the babe was not with her, and when her father came from his work he came alone. Then there was consternation. They called his name, they looked everywhere, supposing he had fallen asleep under some shelter or in some secret place, but the sight of the little golden head did not meet their gaze from any nook or corner.

The father hurried down to Esther's house, and called the sweet pet name, but he called in vain. He looked about wherever he thought a child could hide, and then, just as he had made up his mind that he had looked in every possible place, he bethought him of the well at the corner of the house. The old well had not been used since the death of Esther's husband; George had drawn the last bucket of water, his hand had swung the creaking sweep the last time. Breathlessly did he hurry to the well; one of the two boards that covered it was gone; the drops of sweat stood on his forehead as he knelt beside the remains of a curb, and with a stifled groan bent over and looked down into its gloomy darkness.

Staring, stony eyes, wide open, and an upturned face with the golden hair floating on the water, and two dear, little, snow-white hands upreached pleadingly, that was what the gray stone walls framed in.

Two years later, and again is the shadow lifted, and Esther, bearing her burden, looks up and smiles into the face of a dark-eyed man whose white brow is half shaded with curls. Six months before and she had never heard his name. He was a stranger in the neighborhood, but he produced letters of introduction and recommendation, and his genial manners had won for him friends among the best families. He was a distant connection of the family for whom Esther was sewing, and it was through their influence that the betrothal was consummated.

Esther's family disapproved of the proposed

marriage, and were angry and forbade her coming home, unless she broke off the acquaintance and retracted her plighted troth with Reed Harrington.

But the woman with the bruised heart and the blighted life softened under the sweet words and the loving promises of the kingly appearing man before her, and with tears she said: "Wherever thou goest I will go."

Her father said that the man's countenance was full of evil and his heart black and bitter with wrongs, and he believed the deeds of his past life could not bear the light of day or the scrutiny of justice.

They were married, and, despite of the displeasure and utter disapproval of her parents, Esther was happy once more. She did not go home. Her husband had business in many of the large towns and was absent a great deal, and Esther stayed with his relatives and sewed and did light work.

When her husband returned, he frequently brought gifts to her such as her eyes had never looked upon. Sheeny silks and lustrous fabrics, and jewelry, that to the timid country girl, reared in the woods, sparkled with a splendor such as she had read of in poetry or dreamed in her most vivid imaginings.

Reed Harrington talked of a home in the city, and, as he slid his shapely hand over her fair, flossy hair, he told how easy her life should be, how servants should come at her bidding, and that an elegant carriage should await her pleasure, and how proud he would be of his beautiful wife, who would so well compare with the cultivated ladies with whom she would associate. He said he would take delight in surrounding her with all the pleasures and comforts of life.

One night, at the silent hour of midnight, when her husband lay asleep by her side, from some cause she was sleepless, and lying there with eyes closed trying to woo the sweet forgetfulness of slumber, she thought she heard a noise of low voices down-stairs, voices not belonging to any member of the family.

She listened. Her sense of hearing was quickened. One voice, hoarser than the rest, seemed to speak peremptorily, seemed to command, to give orders. There was a rustling, a soft fall of feet, here and there, both indoor and out, the stairway creaked, the stealthy feet drew near, and, in a hollow voice, she distinctly heard the proprietor of the house say: "He's in there."

Instantly four men, in black masks, entered the bed-room, and, glancing around, two of them sprang to the bedside and caught her sleeping husband. He awoke, and a frantic struggle ensued, but one man, with a muttered oath, seized him by the throat while the others pinioned him. Amid curses, and groans, and cries, and wicked threats, he was put in irons and borne down-stairs, where the men were met by twenty others similarly disguised.

"Hang him to the nearest tree!" "Shoot him!" "Let him be a feast for the buzzards!" were the sounds that reached the agonized wife, and then she fainted and heard no more.

Reed Harrington! He was Jack Gardiner, the outlaw, a burglar, and thief, and counterfeiter! He was the leader in a gang who made and circulated counterfeit money; was the leader among horsethieves, and in the gang who broke into and robbed stores; he was the chief one to plan, and manage, and carry out the most intricate system of robbery and plunder. He had married, and four wives bore the name he had given them. He had been in prison thrice, and had escaped; but this time not the clutches of the law held him—society, outraged, and insulted, and indignant, wreaked her vengeance upon him. He was taken about five miles away, allowed ten minutes to make his peace with God, and then, with howls of rage and vile imprecations, mingled with pleadings that were pitiful beyond expression, he was drawn up by the neck ten feet into the air, and left alone, a frightful corse dangling from the out-reaching limb of a tree in the green heart of the unbroken Western forest.

Esther never recovered from the shock. Her nervous system was broken, and she was left a shattered wreck. The farm that George Caldwell had entered was forfeited five years afterward, and then Esther's loom was moved home to her father's, and she busied herself in a feeble way, that was better than doing nothing.

A rosy, roguish girl looks over my shoulder occasionally, and she says: "Don't forget to tell what became of her beautiful silks and jewelry. I hope she had them made up in a becoming way; I'm sure I would have done so."

My own heart is heavy with sorrow while I am following poor Esther Caldwell's life from her ill-starred childhood up through her womanhood

with the ban upon it, and I am hurt with the levity of gay, thoughtless girlhood, as I reply: "What to her, the broken-hearted, blighted woman, were silks and jewelry?"

Everything that Reed Harrington had stolen or secreted was gathered up and restored to its rightful owner. Years afterward another member of the gang of outlaws was captured in the West, and he was stripped, and his body bound flat upon the back in a canoe, and it was set adrift in the middle of the Mississippi River.

Esther lived with her mother until the kind old lady died, then she lived alone. She rarely smiled, she lived as if in a dream, and she would sit for hours on the hill-top above the old vine-covered cabin, and look away to the blue hills in the distance, and she would grow peaceful, and calm, and content. Perhaps she thought it was like unto the better land, and the beauty inspired and entranced her, and made her saddened spirit full of patience and hope.

When death came, it found her ready and waiting, and she smiled, and folded her transparent little hands, and closed her blue eyes, and the watchers knew not the moment the spirit took its upward flight.

I never passed the old well in which the dear little baby was drowned without pausing. It was filled up quite level with the ground, and an elm tree grew out of it, and its swaying branches trembled like an aspen. Last spring the tree toppled and fell, and the woodman's ax removed it, and now no trace is left. A green meadow covers all, so tenderly does Mother Nature heal all wounds.

And this is the life-record of one dear woman, poor Esther Caldwell.

The Story-Teller.

AUNT RUSHA'S VISITORS.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

AUNT RUSHA was perplexed and worried. She didn't know what to "*dew*." She had said she didn't, more than once, to herself, as she plied her hot flat-irons, making the snowy linens and muslins and the starched calicoes shine like new. She had just said it to her neighbor, Mrs. Gleason, who had dropped in, according to her usual habit, with her knitting in her hand, to make a morning call.

"*Dew*?" repeated Mrs. Gleason. "Why, what can ye dew, but let 'em both come right along? 'Taint likely they'll go ter quarrellin' here; an' mebbey they'll be disposed ter be friendly, an' this visit 'll be the means uv reconcilin' the tew families. Le's see! What was the quarrel about? Property, wa'n't it?"

"Yes," was the reply, as Aunt Rusha selected the hottest iron from the stove, trying them by giving each a light touch with her wet forefinger; "sumthin' 'bout the division uv gran'ther's estate—I never jest understood what. I was satisfied with my share—thought gran'ther hed a right ter

dew what he pleased with what belonged tew 'im. But these fam'ly quarrels air the most senseless things, 'specially 'bout property—an' the hardest ever ter set right."

Now I dare say, if you were to listen patiently awhile to this conversation, you would learn the cause of Aunt Rusha's present trouble; but I prefer to enlighten you myself in regard to it, and in the fewest words possible, and then proceed with my story.

The two families alluded to were those of two cousins—cousins to each other and to Aunt Rusha—Lola Morehouse, living in Boston, and Rhoda Cleveland, living somewhere in Ohio. The Morehouses were people of wealth and fashion; but of the Cleverlands, who had removed West some twenty years before, when their oldest boy, Wells, was about three or four years old, but little was known by their relatives in the East, Aunt Rusha being nearly the only one with whom they kept up a correspondence; and with her it could hardly be called so, the letters were so few and far between.

It was known of them, however, that they did not prosper in worldly matters for the first few

years of their Western life; that they had lost nearly all of what the Morehouses called their ill-gotten property; and it was generally supposed that, with a large family, they were barely able to "rub through" one year after another. Mrs. Morehouse always spoke of them as "those wretched Clevelands," and affected to believe that they were living in the most abject poverty, their children being little better than young savages—ignorant and vicious. Aunt Rusha, however, had reason to suspect that quite the reverse of all this was true. The two or three letters which she had received from Wells Cleveland during the last few years, and his photograph, which was enclosed in the last but one, assured her that *he*, at least, was not only well educated, but a handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellow.

But the "kink" of the matter was, that Amy Morehouse, a young lady of eighteen, and Wells Cleveland, were, at that very moment, both on their way to make Aunt Rusha a visit. Amy was expected that day at noon, and Wells's letter announcing his intention had been received only a few minutes before the opening of my story. He would leave home that morning, and arrive at Aunt Rusha's in the afternoon of the next day.

When the noon stage came along, it deposited at Aunt Rusha's door as dainty a little bit of female flesh and blood as ever mortal stage did deposit at any living being's door, I am willing to affirm; and when the outside wrappings were removed, it reminded one of a choice volume of poems (Tennyson's, if you will), "done in blue and gold," more than anything else (the gold was in her hair, and the blue in her eyes and the ribbons that fluttered from neck, waist and head)—and said dainty bit rejoiced in the name of Amy Morehouse.

"Well, there!" said Aunt Rusha, holding her off at arm's length, and gazing at her admiringly, "yew hain't changed hardly a mite sence yew's a baby—on'y grewed some. I should a known yew anywhere, I declare! I don't believe in kissin' 'mong wimmen, but I sh'll hev to kiss *yew* anyway! It's jest like kissin' a baby!" and she suited the action to the word with a good relish.

During the afternoon she introduced the subject of Wells Cleveland's visit, and then she found that Amy had imbibed all her mother's unjust dislike of "those wretches, the Clevelands," and even more, for the reason that she had no personal knowledge of them to aid her judgment, but only her mother's prejudiced representations.

"Of course I shall be civil to him, Aunt Rusha, out of respect to you," she said, after having expressed her mind pretty freely in regard to them; "but you must not expect me to seem at all friendly. It is very unfortunate that we didn't know of his coming before. Then I would have waited. Mamma would never have allowed me to come now, if she had known. However, it is to be hoped, for your sake as well as mine, that he will not stay long. I shall avoid him as much as I can, and leave you to enjoy his delectable company all by yourself; and then when he is gone you and I will have our visit. You will be glad to return to civilized society by that time, I fancy."

Aunt Rusha had intended to show Amy the letters and photograph of Wells Cleveland, but finding her so bitterly and unreasonably prejudiced against him, she suddenly changed her mind, and resolved to allow her to meet him without the slightest preparation, promising herself a good deal of quiet enjoyment when the meeting did take place.

As for Amy, although she meant, as she had said, to treat him with civility, she determined also to be severely dignified with him; to cause him at all times to feel his utter inferiority to herself. She could not stoop to flirt with him—she would as soon think of flirting with a bootblack—or she would like to fascinate and bewilder him with her beauty, grace and accomplishments; but that course being impossible, it only remained for her to crush him with a sense of her disdain. Yes, that was what she could do—she could *crush* him. She only wished she were larger, she could assume so much more dignity.

Not caring to meet him on the day of his arrival, the following afternoon, soon after dinner, she took her drawing materials, a book and a small basket, saying she should spend the whole afternoon in the woods and fields. To protect her delicate complexion, she borrowed Aunt Rusha's "shaker"—"miles too large," she knew, "and making one look like a fright; but what matter in the country?"

She had dawdled away the greater part of the afternoon, reading, drawing and picking the wild blackberries, which grew in profusion all about, when she found herself in a pasture-field, across which a well-trod footpath led in the direction of Aunt Rusha's, as she judged, upon the one hand, and up a wooded hillside upon the other. She was hesitating whether to return now by the path or to try and amuse herself awhile longer, when a gentle "ba-a-a" attracted her attention. Turning at the sound, she saw at a little distance a flock of sheep, who appeared to be regarding her intently. Immediately, and seemingly with one impulse, the whole flock set up the most fearful bleating, and came tearing down toward her in a frightful manner. Down went books and basket, the latter filled to overflowing with luscious blackberries, and the terrified girl took to flight. But where should she go? In a minute or two they would be upon her. She had no time to choose her place of refuge. Right before her was a stump, which, if she could succeed in climbing upon, she thought would place her beyond their reach. She tore off her bonnet, for it blinded her and impeded her progress. She reached the stump, and with infinite difficulty, after one or two failures, and after tearing her skirts past all hope of future usefulness, succeeded in getting upon its narrow, uneven top; and crouched there, faint, dizzy and almost suffocated by the rapid beating of her heart, while on came her terrible pursuers, making the air resound with their dreadful ba-a-ing. They gathered about the stump, gazing at her with angry eyes, shaking their heads, snuffing and stamping impatiently now and again.

Oh, what should she do! Away there in that lonely field, where no one could hear, even if she

had breath and strength enough to call out. Suddenly she remembered the footpath. It was well worn, as though much used, and perhaps some one would pass. She would be patient and watch. She had not long to wait. Presently a man emerged from the woodland carrying a carpet-bag and a stout walking-stick.

"Help!" she cried, with all the energy she could command, at the same time waving her handkerchief above her head as a signal of distress. The man stopped, looked about him, and then came toward her with rapid strides. In the meantime most of the sheep had gone quietly to feeding, though some of them still kept their positions about the stump, bleating, snuffing and stamping.

Notwithstanding her terror, and her uncomfortable situation, Amy was painfully conscious of the ridiculous figure she made, perched there, with her flushed and tear-stained face, disheveled hair and torn garments. She looked more like a baby than ever—a very naughty one, which had got itself into trouble through some mischief. She felt the ridiculousness the more keenly, because the gentleman was young, and evidently none of the common sort. If it had been some elderly farmer, she would not have cared. The young gentleman took in the situation at a glance; but if he felt any amusement there were no indications of it in his face or manner. A flourish or two of his stick dispersed Amy's tormentors in all directions, and then throwing it aside, he came toward her with hands extended, saying: "You seem to be placed in a rather unpleasant situation, miss; allow me to lift you down."

"Thank you!" she faltered, and held out her hands.

He lifted her gently down, and while she leaned against the stump for a few minutes, to collect a little strength, instead of annoying her with attentions, he brought her books and basket of berries, deftly gathering up the few of the latter which had been scattered over—doing it in a grave, business-like way, as though rescuing young ladies from voracious sheep had been the sole occupation of his life. When he brought her bonnet—Aunt Rusha's luckless "shaker"—he could not repress a smile. The books and basket had escaped the feet of the sheep, not so the "shaker." It was trodden out of all semblance of a bonnet. He attempted to restore it to something of its original form, but failing, said, gravely: "The sun is so low, now, as not to be oppressive; perhaps you would prefer not wearing it."

"Yes, I think I would," she answered, quite as gravely.

"Have you far to go? Do you feel able to walk now?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I can walk now; and it's not far, I think," Amy replied, "though I'm not sure about the most direct way. I think the path leads there, though I'm not certain."

"I am a stranger to this locality, but I was directed to follow the path you mention; so, if you please, we will walk along together, and I will carry your things," rejoined her companion.

So they took up their line of march, slowly and somewhat toilsomely, for Amy's torn skirts were

troublesome to manage, and, besides, she did not feel capable of making much exertion, and the gentleman was cumbered with his own and Amy's luggage, including the demolished "shaker," which he insisted upon carrying, though Amy wished to leave it behind.

Amy had ample opportunity to study her companion; for he seemed not at all inclined to talk, and at times quite unconscious of her presence. Clearly, there were more attractive objects upon which to bestow his attention than she, in her little disheveled person, then presented. His keen, gray eye roved incessantly over the surrounding landscape—hills, valleys and distant mountain ranges—while frequent half-uttered exclamations attested his appreciation and enjoyment of the fair scene. With all her study, Amy was at a loss where to place him, except that he certainly was a gentleman—there could be no doubt of that. Was he a minister, out on his vacation? Hardly; though he seemed quite grave enough. She finally settled upon the decision that he was one of those professors, or something—naturalists—who go wandering about the woods and mountains, gathering "specimens" and things, though he seemed too young. But, no matter! whatever he was, he had very fine eyes, certainly—just the very color she had always said the man of her choice should have—none of your common black or blue, but "that peculiar gray," she said to herself, "that can look both severe and gentle at the same time." Somehow, it annoyed her, that he seemed so utterly oblivious of her, as he did most of the time, although she felt that it would be very embarrassing, in her present plight, to be the object of much attention; still she did not relish being so entirely overlooked. It touched her self-esteem and womanly vanity.

A turn in the path had just brought them where a wider view opened out before them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the young man, with a prolonged expiration, indicative of pleasure, "Monadnock!" and stopping and quickly shifting his carpet-bag from his right hand to his already burdened left, he lifted his hat, and, with kindling eyes and face in a glow of enthusiasm, remained for several minutes silently regarding the gray old monarch, cloud-crowned and misty in the distance.

"I thought I should see it soon," he said, glancing at Amy, as they resumed their walk, and speaking in an animated, boyish way—quite unlike his former quiet gravity. "I've dreamed of it for years! I used to see it every day when I was a boy—a mere child—and I can remember now how it awed and fascinated me even then. It looks exactly as I thought."

Amy wished very much to make some appropriate remark in reply, but was strangely at a loss for words, and finally said nothing. Her companion, however, did not seem to notice the omission, and presently continued, though now his voice was grave and quiet, and his gaze was directed far away upon the distant mountains: "To a man accustomed to the tame and unimpressive scenery of northern Ohio, these hills are like a revelation from on high! Who could disbelieve

in God, standing here? It seems to me like the Presence Chamber of the Almighty! Who would dare to be proud, or selfish, or uncharitable amid scenes like these. Poets! No wonder this is a land of poets! I should be one myself, I fancy, in this air!"

It is a little singular that no suspicion as to her companion's identity should have entered Amy's mind, but so it was. On second thought it was not singular; for why should any word or act of this man "with the form of a prince and the soul of a poet," as she had just said to herself, have suggested anything so absurd as that he might possibly be "one of those Clevelands," whom to think of, with her, was to despise.

As they drew near Aunt Rusha's gate, she offered to relieve him of her books, basket, etc., and began thanking him in an embarrassed manner, quite unusual with her, for his kindness; but he interrupted her, saying he would accompany her to the door.

Aunt Rusha stood in the porch watching them curiously as they came up, and Amy half expected to see her companion deliver the basket of berries, books and ruined "shaker" into her hands, and to hear him say: "I found your little girl in a very perilous situation, a short distance back here, and have brought her safe home. I would advise you to take care of her in future;" but, instead, "Wells Cleveland!" burst from Aunt Rusha's astonished lips. "Wells Cleveland! er I'm dretf'ly mistaken!"

Then followed greetings and explanations, during which Wells said: "And it's lucky that I did depart slightly from my original intention; for as a consequence, I was enabled to rescue this young lady from a very unpleasant situation."

On looking around for the said young lady, no such person was to be seen; but Aunt Rusha caught a glimpse of her soiled and torn skirts as they disappeared up the stairs. Now, it was not dignified to run away and hide, certainly; and Amy had intended to be very dignified with "that Cleveland fellow," we remember; but who ever *did* do and say just the very things they had planned beforehand for any given occasion?

When Aunt Rusha entered her room some fifteen minutes afterward, to tell her that tea was ready, she found her sitting just as she had thrown herself down on first coming in.

"What's the matter?" asked Aunt Rusha, innocently. "Yew look as though yew'd seen a ghost! My sheep skart yew dretf'ly, didn't they? Poor critters! they hain't hed any salt fer tew weeks, an' I s'pose they thought yew'd got some for 'em—mebbey they knew the old bunnet. But supper's ready. Hedn't yew better fix up a little, en come down? Now yew've met Wells an' got kinder acquainted with him, I hope yew'll like him better'n yew expected tew. He seems real civil an' gentlemanlike, don't he?"

"O Aunt Rusha!" Amy exclaimed, almost crying, "I can't go down! I don't want any tea! I should disgrace myself, in some way, I am sure—more than I have already! I am trying to remember all the ridiculous and stupid things I have said and done this afternoon. The idea of

his being one of 'those Clevelands!' How did it happen? It was absolutely cruel in mamma to misrepresent them so to me! I can never meet him again, *never!* I shall go right home to-morrow! I *must!*"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Rusha, "yew're makin' mountains uv molehills. Laugh it off, an' let it go! He's so taken up with the hills, 'n' rocks, 'n' so on, that I shouldn't wonder ef he didn't take no notice at all uv how yew lookt, er what yew said—er ef he did, it didn't make no impression on him, an' he'll fergit it all by mornin'."

"Oh, I can't see him again," reiterated Amy, shaking her head gloomily, but decidedly. "I shall go right home to-morrow!"

But she didn't. She didn't go down that night, though; but she sat at her window long after bedtime, listening to Wells Cleveland's voice, as he and Aunt Rusha sat conversing in the moonlit porch below. And then she went to bed and dreamed of grave young professors, with gray eyes and brown, flowing beards, and of torn dresses, and dreadful sheep, and—well, when she awoke, she thought she would stay *just one day* more. Maybe Aunt Rusha was right, and he had not thought her so very ridiculous, after all. So she dressed herself with exceeding care, in a pure white muslin wrapper, with blue facings, and went down to breakfast, looking more like a poem than ever before. She bore so little resemblance to the forlorn young lady of yesterday, that Wells Cleveland failed to recognize her, until Aunt Rusha formally introduced them.

The young man came hastily forward, with hand extended and beaming face, saying: "Indeed, Miss Morehouse—or shall I call you cousin—our mothers are cousins, I believe—I am afraid you will think me very stupid, but I did not recognize you; and that fact proves that I must have been unsocial even to rudeness, yesterday; but for that I really must not be made accountable—it was all the fault of your Yankee hills—they set me wild. If I had met the Grand Mufti, I should have forgotten all about him within ten minutes. You ought to have seen me yesterday morning, when I first saw them towering above us from the car windows, I felt just like rushing out and embracing them, only I felt so *exceedingly small*—I felt like a *baby*; and so, to maintain my character, I *acted* like one. I cried. I'm getting used to them, somewhat, now, and intend to conduct myself better in future."

The effect of these words—and I shrewdly suspect the speaker had this very effect in view—was to allay Amy's sensitiveness concerning the occurrence of yesterday, and to relieve her of much of the embarrassment which the sight of him had occasioned. She managed to make a suitable reply, and then Aunt Rusha came to her relief, and monopolized the conversation almost entirely during breakfast. Before the meal was over, Amy had reconsidered her decision in regard to going home, and had postponed the time indefinitely.

One morning, a week later, Aunt Rusha said to Amy, as they were both in the room of the latter: "Well, Amy, I must say yew've got more uv the

blood uv the martyrs in yew then I gin yew credit for! Here yew've ben a sacrificin' yewrself, as I may say, on the alter uv yewer respect fur me fur a whole week—bein' 'civil' ter that Wells Cleveland! Yew've rode with us day arter day, an' when 'twas so't I couldn't go, yew've gone with him alone; an' yew've sung tew him, an' listened tew his singin' an' readin'; an' yew've sot an' talked with him hours at a time out on the porch—an' all the time I s'pose it's ben dretful disagreeable tew yew. Yew've put up with his ignerent, uncivilized ways better'n I should thought yew could, brought up es yew've ben; an' I thought I jest say—"

"O Aunt Rusha, how sarcastic you can be!" interrupted Amy, coloring crimson. "But I deserve it, I suppose. I've learned my lesson, though. Shall I repeat it to you? 'Never form an opinion of any person from the representations of another, even if that other be your mother; for mothers are human, and may be prejudiced.' Is that correct?"

"'Very well,' as the teachers say," Aunt Rusha replied; "only I should like ter offer one amendment. I'd say *bad* opinions. Folks don't gener'ly git credit fur bein' *better'n* they air, er, if they dew, 'twon't hurt yew ner them ter think them so. Yewr mother's a real good woman in most things; but she's tew easily prejudiced, an' dretful set in her way. Now Rhody Cleveland's different, unless she's changed. She felt dretfly 'bout there bein' any defikilty—said she'd rather not hed anything. I don't s'pose Wells and the rest the children hardly know 't there was any trouble; she'd think more uv instillin' right principles an' feelin's inter their mines then keepin' up an old grudge. But what I was goin' ter say, that I should like dretful well ter hev yew both go ter ride with me ter day; but knowin' how disagreeable Wells is ter yew, an' how hard 'tis for yew ter be 'civil' tew him—"

She finished the sentence with one of her mellow, satisfied laughs, and hurried from the room to escape the uplifted slipper with which Amy laughingly threatened her.

Amy hurriedly prepared herself for the proposed excursion, with pleasure sparkling in her eyes, and glowing in her cheeks; for these daily rides over the hills with Wells Cleveland—this constant intercourse with his strong, fresh, pure mind, stored with the lore of the college, and enriched by a liberal reading of the best literature of the day, and still reaching out for more, aiming higher, striving to enter into truer relations with his Creator and his fellow-man—was the beginning to her of a new existence; was opening out to her new avenues of thought and feeling; giving her clearer views of life—its duties and responsibilities, its capabilities for usefulness and enjoyment—a life infinitely better, and truer, and nobler than anything she had hitherto dreamed of in her little world of fashion and folly. And all the while her pulses were thrilling to tones and glances, which imparted to the most ordinary language the glowing effect of impassioned poetry.

"Well, I dew say!" It was Mrs. Gleason who

"did say," and it was about a month after Wells Cleveland's arrival, and a day or two after his departure. "Engaged, be they! That little wax-doll of a thing an' that great broad-shouldered, hansom feller! Well, well! An' it all cum about, mebbey, through the agency of yewer little innercent sheep! It's jest like a story, for all the world!"

"Yis, an' there'll be a sequil tew the story, tew, yew may depeind," was Aunt Rusha's reply. "Ef Toly Morehouse gives her consent fur Amy ter marry one of 'them wretched Clevelands' without some purty sharp argyin', I'm dretfly mistaken."

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

ST. MARY'S bell was ringing for evensong in the dusk of the winter day. It had sounded over the streets for more than its usual time, and the worshippers were gathered together, waiting for the clergyman.

The first sharp tones of the bell reached him as he stood in the shabby parlor of a large house in one of the narrow thoroughfares of the great manufacturing town. He started and looked at his watch.

"So late! I must go, Miriam. And you have not decided yet."

His companion kept her eyes steadily on the dark, dreary street. Crowds of workers were going home from the factories, laughing and talking, and jostling one another on the pavement. The winter twilight was falling, the sky was dark with clouds. She did not answer the question that was spoken so earnestly, unless that look was an answer. The clergyman lingered, though the bell sounded sharp and fast.

"Will you come to church?" he asked.

"No, no!" she answered in a low stifled voice, and dropping her head upon her hands. At that moment the door was hastily opened.

"I can't come in—my cloak is dripping. Miriam, are you— Why, Mr. Tremaine, I thought I was late!"

"So you are, and so am I," was the quick answer, as he caught up his hat.

"It is raining fast. Here is an umbrella," said the little dark figure at the door.

He took it with a quiet "Thank you," and they went out together with hurried steps toward the church.

"Will you wait for me after service?" he said, and his companion nodded her assent as she passed in.

When she had thrown aside her cloak, the dim light showed a slender little figure, in a dress of almost Puritan simplicity. Gayer attire would have added no charm to the grave young face, so sweet and womanly, so eloquent of truth and tender strength. A stranger, a little keen-eyed man, who chatted in low tones to the pew-owner, observed her keenly as she passed to her seat.

"Is that —?" he said, interrogatively, as if the person he meant had formed the subject of the conversation.

"No, sir! That is Miss Alice Gordon, the vicar's niece. Shall I show you a seat, sir?"

"Please," he replied, as he followed the woman up the aisle, glancing around at the scattered congregation.

The bell had ceased at last; and, as he took his seat just opposite Miss Gordon, Mr. Tremaine entered the chancel and commenced the service. The little man's keen eyes wandered to the clergyman, and rested for a while on his pale face and the firm, tender eyes and lips that told of hard work done, and of a soul sanctified and strengthened to endure.

Though the congregation was so thin, there was no hastening over the prayers by the clear, solemn voice; and the stranger had full time to read the two faces that seemed to interest him so much. The first lesson was over, and he turned over the leaves of his prayer-book eagerly to the psalm that followed.

Through the dim church rose a voice, rich, pure and thrilling, singing the grand old words. The stranger bent his head, so as not to lose a note of that wondrous music. Other voices were singing—Mr. Tremaine's clear tenor, and a few faint trebles; but above them rose that voice in the glad utterance of a rejoicing soul.

The stranger, whose eyes watched her through the service, saw how unconscious she was of her wondrous gift. He lingered a little when the prayers were over; but, finding Miss Gordon did not move, he went out and walked back to his hotel, being weary with a long day's journey after a rough passage over the Atlantic. He had been absent from England thirty years. The sister he had loved above all earthly things was dead; his home was broken up and forgotten; and the only link that seemed to bind him to the old life was his youngest sister's only daughter, Miriam.

Miss Gordon did not go out with the others; she passed into the vestry, where a fire was faintly burning in the dusty grate. Mr. Tremaine had taken off his surplice, and was waiting for her.

"It's about Miriam," he said, quietly, as he gave her a seat by the fire. He stood opposite her, shading his face with his hand.

"She will go," returned his companion, in a low voice.

"Ah, it is a great temptation—" He stopped short, and a bright scarlet flush dyed his face.

"She wishes to accept Mrs. Warner's offer to-night," said Alice. "It will be a great change for her—Miriam is fond of change."

"To-night! Miss Gordon, she ought not to go."

"Why do you say so?" asked Alice Gordon.

"A time approaches," replied Mr. Tremaine, "when the vicar's eldest daughter should be in her place as mistress of his home. A dark shadow is coming for those we love, Miss Gordon. Miriam must not go abroad."

"Miriam does not know," she said.

"You must tell her," he decided.

"I tell her?" she questioned. "I cannot."

"Who else can do so, Miss Gordon? I am so cruelly placed. I cannot say a word to keep her back from her first knowledge of the world she would grace so well."

Alice's look startled him, and he stopped hastily. "Don't you know? Has not Miriam told you?" he continued.

"Mrs. Warner's letter to-day has taken up all my thoughts," she answered, without looking up. "Miriam has told me nothing."

"We are engaged," Mr. Tremaine said, quietly—"only since yesterday."

Alice had raised her hand as if to ward off the feeble flicker of the fire, and he did not see the deathlike pallor that overspread her face. She rose up and leaned her brow against the wooden mantelshelf.

"I will tell Miriam of her father's danger," she said. "Do you think he is very ill?"

"He is dying," returned the young man, sorrowfully. "Let me put on your cloak"—for Miss Gordon had taken it up with shaking hands. She tried to answer him, but the words broke off in an inarticulate sound; and, leaning back against the chair, she fainted quietly away.

When she came to herself she was still on the chair, with Mr. Tremaine and the old woman that kept the keys bending over her.

"I am better," she said, faintly, sitting up. "I will go home."

"You cannot walk," urged Mr. Tremaine, putting his arm round her, for she staggered as she rose.

"I am quite well now," she returned, hurriedly.

Her white face and trembling lips told a different tale, though. But she put on her cloak and insisted on going home, so they walked together through the dripping lamplit streets almost in silence.

"I won't come in till after tea," said Mr. Tremaine, as he opened the door for his companion. "Take comfort," he added, gently; "death will only be a brighter life for your uncle, and strength and help are near to us in all our sorrows, if we seek them."

She answered him by a look. Her dark, sad eyes haunted the young man's fancy as he walked homewards, thinking of his bright, beautiful Miriam.

"How late you are!" said Miriam, looking up pettishly from her duties at the tea-tray—for tea had begun when Alice entered the parlor. "Do come and keep these children in order. Frank has stolen all the sugar, and they are fighting like cats and dogs."

"Do try to get a little quietness, Alice," entreated her uncle, who was lying on a sofa by the fire; "and can you get me some better tea, dear? This is quite cold."

In a few moments Alice's presence changed the whole aspect of things. She stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, cheered the vicar's heart by a cup of steaming tea, checked the children's wild behavior by a few firm, gentle words—yet her own heart was breaking the while.

Miriam gladly gave up her seat at the tea-tray, and sat down in a low chair by the fire, and played absently with her cup and saucer. She was a handsome girl, with straight features, and bright golden hair. A keen observer would have seen

little character in her face, beautiful as it was; but it lighted up well as she talked, and every feature was perfect.

"Many people at church, my dear?" asked the vicar.

"About a dozen. A stranger was there, an odd-looking man."

"Where's Tremaine?"

"He's coming in after tea, uncle. Frank, ring the bell, my boy;" and Alice began to collect the tea equipage with deft fingers.

"You haven't eaten a thing, Alice," exclaimed Frank.

"Personal remarks are not agreeable," she answered, gently pulling his ear. "Get your books, my dears. Over Pons Asinorum yet, Jim?"

"Oh, do help us, Alice!" exclaimed the boys, rushing for their books.

"I want Alice," said Miriam, impatiently.

"Now, papa, may I go?"

"My dear, you have my consent if you have your own," he answered.

"I shall never have the chance again, and it is only for six months."

"What can I say more, dear? Go and enjoy yourself. It is very kind of your aunt to ask you."

"And I may really go?"

"If you wish, my daughter."

"You dear old father!" she said, bending down and kissing him. "I knew you wouldn't say 'No.' I will make our old house radiant with trophies of my travels," she added, gayly.

He followed her with mournful eyes out of the room, and sighed heavily. Miriam called her cousin hastily.

"Come and read my letter, Alice! Where has the girl gone? Alice!"

"I am coming," she answered, running upstairs. "Have you written it?"

"Yes, here it is. Have I put the proper quantity of thanks? Isn't it kind of her to promise to get my dresses? These things wouldn't do for Paris."

"No," said Alice, sitting down. "I don't suppose they would."

"Now what is it, Alice?" said Miriam, looking half defiantly at her cousin. "I ought not to go, I suppose, in your opinion? It is hard I can't have a little pleasure for once without everybody looking as if I were committing murder. There's John—" She stopped, with a little conscious laugh.

"Well," said Alice.

"Ah, you know! He told you, I suppose. But nothing is settled. Of course I wouldn't have that until I came home. But I suppose we shall make a match of it, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Oh, I hardly know. I may see somebody I like better."

"You ought not to go, Miriam."

"Of course! I expected that. Why not, pray? This sort of life may do for you, but different blood runs in my veins, Alice. This dull place half kills me. It isn't life—it is vegetation. Why shouldn't I go?"

"You shouldn't leave your father."

"What do you mean?" asked Miriam, starting. "He is only a little ailing now, as he always is in the winter."

"He is dying, Miriam."

"Dying!" All the warm color left her cheeks for a moment. "How dare you frighten me so? What do you mean, Alice? Who said so?"

"Can't you see he gets weaker and weaker? Oh, you must not go!"

"Who told you—John Tremaine? Ah, he did! The girl's fair face flushed with mingled pain and rage. "I suppose he thinks to keep me at home, like a naughty child, by trying to frighten me. Papa is not worse than he has been for years. You have got up the plot between you, I know."

Alice sat in silence, while Miriam paced the room with hot, angry feelings, accusing everybody of cruelty toward her. The clock struck eight.

"I shall miss the post. Where is my letter, Alice?"

"Are you going?"

"Yes. Papa would not let me go if he thought he ought not, and John shall know I have a mind of my own. It's perfect nonsense about papa. My eyes would see any change quicker than yours or John's, who can't feel as I do. If I thought—" She stopped as she addressed the letter. Her better nature for a moment prevailed—only for a moment. "It was a foolish trick to try to frighten me like that. It was a trick, wasn't it, Alice?"

"Think it so, if you please."

"I know it was. But I must go, dear. Think! I shall see Paris, and Rome, and Naples. O Alice, it will be delightful! There's the letter. Do carry it to the post for me, dear. John will be here in a few minutes; and if the boys go they will lose it."

Alice took the letter in silence, and went away for her cloak. She met Mr. Tremaine in the hall.

"Going out again, Miss Gordon?"

"Only to the post."

"Give me the letter. Has Miriam's gone?"

"No. Here it is. It must go to-night, and I fear I shall lose the post."

"Is she really going?"

"Yes," returned Alice, gravely.

He took the letter, and turned back into the street in silence.

"Has he got my letter?" asked Miriam, who was waiting at the top of the stairs when Alice went up. "Is he angry?"

"Yes," said Alice.

"I don't care. He can't expect that I shall stay mewed up here all the time;" and, humming a gay tune in defiance, she proceeded to the parlor.

Alice came down presently, before John came back, and she sat down by the boys, keeping them quiet over their lessons, and holding little Mary in her arms. The vicar went to bed early, and Alice soon followed with the four children, leaving the lovers alone. John was pacing the room when she came back at supper-time, and Miriam was seated in her favorite low chair, looking painfully disturbed, and with her hand shading her eyes. Not a word was said of Miriam's going till after supper, when Alice, as her custom was, sat

down to the piano to sing. Suddenly Miriam cried out, in an unnatural voice: "Alice, O Alice, stop! I cannot bear it."

Alice hastily rose up, startled at her cousin's ghastly face.

"I thought I saw my mother in the room," she said with a shiver; "it was only fancy, I know. John, I wish I had never sent the letter."

"Is it too late to change your mind?" asked Alice.

"I must go—I cannot give it up," answered Miriam, as the color slowly came back to her face.

Next morning Miriam was packing, with Alice's help, and they were considering the merits of a blue cashmere that was very becoming to the fair hair and brilliant complexion of the vicar's daughter. She had put it on and fastened some white lace round her neck, and stood at the glass looking at the effect.

"Come here, Alice," she said; and her cousin crossed the room and stood by her side, looking at the reflection of their two faces in the glass.

They were a great contrast to each other. By Miriam's white skin and exquisite complexion Alice looked pale and sallow; and to-day there were dark rings under her heavy eyes, and her lips had lost their pleasant smile.

"Never mind," said Miriam, gaily smoothing her cousin's thin cheek. "Goodness is better than beauty," she added, with a laugh. "I think John is a fool—don't you, Alice?"

"No, I don't," said Alice, gravely, beginning to fold some dresses.

"I do. If he weren't, he would have fallen in love with you. But men are all alike—a pretty face is all they care for."

"One would think you did not love Mr. Tremaine," said Alice.

"Well, I am afraid I don't. My *beau idéal* is somebody very handsome and rich—not a poor curate. But *n'importe*. Don't, for goodness sake, fold like that, Alice! Whatever are you about?"

"Miriam—Alice!" called out the vicar's faint voice from the foot of the stairs. "Come down, girls—your uncle wishes to see you."

Their uncle!

"Wait a moment," said Miriam, running back to smooth her hair. Alice went down to the parlor, where she found the little, keen-eyed, sallow man who had been in church the night before.

"I am your uncle," he said; "your mother's brother."

"Uncle Henry, from America?"

"Yes, I am the last of them all. And this is Miriam," and he turned with a delighted face to speak to his beautiful niece.

"You are like your mother, my dear. She was my youngest sister and my favorite one—you are the picture of her," he said.

"Your uncle will stay here for a time," said the vicar, in a low voice, to Alice. "Will you go and look after dinner, my dear?"

Alice quietly left the room, leaving Miriam in the midst of a lively conversation with Mr. Haydon.

Alice was busy cooking in the kitchen when

John Tremaine came in with the clothing-club accounts. He sat down by the glowing stove, talking over parish business with Alice, who was director-in-chief of the district meetings, Dorcas society, etc. She rolled the crust and listened, and gave her advice concerning the manifold little troubles that beset a parish. John had just risen to go into the parlor and be introduced to the visitor, when Miriam came in, radiant in the blue cashmere, and laughing merrily.

"O Alice, such a delightful mistake! Uncle thought you were engaged to John!" she exclaimed, not seeing the young clergyman for the moment. Then, on perceiving John, she exclaimed: "Why, John, are you learning cooking in addition to your other accomplishments? Do you know our respected uncle has been settling you two in life most comfortably? He thought you most suited to each other till papa undeceived him."

"How very foolish!" said Alice, her face slowly flushing.

John Tremaine followed Miriam in silence from the kitchen. Her gay words had struck him strangely. Some day, of course, Alice would be engaged and married, and the light of another home. Without confessing it to himself—hardly understanding how deep the feeling was—he realized in that brief moment of thought how much sweetness her bright presence and tender household ways and brave, steadfast spirit added to his life. Despite himself he carried on the thought, and awoke with a dim pain to the knowledge that, if Alice, instead of Miriam, had been going, what a much greater blank would have been left—how much more she would have been missed. He had proposed to Miriam in a moment of passionate admiration of her beauty, and already, without really knowing it, he was beginning to regret.

Mr. Haydon was charmed with his beautiful niece, and the time slipped quickly by till the boys and Mary came home from school.

"And are these my nephews?" asked Mr. Haydon.

"They are not Mary's children," said the vicar, with a sad smile.

"Ah, I forgot—Miriam is the only one she left." He turned to his niece, and added: "Thank Heaven, I have found one left to remind me of those I loved! You will make an old man's life happier by your mere presence, my dear."

"But I am going away to-morrow, uncle."

"Going away?"

"For six months, with papa's sister, abroad. It will be so delightful."

Mr. Haydon looked from the vicar's white face, and round at the children, with a glance which even Miriam could not mistake.

"Can you be spared, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," she answered carelessly; "Alice is mistress here."

Her tone and manner provoked a glance from the mild vicar that made Miriam add, hastily: "I don't like housekeeping;" and with that the subject dropped.

"O Alice," wrote Miriam from Paris, "this life

is too delightful! How shall I ever sink back into that humdrum existence at home? It seems like a dream here, where such vulgar things as Dôrcas meetings, and Sunday-schools, and washing-days are unknown. Aunt Warner is so kind, and we get on capitally. How ever can papa think so hardly of her? She is adorable. I have been to the Louvre to-day. Charmed, of course! One of aunt's friends, the Comte de Rabord, was with us. He speaks little English, and I less French, but we are very good friends, and he is truly delightful. One of the old nobility, his manners are grace itself. Poor John! How *gauche* he would look beside him. In another epistle she said: "The Comte de Rabord has just gone. He is teaching me French, and we are reading Racine together. Ah, Alice, I think sometimes what a pity it is that my six months will have an end. I am so happy here!"

Many more letters, filled with sentences like these and vivid descriptions of the comte, found their way to the house in the busy street, and were put away with heavy sighs in Alice's desk. Meanwhile life went on in the great town. Mr. Haydon settled down in the vicar's house. With unflagging energy Alice went about her daily duties, though the color had left her cheeks, and her lips were taking the sorrowful lines that speak of hidden pain.

A little romance happened in the dead of the dreary winter. There had been a destructive fire in the town, and a concert was got up by the vicar's congregation in aid of a fund for the sufferers. Among those that enrolled themselves as performers was a wealthy merchant, who had lately settled in the neighborhood with his mother. He was unmarried, and very good-looking, with a fine bass voice, and proved a great addition to the little band of performers. A friendship sprang up between him and the vicar's family, and his kindness to the children, his thought for the invalid clergyman, and his bright, genial manners, made him a favorite with all.

After diplomacy on his part worthy of Machiavelli, it was arranged that there should be a duet between him and Alice, who, of course, was to sing at the concert. Mr. Willis professed great difficulty in learning his part, and made almost daily visits at the vicar's to practice it with Alice.

Despite his better nature, John Tremaine became intensely irritated at finding the big, handsome merchant as much at home in the vicar's household as he was. He got sulky over it at last, to Alice's great amazement, who had never seen such a display of temper from him before.

"Your head is full of the music," he exclaimed, pettishly, one morning, when Alice made some mistake with the accounts of the children's club. "I beg your pardon," he added, hastily, seeing a wondering look in Alice's soft eyes. "I am afraid I'm getting old and bad-tempered."

"Haven't you had a letter from Miriam lately?" she asked, gently.

John's face crimsoned. He had hardly thought of Miriam for weeks.

The night of the concert came, and Alice dressed and came down into the parlor to wait for the rest

of the party. Her Uncle Henry was there, came to meet her with a smile, and put a little case into her hand.

"Will you wear this, my dear, to-night?"

It was a brilliant diamond star for the hair. Alice fastened it in her soft, dark braids, with a child-like pleasure at its beauty and her uncle's kindness. Very charming she looked in her simple evening dress, with a white cloak over her shoulders. John called for the boys, for the vicar had consented to indulge their vehement desire to hear Alice sing.

"Won't Willis be more bewitched than ever?" whispered Uncle Henry, slyly, as John looked admiringly at Alice.

"I dare say," he returned, dryly, feeling inclined to wish Mr. Haydon at the North Pole.

The cab came up at that moment, and in the slight bustle Alice dropped the flowers from her dress on the damp pavement.

"They are spoiled," remarked Mr. Tremaine, picking them up with great delight, for the exquisite white blossoms were Mr. Willis's gift.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Alice, in real distress.

"Mr. Tremaine is jolly cross to-night," said Jim to Frank, *sotto voce*, as they walked to the concert-room. "He isn't half so nice as he used to be."

The concert was a great success. Alice's songs were the great "hits" of the night, and she was almost bewildered at the applause that greeted her appearance upon the platform, and the *encores* that followed. Two people saw nothing but her sweet, calm face the whole evening, and both of them wondered now and then at its intense sadness when the smiles that came so readily were gone and her lips were at rest.

The day after the concert was rough and stormy. Mr. Tremaine had to attend some meetings, and it was dark when he paid his daily visit to the vicar. Tea was over, the boys had been sent off to the study to prepare their lessons, and only Mr. Haydon and the vicar were in the parlor. Mr. Gordon had a flush of excitement on his white cheeks, and Uncle Henry greeted the young clergyman gayly.

"We have just been talking about another lover, Tremaine. You have a comrade in affliction, my dear fellow."

"Oh—indeed!"

"Mr. Willis has been to see me to-day," said the vicar. "He asked my permission to propose to Alice."

"Indeed!"

"It will be a great thing for her," observed the vicar. "When I am gone, there will be somebody to take care of her, dear child."

"Miss Gordon has accepted him, then?" asked John, quietly.

"That is the question," said Uncle Henry, looking keenly at the young man's face. "We don't know. Alice went off to the night-school without enlightening us on the matter; but of course she will say 'Yes.'"

Mr. Tremaine did not continue the subject. He

gave his report of the meeting he had attended to the vicar, and hurried away. The postman met him as he went down the steps, and gave him a thick letter. He put it in his pocket without caring to see from whom it came, and walked rapidly along the streets, heedless of the rain that beat upon him. Miriam was utterly forgotten in that hour of terrible pain. He knew the truth now; he knew that he loved Alice with all the depth and earnestness of his nature.

He walked on till he reached the room where the night-school was held. The gas was glaring through the uncurtained windows, and the buzz of voices floated out. He stepped over the threshold and stood inside the door, for a moment looking at the face that he felt was dearer to him than life. Alice was bending over a desk at the top of the room, teaching some big boys the mysteries of arithmetic. How patient she was with them, and how their rough faces softened at her gentle words and the voice that was perfect music! She passed up and down the forms very quietly, without any display of authority, but keeping all those unruly wills in order by force of that rare power over others which is the secret of true dominion.

Mr. Tremaine passed round the school, speaking to the teachers. The work was over before he reached Alice's desk. He waited till the boys had gone and the room was empty, but for a few teachers packing up their books. Then he crossed over to Alice, feeling that he must know the truth.

"I don't think I have seen you to-day," she said, looking up at him with a smile. "Have you been home?"

"Yes," he said, picking up some books from the table. "They tell me you are engaged, Miss Gordon. May I wish you all happiness?"

Her face was bent over the desk, and he could not see its pain and trouble, or understand the feeling that kept her silent.

"Is it so?" he whispered, hoarsely, forgetting all, save that he had lost her, and the life that might have been. "O Alice!"

Something in his tone, expressive of anguish kindred to her own, made Alice look up, and her voice trembled over the quiet answer: "I am not engaged to Mr. Willis."

Their eyes met for a moment. Then Alice moved quickly away, and began gathering up the remaining books and slates, her cheeks flushed, her hands hot and trembling. In that glance she had understood, and he too, that they were all in all to each other. Both remembered what parted them, after the first wild joy that knew no other thought than that of being beloved.

He helped her to put the school appliances away in silence, and brought her cloak, and put it on for her. The rain was over, though clouds still hung overhead, and the night was cold and windy. The homeward walk was performed in utter silence till they reached the vicar's door.

"I am going away to-morrow," said Mr. Tremaine, in a low voice. "I shall get Darrell to do the work."

"Are you?" answered Alice.

"Yes—I can't stay here. Good-bye—God bless you, Miss Gordon!"

"Good-bye," she said, faintly. And so they parted.

It was late that night before Mr. Tremaine thought of his unopened letter. It was from Miriam—a thick packet. John broke the seal, recognizing, in some amazement, his own letters enclosed.

"I have made a mistake," wrote Miriam. "It is better you should know it now than hereafter; my liking was only a girlish fancy. I have learned what love means since I have been abroad. Forgive me. It is better for both that we should part." The rest of the letter was lost upon the reader. He could only realize that he was free—that the terrible mistake he had made would not ruin his life—that he might be happy yet.

Saturday morning was always a busy one in the vicar's household. The boys were at home from school, and there was Sunday's dinner to prepare, and the mending of the week to do, in addition to the regular daily duties. Alice, who always managed to have odd jobs for the boys in rainy weather, sent them up into the garret to sort out some packets of old journals, and then, with little Mary at her side, hemming a handkerchief, began to look over the big basket of clean clothes. The vicar was lying down in his room, and Uncle Henry was reading to him, so Alice had leisure to think.

"Somebody come," lisped Mary, jumping up from her footstool at the sound of the hall-door opening. "It's Mr. Tremaine, Allie."

He shook hands with Alice, looking into her face with an earnest, questioning glance that made her shrink and tremble.

"Look," he said, handing her Miriam's letter; "this came yesterday."

He sat down by the little work-table, watching her as she read. The startled glance of her soft eyes, the exquisite color tinging cheeks and brow, satisfied him. She put the letter quietly down and took up her work again.

"She is in Naples," was her murmured remark.

He bent a little toward her, trying to see beneath the drooping white lids.

"Alice—Alice," he said, gently, "it was a bitter mistake."

She glanced up now, and they looked into each other's eyes—a long, tender look, that said more than words could say—and Alice dropped her work upon her lap and put her right hand—that faithful, loving hand—in his.

"Till death us do part," he said, solemnly; and thus they were betrothed.

Miriam and her aunt were alone. A *little-à-little* was rare between the ladies, and Miriam was in no mood to listen to her aunt's vapid talk this morning. They were expecting the Comte de Rabord, and she was restlessly waiting to receive him. Poor girl! She had told John Tremaine she had learned what love meant. Ah, true love Miriam could not understand; the feeling she

mistook for it was pride and gratified vanity, and intense admiration for the handsome Frenchman.

"He must speak to-day," she thought, with painful longing to hear the pleasant words.

"You are flushed, my dear," said her aunt, looking up from her embroidery, with a cold smile on her handsome face.

"I have a headache, aunt," returned Miriam, playing restlessly with the trimmings of her delicate morning-dress.

"Poor child! Come here, Miriam—I have some news for you."

"From England?" she said, starting.

"No; I am going to be married again."

"Married!" Miriam echoed the word.

"Yes—why not? I am not too old; and I have five thousand a year."

"Who is to be the happy bridegroom?" asked Miriam, sneeringly.

"You know him, my dear," and Mrs. Warren looked up with a gay laugh. "He will be rather a young uncle, but *qu'importe*? You can go back to the parish and your faithful curate."

"Who is it you are talking of?" asked Miriam, hoarsely.

"My intended husband, the Comte de Rabord. Why, haven't you guessed his reason for coming so often to us? I thought you were wiser."

"You are joking," her niece returned, wildly; "I don't believe it."

"It is true. We shall go back to England next week. You shall be my bridesmaid, Miriam."

Miriam started up and left the room, not daring to trust her voice. Mrs. Warner calmly took up her embroidery, while a smile of gratified malice played round her cold lips. If Miriam had been less selfish, less vain—if she had not taken every opportunity to outshine and eclipse her aunt—Mrs. Warner might not have labored so earnestly to win the handsome comte, to whom money was still more dear than beauty, and Miriam might yet have been happy in her own way; but she had sown in blind selfishness, and the bitter harvest was waiting to be reaped.

After the first discovery of the Frenchman's fickleness, her heart went back to home and the love of John's strong, earnest nature. There, at least, she had gained a victory, and won the heart her gentle cousin coveted. So, with wild desire for home, she hurried Mrs. Warner's preparations, and counted the moments that must pass before she crossed her father's threshold.

She parted from her aunt at Dover in sullen coldness, and set out on her solitary journey. How changed were her thoughts since she had traversed that same way a few months before! Then all the world lay smiling before her, and only home was dreary and barren; now the only spot of light was the old house, and all the world was dark and bitter. It was growing dusk when she reached her native place and drove rapidly through the streets. There was a light burning in her father's room and in the parlor; soon she should be welcomed back again. Her heart beat wildly as she went up the steps and into the familiar entry. The servant had come out at the cab-

man's ring; she lifted her hands with a sharp cry on recognizing Miriam, and stepped back.

Miriam hurried by her and entered the parlor. Alice was sitting near the lamp, working at some black material, Uncle Henry was opposite, with his head leaning on his hand, and John Tremaine was talking in a low voice to the boys, who looked up at him with tearful eyes. They all started up at Miriam's entrance; Alice came hastily to meet her, and put her tender arms round her cousin.

"Oh that you had come yesterday!" she said, sorrowfully.

Miriam pushed away the clinging arms, and with a ghastly face went hastily up to John Tremaine.

"Where is my father?" she asked, looking at him wildly.

"He was taken from us yesterday," answered the young clergyman, sadly.

"And you never sent—you never told me. How dared you!" she exclaimed, turning fiercely on Alice. "You chose to take the place of mistress here and steal his love from me; was not that enough without keeping me from him in his last hours?"

"We telegraphed," said her uncle, gravely. "Remember, Miriam, you kept us in ignorance of your wanderings. We last heard of you in Naples, and thither we sent for you. It was sudden, at the last."

"Didn't he ask for me? Oh that I had been here to soothe his last hours! He must have longed for my presence. Did he leave no message?"

They looked at each other in silence. In the utter weakness of those last days, the vicar had clung to those nearest to him, and Miriam had been forgotten as memory faded and this life grew dim.

"Ah, you took care that he should forget!" she said, bitterly, to Alice.

"Heaven kept him even from the sorrow of your absence, dear Miriam," returned Alice, gently. "His death was perfect peace."

Miriam's grief was terrible in the first shock; but, like all her sorrows, it was soon over. When the vicar was laid in the quiet cemetery, and the blinds were drawn up, and things went back to somewhat of their old quiet, Miriam's trouble passed, and she began to think of winning back John Tremaine, who, as vicar *de jure*, was not a very undesirable *parti*, nothing better offering. But Miriam's *châteaux en Espagne* were shattered at a blow, and her eyes opened to the real state of affairs, which nobody had cared to tell her. Some days after the funeral, Miriam was up-stairs looking over her dresses, when she heard John's step crossing the entry to the parlor. Hastily settling her hair in the most becoming manner, and deciding that black made her look fairer than ever, Miriam went softly down the stairs, intent on joyfully surprising her *ci-devant* lover. Her entrance was a surprise certainly, though not in the way she had intended. They were standing by the hearth, Alice's head resting on her lover's shoulder, and he was looking down tenderly as he tried

to comfort her. She started away at Miriam's entrance, and hastily left the room, her face flushed with mingled feelings. Miriam looked in painful, mortified amazement at John.

"I made a great mistake as well as you, Miss Gordon," said John, with grave calmness, "Thank Heaven we found it out so early?"

"And you and Alice are engaged?"

"Yes," he answered, briefly.

"I wish her joy of such a faithful lover," she returned, scornfully.

"She is my first love and my last," said Mr. Tremaine, quietly. "We neither of us knew our own hearts in the summer—did we, Miss Gordon?"

Miriam left the room in silence. She was reaping her harvest.

The last was the worst of all. Miriam could have borne to think that wealth had won a lover from her; but that Alice—little, quiet Alice, without money or beauty—should have made John forget so quickly and so utterly, was hard indeed to endure. It forced the truth on Miriam that loveliness, after all, was not the talisman she deemed it; and, for the first time in her life, she lost faith in the fair face that had never won her a true heart.

The days passed swiftly on; brighter skies beamed over the earth, and spring dawned. Mr. Haydon declared his intention of returning to America in April; but first he would give Alice to her husband. So they were married one sunny March day, and went away to spend a whole glad month in the country, where the leaves were budding and the spring flowers out. They were to come back and live in the old house, which Uncle Henry had had decorated and re-furnished to greet their return.

Mr. Haydon's ship was to sail on the last day of April. In the middle of the month he went to pay a visit to some Scotch relatives. The day after his departure Miriam received a letter from him. She was alone, for the children were at school, and she had leisure to think over the long epistle.

"I came home," wrote Mr. Haydon, "a rich man, wishing to spend the rest of my days in the land of my birth. My heart clung to the thought of finding the only child of the sister I had most dearly loved willing to make my home a pleasant one. I had thought of you, and pictured you, my dear, as like your mother—beautiful as she was, and with the nobler graces of unselfishness and sympathy that had made her the light of my old home. I came back intending to make you my heiress. I won't add one word of reproach to the pain you must feel at your conduct. I will not say anything of Alice. It is all past and gone, and you have had a lesson which should serve you well. But the future is still before you, waiting to be redeemed. I hope you will redeem it. The money that would have been yours I have settled on Alice and your brothers and sister. I am going back to my business in America—will you come with me, my dear? I do not offer you a gay life, but one full of busy cares. I will not tempt you

to come; if you would rather stay in England, you shall have a small yearly income, and choose your own home. Frank, by his own desire, comes with me; the rest will stay with Alice and John. You have a fortnight to decide; think it well over, and may Heaven guide you!"

Miriam's decision was not made without some bitter tears and keen regrets for what might have been. But her lessons had not been in vain; and, when Mr. Haydon came back, and looked questioning in his niece's face, she said, "I will accompany you, uncle."

There was no time for thought after that. They stayed to welcome the bride and bridegroom back, and spend one last night together under the old roof-tree, and then the time of parting came. Miriam's heart almost failed her. But in a new land she hoped to sow daily seeds of love and unselfishness, whereby she might reap a glorious harvest that should endure and brighten her life forever.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD, matter-of-fact Mrs. Conrad did not sleep much that first night in which Deborah Norman lay under her roof. She had little idealism and no romance about her; yet here was a living mystery and a romance at her very door, and what to do with it was a question that kept slumber from her eyelids almost to the dawn of day.

She found her strange guest too weak to rise when she went to her room on the next morning, but without signs of fever.

"Thee will let me stay until I'm stronger?" said Deborah, lifting her eyes with an appealing look. "I will make it all right with thee."

Mrs. Conrad laid her fingers across the girl's lips, saying, as she did so: "Let your heart be at rest, child. Until you are well and strong, this is your home."

A grateful expression came into Deborah's face, but it soon faded out, and the life which had flushed it for a few moments while suspense hung on her question, went back and left it white and motionless. She remained in this condition for a greater part of the day, taking little food, and seeming to desire only absolute rest for mind as well as body. Whatever the sickness of her soul, she must be left, for a time, passive with nature, the great restorer. And passive she remained for days and weeks, gaining a little all the while, but so slowly that improvement only showed itself by a comparison of period with period. Her trunk, which was large and new, had been brought over from the hotel, and Mrs. Conrad did not fail to notice, on opening it to get out a few things as requested, that it was well stocked with good clothing.

At the end of the first week, Deborah, though

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yet too feeble to rise, could sit up in bed supported by pillows. Her face, still pale and bearing signs of suffering and exhaustion, had gained a look of peace and rest. Every day she had asked Mrs. Conrad to read to her from the Bible; but now she was able to hold the small volume and read for herself a few verses at a time whenever she wished to do so.

"I've been wanting to see thee," she said, as Mrs. Conrad came into her room toward the close of the sixth day since her arrival. She had been absent longer than usual.

"Have you, child? Well, I've had a busy day; but it's over now. What is it? Anything I can do for you?"

Deborah fixed her eyes, into which a sober expression had crept, upon the kind old face that bent near her.

"I want to talk to thee," she said. There was a sign of weakness in her voice.

"Say on, child," was the hearty reply of Mrs. Conrad.

"Thee doesn't know anything about me." There was some hesitation and embarrassment in Deborah's manner, and a little huskiness in her voice. But both disappeared as she went on. "So far, thee has taken me on trust; but how much longer thee will do so I cannot tell. I would like to stay here for awhile; but if I stay I must still be taken on trust."

She saw a change in Mrs. Conrad's face. As she said the last word, she lifted a small satchel that was lying on the bed, and taking out a pocket-book, opened it and drew forth a small roll of bank-bills.

"But I do not mean to be a charge to thee," she went on. "Good-will and kindness are all I can take as free gifts; and these I will accept in any measure, and give thee love and gratitude in return. I have not the goods of this world in any large abundance, but I have enough to keep me from being a charge to any one. And now let us settle how much I am to pay thee every week so long as thee will let me stay."

Mrs. Conrad tried to push back the money, but Deborah said: "Thee is a sensible woman, and knows that what I say is right. Let us deal honestly by each other, and so we shall be the faster friends. Take of this money what will pay thee justly—I know thee will take no more—and let that be the sum I am to hand thee every week."

"It shall be as you say," returned Mrs. Conrad, still refusing to accept the proffered bills; "but you must give me a little time to think. Tomorrow we will settle all this."

"And thee will take the rest on trust?" asked Deborah, with a quiet smile on her lips.

Mrs. Conrad shook her head as she replied: "I cannot answer for that. Kept secrets don't make fast friends, you know."

"We will wait," said Deborah, and her eyes drooped wearily.

This suspense over, the small excitement it had occasioned died away, and she lay back exhausted among the white pillows. As she did so, she coughed a little dry cough; and Mrs. Conrad, who sat watching her face closely, thought she saw

something like a faint spot of color on one of her cheeks.

Many days passed, and Deborah's strength came back very slowly. It was a month before she was strong enough to go down-stairs, and nearly two months before she went out. Meantime, try as she would, Mrs. Conrad was unable to draw from her a single word touching her previous life or place of residence, nor to get a hint of the reason why she was seeking to hide herself from her old friends. No letters came for her, and none were sent away. She stood as completely shut off from the past as though she were on a desert island. Every week she paid the sum for board which had been agreed upon.

For most of these two months her life was in-drawn, so to speak. She would sit for hours, if left alone, reading a few verses or a chapter in the Bible now and then, but for a greater part of the time so completely absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings as to be nearly oblivious to external things. In the beginning, Mrs. Conrad tried, in her rough but kindly way, to break up these states of abstraction; but learned, in time, to let the quiet, patient girl alone.

"Thee must let nature have her way, friend Conrad," Deborah said to her one day, when she broke in upon her with more than her usual brusqueness of manner.

"But all this is against nature," retorted her kind friend. "Nature is active. Nature works."

"Does the wounded bird lie still and wait until its broken wing is healed, or flutter about in aimless suffering?" asked Deborah, fixing her large, calm eyes upon the face of Mrs. Conrad.

After that Mrs. Conrad let her alone. Gradually the life of Deborah began to flow outward again, and to rest in external things. She took more interest in what was passing around her, and one day showed so much pleasure when a blooming flower was brought in and set upon her window-sill, that Mrs. Conrad gave her a dozen plants to beautify her room. In the care of these Deborah soon became interested.

"What is this?" she asked, not long afterward, taking up a small garment which was lying on Mrs. Conrad's work-basket.

"A calico slip that I'm making for a poor motherless baby," was replied.

"O-h!" The ejaculation long drawn, and in a tone of pity. "A motherless baby, did thee say?"

"Yes. A poor woman, whose husband, a good-for-nothing sot, made her life hard and sorrowful, died last week and left two babies, the oldest not three years of age. The drunken wretch of a father was going to let them be taken to the almshouse; but some of the neighbors, poor and burdened with families of their own, couldn't see it done. Two of them came to me about it, and I told them that if they'd take the babies it shouldn't cost them a cent for clothes if I had to beg, borrow or steal enough to pay for what they wore. And so I'm doing my part, you see."

A sudden warmth flushed the face of Deborah; a sudden light illuminated her eyes.

"Oh! That was so good of thee!" she said, with much feeling, taking up the little garment

as she spoke and looking on it with manifest interest. "So very good of thee, friend Conrad!"

Then, as a smile played about her lips, she added: "But thee will not have to steal while I have anything to spare. Thee will let me help, won't thee?"

"Of course I will," was the prompt reply. "The good we do alone isn't half as sweet as the good we do in company."

Deborah looked over the slip with intelligent interest, handling it as one who knew the work and had skilled fingers. Then she drew the needle from where Mrs. Conrad had placed it on laying down the garment, and bending a seam about her finger, began sewing; at first with a quick hand, but soon showing signs of weakness. Perceiving this, Mrs. Conrad snatched the work away, saying: "All in good time; but not now, dearie! I'll finish this in an hour or two, and the baby shall have it on to-morrow morning. Get well as fast as you can, and if it is in your heart to help the poor and needy, I'll find plenty for you to do. There's a deal of want and suffering in Kedron, and lots of folks that might help. But they don't seem to care any more for poor people than they do for brute beasts; nor half as much, some of them."

The flush faded out of Deborah's face, and she leaned back in her chair, an expression of sadness gathering about her lips. A sense of her own weakness was lying heavily upon her heart, weighing down the new-born impulses that Mrs. Conrad's words had quickened into life.

"If I can only get back my strength again," she said, speaking in a tone of despondency; "but it comes so slowly."

A slight cough interrupted her. She laid her hand against her bosom and pressed it closely.

"Does it hurt you?" asked Mrs. Conrad, a look of concern in her eyes.

"Oh, no. It's nothing," replied Deborah. "Just a little dryness and tickling here," touching her throat-pit.

She coughed again two or three times; the blood rising to her face.

"I'm afraid you've taken cold," said Mrs. Conrad. "Let me put a shawl about your shoulders."

But Deborah said: "Oh, no; I'm warm enough. It isn't anything. Only just a little tickling in my throat."

Mrs. Conrad fixed on her a searching look, in which some anxiety was visible.

"Coughs are bad things, sometimes; and you must be careful of yourself."

"Oh, I'm careful enough. Thee needn't give thyself any trouble about this. It's nothing."

She coughed again as she closed the sentence; at which Mrs. Conrad looked more serious.

"There's a draft in this room," she said, glancing about. "Why just see! That window is down at the top! And the air is falling on your head like so much cold water!"

"Oh, that's of no account," returned Deborah, smiling. "I'm used to the fresh air and always get as much of it as I can. It oppresses me to be in a close room."

"More people die of fresh air than close air, as

you call it," said Mrs. Conrad. "A draft kills, often, as surely as a pistol shot."

She had risen and closed the window. "And now," she added, "I want you to act like a sensible young woman, and take proper care of yourself; that is, if you wish to live and be of some use in the world; as I hope you do. And remember that for sick and weakly people it is always safer to be too warm than too cold."

"I'll try and be a good girl," returned Deborah, smiling faintly, "and, while I'm sick, do as thee says. But I'm going to get well right fast now. Yes, I do want to be of some use in the world."

She laid her hand on the half-made baby's slip that Mrs. Conrad had taken from her; adding, in a tender undertone, that was spoken partly to herself: "Poor babies! I'm so glad they were not sent to the almshouse."

From that day a new life flowed through Deborah's veins. Thought turned from herself and went out in a desire to help others. The two motherless little ones seemed to be all the while on her mind, and she gave Mrs. Conrad money to be spent in procuring things needful to their comfort. In less than two weeks she was able to go down-stairs; and before the end of a month had walked out. As strength increased, she extended her walks, and as soon as she was able to go so far without too great fatigue, visited the babies in whom she had become so much interested. From that visit she came home greatly depressed in spirits. She had come in contact with life at a point farther down in the scale of human degradation, want and suffering than any with which she had hitherto been familiar. Pale, wasted, suffering faces; sad eyes, dreary eyes, hopeless eyes; images of squalor, vice and debasement haunted her like spectres, and laid upon her spirits a weight of concern that bore her down and robbed her, for a time, of strength.

"I didn't want you to visit 'Coulter's Row,'" said Mrs. Conrad, half fretfully, when she saw the effect produced on Deborah by this visit. "I knew you weren't strong enough to bear it. And, any how, it's no place for one like you. It's just as much as I can stand; and I don't go very often you may be sure. There isn't a worse neighborhood in Kedron. It's full of thieves and the vilest kind of people. I wonder you were not insulted. You mustn't go there again."

Deborah was lying on the bed with her eyes shut. She opened them as Mrs. Conrad ceased speaking and asked, as one upon whom a conviction of duty was beginning to press: "If we go into the wilderness, seeking for our Father's lost lambs, will He not protect us from the wolves?"

"If we put our hands into the fire will it not burn them?" replied Mrs. Conrad, in her decided way. "It won't matter any as to why we do it—whether to pull out a live coal or a burning baby. Fire is fire; and wolves are wolves; they burn and bite whatever comes in their way."

Deborah sighed faintly and her lashes fell slowly upon her cheeks.

"It's all very good of you to want to help the poor and needy," Mrs. Conrad added; and you'll

find plenty of opportunities, without running the risk of insult and getting into harm's way."

"But isn't it dreadful to know that such awful degradation and suffering exist?" said Deborah. "Somebody's to blame for it. Somebody's responsible. I saw things to-day that make me shiver whenever I think of them. Why, Mrs. Conrad," and she raised herself upon one arm in the excitement that suddenly took hold upon her, "it seemed as if liquor were sold in every other house and hovel. And in one of the shops I saw boys drinking at the bar! Don't the people in Kedron know of this?"

"The thing isn't done in a corner," replied Mrs. Conrad. "It's all open and above board. But none are so blind as those who won't see, you know."

Deborah remained leaning upon her arm and looking at Mrs. Conrad for several moments, the flush of color which had come into her face slowly dying out, until its pallor returned. Then, with a sigh and closing lids, she sunk back among the pillows, and lay as still as if sleep had locked her senses. Mrs. Conrad sat looking at her for several minutes, and then rising quietly went out and left her alone.

As Deborah gained strength, the conviction steadily forced itself upon her mind that God had a work for her in Kedron, and that it was for this cause that she had been led hither. The pressure of this thought, which grew heavier day by day, impeded the healthy flow of life in her veins, and held her longer in states of depression both as to mind and body. But there was a renewing vitality in her young blood that steadily asserted itself, and lifted her out of the physical weakness which had so long held her bound. Then her life began to flow out in daily charities, but in such unobtrusive ways that, with few exceptions, only the humble and the very poor took note of her presence in Kedron. Among the immediate neighbors and friends of Mrs. Conrad, the mystery that hung about the young Quakeress was a source of varied gossip and speculation; but beyond this narrow circle the place knew and cared little for the plainly-dressed young woman seen now and then moving along the street, and usually carrying a small basket in her hand.

As Deborah grew stronger, she gave herself more and more freely to her work among the sick and poor, and found therein an increasing absorption and delight. Mrs. Conrad tried to hold her back, in fear that her strength might not be equal to the increasing strain; but she found her will, as set against that of the strange young girl, a steadily diminishing force. Reason and remonstrance were of no avail. The native shrewdness and common sense of Mrs. Conrad proved no match for the clear thoughts, fine intuitions and well-furnished mind of Deborah, who met her objections and parried her arguments in a way that left them usually weak and harmless.

Gradually, as time wore on, and Deborah acquired a larger familiarity with the sin and suffering by which the town was cursed, did her absorption in her self-imposed mission increase, and her sphere of activity widen, until from a minister

of help and comfort to the sick and needy, she rose to the level of a rebuker and a reformer. In this she was not moved, as are too many, by a love of notoriety, but impelled by deep convictions of duty. She felt herself constrained of the Spirit to bear testimony against the evils that met her at every turn, and to do what in her power might lie for their removal. And so she laid her hand upon her native sensitiveness and love of retirement, and held them down, while she walked out into the highways of sin and challenged to combat some of the bitterest and most implacable enemies of God and humanity. With what result the reader has seen.

Deborah had miscalculated her strength. Or, it were better said, had entered into the conflict without any thought of her own strength. She heard a voice saying, "Go up to battle against these Philistines;" and, obeying the injunction, she had gone up and met the encounter. The shock had proved too great for her. But she made a noble fight, doing deeds of valor that weakened the enemy, and lifted her to the place of a heroine in the eyes of a rebuked and wondering people. But there are martyrs as well as heroes in every good cause; and the place of Deborah was that of the martyr rather than the hero. Still, it is by the martyr fire and pain that the hero spirit is aroused. She had the fine quality, the self-forgetfulness, the courage and endurance of the martyr; but for the successful soldier, coarser and sterner stuff is needed. There was plenty of this stuff in Kedron. It only needed impulse and organization. Deborah's bold onset, made in a strength born of her noble enthusiasm, gave the needed impulse; and as she fell back, weak and exhausted, a sound of gathering forces began to burden the air.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE work that fell from Deborah's loosened grasp did not lie for an instant upon the ground. Many reached forth to take it up again and bear it on to a wider completeness than she could possibly have achieved. From two small, weak hands, as the agent of a spirit seeking to do good, large results often come; but if that spirit can so act upon other spirits as to set a hundred hands in motion, the good done may be multiplied a hundred fold.

So it was that Deborah Norman's work was multiplied. As her hands dropped, powerless to respond any longer to the ardor of her strong desires, her spirit seemed to go out and pervade the whole mental atmosphere of Kedron, and give the inspiration of her own loving heart to hundreds who, until then, had scarcely thought of the poor, the sick, the suffering and the oppressed who were all around them, and whose cries, though unheard by men, had reached to the ears of God.

As Deborah's strength came slowly back, and she was able to leave her bed and sit up for a few hours at a time, her heart took up once more its burden of care for others. There was Fanny Williams, and Mrs. Pyne, and Mr. Gilbert, and half a dozen more, a concern for whom lay heavy at her heart. The very thought of them and their needs,

extremities and perils, gave her pulse a quicker beat, and sent a tremor of unhealthy excitement along her nerves, hindering instead of aiding her convalescence.

One day, as she was sitting up, resting against the pillows which had been arranged for her in a wide, old, easy chair, her mind going back with more absorption than usual to the work which had dropped out of her hands, Mrs. Conrad saw by the expression of her pale face that her thoughts were troubled.

"You are not feeling so well to-day," she said, with tender concern.

"Oh, yes. I'm gaining a little all the while," Deborah answered. "I'm a great deal stronger than I was. I ought to get down-stairs in a day or two."

There was a low, eager thrill in her voice. "Don't thee think I will be strong enough to go out next week? I must be going out. There's so much for me to do."

"There isn't a single thing for you to do but stay here and get well as fast as you can," said Mrs. Conrad, with a chiding positiveness in both voice and manner. "That's your work now, and I don't want to hear about anything else."

Deborah sighed. An expression of sadness settled about her mouth. The form which had lifted itself from among the pillows, sank back again. The eyes closed languidly.

"If you don't stop worrying about things, you'll never get well," Mrs. Conrad added, half impatiently.

"But what are some of those people to do? There's Fanny Williams. She's on my mind all the while."

"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself about Fanny Williams!" replied Mrs. Conrad. "She's all right."

"What does thee mean?" Deborah's eyes flew wide open and she leaned forward in her chair.

"I knew you'd be worrying about the girl, and so I went to Myrtle Street this morning to ask how she was getting on. I didn't see her, but Mrs. Jacobs, who rents her a room, told me a piece of good news."

"What was it?"

"She said that somebody had sent Fanny a letter with money in it—fifty dollars. She didn't know where it came from. It hadn't any name signed to it; but it told her to be a good girl, and not to have anything to do with a young man named Victor Howe; and not to go again to work in Deacon Strong's mill; and to be sure to tell you everything about herself, and to trust you as her best friend. She's coming to see you just as soon as she's strong enough to go out, and will show you the letter—so Mrs. Jacobs told me."

Several moments passed before Deborah made any reply to this.

"A letter containing fifty dollars?" she said, at length, with something more than a passing concern in her voice.

"Yes; fifty dollars."

"Was the letter in a man's handwriting?"

"Mrs. Jacobs didn't say."

"I must see Fanny right soon. Doesn't thee

think I will be strong enough to go out next week?"

"No. But Fanny will be well enough to come and see you by that time, I hope. She's picking up right fast, and has been down-stairs two or three times."

"I wonder who could have sent her that money? Her people don't live in Kedron?"

"No."

"Did she tell thee anything about them?"

"No. It's curious, isn't it? Fifty dollars! That's a sight of money."

Mrs. Conrad's "good news" did not make the cheery impression she had thought to give. It only set Deborah's concern for the girl to a keener edge, and filled her mind with troubling doubts and questions. It was some relief that her unknown friend had warned her against Victor Howe. Could it be Deacon Strong? No; she soon dismissed that thought. She was certain the deacon would never have sent the girl so large a sum of money at one time; and then the letter had enjoined on her not to go back again to work in his mill.

"I'm sorry I told you anything about it," said Mrs. Conrad, as she saw the shadows creeping over Deborah's face. "Can't you trust the girl to Providence? She's just as much in God's hands now as when you were strong enough to look after her."

"I know; I know," replied Deborah, her face brightening a little. "God's care for her will not fail because I am too weak to be His instrument."

"Of course not. So let your heart be at rest. It will all come out right."

"Yes, it will all come out right. I'm sure of that. But I'm so weak; and there is so much that I could do to help."

"Maybe you might hinder instead of helping," suggested Mrs. Conrad. "We don't always know what is best. It's wonderful how we're hedged up or turned aside, sometimes, to keep us from doing more harm than good."

"Does thee think that is my case?" queried Deborah, as she saw the lips of her good friend shut with a firm expression.

"It looks as if it might be so; and I shouldn't wonder if it was," returned Mrs. Conrad, bluntly. "There's one thing certain," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "if I'd had the ordering of things, I'd have done with you pretty much as the Lord has done—shut you up here and taken the management of affairs into my own hands."

Deborah only sighed; and Mrs. Conrad saw the shadows which had been lifted away from her countenance, steal back over it again, and the pallor grow deeper. This was followed by a shiver, and then came a slight paroxysm of coughing, which sent a spot of color to her cheeks and brightened her dull eyes.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Conrad, with motherly tenderness, as she drew the light shawl, which had fallen back, closely about Deborah's shoulders and chest. "You're too weak to talk about these things; and if you don't let them alone you'll never get well."

The door-bell rang, and Mrs. Conrad went down-stairs. It was over twenty minutes before she returned.

"It's all going to come out right," she said, with animation, as she entered the chamber, "and a great deal better than if the management of things had been left in your poor little hands. Who do you think were here just now? Why Mrs. Judge Levering and our minister's wife."

"What did they want?" asked Deborah.

"They came to see you. But I told them you were not strong enough to bear any excitement to-day."

"To see me?"

"Yes, to see you."

"It wasn't right to tell them that. I could have seen them."

"I must be the judge, child. The doctor says you must be kept quiet, and I'm going to mind the doctor."

"Why did they wish to see me?"

"To have a little talk, and sweeten you up," replied Mrs. Conrad, a smile twinkling in her eyes and curving her lips. "They came here from Coulter's Row."

"Indeed!" A flash of interest broke into Deborah's face.

"Yes; and they saw Mrs. Pyne."

"Oh! Did they? Well, what about her?"

"She's all right. Doing nicely. Her husband keeps straight on working, and hasn't tasted a drop so far."

"Oh, I'm so glad! So glad!" ejaculated Deborah, clasping her hands, while a warm flush spread over her face.

"They're a committee, you see," said Mrs. Conrad, "and have visited every family in the neighborhood. Things have got stirred up. The truth is, you stirred them up. That was your work, I suppose. Only you didn't know just where to stop. But that's the way with some people when they get going. They keep right on until they wear themselves out, or run into something they'd no business to meddle with, and get thrown from the track; and they're never good for much afterward. Well, you, see, things have got waked up in Kedron. There's been a meeting of ladies, and I don't know all they're going to do. But Mrs. Judge Levering says that the poor are going to be better cared for; and that something must be done to lessen, or stop altogether, the curse of liquor-selling. And I'll tell you what she said about you. I reckon it won't do you any harm. She said that you had shamed them all, and that she wanted to see you just as soon as I thought it would be safe, so that she could take hold of your hand and say, 'God bless you, my sister!'"

Deborah was too weak to bear this without a sob and a rush of tears to her eyes. But, while it moved her feelings, it was like a peaceful benediction to her spirit. It did not turn her heart downward in self-satisfaction, but upward in grateful love to God, who had made her an instrument of good to others.

From that time a great change was visible. When Mrs. Conrad came back to her room half

an hour afterward, she found her in bed, lying with closed eyes, and with something in the expression of her quiet face that made her heart grow still for a moment. As she stood looking down upon her, Deborah's eyes opened. They were full of a strange light. She did not speak, but a faint smile hovered about her lips. Mrs. Conrad only bent down and kissed her; then went out, touched and softened. But she did not remain long away. The pressure of a new fear was on her heart. She found Deborah lying as before, with closed eyes and placid face, on which a light seemed shining. This time she sat down by the bedside, saying, as the girl looked up: "You are weaker than I had thought. It has been too much for you. If all the town calls, you shall not know of it."

"Thee is very kind," returned Deborah. "But thee needn't be afraid for me. God is good, and will not forget His suffering and needy children because my poor strength has failed. I am so comforted to know that stronger hearts and hands than mine are coming up to the help of the Lord, and that I can rest for a little while and recover myself."

"All will go on right; never fear," said Mrs. Conrad, with strong assurance. "Your business is to rest now; to stand and wait."

"Which is the hardest thing to do, sometimes," replied Deborah, a slight depression of feeling showing itself in her voice. "But I am going to be resigned and patient," she added. "If my hands are too weak for labor, I will fold them across my breast and be quiet. God's time shall be my time; and God's will my will. He shall choose for me."

"And He will choose what is best, and make all come out right. You may trust Him for that," answered Mrs. Conrad, her eyes filling with tears.

CHAPTER XX.

BUT Deborah did not renew her strength. The overstrain had been too severe. In her delicately-organized system the seeds of a fatal disease had been lying for many years, and now, when the vital forces were low, they had sprung into germination, and struck their exhausting roots into the ground of her physical life. Her pale, pure face, growing thinner and more spiritual every day, and wearing at times a warning flush, told all who looked upon her the story of an early and sure decay.

For a long while she would not believe that her strength had departed, never to be renewed again, but held fast to the hope of a recovery that would give her back to the work which still lay near her heart. That a larger good was being done in Kedron among the poor, the vicious and the wrongdoers and their suffering victims, than could possibly have been accomplished by her alone, she knew from the tidings that came to her sick chamber; but she did not see in all this her own life and inspiration as others saw them. She was often made glad, and her heart filled with thankfulness by what she heard; but her conscious weakness in comparison with the strength

that others were giving so generously in good works, left too frequently a pressure of sadness on her spirit. Good Mrs. Conrad, who was coming day by day nearer in spirit to Deborah, began to perceive her true states of feeling, and to minister to them more wisely than at first.

"Dear heart!" she said to her one morning when Deborah had sighed for her departing strength; "don't you know that weak things are most powerful sometimes? And let me tell you that Deborah Norman is stronger in Kedron now than she was two months ago, and doing vastly more good."

But Deborah shook her head in a weary, depending manner.

"I'm going to tell you something. I heard it only this morning. They opened a Mission School down by Coulter's Row last Sunday, and had in over forty children."

"Oh! That is good!" Deborah's face brightened.

"Many of the first ladies and gentlemen in town have taken hold of this Mission, and are going to make a thorough change in that ungodly region. Every family is to be visited, the poor helped, and the bad reformed, if possible. And they're going to see all the landlords who own houses that are used for rum-selling, or kept as dens of vice and crime. Some of these, like Deacon Strong, will be shamed into better things. It's just what's been wanted, and is going to do a world of good. And that isn't all," Mrs. Conrad added, with a smile that heralded something still more pleasant to communicate. To the look of inquiry that rested on the sick girl's countenance she replied: "The Mission has been called 'THE DEBORAH NORMAN MISSION.'"

Over the pale face of the young Quakeress passed a flash of surprise, the warm blood mounting to her forehead and temples.

"No—no. That cannot be," she said, in a tone of deprecation.

"Yes. It is the 'DEBORAH NORMAN MISSION,' and rightly named; for you are its founder," returned Mrs. Conrad. "The good Lord knows how best to use us. The weak young girl, with a heart full of pity and love, was no match for the enemy of souls and bodies who is among us; but now that her spirit is going out into other spirits, and causing a host to spring up and stand in battle array, victory for the Lord is sure!"

Mrs. Conrad bent over Deborah and kissed her with more than motherly tenderness. Reverence, as for one set apart, was visible in her manner.

An expression of doubt and trouble mingled with the surprise that rested on Deborah's face. The communication of Mrs. Conrad disturbed her spirit. It was something so unexpected, so out of the common order of events in her quiet life. She was borne down and oppressed for awhile; hurt rather than made glad by this unexpected intelligence. She was not ready to be so lifted into the public gaze. Her work, in her own regard, had been of small account. She had taken no praise to herself; but rather blame for doing so little, and for being the weak coward at heart that she knew herself to be; for in no case had she marched

boldly to the conflict, but in constrained obedience to conscious duty, and with a fear and reluctance almost impossible to overcome—fighting two battles at the same time; one with the powers of evil and the other with herself.

"It is not well," she said, in a veiled and husky voice, as the sudden color which had crimsoned her face went slowly out, and left it paler than before.

"And I say it is well!" spoke out Mrs. Conrad, with decision. "Honor to whom honor is due."

"Then give it to God," said Deborah, with pious self-rejection, looking upward as she spoke. "Every right purpose and true thought are from Him; and the good we do in obedience to these is only God's work in us. If we take praise to ourselves we rob God. Our reward for doing good is not the praise of men, but the sweet peace that flows into us from Heaven—a peace which passeth all understanding. No, it is not well."

"There, there, don't be foolish, child! It didn't just happen—come by accident, as we say. The good Father's hand is in it somewhere or somehow; that's plain enough to me. It's all right that you don't feel puffed up about it; I'd be sorry enough to see that. But you ought to be glad and comforted to know that, though sick and weak almost as a baby, your name is a tower of strength, and that when men and women hear it spoken they are filled with some of the spirit that led you to brave and loving deeds. Though I must say," and Mrs. Conrad's voice fell back a little from its fine enthusiasm, "as I have said a dozen times before, that I can't approve of all you've been doing, though, bless your dear heart! You meant right; and I'm as proud of you as if you were my own flesh and blood."

It took Deborah a long while to get reconciled to this use of her name. An uncomfortable sense of shrinking from the unwonted notoriety, troubled her whenever a thought of it passed through her mind; but as tidings came from time to time of the rapidly extending work, and of the great good that was being done, she half forgot the association of her name with the Mission in the pleasure felt at its achievements.

Spring found her waiting in hope for the elixir of a new life that was to fill the balmy air, and give its strength to her weak and exhausted body. But it came with refreshment for her spirit only; not with the stronger pulse-beat and tenser nerve and muscle she had so much desired. Day by day, as the trees put on their new vestments, and the flowers poured forth from their thousand chaises rich treasures of sweetness, did Deborah sit in her little chamber and look out longingly upon the fair world, which had never seemed so beautiful as now, yet not drinking in at every pore the new vigor she had hoped to receive. As the airs grew softer and warmer, the gentle girl, whose spirit had transfused itself with a subtle and mysterious potency into the lives of so many in Kedron, found herself an object of loving care. Every day her chamber was brightened by flowers, and cheered by visits; often she was driven out in the carriages of the rich for air and change—Mrs. Conrad's strong arms bearing her

down-stairs, and back again to her room, with a tender concern beautiful to see. But vain was all this kind ministrations. The forces of life were not renewed. A fatal disease had found a lodgment in her system, and no human power could stop its progress. Before the spring was lost in summer, Deborah had seen the truth. Hard to bear at first, it was at length accepted with a pious resignation that touched all who came near her, and gave to her chamber an atmosphere of heavenly peace. None came to visit her who did not go away in a better frame of mind. Out of her narrow dwelling place went spiritual forces that were felt all through the town. Women, at work in the field, from which loss of strength had compelled her to retire, often came to her with drooping hands and failing hearts; but went back again filled with her spirit of faith and patience, stronger for duty than before. The baffled, the doubting, the impatient, the narrow-minded and the prejudiced, all found in her a wise counsellor, and out of her simple utterances gathered courage and faith—a wider charity and a more Christian toleration. Though she knew it not, more than once, or even twice, the work of the mission that bore her name was saved by her from great hindrance, if not destruction. A true word spoken at the right time; a drop of oil on troubled waters; a suggestion of patience and self-repression, coming at the right moment and in the right spirit, had power to avert the threatened evil.

One day, it was nearly three months from the time her failing strength had hedged her in, Deborah heard a carriage stop before the door. After several minutes, Mrs. Conrad came to her room with a look of mystery and surprise on her face.

"This beats all, I must say!" she broke in, with half-repressed excitement. "Now, if you were to guess for an hour, you couldn't tell who'd sent for you."

"Then I won't try," answered Deborah, smiling.

"Deacon Strong!" said Mrs. Conrad, the wonder in her face increasing. "Mrs. Strong has come in her carriage, and is down-stairs, and she says her husband's been low-spirited and in a strange kind of a way for ever so long. Can't sleep o' nights; and is worrying himself about religion and all that. Humph! Never supposed he had much to worry about! But, it's only fair to say that since he got hurt in the mill he's been acting, as far as I've heard, a great deal more like a Christian than ever before. And he's sent for you. Wants to see you about something. But I told Mrs. Strong that I didn't think you were well enough to go out to-day; and, besides, the air is damp and raw."

"I can wrap up warmly," returned Deborah, rising as she spoke. "If the deacon has sent for me, I must go."

It was in vain Mrs. Conrad remonstrated, saying that she had not been so well for her ride on the day before, and urging the danger of any excitement that might attend an interview with Deacon Strong. Deborah was resolved to obey the summons, and Mrs. Conrad, protesting all the while, made her ready, and then lifting her in her arms, carried her down into the parlor, where Mrs.

Strong was waiting an answer to the request of her husband. At sight of Deborah's thin, white face and large, spiritual eyes, Mrs. Strong was so moved that for some moments she was not able to speak. As Mrs. Conrad placed her in a chair, Mrs. Strong, with eyes full of tears, that she could not hold back, and in a voice broken by feeling, said: "I'm afraid you are not well enough. I didn't know you were so weak. But my poor husband has set his heart on seeing you."

Deborah smiled up sweetly into Mrs. Strong's face as she replied, in a gentle, submissive way: "I shall have all the strength I need." Then asked, as her thought went from herself to the deacon, "How is friend Strong?"

"Miserable, in body as well as in mind," replied Mrs. Strong. "He'll never be himself again. We did hope, after his arm was cut off, and the broken bones set, and he'd been doctored up, that he'd come all right again, except for the loss of his arm. But he was hurt inwardly worse than we had supposed. And then erysipelas came into the crushed knee before it healed, and all the bones had to be taken out, they were so much diseased. He's had a very hard time, and is dreadfully down and discouraged. Maybe you can comfort him a little. Mr. Deering comes round often to talk and pray with him; but, somehow, his visits don't seem to do Mr. Strong any good. He's gloomier after the parson goes away than before he came."

"If you're bent on going," Mrs. Conrad here broke in, not at all careful to keep the protest she felt out of her voice, "we'd better be moving; for you've got no strength to waste."

As she spoke she put her arms under Deborah to lift her up and take her to the carriage, but Deborah said: "No, thank thee; I'll just lean on thee, and walk to the door myself."

"She'll do nothing of the kind," returned Mrs. Conrad, sharply and with authority. Then picking her up as if she were only a child, she bore her out and placed her in the carriage, which she entered without waiting for an invitation from Mrs. Strong, and taking a seat beside the girl drew an arm about her for support.

Arrived at the house of Deacon Strong, Deborah was carried to an upper chamber and placed in a large cushioned chair, with pillows so arranged that she could rest as easily as if lying on a bed. Here she was left alone with Mrs. Conrad. But soon Mrs. Strong came back from the adjoining room, to which she had gone, and said that her husband wished to have an interview with Deborah alone.

"I'm afraid she's too weak for all this," interposed Mrs. Conrad, with real anxiety. She saw by the brightness in Deborah's eyes and the spots warming on her cheeks, that she was under considerable excitement, though externally calm.

"As our day is so shall our strength be," Deborah responded, with a smile on her pale lips.

A man servant entered and wheeled the chair in which Deborah was seated into the adjoining room, placing her close to Deacon Strong, who sat at a table on which lay books and papers; then retired, shutting the door behind him and leaving them alone.

Deborah hardly recognized in the thin-visaged, hollow-eyed, depressed-looking man before her, the sturdy, hard, self-sufficient, aggressive and defiant Deacon Strong, against whose unchristian deed she had, only a few months before, given her faithful testimony. But white, and wasted, and shorn of her strength, though Deborah was, she was changed to the deacon's eyes only in the higher purity and angelic sweetness of her serene countenance. He had the impression of an angel's presence; and the hard, aching pain and unrest that were in his heart, and the gloomy shadows that environed him, were in an instant half removed.

Neither spoke until the door was shut and they were alone together. Then the deacon leaned forward in his chair, and taking Deborah's hand said, with a weakness and tremor in his voice that he could not hide: "It was good of you to come, Miss Norman; but I was not aware that you were so very weak. I'm afraid I've done wrong."

"No; thee has done right, friend Strong. If thee had sent for me before, I would have come. I'm sorry thee gets well so slowly. But our Father knows what is best; and thee is in His loving hands."

Deborah saw the light which had broken into the deacon's gloomy face go out.

"There doesn't seem to be much love in all this," he answered, coldly, glancing down at his empty sleeve and at the shrunken limbs that still refused to bear his weight. "I see only anger; not love. These are signs of displeasure; not of the pity and loving kindness of God."

As the deacon spoke, the whole aspect of his countenance changed.

"Thee has forgotten," said Deborah, "the beautiful hymn which says—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

She repeated the lines in a low, quiet voice that fell upon the deacon's agitated soul with a power even more tranquillizing than the assuring sentiments of the hymn from which so many thousands of doubting hearts have, in the past and present generations, drawn strength and comfort.

After the pause of a few moments, to give time for a change in the deacon's state of mind, Deborah said, with a strong assurance in her voice: "God is love; and love, therefore, must be at the heart of all His dealings with the children of men."

"I do not know," answered the deacon, "just what God's love means. The more I think about it the more I get confused. I am in doubt, and fear, and great darkness. I have lost the old landmarks of faith; the old foundations on which my hopes rested have all been removed."

"The true landmarks are still where God placed

them, and the foundations, on which all men may build, lie solid and sure, and will abide forever," said Deborah, gently, yet earnestly.

"What would I not give, Miss Norman, for your faith and confidence!" exclaimed Deacon Strong. "But you are pure and good, and I—"

"There is none good but one; that is God," answered Deborah, interrupting him.

"Yes, yes, I know; but some hearts drink in His goodness as a flower drinks in the sunshine: while others, like mine, only reflect the heavenly rays and never feel its warmth at the centre. I have tried to serve God; but my service does not seem to avail anything. I am like one rejected, and under His displeasure. I read, and pray, and think, and do all the good I can, in my weak, almost helpless condition; but I seem to be getting farther off, instead of nearer to God, Miss Norman!" The deacon became agitated. "It was your hand that disturbed the foundations on which my soul once rested; your clearer sight that showed the fallacy of my hope of acceptance with Him who said, 'As much as ye did it not unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me;' and now, in despair of pleasing God by walking in the ways you pointed out, I come to you again."

"The ways I pointed out! Thee misapprehended me, I fear," said Deborah, in manifest surprise. "There is only one way to Heaven. The Lord said: 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' We must follow as He leads. His precepts are very plain; and His life in the world the pattern of our Christian lives."

"That is, we must be just and merciful in all our dealings with our fellow-men; must regard the poor, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; must do as we would be done by?"

"Yes."

"All this I have been trying to do for months past, Miss Norman. You may have heard about my refusal to renew leases to men who sold liquor, and about the improvements I have made in the houses of poor tenants; in some cases expending over a year's rent in fitting them up more comfortably. And I have tried, through Mr. Trueford, my excellent superintendent, to be very considerate of my work-people at the mill, and to do by them as I would like them to do by me if our conditions were reversed. I can't visit the poor and the sick, but I am ready to contribute, and do contribute, my portion to aid them. But all does not seem to bring me any nearer to God; nor to give me the light of His countenance. I seem to be getting farther and farther away from Him; to be displeasing Him, instead of coming into His favor. Oh, I am in such doubt, and darkness, and fear, sometimes, sitting helpless in this room, or lying on my bed through long, wakeful hours in the night watches, that I am tempted to believe myself a castaway. There is an unpardonable sin, you know!"

The deacon's breath came hard. He leaned toward Deborah—hope struggling with fear in his countenance—as toward one who had power to help him.

"God never casts off a human soul," answered

Deborah, "but saves to the uttermost all who come unto Him."

"But how am I to 'come unto Him,' Miss Norman?" eagerly asked the deacon. "Who will show me the right path? Once I thought myself walking in the King's highway. I felt confident, and at peace with God. I counted myself as one of His children. But this has passed, and I can never again feel secure, as of old, resting in mere faith. And yet doing the good works enjoined by the Lord does not help me. I seem to be farther off from Him to-day than when I began this new life; and my soul is in greater darkness. Mr. Deering says that it is because I am dishonoring God. That instead of trusting to His grace, as in former times, to make me inwardly pure and clean, and so meet for His kingdom, I am trying to earn a right to enter Heaven through good works. O Miss Norman, the doubt and the conflict into which I am cast is fearful. I cannot again rest in a mere act of faith as the passport to divine favor; and yet, in trying through good works to make my calling and election sure, I am tormented with fears, lest in so doing I am rejecting the only way of salvation—that of simple grace, and spiritual washing through faith in the atoning blood of the Lamb. Very certain it is that I am far from enjoying the peace of mind I once possessed—a peace that is gone, I fear, forever. The new way into which my feet have entered has not, so far, proved a plain and easy way; and there is no light beyond."

Deborah waited for some moments after the deacon had ceased speaking before making a reply.

"Neither by faith nor by good works is a man saved," she said, in a low voice; not gravely, but with a quiet smile on her lips. "These are only the means of salvation. He that trusts to either faith or good works rests in a vain hope. We must become like-minded with God before we can enter Heaven."

The deacon looked at her with a new expression on his countenance, in which a ray of light threaded its gloomy shadows.

"In fact," added Deborah, "this like-mindedness is Heaven. God is love. He is the great Lover and the great Giver. And when we have His love in our hearts we are in Heaven. Mere faith will not give us this love, for no effort of the will and thought can change our vile and selfish affections into such love as angels feel. Nor will good works, if done from selfish motives, and merely to earn the favor of God, as thee seems to have been doing them, friend Strong, avail anything. I do not wonder that God seems very far off from thee, nor that thy mind is in darkness. Thee has not understood the divine law. Thee has been trying to earn Heaven by good works, instead of seeking to have thy inner life so changed that good works will flow forth as a stream from a fountain."

A deep flush overspread the deacon's face. Deborah's charge of selfishness as the inspiration of his just and charitable deeds, startled and half angered him; but with the charge came a revelation of its truth. She had uncovered himself to

himself. He saw that she had struck the keynote to his life.

"Neither by faith nor works, but by the new birth, do we enter Heaven," said Deborah, pursuing her theme. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. Now it is in the sincere denial of our natural and selfish affections, and in the effort through divine assistance humbly implored (in our own strength we can do nothing) to live right according to God's law, that spiritual life is born. It is feeble in the commencement, as the life of a new-born infant; and must be fed, and clothed, and watched over with tender solicitude. It is God's new and higher life in us; and as it increases and gains strength, heavenly affections pervade our souls, and from duty service becomes a delight. The natural man lives in this lower and outer world, while the spiritual man lives in Heaven; but it is the office of the spiritual man to bring all the powers of the natural man under its influence, so that the lower life that touches the world may be full of charity and blessing, and that good works may be done from love and not constraint. Where love of the neighbor prompts to action, Heaven is already in the soul, and delight comes as the reward of doing good. Does thee not understand all this, friend Strong?"

It was some time before the deacon replied. Deborah had given his thoughts a new direction. He saw in what she had uttered a higher and purer truth, but could not rise to it.

"With you," he said, "I believe in a new birth. It is the doctrine of our church, and the doctrine of the Bible. 'Except ye are converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' There is nothing more plainly taught than this."

"And yet," answered Deborah, "if we take the lives of many professing Christians as we see them exhibited in the world, we find little evidence of this new birth."

"But little, I fear," returned the deacon.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"And yet," spoke out the deacon, recovering himself, "when we look around us, do we not find evidences of the noblest Christian charity? Millions of dollars are expended every year by Christian men and women to promote the Gospel, and to minister to the needs of the poor, the ignorant and the suffering. Could this be if the love of Christ were not in the hearts of His children, prompting them to good works?"

"Far be it from me," replied Deborah, "to disparage any good that is done in the name of Christ. It fills my heart with gladness to see all this, and to know that the hungry are fed, the sick and suffering relieved, and the Gospel preached to the poor. But I fear that many who are giving of their substance for these things will lose their best and highest reward, because doing it selfishly, and not from a heavenly love shed abroad in their souls."

"Do you mean to say, by this, that all a man's good deeds in the world are to go for nothing, if his heart is not right with God in the sense you

have stated?" asked the deacon, with a dry huskiness in his voice. He scarcely needed Deborah's answer to make his convictions stronger than they were at that moment.

"It is neither a man's faith nor his deeds that gives him acceptance with God; but his quality. Not what he believes or does; but *what he is*. It is the heavenly mind that fits a man for Heaven. He enters Heaven as soon as this mind is formed in him, even though still in the world. And there is no other way of entrance. If a man does not enter the heavenly kingdom, in which love to the Lord and love to the neighbor rule, while yet in his natural life, he will be forever shut out. Death cannot change his quality, for death is only a separation of the spirit from its earthly body. The man, as to his ruling affections, is just the same after, as before, his removal from this lower world. If he be a lover of self, he will remain a lover of self still, and find his habitation among those who are like him; but if love to the Lord and love to the neighbor rule in his heart, angels will receive him into their blessed companionship, for he will be like them, and will dwell with them forever."

The deacon bowed his head and remained silent. Deborah, who had grown excited in the earnestness of her desire to lead this man into a truer ideal of the Christian life and character than any into which he had yet risen, sunk back in her chair with a sense of exhaustion that was soon followed by faintness. The air grew dark around her, and she seemed to herself like one falling through space. A low, strange sound, moaning through her lips, caused the deacon to lift his eyes from the floor. A white face, that seemed stricken by death, was before him. An alarmed cry, and a sudden stroke of the call-bell on the deacon's table, startled Mrs. Conrad, who was anxiously waiting in the adjoining room the termination of an interview which she had good reason to fear would tax too severely the sick girl's waning strength. She was at Deborah's side in time to catch her in her arms as she was falling from the chair.

"You've killed the poor child!" she cried, wildly, as she bore her across the room to a lounge, where, dropping on her knees, she began chafing the small, thin hands that were already cold and clammy. "I knew she wasn't strong enough! I said all I could against it. But some people don't care who dies so they live."

Mrs. Conrad was not choice of her words. Anger, alarm and dislike of Deacon Strong ruled her for the time, and leaped into passionate utterance.

"Go for the doctor!" called out the deacon, sharply, as his servant-man entered the room, following close upon Mrs. Conrad.

When the doctor arrived, he found Deborah still insensible. She lay upon the lounge on which she had been placed, so ashen-pale and still, that even the physician was in doubt as to whether or not her spirit had passed the bourne of mortality. Respiration had ceased, and there was no perceptible heart-beat. To all outward seeming she was dead.

Mrs. Conrad, who had been using all the means of restoration within her reach, ceased her efforts on the doctor's arrival, and made way for him beside the unconscious girl, watching him with the keenest scrutiny as he bent over and examined her. She did not read the hope her heart longed for in his serious face. For nearly twenty minutes she held down her feelings, anxiously waiting, but in vain, to see some sign of life in answer to the doctor's efforts. Then, as one borne away by the breaking through of strongly-repressed feelings, she pushed the physician aside almost rudely, and lifting the girl in her strong arms, turned quickly, moving toward the door of the room.

"What are you going to do, Mrs. Conrad?" demanded the doctor. He was surprised and half offended by her singular conduct.

"Going to take this poor lamb home," replied Mrs. Conrad, in a voice so choked by feeling that all hearts were touched.

"No, no!" cried Deacon Strong, in great agitation. "Don't let her do it! Don't! Don't!"

"My dear Mrs. Conrad," interposed Mrs. Strong, getting between her and the door, "let me beg of you to be calm and wait. Carry her into my room and lay her on my bed; but don't, don't think of taking her away in this condition! Her life is hanging on a thread, and you may snap it in two."

The doctor, recovering himself, came forward, and putting his hand on Mrs. Conrad, said, with a warning emphasis in his voice: "Yes; her life hangs on a single thread, which a breath may sever. I will not answer for it if you persist in removing her now."

"Let me go!" answered Mrs. Conrad, sternly. "She'll lie as easily in my arms as on the softest bed in this house." Pushing past them, she made her way down-stairs, holding Deborah in her arms with as little apparent effort as if she were but a child, and paying no heed to the deacon's imploring appeals for her to wait until the carriage could be brought. On gaining the street, Mrs. Conrad fled along the pavement, taking the nearest direction to her own house; but not without attracting the attention of more than a score of astonished people, some of whom followed, curious to learn the meaning of so strange a sight.

"Go! go, doctor!" urged Deacon Strong, as he saw Mrs. Conrad disappear from the room, and heard the sound of her hurrying feet on the stairs. "Follow her home, and do all in your power to save that young woman's life."

Professional anger held the doctor for only a moment or two. His better feelings, prompted by a sense of duty, urged him to go, and he was at the house of Mrs. Conrad in a very few minutes after her arrival. He stood on no ceremony, but went up hastily to Deborah's chamber. As he entered, Mrs. Conrad, who was stooping over the bed on which she had laid her precious burden, turned on him an anxious, frightened look.

"O doctor!" she cried out, with a sharp pain in her voice, "she's dead! she's dead! They've killed my poor lamb!"

Drawing her gently aside, the doctor bent over the insensible girl. Her face was white and still.

The dark fringe of lashes rested upon her cheeks as evenly as if sleep had shut them down; and her lips, which were closed softly together, wore a peaceful expression. There was a clearly perceptible change in the aspect of her still countenance, which the doctor did not fail to note. Even while he still leaned over her, uncertain as to what it were best to do, he saw an eyelid quiver. He bent lower, holding his breath. Soon there came a little spasm in the throat, so slight as scarcely to make itself visible, followed by a motion of the lips; and then Deborah opened her

eyes. She seemed like one awaking from a gentle sleep.

By quick, warning signs, the doctor was able to hold Mrs. Conrad back from too wild an expression of her joy, which was only of brief duration, for ere Deborah had seemed to realize her situation, she was taken with a fit of coughing which lasted for a considerable time. At its close, as Mrs. Conrad, who had raised her up and was supporting her, wiped the frothy mucous from her lips, she saw that it was streaked with blood!

(To be continued.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 8.

SOMETHING new; at least a lady who is good authority vouches for it. She says when color in a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia will neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, while that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment when benzine fails.

To preserve rhubarb: pare half a dozen oranges, remove the seeds and white rind and slice the pulp into a stew-pan with the peel cut fine. Add a quart of rhubarb and one and a half pounds of sugar, cook the whole down the same as for preserves.

One of the prettiest piano-covers we ever saw was made by the little lady who owned the piano. It was simply a large piece of wide, heavy black cloth, embroidered with braid—some pretty design in green and crimson. The woollen embroidery braid looked quite as well as silk; it cost but six cents per piece, while the silk was twenty-five cents.

Let the intended design be transferred to tissue paper, then baste the edges of the paper on the cloth, sew on the crimson braid with fine silk of the same color, then tear off the paper and sew the green braid on close to the crimson.

This cover was prettier than the gay red and black ones we buy, and the cost was not half so much. The cloth was heavy, and coarse, and cheap, and answered the purpose better than a light, thin one would have done.

While I sat admiring Nellie's handiwork, her mother came into the parlor with a smile on her face, saying: "There, Miss Potts, it is half past eleven, and our washing is out on the line. I felt so worthless this morning that I did not see how I could wash to-day, but after I had the first boiler full on to boil, I felt like a new woman. My blood was in full circulation, my cold feet had become warm, the perspiration stood on my forehead, and I felt as though this was a good world

to live in. Very often I can hardly drag one foot after the other, and my head aches, and my back, and my feet are cold, and I feel really gloomy and selfish; but if I exercise freely, and get my machinery into good working order, and my sluggish blood started a-going, I am a new woman. I think housework in all its varied details, if cheerfully met, is the healthiest employment in the world for a woman," said my neighbor, as she rolled down her sleeves, took her seat at the piano and played the Star Spangled Banner. Before she finished it, her husband came to the house and, hearing the music, stepped to the door to listen. She heard his familiar step, and, with a laugh, she nodded to Nellie, who understood it, and immediately rose and went out and set the table for dinner.

Nellie's mother is a systematic woman in her household. She has set days in which to do all her work. Monday is washing day; Tuesday, baking; Wednesday, ironing; Thursday, see that everything is mended and in proper condition to put on; Friday, general baking day; and Saturday, general cleaning up.

Each stipulated day's work is done by two o'clock, except some of the days will have extra work, or something may transpire that was not allotted on.

My neighbor never goes about—if she is in a hurry—with her hair hanging down her back or hanging loosely caught up by a lonely hair-pin, or her dress unfastened, or slit, or soiled by spilt milk or grease spots.

The first thing in the morning she dresses well, puts up her hair neatly and makes her toilet in such a way that she is not ashamed to see any one. She wears long, wide aprons made of domestic gingham, to save her dress. She is ingenious and economical, and it was at her suggestion that Nellie made a piano-cover, instead of buying one. I learn a great many things from her; I will think what they are and tell you when I come back from dinner. I hear Lily mashing the potatoes in the pantry, and I hear Ida running the sewing-machine in the sitting-room, and I hear the hens cackling in the wood-shed and in the chicken-house, and presently I will hear father's step on the porch, and his gray hair will be flirted by the summer breeze, bareheaded, because he will be

carrying eggs in his hat. I hear, too, the light step of the parson tripping down-stairs in answer to the dinner-bell at his boarding-house in the village. All these pleasant sounds come to me while I sit and write and try to guide my thoughts in the channel I have pointed out to them. It is no easy task for a working woman to write while cares, even though they be not heavy nor cumbersome, lie upon her heart, while thoughts of dear ones, who, mayhap, need her, are tugging at her heart-strings and making her sad despite of her best efforts to be brave and cheerful. Dinner's ready.

Nellie's mother and I were talking the other day about city people and people of leisure visiting their friends in the country during harvest and in the hot weather. Now women, good, kind women, farmers' wives, will not tell their city friends to stay away until a more convenient season if they say they will visit them in July or August, that they love the dear, delightful, beautiful country in those hot months, but oh, oh! the bare thought of visitors at that season of the year is dreadful! That is the time in which the busiest and the heaviest farmwork comes on, when the poor men are too tired to be agreeable, and the women even worse off. Nellie's mother told me that during the very warmest weather last summer, when she wore slippers and loose wrappers, and rose before daylight, so as to do all the work she could while the weather was cool, just at this time six of her city friends, with three colicky babies, and an old, whimsy, gouty father-in-law came, unannounced, to spend a week with their dear friend. They said they could not wait any longer to see her blessed face. The old whimsy told her there was no place like the country—one was so free out there from the restraints of fashionable society, and all the while he gave gentle hints about spring chickens, and dewy butter, and delicious cream and ruby berries.

What that woman endured in those five days, perhaps many other women know from experience. It was during harvest-time, when hands were scarce, and wheat overripe, and every moment of time was precious to the overburdened farmer. The visitors did not go to bed until long after the usual hour for retiring, and then they rose one at a time during the forenoon. The babies were cross, and the hostesses had to get up and look for cordial, or furnish warm water, or carry a rocking-chair from one room to another, and once in the night she had to rouse a hired man and send him to the doctor's for an emetic. Her help was inefficient, and ill-natured, and so slow that the poor woman had everything to look after herself. Sometimes, when she was cooking a meal, one of the women would be puttering about the cook-stove heating water, and washing baby clothes, and splashing about in her way. At the table the children cried for gravy when no gravy was made, threw down their spoons in anger, kicked like unbroken mules, and yelled with shrieks that were piercing and provoking. The gentle mothers mixed up messes of cream and sugar, and added berries and preserves, only to have the compound kicked in their faces or over-

turned in their laps by their "tootsey-pootsey darlins."

My poor friend told me that when night came, and all the chores were done, she was so tired that more than once she fell asleep in her chair as she sat playing the attentive listener to the enthusiastic ladies who were discoursing most eloquently of real laces, and "sweet silks," and "flounced to the waist," and bridal veils, and the floral decorations of marriage ceremonies that they had witnessed.

She said she never said "thank God" any more fervently in her life than she did when she saw the sweet-faced city ladies, old whimsy and the colicky babies, with baskets, and satchels, and poodles, all stowed into the big spring wagon, and on their way to the depot. She said she kissed them with a cordial good-will.

Nearly all country people—good livers—have what they call "cherry cousins" and "peach cousins," people who visit them in the seasons of these fruits—people who feel very friendly and lovable only once or twice a year. This is not so bad, however, if the fruit is abundant, for what woman is not glad to share with another less favored than herself—to make happy a sister woman with tastes like her own? I never saw one yet who turned her back upon one of these dear relatives, or had the least desire in her heart to repudiate a peach cousin or a cherry cousin.

I did some things last summer during the very warm weather that I never thought of doing before, though I have no doubt but other women have thought of it and done it. To younger house-keepers this may be a valuable suggestion.

Really, I could not stand it to cook three meals a day when the weather was so excessively warm, so I rose about four o'clock in the morning and cooked the three meals, and had them all off my hands by nine o'clock. I made a pot of good coffee and another of tea, and put them in the cellar; boiled a choice bit of sugar-cured ham to slices for dinner, fried potatoes just as good as I knew how with cream and butter, made sour milk cheese, pies, pudding, tarts, jelly roll, stewed berries and fruit, and boiled a lot of fresh eggs, and put all these things on the cool floor of the cellar. There was variety enough, that dinner and tea should not be a bit alike.

Then we took out all the windows, turned the slats of the blinds to let in the cool air, opened all our outer doors, sprinkled the porches with cold water occasionally, washed ourselves and dressed in cool, light clothing, and really we found those hot days, when the heat twinkled and the burning dust piled up mercilessly, to be brimful of summer-time enjoyment. We felt doubly recompensed for the trebled duties of the early morning.

If the mother and the father of a family have been accustomed all their lives to their hot tea or coffee at dinner or supper, they will find that the same properties and the stimulating effects are in those beverages if taken cold. They are both better, however, if the cream be dispensed with; they will not taste then so much like cold tea and cold coffee.

About two hours before dinner I put the tureen of cold fried potatoes out on the sunniest end of the porch, and covered it with a tin pan. They were about as warm as they would have been, under more favorable circumstances, at the second table.

Dish-water, did you say, tidy housewife? Oh, I thought of that, and I let the god of day heat it for me; he did it just as well as the fire would. I put cold water in the dish-pan, and stood it on a hot stone out in the sunshine, and it was almost as warm as I could bear my hands in. Nice arrangement, wasn't it?

Sometimes we have lemonade instead of tea; but if one is accustomed to the cup of tea, lemonade is a poor substitute indeed. Better have one good cup of cold tea without cream, and well sweetened. This is advisable if you are going on a journey and cannot get hot tea at your usual meal-time.

If we women manage a little, we can make positive enjoyment and real good come out of burdens—troubles that otherwise would be found wearisome and oppressive. It think it is so good when, with comfortable surroundings merely, we plan, and contrive, and create, and make untoward circumstances work together for good to us and ours.

One day one of our student boarders, while studying out in the woods, found a fresh lot of fine mushrooms, which he brought to the house, saying: "Now when you cook these, Miss Potts, invite me to sit near the kitchen stove, won't you?"

I promised him that I would, and the next meal I cooked I nodded to Charlie to take a seat near the stove. He sharpened his pencil, and wrote down how I cooked, so he could tell his mother when he went home.

I cut off every decayed particle, and the end down next to the ground, and washed them two or three times in plenty of water. Then I sliced and scalded them in boiling water in which was a liberal pinch of salt, then let them drain in a cullender. I had some melted butter in the hot spider, waiting, and I fried them until they were brown. They were then poured out into a tureen in which was a slice of soft buttered toast. Half a teacupful of cream was put into the spider immediately after the mushrooms were taken out, and, when warm, it was poured over them. Pepper to suit the taste. The salty water in which they are scalded and the salt in the butter is enough without adding any more. This is the way I cook mushrooms, and they are very good.

Be very careful in gathering these edibles that you do not mistake them for the poisonous toad-stools. Any observing child, however, will know the difference.

Nothing makes a little boy feel better than to have his mother or sister cook the mushrooms he found out in the woods, "all himself." How the little man will eat, and how his eyes will dilate, and his voice pitch higher. He feels as if he were helping to provide for the family and taking a part of the burden off his father. Indeed, I think,

sometimes, boys of larger growth, even of men's stature, experience somewhat of this delectable feeling.

I always think Bub's mouth, and eyes, and ears stick out unusually, when we are partaking of a wild duck that he shot away off in the creek bottom, or about some quiet pond shut in by the dense wildwood; or when we are tasting of soup made from the fresh-water clams he brought home from the creek himself.

So, mothers, remember this, and make your little men happy. If they come, tired and red-faced, with a few berries in the bottom of the little straw hat, make much of the sacrifice your child made. The berries will "go round," perhaps, if you put plenty of cream and sugar with them, or they will make half a dozen tarts mixed with something else; see to it that the kind little act receives attention and a word of commendation. It costs so little to make a child glad and happy, and will encourage a spirit of unselfishness.

I often laugh over a funny incident that occurred when I was a little girl. I cannot remember very much about our mother, only I know she tried to make her children unselfish. She taught us to share everything with each other, to divide, if it were only a morsel, and to protect, and save, and spare each other. One time, when my brother Rube was about five years old, he was whining around in a lonely, dissatisfied way, tired of his playthings and everything about him. Suddenly our mother brightened up and said: "Don't Boobie want to go a-fishing?"

Yes, Boobie wanted to go fishing. She took one of the rods out of the swifts that stood near the loom, tied a string to it, bent a pin, and soon had the child equipped. She told him to go the brook, that deep, quiet place under the plum-tree and, maybe, he could catch a fish. The child was in raptures; he ran off, bareheaded, his little white feet twinkling in the green grass. We thought no more of him, glad that he had something to do.

In less than half an hour he returned, out of breath, red-faced, his white hair clinging to his moist forehead, with a little fish about three inches long wriggling and squirming on the bent pin.

"O mamma! 'nuf for all of us! 'nuf for all of us!" he panted. "Cook 'im! cook 'im! cook all of 'im, mamma! don't eat 'im, mamma!"

"You can cook him yourself, Boobie," said she, anxious to keep him amused and busy, and not wishing to be disturbed herself. "Put the fish in the hot ashes like you roast potatoes; you know how to cook fish, every little man can do that," said she, encouragingly.

Afterwhile he took the fish out of the ashes and his jubilant voice rang all through the house: "Come! come now, dinner's yeddy! dinner's yeddy! come!"

The child was delighted and felt that he was a very important personage in the household. How pleasantly this contrasted with the spirit manifested by another little boy of my acquaintance. He used to gather eggs for me, and make himself so useful that I took quite a liking to the little fellow. He lived in the village, and often, when he took the cows to pasture, he would call in;

generally he came in at the back door, passed on through the house and went out at the front door. He did this on the same plan of people taking "a short cut" by going "'cross lots."

One warm morning he called in, and I said: "We are good friends, and just because of that I'm going to give you the nicest sugar melon you ever tasted. I saved it purposely for you. Now you carry it home, and call your little brothers and sisters around and divide it, and see what a good time you'll have all sitting together out on the grass eating of this cool, sweet melon."

He looked at me sharply; he didn't thank me: sometimes little boys are excited or busy with their own thoughts, and forget such nice little civilities. He eyed me very keenly, and then he looked at the melon as though measuring its dimensions and estimating its bulk, and all the probabilities connected with a melon and its ultimate disposal.

I left him, and went off to wait on the men who were eating their breakfast. When I went back to the kitchen he stood there where I had left him, looking as perplexed as before.

"Don't you want the melon?" said I, with surprise.

"Oh, yes!" said he. "But, Miss Potts, if you'll give me a knife to cut it, I guess I'll go out on the porch and eat it myself. You see it wouldn't pay to carry it home, for there are five of us, and it wouldn't be more than a mere taste for each of us, and if I eat it all myself why it'll make a good fill. I know by the looks of it that it is a proper good one, and I long to be at it."

I was almost dumb with astonishment. I had never seen, or heard, or imagined of such unparalleled selfishness and meanness. I gave him a knife, and pointed out to the grassplat, and without saying a word left him alone in his glory.

It should be a matter of serious import with mothers, endeavoring to bring up their children in a way that they will be unselfish, and noble, and generous, liberal-minded, frank, candid and disposed to hate everything low, and mean, and deceptive. People whose minds are narrowed down by any of these faults are not capable of real enjoyment. They never know what a good world this is—what good people live in it; they see not one-half of the beauty that lies around them, spread out bountifully and beautifully, and just as much their own as though they held the titles and the deeds duly signed.

I wish I could remember a little off-hand talk on benevolence that Brother Eddy, of Wauseon, made at our last Association. He said the cause of so many men and women being bigots, and so niggardly and stingy, was traceable back to their early teachings; that the father and mother were at fault; that they had not early impressed upon the minds of their children the duty of giving. We know cases ourselves in which men will give a quarter, and feel that they gave it because their hearts were big and full of generous impulses, while another will give five dollars and will be sad and ashamed because he had not double that amount to give. He will feel sorry that his dona-

tion was so meagre, and would go such a little ways in the work of doing good.

This is very sad to think about—that to-day lives, and moves, and acts, the mercenary spirit of the teachings of the mother, who may have been in her grave a half century. What a monument she built up for herself in the lessons she taught her little ones! It will live on and on in the generations to come, long after the marble monument that marks her last resting-place and tells of her virtues has crumbled back to dust. Alas, that such imperishable monuments do exist!

One day father carried round the subscription-paper for our pastor's salary, and while he was eating his supper in the evening I slipped it out of his pocket and looked at it. The wealthiest man had signed only ten dollars.

I said: "Father, that's a shame! I'm afraid we will not raise the required sum at that rate."

"Early teachings—early teachings!" said he. "That is some of old Granny Horner's work. Jackson thought he really ought not to give so much as that; he said his health was so poor that it's not at all likely he'd live the year out, and that there was no need of his giving anything. He said in that case five dollars was enough to throw away, and he was sulky because I insisted on ten."

Father laughed at what I said, but nobody else heard what it was.

PAPER-HANGING.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

DEEPLY engaged during the past month in the mysteries and miseries of housecleaning and house-renovating, an idea came to me. It came in this wise: I had three rooms to paper; and partly through motives of economy, and partly through sheer love of the occupation, I papered them myself, only calling in a paper-hanger at the last (or rather calling him in at the first, though he did not make his appearance until the last) to paper the ceilings. I had made my papering a real pastime, and had done up my rooms in all the intricacies of panel-work, bordering, mitreing, etc., which a rather prolific ingenuity could devise.

When the paper-hanger came, he examined my rooms in astonishment, saying he had expected to find the botch-work most women make in such matters; but in many things I had done as well as he himself could have done, and, in all, better than many practiced hands.

And yet it was one of the most pleasing occupations I ever followed. To be sure, I was tired at night; but then I have been more tired many a time over ordinary housekeeping occupations.

My paper-hanger added that all I wanted to fit me for the business was to put on pantaloons and learn to chew tobacco. I rather thought I should need the pantaloons, or some device of clothing which would prove as convenient; for I found my long skirts not only exceedingly in the way, but sometimes actually dangerous when I was mounted to the top of a rickety step-ladder; but

as for the tobacco-chewing, I had my doubts, and finally asked him if whistling would not do as well. He thought it would. So I am learning to whistle with all diligence, to be prepared for the time when all other means of a living fail me; for I would be the last one in the world to let so slight an obstacle as that stand in the way of making an independent living.

So this is my idea: seriously, why is not paper-hanging an appropriate occupation for women? And yet I never heard of a woman paper-hanger, except those amateurs who do their own houses, and usually make a "botch" of them. It is, I admit, somewhat fatiguing; but not half so much so as washing and ironing. Paper-hanging is something more than an occupation; it is a fine art. Not one man in ten who engages in it understands its capabilities. I would really like to see women take it up and beat them, and I think they might do it if they tried. They naturally have a better knowledge of colors, and know, too, what looks best and most cheerful in a house.

Trust me ever leaving the selection of colors to men! I had an evidence of either their want of taste, or their want of conscience, while I was in a paper store, making a purchase. A German from the rural districts came in and wanted to buy some paper. So the clerk unrolled a piece for his inspection. It was really a very pretty paper—a light pearl ground with small medallions in which scarlet was the predominating color.

"Does that suit you?" asked the clerk.

"Yaw," said the Dutchman.

"How much do you want?" was the next interrogatory.

"I doesn't know."

"Think ten rolls will do?"

"Yaw."

"Now you want some border, don't you?"

"Yaw."

So the clerk picks up the topmost piece in his sample drawer—a crimson border—and shows to his customer.

"Will that suit you?"

"Yaw."

So the scarlet-figured paper was matched with a crimson border, and the two were destined to spend the remainder of their existence in juxtaposition, each striving to kill the other! And so complete was the total depravity of that clerk, that I have no doubt he slept just as sweetly that night as though he had passed an entirely blameless day.

To be a successful paper-hanger, one should have a perfect knowledge of colors and their effects; and with that knowledge, wall-decoration may be carried away up until it reaches the altitude of high art. Besides the required knowledge of colors, to attain to this perfection in the business, it is necessary that there should be something more than a smattering of architecture. In fine, the architect and the paper-hanger should go hand in hand, and to produce the most perfect results, each should consult with the other.

Of course it is not to be expected that the ordinary housekeeper will learn paper-hanging as a business; still, if she attempt it at all, she should

have sufficient knowledge of it to be enabled to do it well; else her labor will produce dissatisfaction, and conduce to the discomfort of the inmates of that home which she wishes to beautify. It is not even necessary that every woman should know about the mechanical process of papering her rooms. It is often more desirable, for more reasons than one, that this should be entrusted to a professional. But every woman who has a house over which she presides, should make it her business to be sufficiently acquainted with the æsthetic requirements of the art, to be enabled, first, to make satisfactory selections of paper for her different rooms, and secondly, to superintend the work of the paper-hanger, and see that it is done properly.

There is scarcely anything in all the range of domestic duties that seems easier than the selection of paper for any given room; and yet there is nothing really more trying to the taste and the judgment. Persons with the best eye for color invariably have to learn experience at the cost of a few mistakes. Then need we wonder that we see so many dingy rooms, so much inharmony, and so much general unsatisfactoriness in this respect in the homes of the people?

Very few people, to begin with, know what they really want. And even after having settled that point, it is no easy matter to recognize it when it is seen in the store-rooms. A paper in the roll is an entirely different affair from a paper upon the walls of a room. The most delicate tints, apparently, darken frightfully after having been manipulated by the paper-hanger. The most attractive pattern with only a modest dash of color, looks gaudy upon the walls. Then how is one to know "what is what?" There are one or two simple rules which will prove a great aid in the selection of paper, though they will not insure the buyer against mistakes. One of these is that a paper apparently much lighter than is desirable should be selected; since if just the apparent tint is chosen, the buyer will be astonished to find how dark her rooms have become when they are papered. Another is, to avoid almost altogether the purchase of paper in which there is any decided color. There are some exceptions to this rule; but in the main it is best to depend upon pearl and cream tints. This must especially be remembered, if the walls are to be further decorated by pictures. In this case, the paper must be regarded as simply a background for the pictures; and the more conspicuous the figure, or decided the tint, to the less advantage will the pictures be seen.

A woman always wants the paper on her kitchen walls of a tint that shall not "show dirt." And so, to attain this end, she generally selects some dark color, or perhaps an oak pattern. The dark color is inexcusable on any ground whatever. It destroys all cheerfulness in the room; and if there is any place which should look cheerful it is the kitchen, else the busy housekeeper will too often find her spirits harmonizing with the prevailing gloom. If the kitchen is a light room—having plenty of windows—and its mistress is not afraid of plenty of sunlight, the oak paper will do. But

it should never be employed where the light is scanty; since it will not only impart a gloom to the apartment, but it is a color peculiarly trying to the eyes in a half light. The very best thing a woman can do for her kitchen, is to paper it with the lightest, cheerfulest, prettiest paper she can find, and then give it two coats of size made of thin white glue, and over that again apply one or two coats of Demar varnish. This will give the paper a delightful gloss, and whenever it becomes soiled it can be wiped clean, with little trouble, with a damp cloth. Paper thus prepared will last for years, looking just as beautiful and clean as when it was first put on, and will amply pay for the extra trouble and expense. A paper to be thus sized and varnished should have no color more decided than neutral tints, since any real color will rub off in putting on the size.

A pretty way to paper a kitchen is to paper with imitation wood paper for about three feet from the floor, either in panels or upright strips of alternate colors about four inches wide. Above this use some light hall-paper, of a marbled pattern if you like. I prefer this hall-paper, since it has a side border which can be used in panels, and bordering for the top. Having papered your wall in panels, take some pretty engravings or chromos and paste in the centre of each panel. Then size and varnish over these at the same time that the paper is done. And there are your walls ornamented permanently, without the expense of framing pictures, or the trouble of taking them down and rehanging at every house-cleaning period.

It is impracticable to lay down general rules which shall apply to all houses in the matter of papering, since that style which would be appropriate for the cottage would not do at all for the more pretentious residence. A sitting-room should always have a light paper with a quiet pattern; and if this is also sized and varnished, the paper will not have to be renewed so often, and can always be kept clean. I have already given my idea of an appropriate finish for the walls of parlors and halls. Those who can afford it will fresco, of course; but a plain tinted paper, put on in panels, with pillars or moulding between, can be made to look quite as well at much less expense. Crimson always forms a beautiful background for pictures; but it is so dark that unless there are really a number of pictures to fill up the walls, and thus completely furnish them, it is preferable to have something less decided in tone. The various shades of pearl and gray, inclining to purple, green or blue, are any of them to be recommended. These perfectly plain papers are so easily soiled, and show so plainly the least stain upon them, that it seems to me the sizing and varnishing to which I have referred are indispensable for them.

A paper with a pattern in which a little decided color is introduced is allowable in a chamber, especially if the hangings present the same color and the same style of pattern. Still it is very necessary that the paper of a bed-room should be simple in the extreme, since there is nothing so trying to the nerves of an invalid, who may be

confined in the room, as an intricate pattern upon the wall, the figures of which are studied out over and over again, until the brain is completely wearied.

There is one use to which wall-paper can be put, which may be new to many of the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE. Have any of you a spare bed-chamber, seldom used, which you would like to carpet at little expense? If so, go to the paper-hanger's store and select a paper looking as much like carpet or oil-cloth as you can find. Having taken it home, first paper the floor of your bed-room with brown paper or newspapers. Then over this or these put down your wall-paper. A good way to do this will be to put a coat of paste upon the floor the width of the roll of paper, and the length of the room, and then lay down the paper, unrolling and smoothing at the same time. When the floor is all covered, then size and varnish as I have already described, only dark glue and common furniture-varnish may be used, and the floor will look all the better for the darkening these will give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs by the bedside and before the toilette-table, and you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish. A carpet, too, that will last for years—if not subject to too constant wear—and at a trifling expense. I myself used a room one entire summer prepared in this way—used it constantly; and when the house was sold in the fall, the purchaser asked me to take up my oil-cloth, as he wished to make some alterations which would be sure to injure it. In fact, it looked precisely like an oil-cloth, and bore no more marks of use than an oil-cloth would which had done service for the same length of time.

This matter of the adornment of our houses is of far more importance than seems at first sight. The rooms where we must spend the greater portion of our time will impart to us something of their own characteristics. We become unconsciously imbued with their cheerfulness or their gloom. So as we would make our children happy and contented, and as we would be happy and contented ourselves, let us give to this apparently insignificant matter of the papering of our walls more of our thoughts; nor consider it beneath us, and a waste of time, to make it a subject of earnest study and the closest observation.

STUDY is labor in a gold mine, where toil extracts the rich metal, but sense and judgment alone enable us to enrich ourselves therefrom. For many who seek for gold find it, but few husband it with care; and many acquire knowledge by study, but few use that knowledge with discretion enough to ensure respect on earth and everlasting happiness.

CHARLES DICKENS said that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

Religious Reading.

A PICTURE.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

IN Rome is a large and beautiful painting, by a modern artist, representing the scene of Christ's walking on the sea. The sublimity of the picture is beyond description; and it was, in a large sense, the artist's life-work. For many years, while engaged on other pictures, toiling patiently day after day, and carrying these, one after another to completion, his thoughts were intent on this great theme, and the beautiful ideal was shaping itself slowly, more and more, in his mind. This one picture has taken precedence of all his other work.

In the background all is dark. You see the wild, foam-crested billows rolling, wall upon wall, right on toward the tossing bark. The faces of the disciples are blanched with terror, as, "tolling in rowing," they strive manfully to bring her to land. But it seems a vain effort. The stalwart arms are failing, though the oars are still grasped in a desperate struggle. White, despairing faces look out across the waves with longing eyes, full of regret at thought of the absent Friend—the One who *could* help and save them. "Would He were with us." But "Jesus had not come to them."

Again, and for a farewell, they turn their sorrowful eyes toward the shore of Galilee—the shore where they had passed those three happy days with Him, listening to His words of love, and witnessing His deeds of mercy—the healing of His hand, the wonderful supply to the famishing multitude. Yes, where they had themselves shared the simple meal with Him, little thinking it would be the last.

Only thought and memory picture that shore—the thick darkness yields not a glimpse. But, lo, in the distance a light—a shadowy form! Around those white feet the waves are still. Slowly that form moves, and right onward toward them, making "a path through the mighty waters."

Blank terror stamps almost every face. In that olden time of ignorance and superstition, there was but one thought present to their minds. It was the approach of a spirit, and the ship was lost. But a voice comes over the waves—through night and storm—a voice they know and love. How welcome—more than welcome!

The painter has chosen the moment when the Master speaks. Peter and John, first to recognize the voice, the Friend, the Saviour they love, are at the vessel's side. Peter, as ever, eager, impetuous, is just about to spring over and tread the billowy path to meet his Lord; while John, with love-lighted eyes, and face radiant with joy, waits in calm assurance the coming of Jesus. To him the storm is over, the vessel safe, the shore gained; for his faith and hope, inspired by deepest love, are already one with sight.

A very remarkable feature of this painting is the light around the face and form of the Lord

Jesus—so soft and tender, yet so strong, that it not only glorifies the picture, but when the window-shutters are all closed it lights the room. It is one of the strangest and rarest triumphs of art.

And the peculiar impression the scene conveys is that the presence of Jesus, rather than His verbal command, brings peace. We are not told in the Bible account that, in this instance, He bade the sea be still in words; and by far the more probable view is that the painting suggests—the rest and calm the very outbirth of His presence.

Thus it is, amid life's trials and temptations, amid its stormiest sea and darkest night. Not the word of Jesus alone, but the word *abiding* in us—the spirit and life of Christ brings peace. The soul that feels Him near, and welcomes that presence, guarding its every-day life from sin's soling—from aught that shuns His eye—enters, even here, into His peace.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY MARY CABELL.

OUR Lord tells Peter: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and carry thee where thou wouldest not." John xxi.: 18.

It seems to us that, in a certain sense at least, this is true of every one. In the early youth, the mind, at least, goes where it will, roving through elysian fields of hope and imagination, building exquisite air-palaces, and revelling in dreams and fancies of Paradisal sweetness. It sees every object in

"The light that never was, by land nor sea."

Untrammelled by care and responsibility, untied by temptation, disappointment and bereavement, the light heart roves where it will, feeling so strong, so full of life and hope, that "it believes, like Ajax, that it shall escape every storm, in spite of the gods."

But after awhile the ideal and the actual come in collision, and the ideal which gave its freedom and sweetness to our early youth shrinks back before the actual, which, with iron rule, "girds us and carries us where we would not."

And yet, as Peter's being girded and carried where he would not prefigured his crucifixion, so may the rigorous treatment which the actual inflicts on us, in our riper years, lead to the crucifixion of our lower nature, to the putting away of that life which we must lose if we would save our higher life. And when we look beneath the surface of things, we shall find that the girding us and carrying us where we would not are as much a decree of the Divine Love and Wisdom as the light-hearted freedom, the sweet joyousness of our early youth. The sunshine and flowers of

May are no more essential to the rounding and completing of the year, than the scorching heat and chill blasts of later seasons.

We are too much in the habit of "going through life with our eyes fixed on some far-off polar star, whilst we tread with indifference over a rich harvest of reality." The most frequent stimulus, for instance, that is held up to incite us to lead a Christian life, is the idea of the peace and joy it will lay up for us in the great Hereafter. We are much more apt to think of religion as providing nectar and ambrosia for the soul in Paradise, than as presenting daily food and drink for our present spiritual needs.

We do not sufficiently dwell on the thought that religion offers present food, clothing and shelter to the soul, "angels' food," beautiful garments and safe shelter, near at hand, amid the waves of this troublous life, not on a far-off shore.

The clause, "give us this day our daily bread," teaches us the importance of living in the present. "Our daily bread," in the interior meaning of the phrase refers to the pure and good affections that sustain our higher life, as bread does our lower, for man is not all flesh and blood, nor chiefly flesh and blood, hence he "does not live by bread alone." His soul needs the daily manna of goodness and

truth, and day by day, our Lord supplies what man needs, even as He sent manna to the children of Israel, and no more surely does natural food become assimilated into the life blood of the body, than thought and affection into the texture of the character.

In several instances, our Lord teaches us, most impressively, the duty of living in the present, as, for instance, where He tells us "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Let us nourish our inner life, day by day, striving to make it strong and vigorous, by daily appropriations of the bread of life, but let us dismiss from our minds all overweening thoughts of the morrow, even of the heavenly and eternal morrow, for it is true wisdom to give our best powers, thoughts and affections to the present.

Little children give us the best semblance of heavenly life, which we can find here below. And whence comes their delightful elasticity, their joyous light-heartedness. It results in a great measure from their living in the present, which they neither overcloud by care about the future, nor underrate by comparisons with an imaginary tomorrow, destined to be much brighter.—*New Jerusalem Messenger*.

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 8.

TUESDAY.—Margie was cross this morning. The girls were at a concert last evening, came home late, and Margie ate a piece of pie and went directly to bed. That accounts for her ill mood. I tell the girls it is not Margie, the schoolmate, who is cross—she is just as good as ever she was—it is the fault of the pie. My father used to say of old Uncle Pomeroy, a neighbor of ours, in his ugly moods, it is not the man Pomeroy, nor the neighbor, nor friend, who is ugly, it is the villainous whisky.

We should remember this, and keep cool, and make due allowance for faults and short-comings.

I found this to be rather a hard matter, though, one day last week when I went over to Madge Carol's with an armful of half-worn summer dresses, basques, overskirts and polonaise. I wanted her advice as to how I could make them over economically into new suits.

There was a light lawn dress, made in the style of five years ago; a percale, with an ugly rent diagonally across the front breadth; a delicate nansook, with used-up sleeves and a waist too tight to be comfortable; a short pongee, made before gored skirts were known, the wrong side of it just as pretty as ever; and an old black silk dress that had done good and honorable service before I ever laid my eyes on George Nelson Brooks.

Then I carried down all the pieces and remnants

of the dresses, so that Madge could plan and contrive my new things for me.

I saw there was something wrong as soon as I entered the house. I heard a rustling of clothes and a patting of hurried feet when I rapped, and there was some delay before the door opened. Auntie Carol came to it; her face was red and startled. She had risen from the table. Plates were laid for two. She sat down and finished her late dinner. A cup of tea half gone stood beside the other plate. I knew by the appearance of things that Madge had hurried from the table, that it was her dress which had rustled and her feet that had patted.

Pretty soon auntie rose and went into the bedroom, and I could hear her say: "Oh, do! You must do so whether you want to or not; she'll be apt to think hard of you."

Then I could distinctly hear the reply: "I don't care what she thinks! I wish she hadn't come! That's just the way—come when I don't want to see her ugly face!"

Then dear auntie cooed out: "You'll feel better to-morrow; try and be patient."

"Well, I won't go out if she stays all day—so there now!" and the snarl with which she said it was perfectly exasperating.

Oh, I could hardly stand it! I would have gone off home immediately, slipped off slyly, only for poor, good auntie.

She came back in a few minutes, and conversed pleasantly, but I could see that a shadow was over all.

Afterwhile she went again to the bed-room, and

again I heard her voice in entreaty, and very easily could I distinguish the hateful voice of Madge. I had just risen to go when Madge, my dear friend for more than fifteen years, came out. Her hair was disheveled, her clothes slovenly, her eyes red and swollen, and her features distorted, and seamed, and scarred with internal commotion. Her evil passions were all roused and raging. She essayed to smile, but it was a horrible caricature. If she had been "making up faces," as the little children call it, she would have appeared to a better advantage.

"Morning, Chatty," she clipt off as she sat down.

"Are you not well?" I asked.

"No; everything goes wrong, too," she snarled.

Just then dear auntie poured out a cup of tea and handed it to her. Dear me! I thought of, "and Satan appeared in the midst," as she rose and strode off to the door like a well-shod Amazon, and dashed the tea out on the ground, right in the dear presence of that old mother, who had so tenderly cared for her when a puny babe, a cross child, and a whining, delicate, feeble girl—always needing the watchful care of a tender mother-nurse.

I rose and said: "I'll not trouble you to-day with any of my affairs, Madgie; I'll come again sometime, when you are well. I only wanted to ask your advice about making over some of my old dresses. I'm not handy enough to contrive ways and means like you can."

"Well, you came to a very poor place if you wanted to discuss clothes and finery, I can tell you that," was the reply. "I care the least about fine clothes of any person in this world;" and it seemed to me her steel-gray eyes fairly gleamed out threats of annihilation. "But sit down again, Charrrity," she continued, in a hard voice, "and if my opinion's worth anything you're very welcome to it."

"Thank you, not to-day," I said; and then I talked to auntie awhile before I started home.

Oh, I sneaked off like a culprit! As soon as I reached the street the pent-up tears blinded me, and the sobs broke forth. I said in my sorrow: "I'll never go there any more—that was too bad! Madge Carol don't care for clothes, eh? Why she'd rather go without bread than without silk dresses. Didn't care for finery!" And then I thought of the stiff brocade; the gros-grain that trailed behind her on the pavement; the latest silk of the latest shade, trimmed with twelve yards of lace that cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; of the lustrous alpacas; the soft, thick, beautiful merinos; the elegant morning-wrappers, and the mulls, and lawns, and light summer silks. Oh, if it hadn't been for the many fine dresses so elaborately trimmed, and for the hard days of toil that reached far past the hours of midnight, I thought, the snarl had not been in her voice, and the seams in her face, and the steely gleam in her eye, and the worry in her disposition, and the gnarls, and faults, and ugly crooks in her temper. Yes, there was a worm gnawing all the time.

But Madge was a marvel of a woman, and she was so kind and ready to help others. If a dress had a torn place, she knew how to arrange the

trimming to make it seem as though it was put on that way for very love of it, and because it was in good taste; if a dress fit illy, she could go over it with a pinch here and a pinch there, and the clipping scissors and her deft fingers would work wondrous changes; if a garment was faded by the sun, she could make it as bright as ever, and she could tell by a glance of the practiced eye just what colors would harmonize.

I sat in my room crying softly, when one of the girls came in. She was startled, and I had to tell her what was the matter.

"The hateful old thing!" said she. "I've a mind to get her picture out of your album and send it right home to her. You don't want it."

I cried on.

"And, auntie, you know the other day when I was raising money to buy a nice dress for our preacher's wife before she started on her visit to her mother's, the old sneak of a Madge Carol only gave a quarter, and all the rest of you women gave a dollar a-piece freely. Now you need not cheep against it, I mean to return the paltry quarter to her, and tell her we had enough without breaking on her bill. Oh, that will be splendid!" and the girl clapped her hands in great glee.

"Kathie," said I, "now keep cool, keep cool; nobody knows of this unfortunate occurrence but ourselves; and let us be little women, and keep the matter between us two. We must not think too hard of poor Madge; she used to be so good and kind—indeed, I never knew her to behave so before; and if we knew the truth, we might learn that she had reason for all this. Let us be forgiving."

"And not allow me to send the bill back to her?" said Kathie. "Why I could think of nothing better—no sweeter revenge than that would be."

So, under the sympathetic words of the dear girl, I soon forgot my sorrow, and the hurt was far from serious.

Yesterday Madge called to see me, and we visited together in my bed-room. And this was her story and her ample apology:

She had long been corresponding with a gentleman who had proposed marriage, and whom she had tenderly and lovingly rejected because she could not be separated from her widowed mother, and could not prevail on the mother to change her humble northern home for a princely one in a southern city. She loved him, and her love was returned, and she still hoped that sometime her mother would relent, and she could join her fortunes with this one who had been the playmate of her early girlhood.

But a scheming aunt of his had laid her plans, and he had walked into the silken snare, and married the girl who was the choice of the designing relative. A paper containing the marriage notice had reached her about two hours before I had called there with my armful of very material matter.

It was too bad! Oh, the notice was a glowing description of the wedding, of the beauty and worth of the bride, of the talent and intellectual ability of the groom, of the splendor of the cere-

mony, and of the prospective bridal tour to California, and to all its wonders and scenes of beauty, and grandeur, and magnificence. Poor Madge, it might all have been hers to enjoy! how her eyes would have feasted on the sublimity spread out so lavishly in that golden land.

She was feeling her very gloomiest and saddest just when I had called—she was full of mourning and half-regret, and remorse, mayhap. Poor Madge! dear Madge! good Madge! grand Madge! I thought as I felt of her hands and face, and patted her shoulders, and I let the tears come without even trying to hide them with my hand or lose them in my handkerchief. She was every inch a woman, else she had not sorrowed for the bird flown forever.

"It's best to take things coolly, isn't it, auntie?" said my girl Kathie. "I'm glad you kept me back."

WEAVING.

BY LICHEN.

WHAT are you doing, Mrs. Blake?" "I am weaving a carpet," was the answer. "But why do you stop and change your balls so often, putting only a few threads of a kind together, instead of weaving a whole one in at once, and thus getting along a great deal faster?"

"To make a better, prettier piece of work. A broad stripe of this dark, and then another all of light, would not look as well, and the carpet would not be as good. The light places would soon look shabby, and this gray all together, be monotonous, but by weaving a few threads of dark, then a few of light, mixing in a little gray occasionally, and putting the bright stripes at certain distances, I get all the colors worked in, the whole is prettier, and will look well to the last."

"Yes, I understand; the dark and light need alternating, to produce a good effect, and, of course, you cannot have enough of bright colors to mix all through, so 'tis best to put them at some distance apart, to set off the rest to advantage and to make them last to the end of the piece."

I went home with a new thought in my mind. We are all weaving fabrics of some kind, out of our lives—dark and light groundwork, with bright places here and there. There must of necessity be dark and light threads, for both are needed for the perfecting of character, and some lives have a great many dark ones, but we can take care, sometimes, to prevent too many of them coming together, and thus making our work more sombre than it need be. We can enliven even some of the darkest places with a thread or two of light, and avoid broad, gray stretches, with nothing to relieve their monotony. The colors, to be sure, are given us without our wills having much to do in the matter, yet, in the generality of cases, we can control, in a great measure, the weaving of our web of life. We see the truth of this constantly, in looking around us.

There is Mrs. L., who is a widow, and with very slender means. She lives in a small cottage, with her one child for a companion—a daughter only fifteen, and crippled for life—and a little orphan girl she has taken to bring up. The colors of her life are most of them grave, yet she arranges them so skillfully, doing a little good here, culling some pure pleasure there, weaving brightness into her helpless child's life whenever it is possible, and bearing her own trials with such sweet serenity, that her web is really attractive. Then there is Mrs. R. She has a husband, two sons and two daughters, to fill her life with color and variety. Her eldest daughter, just out as a young lady, is a handsome, intelligent girl, who might contribute a great deal to the happiness of her home, but she has been so much indulged, that she has a particularly strong liking for having her own way, now, and causes her mother much trouble. During her last two years of school-life, she wanted to have young gentlemen's visits and attentions a great deal, and though her

mother fretted and remonstrated often, she had not the firmness and decision to refuse it positively, though she knew it was a hindrance to her child in her studies. Her sons have been sent out of the house so much "to get clear of their noise," and to have them out of the way, that now they will not stay in when they are wanted. The eldest one—a boy between fifteen and sixteen years of age—already wants to smoke segars, and spends many of his evenings hanging around the billiard-rooms, because no home pleasures have been provided for him. His mother seems unconscious of this. She has attended well to his material comforts, and does not realize that while she has her sewing, and the girls their music and needlework, he, not being a lover of reading, should have some entertainment to make his home evenings attractive. So she scolds occasionally about his going out so much, and laments to the rest of the family over the disposition and habits that are developing in him, oblivious to the fact that it is caused by her own remissness in one of her highest duties. Yet Mrs. R. is a very pleasant woman in society—refined, generous-hearted and hospitable.

I thought I should enjoy a visit at her home, where, from the style in which they lived, I supposed comfort reigned. Her husband is a genial man, her daughters lively and agreeable. She had often urged me to come, offering to send her carriage for me; so, one day, I went, and was surprised and pained to see the total lack of order, system or discipline maintained, and, therefore, the absence of all real comfort. True, we had a very pleasant morning, the girls, who are good musicians, contributing to my entertainment by singing and playing on a sweet-toned piano, and Mrs. R. doing all that hospitality could suggest for my comfort; though I could not help noticing that things about the room were in a good deal of disorder. But at the dinner-table, the youngest boy was so ill-behaved that he spoiled the enjoyment of the meal for me, and annoyed his mother greatly.

After dinner, Alice, the younger daughter, was going out, and when she went to put on her walking things, neither her gloves or neck-tie could be found, and a ten or fifteen minutes' search had to be gone through with for them—her mother helping. I was surprised at this, supposing she would have been taught to keep such things in their proper place, until a little later when Mrs. R. opened two of her own bureau drawers to hunt for something, and I saw the heterogeneous mass within.

A certain receipt, which her husband had given into her keeping, was wanted, and a grand search was made through drawers, wardrobe and trunk, before it could be found. This occupied nearly half an hour of time, kept her husband waiting, fretted him, of course, worried her and caused her to lose both patience and temper, as much as she would allow before a guest. Of course, every one was made uncomfortable, and, for awhile, I wished myself away.

And this, I judge, was a fair sample of a good many days in such a household. What kind of a looking fabric, think you, she is weaving, out of the abundance given her?

Miss J. is a single lady, neither young nor very old. She has a comfortable independence, and lives alone, with the exception of a servant, in a house of her own. She has two married sisters, and a single brother, who lives with one of them. Both sisters have pleasant homes, with children growing up around them, who are as good as ordinary children often are; and either would be glad to have her live with them. She has, besides, near relatives living in other places not very far away, but she prefers remaining by herself, and does not keep a spare bed-room, because she thinks some of them would want to come and stay with her too often. She will not let her sisters' children love her as they would like to do if she gave them encouragement. Too many cross looks, or sharp words meet them, if a careless foot brings a little mud in on her carpet, or a merry laugh rings out too loud. Yet she

is very particular about having them come to see her often, and feels slighted and indignant if they do not. She is no gloomy recluse; she visits a good deal, and has company to dinner and tea when it suits her mood; but her thought seems to be only for herself. She does not go among the sick or poor to render any help. With health, means and freedom to act, she walks along a narrow, selfish way, shedding little brightness upon the path of others, and gathering little real happiness for her own.

In the same neighborhood lives another old maid, the guardian angel of the home in which she dwells. Her father keeps the tenderest spot in his heart for her, and she never tires of administering to his comfort. Her brothers and younger sister look up to her with warm affection, depend on her for their daily wants, and come to her with their little trials and joys. Her invalid mother rests securely in the knowledge that household affairs will be well attended to, so long as her faithful daughter has them in hand.

"A tread-mill life," you may say, hers is, for there is a ceaseless round of plain, homely duties to attend to, she has not much time for visiting or recreation, and no doubt is often weary both in body and spirit. But an unseen aureole encircles her brow, perceived by the angels, though not by those who walk beside her here, for she does her appointed work with a Christian cheerfulness and willingness which beautifies and ennobles her life, and endears her to all around.

What different looking fabrics will these two women have to spread at the feet of the Great Master-workman for His inspection. Yes, we are all busy weavers, and often careless ones, too, throwing away many a bright thread which a little thought would have made us keep and weave in.

I have seen people turn away with an impatient "no," from a child who asked for a flower, though their bushes held enough and to spare. Or complain of bright, singing voices and happy laughter because they would rather be quiet, forgetful that the children have rights as well as themselves. Or I have seen them receive very ungraciously the visit of some humble neighbor, who had few pleasures at home, and who perhaps wanted some little instruction about making or fitting a garment, simply because it would for a little while take their attention from a book which they would rather be reading. And all seemingly unconscious that they were weaving dark threads into their web, when they might just as easily have put bright ones.

Then sometimes we are in too much haste to get along, or become too indifferent to what is passing around us, and forget to speak the encouraging word,

to express the sympathetic thought, or show the kindly interest which would help or gladden some other heart, and thus lose many a thread which would beautify our work.

Oh, be careful, all ye weavers, remembering that you are weaving for eternity!

OLD LETTERS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

THE sun beats hotly down on hill and plain;
The roses droop their heads at his fierce gaze;
The cool shade of the grove I seek in vain;
There is no coolness in these summer days.

Not even my guitar can tempt my fingers,
Nor book can charm the heavy hours away,
The hand around the clock-face lingers—lingers:
How shall I spend the slowly passing day?

Come mother, we will sit us down and read
The cherished letters of the by-gone years;
This casket holds them; here they are indeed,
Once read in joy, or once baptized by tears.

This package is for you; its yellowed pages
Will take you backward to your girlhood's prime;
And while the package all your thoughts engages,
I turn to letters of a later time.

How pleasant 'tis, and yet how sad—how sad,
To read the letters of old friends once more—
Letters whose coming made our hearts so glad—
And then to think this friendship all is o'er!

A friendship pledged for life, yet sudden broken,
As snaps on my guitar a fragile string,
With too great strain upon it; and no token
But these few letters left; how vain a thing

Is friendship! How the world grows cold,
As one grows older! Drop them one by one
In the waste-basket, they no longer hold
Their early worth; their savor is all gone.

This other package, tied with ribbon white,
And a dead rose-bud crushed within its folds—
This is the record of a love as bright,
As warm, as true, as pure, as earth e'er holds!

A withered rose-bud, and a love now perished!
Perished with many a sigh and bitter ache
Of heart! Why are these letters longer cherished?
Burn, letters: silence, heart, you shall not break!

Housekeepers' Department.

HOW TO EAT ORANGES AND PINEAPPLES.

IN a communication to the *Philadelphia Press*, Mr. James W. Parkinson gives the following directions for eating oranges and pineapples:

"To eat an orange as it is done by the uninitiated is to sacrifice more than half of the gratification and the benefit of which it is capable. To partake of this fruit to the best advantage, and with the highest enjoyment, it should never be eaten when it is first taken in hand. Both a preliminary course of procedure and an intervening lapse of time is called for. An orange should be prepared the night previous, and eaten the following morning. It should be skinned, or rather partially skinned over night, and be exposed to out-of-door air and out-of-door dews until time for breakfast.

"I have said that the orange should be partially, and not entirely skinned. It should be stripped only of the corrugated outside rind, and not peeled of the soft, chamois-like covering within. This can only be done with a very sharp knife, and that by small, successive chipplings.

"Having taken off the yellow overcoat of the orange and left on its white undercoat, the next step is to dexterously cut off its head; that is, you shave off a slice of the top of the fruit as large, say, as a quarter of a dollar, leaving the pulp or meat exposed to the size of, say, a shilling. Place the fruit on wooden platters where it will be exposed to the air and the dews all night. It will be found in the morning that the white rind has become tough and entirely juice-tight.

"At the breakfast-table grasp your orange with a napkin, exactly as you would a newly-boiled egg, and as you eat an egg through its broken shell, so press the juice of your orange through its cut rind. Squeeze every drop into the mouth. Serve another orange, and still another, in the same way. And so keep on squeezing and sucking, sucking and squeezing. The more orange juice you swallow, the better for the stomach, the blood, and the entire man. No one need be afraid to thus dispose of a dozen oranges before breakfast. That this is the best time to partake of oranges is admitted by all the most learned and experienced authorities who have ever written on the subject.

"This is the time (before breakfast) that the Cubans

eat their own favorite fruit, and the process of preparation practised by those islanders is that which is above described. Gathering their oranges ripe from the trees before night, they prepare and expose, as above, to "dew or sweeten" them, as they phrase it.

"The Pineapple.—The one great and all-prevailing mistake in eating a pineapple, is to cut the fruit with a knife, instead of tearing it to pieces. If you cut hot bread, what is the effect? You damage both its flavor and its healthfulness. So you should tear a pineapple instead of cutting it. What would you think of a man who should cut his grapes instead of crushing them? Equally unnatural is it to run a knife through a pineapple. It should be torn into bulky pieces, instead of being cut or sawed into thin slices. How this is to be done I now proceed to describe.

"Chop off the rough outside coat. Be careful not to cut into the inner skin, only pare off what I will call the ridges of bark. Now, with the sharp small blade

of a knife scoop the "eyes" out. Rest the apple firmly on its base, seizing its top sprouts, or, say, its "scalp," with the left hand. Run in a fork, near the bottom of the fruit, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, until it reaches the core. Press the fork down so as to tear off a piece of the fruit of the size of a large mouthful. Again insert your fork and again press down, and tear off another large bite. So continue until you have sundered all the fruit from the core or stem.

"The labor of preparation is done, and now begins the process and pleasures of eating. What is the advantage gained by this tearing and sundering process over the ordinary course of cutting the same fruit into slips with the knife? Crush one of these large hunks between your teeth, and the result will answer your own question. A larger mouthful of more luscious and highly flavored pineapple juice will delight your palate and gurgle rejoicingly down your throat than you ever before imagined to be possible."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THAT travelling dresses should be severely plain in their style, no sensible woman will deny.

Fashion favors this plainness the present season. These dresses are so arranged that there is little to crush or to catch dust. One or two shirred or knife-plaited flounces are admitted on the skirt, and sometimes the same style of trimming is repeated on the overskirt and sleeves. But a plain cording of silk is in better taste, since it will show less the marks of travel.

Linen is less used this season than heretofore for travelling costumes. Camel's hair, mohair or serge, are the popular materials. Either of these combined with silk are very serviceable.

Dust color and nut brown are the favored combinations. A suit of dust-colored cloth and nut-brown silk is one of the prettiest that can be worn.

The basque or jacket to a travelling suit is usually short and round, tight fitting, or nearly so, and made without any trimming around its lower edge, unless it be simple flat trimming or cord, since plating destroys the smooth outline over the hips.

A linen duster is a necessary adjunct to a suit like

this, to protect it from dust and cinders. These dusters are made with a slightly fitting back, and a loose front that may be buttoned close to the throat, or rolled back to form lapels. There should be a folded hood, terminating in a tasselled point at the back, while an ordinary rolling collar confines it at the neck. Straps should be sewed in at the seams under the arms, and, crossing at the back, be fastened with a buckle. The sleeves should be large, with square, deep cuffs. These cuffs may overhang the outside seam, and be tacked under buttons and simulated buttonholes. The collar, cuffs, straps, pocket-lap, hood-lining and facing for the front, may be of plaided or checked linen, if the wearer's taste so direct. The same wrap may be made of any material used for travelling-suits, though linen is lighter and cooler for summer use.

The gloves and hat of a travelling-costume should correspond with the darker color of the suit, and the stockings should be striped with the two shades. Brown straw is suitable for a travelling-hat, while fine Lisle thread or silk gloves are more appropriate than kid ones.

The travelling-dresses of children closely imitate, both in color and style, the dresses of their older companions. Chocolate is the predominant color.

New Publications.

A Double Story. By George MacDonald. New York: Dodd & Mead. This is one of Mr. MacDonald's most charming efforts. It is ostensibly a fairy story, and will please both young and old; but, like his other fairy stories, it has been written in order to convey a moral lesson. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Green Gate. A Romance. By Ernst Wichert. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister. translator of "Only a Girl," etc. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is an exception to most of the German novels which we have had the opportunity of examining. They, as a rule, were somewhat dull and heavy; while this is lively and entertaining, and will secure the reader's attention from the first, and retain it to the end. The story is, moreover, unobjectionable, and we can cheerfully recommend it to our readers.

Signa. A Story. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. We never have been an admirer of "Ouida's" novels. They are objectionable in the extreme, and for that reason we can recommend them to the perusal of neither young nor old. The author displays that char-

acteristic of a bad woman: an utter want of faith in her own sex. She seems to strive to represent women as utterly heartless and devoid of principle. Even when she seeks to draw an innocent character, her purity is simply the result of the want of opportunity; and she can conceive of no such thing as a steadfastness of principle which should keep a woman from evil in the midst of temptation. If this author had never published a book, the world would be a better world to-day; since it is impossible to estimate the evil influence which such books exert over the minds of the young.

The Abuse of Maternity. By Elizabeth Edson Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. We wish our recommendation might secure for this book a wide reading, since the subject which it discusses is one calling for the earnest attention of all, both men and women.

Breakfast, Luncheon and Tea. By Marion Harland, author of "Common Sense in the Household." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Was there ever before published so practical and so useful a book as this? We think not. It is just what every woman

needs, and what will help her through many a strait in housekeeping, at the same time that it makes that housekeeping seem more honorable and endurable in her eyes. We need common sense in the household, and though that is the title of a previous work, the present volume may be considered as a further installment of the same common sense. It is a cook-book, and a series of essays on the practical and moral phases of housekeeping, at the same time.

A Norseman's Pilgrimage. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, author of "Gunnar." New York: Sheldon & Co. This is a quiet, pleasantly told love story, of which a Norwegian youth and an American girl are the hero and heroine. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a collection of essays on various disconnected subjects, all of them of more or less interest to the public. They are written in a lively and, sometimes, saucy vein, but are neither very impressive nor valuable in subject-matter. They are, therefore, likely to prove more amusing than profitable. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Christian Missions. By Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor in Amherst College. New York: Dodd & Mead. This volume contains a series of lectures on the various phases of the subject of foreign missions, and is one which will interest Christians generally. The subject is an important one, and is treated in this book in a masterly manner. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Philadelphia and its Environs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This book of something more

than a hundred pages, contains more illustrations than pages—illustrations of buildings, or views in Fairmount Park, all of them executed in the highest style of the wood-engraving art, and that is saying a great deal, when wood engraving is proving itself a formidable rival to steel engraving. The book should be in the hands of every stranger who visits our city, while every citizen will, of course, wish to possess a copy.

Ocean Born; or, The Cruise of the Clubs. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Wolf Run; or, The Boys of the Wilderness. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The first of these two volumes belongs to the "Yacht Club" Series, and the second to the "Forest Glen" Series of juvenile books. We do not need to recommend them, for their merits are already sufficiently known.

Ripples of Song. A Collection of Temperance Hymns and Tunes. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This book has been prepared for the use of Sunday schools, bands of hope, juvenile temples and other juvenile societies. Both music and words are such as will give general satisfaction.

Hints and Helps in our Temperance Work. By Frances E. Willard, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. The author says, speaking of her work, that the "Hints and Helps" "are the fruit of personal experience, of conversations, letters from ladies and gentlemen prominent in the temperance work, and of a careful examination of documents and current temperance literature." They will prove acceptable to all active workers in the temperance field.

Editor's Department.

Hope for the Inebriate.

THE third Annual Report of the "FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES," situated at 913 and 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia, gives a history of results in the work of trying to reform men who have fallen through intemperance, that cannot fail to surprise all who read it, and convince the most skeptical that it is possible to reclaim inebriates and give them back to society as good and useful citizens.

All efforts to save drunken men, previous to that inaugurated in the establishment of this Christian Home, have failed, except in a few instances, to produce permanent reformation, while nearly one-half of those who have come under the influence of the "Franklin Home" during the past three years are standing firm to-day!

Our limited space will not permit us to give the large extracts from this deeply interesting Report which we should like to present to our readers. It embraces several reports in one—the Secretary's Report; the Report of the Executive Committee in charge; the Report of the Auxiliary Board of Ladies; the Physician's Report, and the Treasurer's Report, besides an introductory paper from the president, Samuel P. Godwin, Esq., and several pages of extracts from letters received from former inmates who have been restored to their families, and are again in business and doing well.

The Report of Dr. Robert P. Harris, the attending physician, is a paper of great value, and gives in careful detail an account of the treatment under which men are placed on entering the Home. We can give a single extract:

"After an experience with more than two hundred cases, we cannot but be astonished at the rapidity with which men recover from sickness of stomach, diarrhoea, loss of appetite, nervous tremors, wakefulness and alcoholic craving, when shut up by themselves, cut off from tobacco and stimulants, limited in the supply of water, fed with special regard to their ability to digest and the requirements of their systems, and made to sleep soundly and well. We scarcely ever now have a case of prolonged or obstinate vomiting, since we have kept men from tobacco and put them upon a minimum allowance of water. Yesterday morning, an inmate admitted the previous day after a debauch of two weeks, complained of a feeling of nausea and inability to take his food; to-day he dined sumptuously, ate enormously at supper, feels remarkably well at bedtime, and will to-morrow have the liberty of the house after but two days of seclusion. We rarely find it necessary to shut up an inmate for a longer time than three days, and have never, even in mania-potu, had a case under lock and key beyond the seventh day, and seldom after the fourth. It is also astonishing how quickly the thirst for whisky leaves the large majority of inmates when treated without it, and under a belief that the best permanent physical restoratives come from the provision dealer, rather than the apothecary. Every day teaches us that there is no remedy that can take the place of food in building up the broken down system of an inebriate, whose exhaustion is in a large proportion of cases due, more or less, to a forced starvation, induced by the effects of whisky in destroying the appetite for a wholesome diet. We are obliged to resort to medicines as indications may require, but they are generally more or less preparatory to enable the inmate to obtain the full benefit of a nutritious diet. The appetite of a healthy inmate borders somewhat upon the marvellous, particularly for two or three weeks after he leaves the infirmary, and the gain in weight has in some instances reached nine pounds in a week.

"I have fully tried in the past the tapering off system and thought for a long period that it was the only safe

one; but have altered this opinion very materially, and am satisfied with the great improvement in the results obtained. I never resort any more to the use of capsicum, highly peppered soups, hop tea, wormwood tea or other bitter decoctions. One serious objection to the gradual reduction of the use of whisky in any case in a reformatory home, is the fact that the appetite for it is just as much stimulated by the use of one drink as several, and the desire to obtain more can only be restrained by the secure confinement of the inmate until some days shall have elapsed after the administration of the last drink."

The Report of the Auxiliary Board of Ladies, in which is given some account of their work, not only in the Home, but among the families of the men who have been inmates of the Home, cannot fail to be read with the deepest interest. It shows how much is included in the sphere of this noble charity, and how much of its success is due to the earnest and untiring co-operation of the Christian women who have engaged in the work.

The following are extracts from letters received from former inmates. The first is from a gentleman now living abroad, who, previous to his admission to the Home, had sacrificed means, position and happiness of himself, his wife and his children to the demon of intemperance:

"I have great cause for thankfulness to Almighty God for all His mercies, and for His infinite mercy in leading my footsteps to the 'Franklin Home.' No one needed just such a place more than I, for no one has ever fallen lower from a higher estate than myself, and now, with God's mercies insuring the most happy surroundings, with friends and relations rejoicing over my reformation and regeneration, I can only say from a sincere, grateful heart, God bless the Franklin Home and all connected with it! When my beloved wife and myself bow before the Master, we never forget the Home, its managers and inmates."

Another, almost hopeless when he entered the Home, writes:

"It was so different at the Home from anything I had ever met or heard of, that I went away with more strength to resist than ever before. When I came to the Home I could not get a position in Philadelphia, nobody having confidence in me. Since then I have been engaged as foreman in a manufacturing establishment, by the very man that had discharged me several times for drinking, and have been with him a year. I feel more happy and contented now than any time in ten years, and if I had a friend who I found this was taking hold of, I would bring him to the Home, for I believe any one that is sincere can be reformed, and I would recommend any man that needs and desires to reform to go to the Home, as I did."

A gentleman at the head of a large wholesale house in this city, writes:

"My heart is more with the Home than ever. I am as inflexible and resolute in my determination as the day I made my resolve. I have carried out the principle of true temperance to the letter, and will never swerve to the right or the left, let come what may."

There is much that we should like to say about this noble institution, and the work it has so far achieved, but space will not permit. From a small and scarcely noted beginning three years ago, it has grown into large proportions, and achieved marvellous results. Public attention is being more and more drawn toward it, and public spirited men, who have the means and the souls to use them for humanity, are beginning to give liberally for its sustenance. It will need in the future large subscriptions to enable it to minister to the large numbers of hopeless ones who, with a new hope quickening in their hearts, shall come to its doors, and cry out, as so many have done, "Take me in, for God's sake!" May none be turned away for lack of room! But the Home is nearly full now, and must be enlarged without delay, or many will be lost who might be saved.

A copy of this deeply interesting Report will be sent to any one desiring to receive it, if application is made to the Secretary, Mr. John Graff, No. 913 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

The "Difficulties" Removed.

EDITOR OF THE HOME—DEAR SIR: I hope you will allow me to refer to the article in the HOME for March—"Under Difficulties"—and to explain how they have been "removed." That women have, until very recently, been kept out of the professions simply because they were women, "Should," as you say in the article referred to, "call a blush of shame to the face of every narrow-minded professor or member of a faculty, who obtrudes his *little self* in the way of a woman's inborn right to enter upon any field or work for which God has given her a natural fitness." And I am one who believes that one of the most proper "fields" for her to prepare herself to work in, outside of household duties, is the one to which your article has called our attention—that of medicine. And to show that they have about the same view of it, I will mention here that there are now *forty-eight* of them in the department of medicine and surgery in the University of Michigan, situated in this city.

This is a State institution, managed by a board of regents, elected by the people. This board, becoming satisfied of the justness of her cause, and believing that a trial might prove her ability to hold a position side by side with her brothers, opened their doors for the entrance of women several years since. The first one registering her name was a Miss Stockwell, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, February 2d, 1870. There are now one hundred and thirteen women in the University, divided as follows: In the department of Literature, Science and the Arts, sixty; Medicine and Surgery, forty-eight; Law, three; Pharmacy, two. And I may add that the regular reports go to show that, generally, their ability and progress are equal to that of the men.

There is also another point of considerable importance to some, and that is this, through the aid of the United States, by the appropriation of lands in an early day for educational purposes, and by State appropriations, the Regents have been able to offer the privileges of the University of Michigan, "without charge for tuition, to all persons, of either sex, who are qualified for admission," no matter from whence they come. (The only charge made by the Board of Regents is a matriculation fee of ten dollars to residents of Michigan, and the sum of twenty-five dollars if from any other State or County—paid only once. Each student also pays the first year, and annually thereafter until graduation, the sum of fifteen dollars if a resident, and twenty dollars if from any other State or County, which is applied toward the incidental expenses.)

To remove all objections which have been heretofore raised against the study of anatomy in mixed classes, and yet "recognizing the equality of rights of both sexes to the highest educational advantages, the Board of Regents have made provision for the medical education of women, by authorizing a course of instruction for them separate, but in all respects equal to that heretofore given to men alone." Both courses are pursued at the same time, and the conditions of admission and of graduation are the same.

Thus it may be seen that American women need no longer labor "under the difficulties" of going to Germany, and dressing in men's apparel, in order to obtain a thorough medical education.

The whole number of students in the University at this time will show its popularity. In the department of Medicine and Surgery there are three hundred and seventy; Law, three hundred and forty-five; Literature, Science and the Arts, four hundred and seventy-six—one thousand one hundred and ninety-one. The terms of the two first-named departments close from the 25th to the 28th of March, the latter about the same time in June. All commence October 1st of each year.

This is not written as an advertisement, nor with the knowledge, even, of the Regents, but purely for the benefit of the women, many of whom desire greater literary privileges than they can obtain where they

live, or at other colleges; but I trust you will excuse me for saying, to save myself the trouble of answering letters of inquiry as to the necessary qualifications for admission, cost of board, etc., that all inquiries should be addressed to H. D. Bennett, Steward of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; and I will only add, that I hope the time is not far distant when the privileges of all universities and colleges will be opened alike to women as to men.

A. W. CHASE, M. D.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 13, 1875.

Mental Culture in Women.

TOO many women of fair culture and intelligence gradually lose, after marriage, their interest in intellectual things and cease to grow mentally. The causes of this are various, but may chiefly be found in a too great absorption of the mind in domestic and maternal cares, and in too prolonged and wearying household duties, bringing as they must both mental and physical exhaustion. The loss which every woman sustains who thus ceases to grow intellectually, is always very great, and both husband and children are, in their measure, partakers of the loss.

Referring to this subject, in a recent number of *The Household*, MRS. JULIA C. K. DORR, who always writes clearly and well no matter what the theme she touches, says:

"The woman who, in the early days of her married life, lowers the standard she had set up for herself in her girlhood, will find it very difficult to raise it again. If she loses the habit of reading, if she loses her quick, bright interest in whatever is going on in the world of science, and literature, and art, in the philanthropic and educational movements of the day, and in all the wide circles of human thought and human life, she is not likely to find it again. But some day she will wake up to find her own children far in advance of her, and her influence over them waning rapidly. I do not mean, in the least, that she needs to keep pace with them in their studies, though even to do that is a good thing for both. She need not begin studying Greek verbs because her boys are 'fitting for college.' I refer simply to the general tone and habit of her life—to the atmosphere which surrounds her, and which she finds congenial. I refer to the *habit of growth*, without which a man or a woman will degenerate, just as surely as the tree degenerates when it ceases to grow. It may live a long time—but mere life is something quite distinct from healthy growth.

"Something is surely wrong in the plan of that life from which intellectual and spiritual culture is crowded out. The man who comes in from his office, his store, his farm, night after night, to find his house in nice order, an inviting supper waiting for him, his children clean and well-clothed, but his wife so tired that she would go straight to bed if she could—Alas! she cannot, because, as I have said, there is her work-basket full to overflowing—may make up his mind that there is a mistake somewhere. I am making no plea for idleness, no plea for mere pleasure-seeking. Every wife, high or low, rich or poor, in palace or in cottage, should strive to be a 'helpmeet' to her husband. But being a helpmeet does not mean being a mere drudge. It does not mean working like a galley-slave for one's board and clothing—poor clothing, too, very often. It does not mean the sacrifice of all a woman's tastes, and the loss of all her bloom and freshness. And more than all, it does not mean a rude awakening from all the happy dreams that were hers when she placed her hand in that of the man she loved, and went out into the world with him. Some husbands and wives are so busy that they have no time to love each other, no time for the interchange of the small, sweet courtesies, without which wedded life is like the salt that has lost its savor."

Atlantic City.

RAPID express trains have made this attractive seaside resort almost a suburb of Philadelphia, and during the hot summer months many of our business men reside there with their families, going down in the afternoon and returning to the city in the morning. The large number of fine cottages which have been built there during the past few years, give the place an elegant appearance. Atlantic City is becoming more and more a favorite resort for the people.

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
Half " " "	- - - - -	50
Quarter " " "	- - - - -	25
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.		

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Outside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$150
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BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

See new patterns in this number of *Home Magazine*, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM,

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER, and his MEDICATED SOAP, are among the most popular cosmetics of the day. They are the preparations of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 48 Bond Street, New York, and are for sale by druggists generally.

Book-Buying Department.

We give below a list of new books, published since our last issue, any of which will be mailed, postage free, on receipt of the price.

THE UNDIVINE COMEDY, and other Poems. By Count Sigismund Krasinski (the Anonymous Poet of Poland.) 12mo. Fine cloth, \$2.25.

WYNEOTE. By Mrs. Thomas Erskine. (Leisure Hour Series.) \$1.25.

A NORSEMAN'S PILGRIMAGE. By H. H. Boyesen. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

FOUR YEARS IN ASHANTEE. By the Missionaries Ramseser and Kuhne. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

CONSTANTINOPLE. From the French of Theophile Gautier. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

THE GREEN GATE. A Romance. From the German of Ernst Wichert, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, Translator of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," "Gold Elsie," "Hilda," etc. 12mo. Fine cloth, \$1.75.

THE ABUSE OF MATERNITY, Through its Rejection and through its Unwise Acceptance. By Mrs. Elizabeth E. Evans. 12mo. Fine cloth, \$1.00.

MORFORD'S AMERICAN GUIDE. Short Trip Guide to America. By Henry Morford. Edition of 1875, Revised and Enlarged. 16mo. Bound in cloth, blue and gold, \$1.00.

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON AND TEA. By Marian Harland. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

A DOUBLE STORY. By George MacDonald. 18mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

SHIFTLSS FOLKS. An Undiluted Love Story. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

A WOMAN IN ARMOR. By Mary Hartwell. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

ART LIFE AND THEORIES OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Edward L. Burlingame. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

OTTO'S INTRODUCTORY READER. By Edward & Jaynes, M.A. 12mo. Cloth.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' COSTUME. For Description see next Page.

LADIES' COSTUME.

(For Illustration see First Page)

Since the introduction of batistes, probably no other goods have been so popular for cool costumes. The fabric possesses all the brightness and nearly the same transparency as lawn or organdie, and being in buff or écreu colors or in stripes of white and color, does not need so frequent laundering as the goods just mentioned. The variety represented is a gray-and-white stripe—the thicker line being of the dark color.

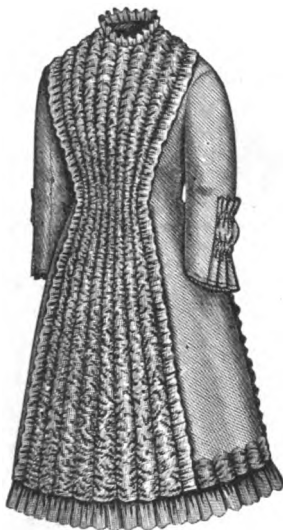
The skirt is made of plain batiste, and was cut by pattern No. 3587, price 30 cents. It has a front gore, two side gores and a full back breadth, gathered at the top and held in position midway to the bottom by tapes underneath. The picture fully delineates the arrangement of the trimmings, which are formed of the material. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, twenty-seven inches wide, will be required.

The over-skirt is a very pretty model for the goods represented, as well as for other materials. The apron is draped very high at the side-back by up-

ward-turning plaits, which terminate beneath the long draped sashes forming the back. The label gives directions for sashes to be tied in a knot, but the method here illustrated is in quite as good taste. The pattern used in cutting the over-skirt, is No. 3417, price 25 cents. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and requires 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a lady of medium size.

The fichu worn with the over-skirt is made of the same material, and was cut by pattern No. 2846, price 20 cents. Both it and the over-skirt are decorated with a pretty lace especially adapted to the goods. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material to make the garment for a lady of medium size.

To complete the costume, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of the skirt material will be required for the plain waist worn beneath the fichu. It is cut by pattern No. 3577, price 10 cents, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.



4018

Front View.

4018

Back View.

MISSSES' GABRIELLE OVER-DRESS.

No. 4018.—The over-dress here pictured is very fashionable, and can be made of any dress material; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, being required for

a miss of 13 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4004

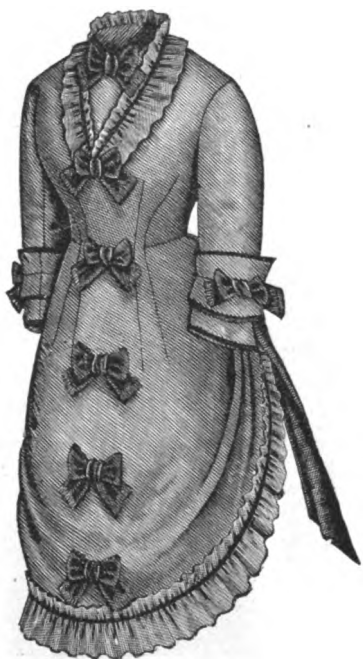
Front View.

MISSSES' FICHU WRAP.

No. 4004.—The pretty little pattern illustrated, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and can be used for any suit material. Of any goods, 27 inches wide, 2 yards will be necessary to make the garment for a miss of 13 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4004

Back View.

4010

Front View.

4010

Back View.

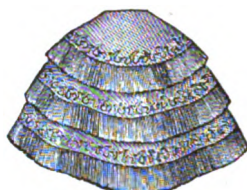
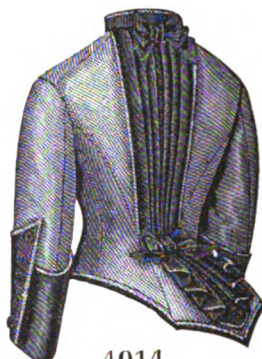
LADIES' POLONAISE, OPEN AT THE BACK.

No. 4010.—The novel and stylish pattern above illustrated, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is very handsome for silk, or cashmere, with velvet or silk sleeves and trimmings, to be worn over a silk skirt.

**4022***Front View.*

GIRLS' SHOULDER CAPE.

No. 4022.—This little garment is one of the season's favorites in wraps. To make it for a girl of 7 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.

**4022***Back View.***4014***Front View.***4014***Back View.*

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH PLAITED BACK.

No. 4014.—To make this garment for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of silk, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. The cuffs, and the plaited strip over the back, can be of another shade of the material, or of silk or velvet, with corded edges. The buttons should correspond.

**4002***Front View.***4002***Back View.*

LADIES' LOOSE BASQUE.

No. 4002.—The pattern to this comfortable garment, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. For house wear in the morning, this is quite a pretty style, and it can be made of any material the taste suggests, and decorated to harmonize.

**3991***Front View.***LADIES' POINTED BASQUE.**

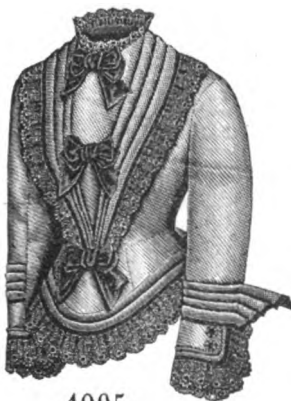
No. 3991.—The pattern to this stylish garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.

**3991***Back View.***4027***Front View.***4027***Back View.***GIRLS' BASQUE, OPEN AT THE BACK.**

No. 4027.—The pattern to the little basque here illustrated, is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a girl 6 years old $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.

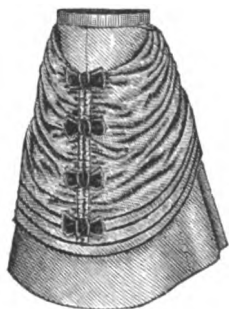
**4015***Front View.***4015***Back View.***BOYS' BLOUSE.**

No. 4015.—To make this blouse for a boy of 7 years, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

**4005***Front View.***LADIES' BASQUE, OPEN AT THE BACK.**

No. 4005.—The garment represented is one of the latest caprices. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.

**4005***Back View.*



4029

Front View.

GIRLS' SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 4029.—This engraving represents a novel and convenient method of combining two necessary garments in one pattern. To make the skirts for a girl of 6 years, 4 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4029

Back View.

4017

Front View.

4017

Back View.

4007

Front View.

4007

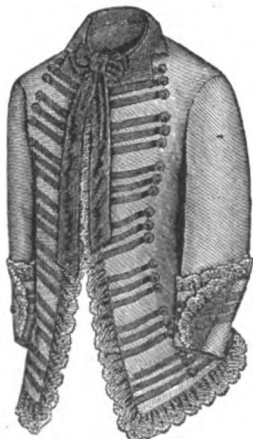
Back View.

BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED SACK OVER-COAT.

No. 4017.—In cutting the snug fitting garment illustrated, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lad of 9 years. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 4 to 12 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

BOYS' SUIT.

No. 4007.—This little suit is charming for a young boy. To make it for a lad of 4 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. Price, 25 cents.



3989

Front View.

LADIES' CUT-AWAY SACK, WITH HALF-FITTING BACK.

No. 3989.—To make the charming garment here illustrated, for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure, and costs 30 cents.



3989

Back View.



4013
Front View.



4013
Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 4013.—The pattern to this neat and fashionable basque, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The style is suitable for any material from grenadine to velvet, and can be trimmed to suit the taste. It is also pretty for two shades of the same goods.



4001
Front View.



4001
Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

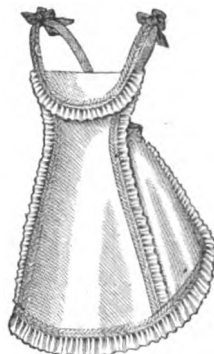
No. 4001.—This garment can be made of any goods, now fashionable, and of material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required, to make it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. This skirt would be pretty with facings and trimmings of velvet, and completed with a silk skirt with velvet decorations.



4006

Front View.

4006

Back View.

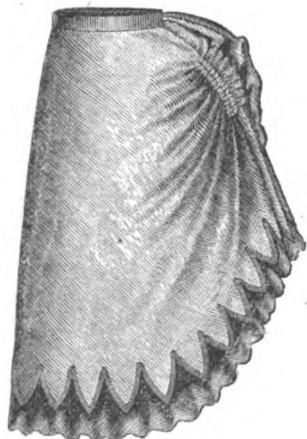
4003

BOYS' OVER-COAT, WITH DIAGONAL FRONT.

No. 4006.—The pattern illustrated by these engravings is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. Of any material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required to make the coat for a boy of 7 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

GIRLS' APRON.

No. 4003.—To make the pretty and useful little garment illustrated, one yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be required for a girl of 5 years. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price, 15 cents.



4034

Front View.

MISSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4034.—The pattern to this pretty little skirt, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. A merino skirt cut in points, bound with velvet and underlaid with a ruffle of thin muslin, would be pretty for party wear.



4034

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.



A PORTRAIT.

WORLD TODAY MAGAZINE

24. 91

A detailed black and white engraving of a cityscape, likely Rome. The central focus is a large, domed building, identified as St. Peter's Basilica, situated on a hill. The dome is prominent, with a cross on top. Below the dome, there are several smaller buildings and structures. The hill is covered in dense foliage and trees. In the foreground, a winding path or road leads up towards the hill. The overall style is that of a 19th-century engraving, with fine lines and cross-hatching used for shading and texture. The image is framed by a decorative border.

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▲ F. W. L. 17. 17

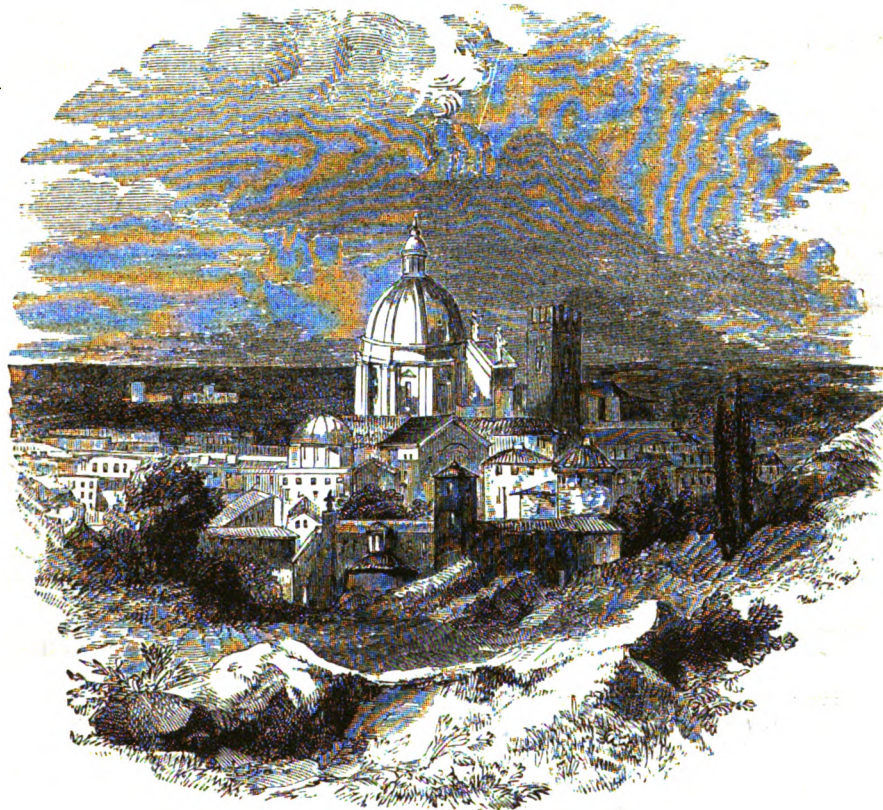
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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No. 9.

History, Biography and General Literature.



BRESCIA.

THE traveller in Italy should not fail to visit Brescia, a city of Lombardy, situated on the river Garza, and upon the line of railway from Milan to Venice. Though it is an ancient city, and bears about it the evidences of its antiquity, it has still kept pace with modern times, and is now beautiful and flourishing; the remains of its early existence only serving to excite the interest and curiosity of the traveller.

The city is surrounded by ramparts, once strongly fortified; but now the fortifications are dilapidated and dismantled. These surrounding walls have five gates, through which pass the thoroughfares leading to different adjacent cities.

There is here an old cathedral, built in the seventh century, and called the *Duomo Vecchio*. In it are still retained some ancient tombs and paintings, the latter of little value, save as objects of curiosity to the art student.

The new cathedral, or *Duomo Nuovo*, was completed in 1825. The size of the dome is next to that of the cathedral at Florence. It is built entirely of white marble, and is a most imposing edifice, towering above all the surrounding buildings. In front of the cathedral is a fountain, with an allegorical statue of the city.

The *Duomo Vecchio* is not the only ancient religious edifice which the city contains. There are several churches dating back to a very remote

period, which have been repeatedly renovated, and are now in a good state of preservation. In these churches are found some very valuable paintings, by Titian, Paul Veronese, Moretto, and other famous Italian painters. A temple dedicated to Saturn formerly occupied the site of the church of St. Afra.

In 1820, excavations brought to light a fine temple of white marble, with Corinthian columns, and with most remarkable architecture, which was built in honor of Hercules, in the year 72. The masonry is magnificent, and many portions of the temple are still perfect. About the same time a bronze statue of victory was discovered. A vast number of relics, such as Roman inscriptions, fragments of architecture and ancient manuscripts, have been preserved in a museum fitted out within the walls of this ancient temple.

There are two towers in the city, the *Torre del Orologio* and the *Torre del Palata*. The former shows the course of the sun and moon on a large dial, and the hours are struck by two men of metal.

A library founded by Cardinal Quirini, in 1750, contains thirty thousand volumes, including valuable ancient manuscripts. One of the most interesting relics is a copy of the Gospels, in gold and silver, produced in the ninth century.

The building now used for public offices and prisons was formerly a palace, commenced in the eleventh century and completed in the twelfth. It is of brick, and of a peculiar style of architecture. It contained many interesting historical objects, and some excellent paintings, previous to the invasion of the French.

The *Museo Civico*, or public museum, is crowded with works of art. Among them is a celebrated picture by Raphael, representing our Saviour crowned with thorns. This museum was founded by Count Torsi.

Brescia took the oath of fidelity to Venice in 1421. It was captured by the French during the league of Cambray, and was shortly afterward retaken by storm in 1512. Since that period it has shared the vicissitudes of the various Italian cities, suffering especially during the revolution of 1849.

ALEXANDRIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN. POMPEY'S PILLAR.

BY C.

THE ancient city of Alexandria was founded three hundred and thirty years before Christ, and was at one time the most splendid city in the world. It was named from its founder, Alexander the Great, and was the centre of science and commerce. It rose to great eminence as a seat of learning, and became not more famous for the extent of its commerce and wealth than for its literature and philosophy. The circumference of the city was fifteen miles, and one-fourth of the entire area was covered with temples, palaces and public buildings. The city lost but little of its splendour even after its subjection to the Roman empire; it was then next to Rome, and first in its trade with India. For nearly a thousand years, Alexandria controlled

the trade with India; but when the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was made, the city began to decline, and at last from a population of six hundred thousand it was reduced to six thousand. Its library of seven hundred thousand volumes surpassed any other ancient library. The four hundred thousand volumes which were in the library of the Museum were accidentally destroyed by fire in the war with Julius Caesar, and the three hundred thousand in the Temple of Serapis were destroyed by command of the Calif Omar some time in A. D. 640. The ancient city of Alexandria was on the main land, where its ruins cover a vast extent of country. The most interesting remains now are the catacombs at the Necropolis, Cleopatra's Needles and Pompey's Pillar.

The modern city is built on a peninsula, which anciently was the Island of Pharos, and on the isthmus connecting it with the main land; it is the first seaport of Egypt, and is near the west branch of the Nile, on the Mediterranean. It is not only the first seaport of Egypt, but the chief seaport and naval station of Europe. It is nominally subject to the Sultan, but is governed by Mohammed Ali, who rules with despotic sway. He has established school and colleges, and is introducing the arts, learning and civilization of European nations, and in the new streets and squares it has the aspect of a European city, but the Turkish quarter is irregular and dirty. In the French part are many good streets, and they have a fine square outside of the city. Fine country houses line a part of the ancient canal, where the consuls of foreign nations mostly reside. The city has many handsome public buildings. A castle, called Farillon, serves as a landmark to sailors, and replaces the famous Pharos of antiquity. Alexandria is an important station in the overland route to India. The railroad, which has been constructed to Cario, contributes to the prosperity of both cities. It has regular steam communication with nearly all the different civilized ports on the globe.

In visiting Alexandria, Pompey's Pillar first engages the attention of travellers, it is situated nearly a mile from the southern gate. It is of marble, or red granite, and is sixty feet in circumference, and rests on two layers of stone bound together with lead. The column is one hundred and fourteen feet high. It is well polished, and only a little injured on the eastern side. When seen from a distance, nothing can surpass the majesty of this monument, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels. One can never be tired of admiring its beauty. Eight men once ascended to the top of Pompey's Pillar. A kite was flown over it, the string of which lodged on its top when it fell on the other side; then a rope was fastened to the string and drawn over the pillar, by which the men ascended. The discovery that they made was of some value; but for their evidence, people would not have known that there was formerly a statue on this pillar, one foot and ankle of which still remain. The statue must have been of a gigantic size to have appeared of a man's proportions at so great a height.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

BY E. CHARDON.

THERE is scarcely a character in English history around which more of interest clusters than Catherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII. And the one who gives his attention to this lady's unhappy story, yields her all the more of his sympathy, inasmuch as her misfortunes did not come upon her through any fault or indiscretion of her own. Her name stands

youthful couple were exceedingly popular, he winning grace by his sweetness of temper and proficiency of learning, and she by her beauty, modesty and accomplishments. They were assigned a separate residence, where they kept a miniature court. But in four months after his marriage the boyish bridegroom suddenly died, and Catherine was left a widow while yet barely fifteen.

After various negotiations, in which Henry VII. managed to make a good bargain with the Spanish



pure and untarnished beside that of her profligate husband.

Catherine was the fourth daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, whose names are inseparably linked with that of Columbus, the discoverer of America. In her fifteenth year she was brought to England, to be united in marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII. Her youthful husband was but a boy of fourteen, and some months younger than herself. Their marriage was celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral, amid the greatest pomp and ceremonies, banquetings and rejoicings of the populace. The

monarch, Catherine was promised in marriage to Henry, her brother-in-law, now heir apparent to the throne. Henry was much younger than herself; and as the marriage could not be solemnized until he had completed his fourteenth year, she was retained during the years of waiting as a hostage of the good faith of Spain. A few years afterward Henry reached that age, when his first act was to enter a protest in due form, "that he had neither done, nor meant to do anything which could render the contract made during his nonage binding in law." This his father, the king, explained to mean that it was only to free his son

of all previous obligation, that the contemplated marriage might be entered into with their own free will and accord. But historians seem to think that its real object was, by making the marriage seem uncertain, to force the Spanish king to submit to the pleasure of the English king in certain projects which he had in view.

It was not until Catherine had been seven years a widow, and was herself twenty-five years of age, and Henry nearly eighteen, that they were married. Henry VII. had meantime died, and Catherine's husband was now king, styled Henry VIII. Their coronation immediately followed their marriage.

Both the king and queen were great favorites with their subjects, and for several years the king boasted of his happiness in possessing so amiable a consort. She bore him three sons and two daughters, all of whom died in infancy, except Mary, who afterward ascended the throne. But his wife being so much older than himself, and subject to infirmities of health which possibly decreased her attractiveness, he began after a time to tire of her. He was also disappointed that there was no male heir to the throne.

In 1522, thirteen years after the royal marriage, Anne Boleyn, a young and beautiful woman, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had been a maid of honor to Queen Claude of France, was admitted into the household of Catherine in a similar capacity. Says Lingard: "Her French education gave her a superiority over her companions; she played, and danced, and sang with more grace than any other lady at court; and the gayety of her conversation, with the vivacity of her disposition, attracted a crowd of admirers."

King Henry speedily became one of these. But Anne was as discreet as she was fair. She could not be his wife, and she would not be his mistress. Months and years rolled by, and still found the maiden obdurate. Then Henry began to consider whether it was not possible to annul his former marriage. He pretended to be suddenly seized with scruples about the propriety of his marriage with Catherine, since she had been the widow of his brother. He applied to Pope Clement for a divorce, or for a decree which should annul his marriage; but the pope persistently refused to grant either decree or divorce.

Catherine protested against the course of her royal husband with all the dignity becoming a queen and the daughter of a king. She had explained to her the objections which Henry urged against the validity of the marriage, and was exhorted to enter a convent. But she replied that it was not for herself that she was concerned, but for one whose interests were more dear than her own; that the presumptive heir to the crown was her daughter Mary, whose right should never be prejudiced by the voluntary act of her mother.

Finally, in 1533, King Henry, finding his appeals to the pope all in vain, took upon himself the responsibility to declare his former marriage null and void, and contract a marriage with Anne. This marriage was privately performed, knowing, as the king so well did, that it would bring a storm upon his head when it should become known.

Parliament afterward, by the direction of Henry, recognized the marriage, while Cranmer officially declared that Henry and Anne were and had been joined in lawful matrimony.

Queen Catherine was already banished from the court, and forbidden to assume royal titles; but the latter injunction she openly disregarded, and persisted in styling herself queen, and her daughter princess, until the day of her death. She was separated from her daughter, whom she was forbidden to see even upon her death-bed.

But if Queen Catherine suffered gross wrong and injustice, she was amply avenged in the course of time. She died on January 8, 1538, and in less than four months she was followed to the grave by her successful rival. But their end was very different. The divorced queen died peaceably in her bed, while Anne Boleyn was beheaded upon the scaffold, having been devoted to such a fate probably for the three-fold reason that she gave no male heir to the throne, that she had aroused the jealousy of her royal husband, and that, furthermore, he was already ensnared by a fairer face.

Catherine's daughter eventually succeeded to her father's throne; and, strange to say, she was succeeded in turn by the daughter of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn—Elizabeth.

Ludovico Falier, a Venetian ambassador to the English court during the reign of Henry VIII., gives the following personal description of Catherine: "My lady the queen is low of stature, inclining to corpulency. A handsome woman, of great repute, upright, and full of goodness and devotion. She speaks Spanish, Flemish, French and English. She is beloved by the Islanders far more than any queen they have had. She is forty-five years old, thirty of which have passed since the death of her first husband."

PREPARING FOR MARRIAGE.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

[NOTE.—The following conversation, held between Mrs. Cameron, a middle-aged lady, her son Gordon, a sage of twenty-five, and her two nieces, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen, was taken down short-hand by the invisible and ubiquitous reporter of authors, and it is hoped may prove interesting to the readers.]

MRS. CAMERON (to her nieces).—Well, Kate, you and Annie are quite late this evening. I began to think we would be disappointed in having you to tea with us.

KATE.—We stopped, on our way, to see one of our schoolmates, Lilly Barnwell, intending to stay only fifteen minutes; but she carried us up-stairs to see her sister Fannie's *trousseau*, and by the time she had finished showing it to us, it was twilight, so we had to hurry in order to get here before dark.

ANNIE.—Oh, aunt, Miss Fannie's *trousseau* is perfectly elegant. I never saw one so complete. Lilly says several of their friends have told them that they had never seen a young lady so well prepared for her marriage.

GORDON.—I don't consider Miss Fannie Barnwell well prepared for marriage by any means.

KATE.—Oh, cousin, you are very much mistaken. She has the greatest variety of beautiful dresses, bonnets, laces, gloves, parasols and all sorts of nice things.

GORDON.—Preparing for marriage is not so easy and simple a thing as you seem to suppose.

ANNIE.—Oh, I know it is not. The way things are made now, it takes thirty yards of silk to make a dress, and then the quillings, and puffings, and kilt plaitings are very troublesome and elaborate.

GORDON.—You need not give me a list of all these things, for when you get on this topic, you are talking in X and Y, as far as I am concerned.

KATE.—If you don't know anything about such matters, why should you criticize Miss Barnwell's preparations?

GORDON.—In regard to marriage, I see that the *trousseau* occupies the same place in your mind that pop-crackers used to hold in my estimation of Christmas. They covered the whole foreground in my heathenish little mind, despite my good mother's teachings, and I had a vague feeling that Christmas was instituted as a season for firing off pop-crackers, till on reaching the mature age of six or seven, I commenced attaching a deeper significance to the season.

MRS. C.—You must not be satirical to your cousins, my son. Remember how young they are and do not expect them to have rational ideas on the subject as yet. I doubt if you were any wiser at their age.

GORDON.—Not as wise, for I could not have told the difference between a *trousseau* and a troubadour.

KATE (*slightly offended*).—I am not quite so simple as you suppose, Cousin Gordon. I know very well that the *trousseau* is not the only preparation necessary for marriage. The house has to be built, or bought, or rented, the silver, china, house linen and furniture to be gotten, unless the couple go to boarding.

GORDON.—Very true, Kate, and yet the young couple need another and a better kind of furniture than any upholsterer can provide.

KATE.—I don't know where they will find it, then.

ANNIE.—Really, cousin, I can't understand you at all. Ever since you got back from college you have taken the greatest pleasure in trying to puzzle Kate and myself.

MRS. C.—Gordon, you really must explain your enigma to these bewildered young ladies.

GORDON.—So I will, after a while, but first I will propound another one, by pointing out a young lady whose preparations for marriage I consider complete.

KATE.—Who, cousin?

GORDON.—Our Cousin Constance.

ANNIE.—She has not had time yet.

GORDON.—She has been preparing a long time.

KATE.—She began her shopping only two weeks ago, cousin.

GORDON.—When I spoke of her preparations, I

had no reference to *trousseau*, silver, furniture nor anything of the sort.

ANNIE.—What can he mean? Do you know aunt?

MRS. C.—I think I do. He refers to her character, her habits, her acquirements, all of which have been long and gradually fitting her to assume a post which, faithfully fulfilled, is sacred, beautiful and vitally important.

GORDON.—My very thoughts, mother. Did you never notice, Kate, how "sweet and serviceable" Constance is in her father's household?

KATE.—Yes, indeed. I have often noticed it.

MRS. C.—There is no better gauge of what kind of a wife and mother a young woman will make than to see what kind of a daughter and sister she is. One who, like Constance, is a loving and sympathizing companion to her parents and her elder brothers and sisters, whilst she is all that is tender and patient to her little brothers and sisters, gives good evidence of being prepared to be mistress of a household of her own.

GORDON.—Yes, and in addition to being very sweet-tempered, Constance is a very cultivated, well educated woman, and, therefore, fitted to be not only a loving, but a rational and intelligent companion for her husband, to enter into and sympathize with all his plans and purposes. And while her accomplishments are not brilliant, they are sufficiently thorough to give much pleasure in the home circle. Her music, for instance, is full of sweetness and sympathy. Her voice is suggestive of spring, and her touch of rippling water, so her music is sufficiently fine to bring a train of sweet, pleasant, restful images.

MRS. C.—And she is also "learned in gracious household ways," to quote from your favorite Tennyson. She is exquisitely neat and orderly and has the true womanly instinct of keeping everything clean and beautiful around her—a sort of taste and tact which do more toward refining and adorning life than any other faculty—in short, a kind of—what shall I say?

GORDON.—*Womanliness*, mother, for that covers the whole ground. Oh, the exquisite sweetness, and delicacy, and grace of that nameless quality or combination of qualities we call womanliness! It encompasses a woman like a halo or like a flower-scented vernal atmosphere, bringing along with it all the sweetness, the loveliness, the poetry of life.

KATE.—Go on, cousin, you are so much pleasanter when you talk that way than when you are teasing us.

GORDON.—If you want to read a true and beautiful picture of womanliness, read Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the Household." You women of the nineteenth have no more valiant knight espousing your cause than he.

MRS. C.—Yes, his poem is as pure and sweet as a white lily. Wordsworth, too, gives a sweet picture of womanhood in a little poem entitled "A Portrait." Hand me that volume of Wordsworth's poems, Annie, and I will read it out. (*Reads.*)

GORDON.—Yes, that is a fine poem, especially the second stanza:

"I saw her upon a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too—
Her household motions, light and free,
With steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
Transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Whenever I find such a woman I shall say to her "My queen, my queen!"

Mrs. C.—I am glad to see you have such true and high views of womanhood, my son. A man's appreciation of womanhood may be taken as an index of his progress in the attainment of a true and noble manhood.

GORDON.—I should be glad to think it was so in my case, mother. When I see a fresh, lovely young girl, moving quietly about a household, giving a poetry to everything she touches, now, as she passes along, looping a curtain with a new grace, now arranging a little nosegay of fresh flowers to brighten up a dingy room, or doing some of the many nameless little witcheries whereby a womanly woman repairs the wastes of life and makes the desert blossom like a rose, I feel an unspeakable reverence for womanliness.

Mrs. C.—Every womanly young girl, should it be her fate to have her life rounded and completed by the love of a truly *manly man*, may re-enact the history of Una and the lion—for the lion in a man's nature, which is lashed into rage by harsh collision with hostile forces, is subdued and tranquillized only by the exquisite sweetness and purity of a womanly woman.

GORDON.—But, mother, for fear we should be shooting over the heads of these lassies, "let us return to our last topic but one," as they say in "Alice in Wonderland." I will now explain my enigma to the girls—I mean my remarks about Miss Barnwell—though if they can reason by analogy, it is hardly necessary to explain what I mean by not being prepared for marriage when I have defined what I mean by being prepared for it.

KATE.—But any way, cousin, I would rather have you explain.

GORDON.—Well, then, I mean that Miss Barnwell is a woman who loves fashion, gayety and admiration as the opium-eater loves opium, and, except when under the stimulus of these, she is restless and dissatisfied. The seclusion of home (and every couple ought to have some periods of this, though they should have to snatch them forcibly from the thronging claims of outer life) would be irksome to her, while to a truly womanly nature they would be sweet and sacred; for, as a beautiful writer of the day says, "Every woman who wishes to keep her ideals sacred, still to keep herself the repository of the most beautiful virtues and divinest inspirations of humanity, who wishes to lead man back into Eden and to nourish and water from the fountain of her own heart the tree of life that is yet to bud and grow, must find and keep the privacy of a home."

Mrs. C.—And married life, under the happiest auspices, requires self-suppression and self-abnegation, which it would be difficult for such a wo-

man as you describe Miss Barnwell to give. A true marriage is undoubtedly the highest and happiest condition of humanity; yet it is far from being an Arcadia where you have nothing to do but to indolently sit and quaff the proffered cup of happiness. It requires faithful and arduous effort on both sides to make it a life of peace and blessedness, and those persons who enter it untutored in habits of self-command and self-abnegation, have many trials ahead of them.

GORDON.—The next time you spend an evening with us, I will improve your minds (I know you won't come soon) by reading you Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens;" and if that does not make one love and understand true womanliness, no human writings can. You didn't know you were a queen, did you, Kate? Well, according to Ruskin, you are.

"O queen, awake to thy renown."

Mrs. C.—Yes, and have a garden that must be kept filled with beautiful and fragrant flowers—all the nameless sweetnesss and refinements with which a true woman knows how to fill her home.

GORDON.—Before leaving the subject, I would explain to these young ladies that I intended to throw no obloquy on the *trousseau* which has furnished the text for this evening's discourse. A woman is not only excusable for dressing well, but absolutely I consider it her duty to dress as handsomely and tastefully as her means will allow, not only as a bride, but in all the phases of her existence. Shabby, careless dressing are incongruous with loveliness and refinement, so far be it from me to throw disrepute on *trousseaux*. I merely meant that the *trousseau*, taken separately and singly, was not an adequate preparation for married life.

Mrs. C.—Yes, the bride who would, in the highest sense, fulfil the holy calling of wifehood, must be clothed with "a wedding garment" not woven with hands. The highest and best preparation a woman can make for married life (or for single, if Providence should so decree her lot), is to cultivate those spiritual affections for the good and true which fill the heart and life with flowers and fragrance. Without this preparation on both sides, no stable happiness can be expected, no matter what beauty, graces, accomplishments or wealth the couple may possess. If the love of married partners be not founded on that rock, which is Christ, it will crumble and fall away, and great will be the ruin thereof, when youth and beauty fade, when the fleeting fancy of the external mind vanishes, when trial and care assail the man and woman. I might justly say about the love of married partners what Carlyle says about friendship, that "it were not possible, save in a mutual devotedness to the good and the true; otherwise it were but a hollow league."

GORDON.—Well, girls, you have had a lecture, followed up by a sermon. I hope your views are enlarged and your minds edified.

GENIUS, when not under the control of virtuous principles, is very apt to pursue a wayward course, to the injury not only of its possessor, but also of society.

ANIMALS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.*

A RECENT volume by Rev. J. G. Wood, entitled "BIBLE ANIMALS," furnishes to Bible students a complete description of the habits, structure and uses of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, and explains all those passages in the Old and New Testaments in which reference is made to beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect. There are over one hundred illustrations in the book, many of them of superior artistic excellence. Through the courtesy of the publisher, we are permitted to use some of these fine illustrations in this article, which is chiefly made up of extracts from Mr. Wood's exceedingly interesting volume. Frequent reference is made in the Scriptures to camels, and the author devotes a chapter to them. We give our readers a full-page engraving. The picture illustrates the words of Isaiah: "They will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the bunches (or humps) of camels."

"In this picture," says Mr. Wood, "are represented two of the ordinary camels of burden, as they appear when laden with boughs for the Feast of Tabernacles. The branches are those of the Hebrew pine, and, as may be seen, the animals are so heavily laden with them that their forms are quite hidden under their leafy burdens. The weight which a camel will carry varies much, according to the strength of the individual, which has given rise to the Oriental proverb, 'As the camel, so the load.' But an animal of ordinary strength is supposed to be able to carry from five to six hundred pounds for a short journey, and half as much for a long one—a quantity which, as the reader will see, is not so very great when the bulk of the animal is taken into consideration. It is remarkable that the camel knows its own powers, and instinctively refuses to move if its correct load be exceeded. But when it is properly loaded, it will carry its burden for hours together at exactly the same pace, and without seeming more fatigued than it was when it started."

The camel is first mentioned in the Bible in Gen. xii., 16, where it says of Abram: "He had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels."

The camel is exceedingly valuable to the wanderer of the desert, since its powers of endurance are so great; and Abraham, who lived exactly like a Bedouin sheikh of the present day, might well count his riches by the number of camels he possessed. We may as well quote from the volume before us, since in so doing we shall give our readers a clearer idea of the book itself. Speaking of Abraham, it says: "When the son of his old age was desirous of marrying a wife of his own kindred, we find that he sent his trusted servants with ten of his camels to Mesopotamia, and it was by the offering of water to these camels that Rebekah was selected as Isaac's wife (see Gen. xxiv.,

10-19). In after days, when Jacob was about to leave Laban, these animals are mentioned as an important part of his wealth: 'And the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maid-servants, and men-servants, and camels, and asses' (Gen. xxx., 43). Then, in Exod. ix., 3, one of the severest plagues with which Egypt was afflicted was the disease which fell upon the camels in common with the other cattle.

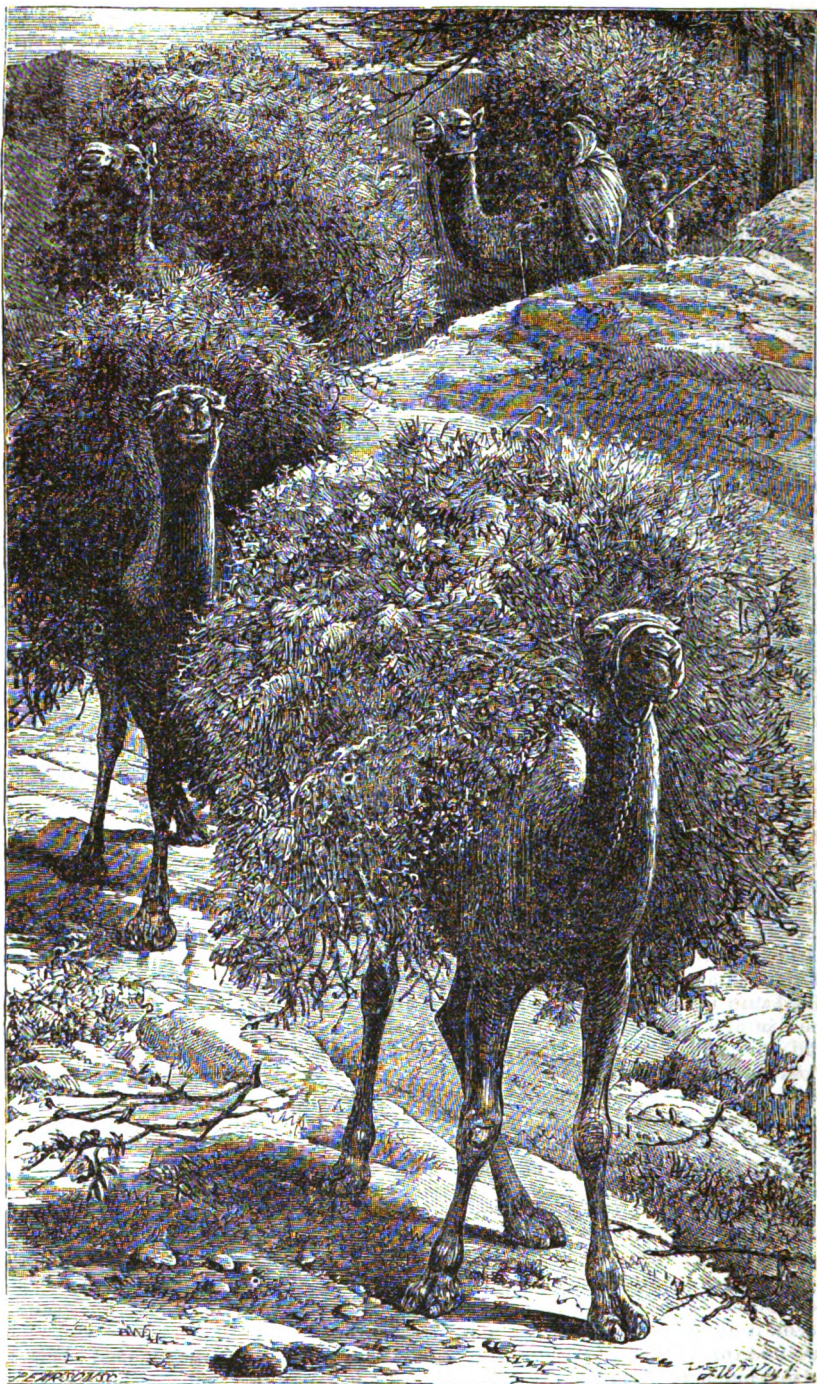
"It is thought worthy of mention in the sacred narrative that Job had three thousand, and afterward six thousand camels (Job i., 3, and xlii., 12); that the Midianites and Amalekites possessed 'camels without number, as the sand by the seaside for multitude (Judges vii., 12); and that the Reubenites, when making war against the Hagarites, took from them fifty thousand camels—exactly the very object of such wars in the same land at the present time.

"They were valuable enough to be sent as presents from one potentate to another. For example, when Jacob went to meet Esau, he gave as his present two hundred and twenty sheep, the same number of goats, fifty oxen, thirty asses and sixty camels, i. e., thirty mothers, each with her calf. They were important enough to be guarded by men of position. In 1st Chron. xxvii., 30, we find that the charge of David's camels was confided to one of his officers, Obil the Ishmaelite, who, from his origin, might be supposed to be skilful in the management of these animals. Bochart, however, conjectures that the word Obil ought to be read as Abal, i. e., the camel-keeper, and that the passage would therefore read as follows: 'Over the camels was an Ishmaelitic camel-keeper.'"

The Mosaic law forbids the use of the camel for food, since it does not divide the hoof, although it chews the cud. But, except by the Jews, the flesh is eaten throughout Palestine and the neighboring countries. The flesh of the camel, to the European, is rather unpleasant, being tough, stringy and without much flavor. The hump is considered the especial delicacy, and is always offered to the chief among the guests.

Mr. Wood gives the following fact in regard to the camel: "The reader is probably aware that, even in the burning climate in which it dwells, the camel is able to go for a long time without drinking—not that it requires less liquid nourishment than other animals, but that it is able, by means of its internal construction, to imbibe at one draught a quantity of water which will last it for a considerable time. It is furnished with a series of cells, into which the water runs as fast as it is drank, and in which it can be kept for some time without losing its life-preserving qualities. As much as twenty gallons have been imbibed by a camel at one draught, and this amount will serve it for several days, as it has the power of consuming by degrees the water which it has drank in a few minutes. * * * Many persons believe in the popular and erroneous idea that the camel does not require as much water as other animals. He will see, however, from the foregoing account, that it needs quite as much water as the horse or the ox, but that it possesses the

*WOOD'S BIBLE ANIMALS.—A description of the habits, structure and uses of every living creature mentioned in the Scripture. Illustrated with over one hundred new designs. By Rev. J. G. Wood, author of "Homes without Hands," etc., etc. Bradley & Garretson, Philadelphia. (Sold by subscription only.)



THE CAMEL.

capability of taking in at one time as much as either of these animals would drink in several days. So far from being independent of water, there is no animal that requires it more, or displays a stronger desire for it. A thirsty camel possesses the power of scenting water at a very great distance, and, when it does so, its instincts

conquer its education, and it goes off at full speed toward the spot, wholly ignoring its rider or driver. Many a desert spring has been discovered and many a life saved by this wonderful instinct, the animal having scented the distant water when its rider had lost all hope, and was resigning himself to that terrible end, the death by thirst. The



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR BEHEMOTH OF SCRIPTURE.

sacred Zemzem fountain at Mecca was discovered by two thirsty camels."

"Behold now behemoth which I made with thee!" says Job, in the eleventh chapter and fifteenth verse. The Jewish Bible gives the following version of the same chapter:

"Behold now the river-horse, which I have made with thee: he eateth grass like an ox.

"Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his vigor is in the muscles of his body.

"He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his thighs are wrapped together.

"His bones are pipes of copper; his bones are like bars of iron.

"He is the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can alone reach his sword.

"That the mountains shall bring forth food for him, and all the beasts of the field play there.

"He lieth under wild lotuses, in the covert of the reed and fens.

"Wild lotuses cover him with their shadow; willows of the brook compass him about.

"Behold, should a river overflow, he hasteth not: he feels secure should Jordan burst forth up to his mouth.

"He taketh it in with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares."

Our author concludes that this behemoth or river-horse can be no other than the hippopotamus, which, though it is not now found in Syria, may have, at some remote date, frequented the Jordan and other rivers of that country, since remains of extinct species of hippopotamus have been found in countries where they are now unknown.

Mr. Wood devotes much space to an analysis of this chapter, in the endeavor to prove that, from the description given, the beast spoken of can be no other than the hippopotamus. "That the hippopotamus was known to the ancient Jews is certain. After their sojourn in Egypt they had necessarily become familiarized with it; and if, as most commentators believe, the date of the book of Job be subsequent to the liberation of the Israelites, there is no difficulty in assuming that Job and his companions were well acquainted with the animal." It is certain that behemoth cannot mean the elephant, since the description in no wise suits that animal. It must have been some amphibious beast, which "ate grass" and lay hidden among the reeds of the river bank.

The owl is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. Mr. Wood gives numerous quotations in which it is referred to. In the picture, which is taken from the pages of this work, there is a representation of the European eagle owl, and the Egyptian eagle owl. The latter is seen with its back toward the spectator, grasping in its talons a dead hare, and with ear-tufts erect in looking toward the barn owl, which is contemplating, in mingled anger and fear the proceedings of the larger bird. Near them is perched a raven, in order to carry out more fully the prophetic words, "The owl also and the raven shall dwell in it." "From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it forever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall call to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow" (Isaiah xxxiv., 10-15).

"Several hebraists," says Mr. Wood, "have

thought that the word *lilith*," which is sometimes used in the original, and interpreted owl, "merely represents some mythological being, like the dread lamia of the ancients, a mixture of the material and spiritual—too ethereal to be seen by daylight, and too gross to be above the requirements of human food. The blood of mankind was the food of these fearful beings, and, according to old ideas, they could only live among ruins and desert places, where they concealed themselves during the day at the bottoms of wells, or the recesses of rock-caverns, and stole out at night to seize on some unlucky wanderer, and suck his blood as he slept. The reader may remember that even our very imperfect version of the 'Arabian Nights' repeatedly alludes to this belief, the evil spirit being almost invariably represented as dwelling in ruins, rocky places and the interior of wells. Although it is very possible that the prophet may have referred to some of the mythological beings which were so universally supposed to inhabit deserted spots, and thus to have employed the word *lilith* as a term which he did not intend to be taken otherwise than metaphorically, it is equally possible that some nocturnal bird may have been meant, and in that case the bird in question must almost certainly have been an owl of some kind."

We quote further from the book: "In the Old Testament there are several passages wherein is mentioned the word *chasidah*. We will take these passages in their order. In the first place, we find that the *chasidah* is enumerated in Lev. xi., 19, among the unclean creatures. 'And the stork, the heron after her kind, and the lapwing, and the bat.' The parallel passage in Deut. xiv., 18, has precisely the same words. Next we have the passage in Job xxxix., 13: 'Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or the feathers of the *chasidah* and ostrich?' (marginal reading). Next we come to Psalm civ., 18, 17: 'The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted, where the birds make their nests: as for the *chasidah*, the fir-trees are her house.'

"Passing to the prophets, we find that Jeremiah uses the same word: 'Yea, the *chasidah* in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.'

"The last mention of the word occurs in Zech. v., 9: 'Then lifted I up mine eyes, and looked, and, behold, there came out two women, and the wind was in their wings; (for they had wings like the wings of a *chasidah*); and they lifted up the ephah between the earth and the heaven.'

"We learn from these passages that, in the first place, the *chasidah* was certainly a bird, as it is mentioned in connection with other birds, and is said to have wings and feathers. Our next business is to find out what particular bird is meant by the *chasidah*. It is evident from the passage in Jeremiah that it is a migratory bird; from that in the Psalms, that it builds its nest upon a fir-tree; and from those in Job and Zechariah, that it is a large-winged bird. These details very much narrow the question, which is still further limited

by the fact that we have already identified the crane and the heron. The authorized version invariably renders the word *chasidah* as stork; and is undoubtedly right; though the septuagint has no less than four different translations, reading it as 'heron' in one place, 'pelican' in another, 'hoopoe' in the word untranslated, but græcised into into the form of *asida*."

"According to some writers the name of *chasidah*, signifying benevolence, was given to the stork because it was supposed to be a bird remarkable for its filial piety; 'For the storks in their turn support their parents in their old age: they allow them to rest their necks on their bodies during migration, and, if the elders are tired, the young ones take them on their backs.' According to others, the name is given to the stork because it exercises kindness toward its companions in bringing them food; but in all cases the derivation of the word is acknowledged to be the same.

"Partly in consequence of this idea, which is a very old and almost universal one, and partly on account of the great services rendered by the bird in clearing the ground of snakes, insects and garbage, the stork has always been protected through the East, as it is to the present day in several parts of Europe. The slaughter of a stork, or even the destruction of its eggs, would be punished with a heavy fine; and in consequence of the immunity which it enjoys, it loves to haunt the habitations of mankind.

"In many of the continental towns, where sanitary regulations are not enforced, the stork serves the purpose of a scavenger, and may be seen walking about the market-place, waiting for the offal of fish, fowls and the like, which are simply thrown on the ground for the storks to eat. In Eastern lands the stork enjoys similar privileges, and we may infer that the bird was perfectly familiar to both the writers of the various scriptural books in which it was mentioned, and to the people for whom these books were intended.

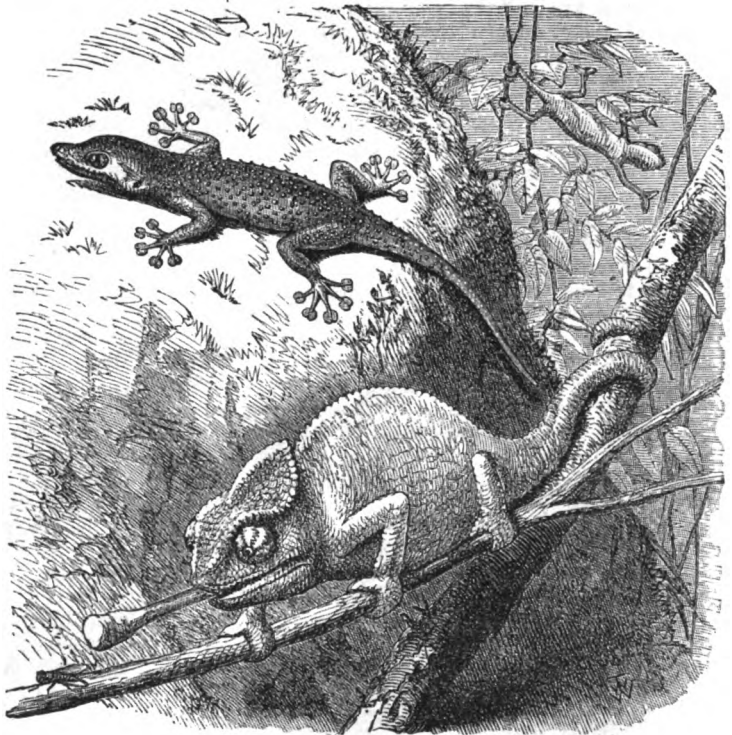
"When they settle upon a tract of ground, the storks divide it among themselves in a manner that seems to have a sort of system in it, spreading themselves over it with wonderful regularity, each bird appearing to take possession of a definite amount of ground. By this mode of proceeding, the ground is rapidly cleared of all vermin; the storks examining their allotted space with the keenest scrutiny, and devouring every reptile, mouse, worm, grub or insect, that they

can find on it. Sometimes they will spread themselves in this manner over a vast extent of country, arriving suddenly, remaining for several months, and departing without giving any sign of their intention to move.

"The wings of the stork, which are mentioned in Holy Writ, are very conspicuous, and are well calculated to strike an imaginative mind. The general color of the bird is white, while the quill feathers of the wings are black; so that the effect of the spread wings are very striking, an adult bird measuring about seven feet across when flying. As the body, large though it may be, is comparatively light when compared with the extent of wing, the flight is both lofty and sustained, the bird flying at a very great height, and, when migrating, is literally the 'stork in the heavens.'

"Like the swallow, the stork resorts year after year to the same spots; and when it has once fixed on a locality for its nest, that place will be assuredly taken as regularly as the breeding-season comes round."

Thus the same nest will serve as the home for successive generations. In the countries where the storks abide, this fact is so well recognized that the birds come to be considered as in some



GECKO AND CHAMELEON.

sort belonging to the families near which their nests are found, and their return is hailed with every demonstration of joy. So that the stork can find a flat, firm platform for its nest, it seems to care little whether that nest be upon a tree, a crag or building. Sometimes they select old ruins, and sometimes breeding-places are provided for them in or near inhabited houses.



THE LOCUST.

The young of the stork are quite helpless when hatched, and are most ungainly little beings, with their long legs doubled under them, unable to sustain their round and almost naked bodies, while their large beaks are ever gaping for food.

One of the most curious reptiles known to man

is the chameleon, which is very plentiful in the East, and especially in the Holy Land. There is a reference to this creature in Leviticus xi., 30: "And the ferret, and the chameleon, and the snail and the mole."

Mr. Wood himself had a chameleon for several

months, and thus enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observing the habits and peculiarities of the reptile. He says: "When the chameleon wished to pass from one branch to another, it used to hold firmly to the branch by the tail and one hind-foot, and stretch out its body nearly horizontally, feeling about with the other three feet, as if in search of a convenient resting-place. In this curious attitude it would remain for a considerable time, apparently suffering no inconvenience, though even the spider-monkey would have been unable to maintain such an attitude for half the length of time."

There is not room in this article to quote the complete description of the habits and appearance of this little creature; but it will not do to pass unnoticed what our author says of its special peculiarity, its faculty of changing its color. "The reptile does not necessarily assume the color of any object on which it is placed, but sometimes takes a totally different color. Thus, if my chameleon happened to come upon any scarlet substance, the color immediately became black, covered with innumerable circular spots of light yellow. The change was so instantaneous that, as it crawled on the scarlet cloth, the color would alter, and the fore-part of the body would be covered with yellow spots, while the hinder parts retained their dull black. Scarlet always annoyed the chameleon, and it tried to escape whenever it found itself near any substance of the obnoxious hue. The normal color was undoubtedly black, with a slight tinge of gray. But in a short time the whole creature would become of vivid verdigris green, and, while the spectator was watching it, the legs would become banded with rings of yellow, and spots and streaks of the same color would appear on the head and body. When it was excited either by anger or by expectation—as, for example, when it heard a large fly buzzing near it—the colors were singularly beautiful, almost exactly resembling those of the jaguar. Of all the colors, green seemed generally to predominate, but the creature would pass so rapidly from one color to another, that it was scarcely possible to follow the various gradations of hue."

"Of the locusts," says Wood, "there are several species in Palestine, two of which are represented in the accompanying plate. Those on the ground are the common migratory locusts (*Oedipoda migratoria*), while those on the wing, which have long heads, are a species of *truxalis*. At least four

species of locust are mentioned in the Scriptures, one of them being the beetle of the authorized version; and it is probable that one or two words which are differently rendered in the authorized version are either names of different species of locusts or are synonyms of the same species."

Sometimes this insect is spoken of as a grasshopper. "For they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without number; and they entered into the land to destroy it." The word locust would be here more appropriate, since, while grasshoppers may inhabit a certain spot and do great damage, locusts go forth like an invading army, causing utter destruction.

Solomon speaks of the presence of locusts as among the most terrible calamities that can befall a country, and classes it with famine, drought, pestilence and siege. There are numerous other passages in the Bible which refer either to their destructiveness, to their unnumbered hosts or to their migratory habits.

"Mr. Gordon Cumming once saw a flight of locusts. They flew about three hundred feet from the ground, and came on in thick, solid masses,



THE HORNET.

forming one unbroken cloud. On all sides nothing could be seen but locusts. The air was full of them, and the plain was covered with them, and for more than an hour the insect army flew past him. When the locusts settle, they eat with such voracity that the sound caused by their jaws cutting the leaves and grass can be heard at a great distance; and even the young locusts, which have

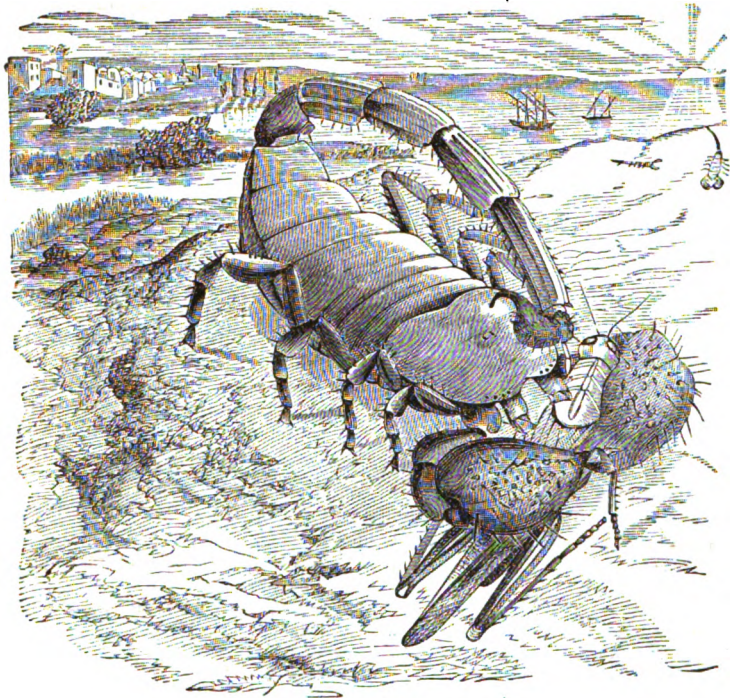
no wings, and are graphically termed by the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa 'Voet-gangers,' or foot-goers, are little inferior in power of jaw to the fully developed insects. 'As long as they have a favorable wind, nothing stops the progress of the locusts. They press forward just like the vast herds of antelopes that cover the plains of

"They make their nests in various ways; some species placing them underground, and others building in the shape of a balloon hanging from the limb of a tree, and merely sheltering them from the elements by a paper cover. Such nests as these would easily be disturbed by the animals which accompanied the Israelites on their jour-

neys, even if the people were careful to avoid them. In such a case, the irritated insects rush out at the intruders; and so great is the terror of their stings, that men and beasts fly promiscuously in every direction, each only anxious to escape from the winged foes."

"Scorpions are exceedingly common in Palestine, and to a novice are a constant source of terror until he learns to be accustomed to them. The appearance of the scorpion is too well known to need description, every one being aware that it is in reality a kind of spider that has the venom claw at the end of its body, and not in its jaw. As to the rendering of the word *akrabim* as scorpions, there has never been any doubt.

"These unpleasant creatures always manage to insinuate themselves in some crevice, and an ex-



THE SCORPION.

Africa, or the bison that blacken the prairies of America, and the progress of even the wingless young is as irresistible as that of the adult insects. Regiments of soldiers have in vain attempted to stop them. Trenches have been dug across their path, only to be filled up in a few minutes with the advancing hosts, over whose bodies the millions of survivors continued their march. When the trenches were filled with water, the result was the same; and even when fire was substituted for water, the flames were quenched by the masses of locusts that fell into them."

The hornet is frequently referred to in the Scriptures. In Exodus we find the passage: "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite and the Hittite from before thee." A similar passage occurs in Deuteronomy; and again in Joshua we are told that, "And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites; but not with thy sword nor with thy bow."

"The hornets of Palestine," says Mr. Wood, "and the neighboring countries, are far more common than our own hornets in England, and they evidently infested some parts to such an extent that they gave their name to those spots. Thus the word *Zoreah*, which is mentioned in Josh. xv., 33, signifies the 'place of hornets.'

performed traveller is cautious where the scorpions are plentiful, and will never seat himself in the country until he has ascertained that no scorpions are beneath the stones on or near which he is sitting. Holes in walls are favorite places of refuge for the scorpion, and are very plentiful, the mud walls always tumbling down in parts, and affording homes for scorpions, spiders, snakes and other visitors. The venom of the scorpion varies much in potency, according to the species and size of the creature, some of the larger scorpions being able to render a man ill for a considerable time, and even to kill him if he should be a sensitive subject. So much feared were the scorpions that one of the chief privileges of the apostles and their immediate followers was their immunity from the stings of scorpions and the bite of venomous serpents. It is said, however, that after a person has been stung once by a scorpion, he suffers comparatively little a second time; and if he be stung three or four times, the only pain that he suffers arises from the puncture."

The scorpion is frequently mentioned in Holy Writ. Ezekiel gives an image of desolation when he says: "And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briars and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions." "If a son shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?" (Luke xi., 12.

"The prevalence of the scorpion in Palestine and its neighborhood may be inferred from the fact that a wady or pass between the south end of the Dead Sea and Zion was named after it. The southern boundary of Judah is said to be at Maaleh Akkrabbim (Josh. xv., 3). Now the literal translation of these words is 'the ascent of scorpions,' or the scorpion pass."

We have selected several of the many illustrations of this work, and have made numerous brief extracts, in order to give our readers some idea of its style and scope. The book is a large one, of nearly seven hundred pages; and, as we have already mentioned, every animal, bird, reptile or insect mentioned in the Bible, is here described at length, and the passages in which their names occur explained to the reader.

FANCIES.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

PEOPLE say that tales of fairies,
Though enchanting, are not true;
Ah! methinks they fail to render
Unto fairy tales their due.

Would you keep the peach from blushing?
Banish from the plum its gloss?
Rob the grape of all its lustro,
Thinking they had borne no loss?

What is it that makes the poet
More beloved than other men?
Why, because the weird, strange fancies
Are beyond the common ken.

Our best critics are our children;
Tales and poems they love best
Have the ring of worth and merit,
There can be not better test.

Children! love your knight and ladies;
Look for elves in forests old!
When you see the shining rainbow,
Look you for a pot of gold!

Try your fortunes by the daisies!
"Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief,"
Lay the wish-bone o'er the doorway!
Find the magic clover leaf!

Look you over your right shoulder,
When the moon is slight and new,
It may be the wish you utter
Some sweet future may bring true.

Cherish all your pure, sweet fancies,
Keep your heart from growing cold;
You may keep your heart so mellow
That you never can be old.

THERE is no greater work on the earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong-doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character.

A LEGEND OF NORSELAND.

BY S. J. D.

THEY tell a Norseland legend thus—Odine,
king of his clan,
Journeyed with all his strong, brave sons—
for so the story ran—
In search of Urda, deathless fount, immortal life
for man!

They wandered far, nor found the prize—death
reigned on every shore;
At length a raging stream they reach, whose deep,
black waters roar;
A glittering rainbow spans the gulf, bridging the
torrent o'er.

The living waters—long sought fount—lo, on the
farther side!
And they who climb the rainbow arch may safely
cross the tide;
The watchful porter points the way, and flings the
portal wide.

And one by one they venturing press the fragile
pavement bright,
And, bound to taste immortal life, pass o'er the
bridge of light;
The portal closed on one alone, his eager hopes to
blight!

Then spake Van Thule—the noble youth, uprising
in his pride—

"Am I alone, of all my race, immortal life de-
nied?"

"Not so," the porter said, "but thou alone must
brave the tide."

Then spake again the royal youth, his anger rising
swift,

"If I, to reach the long-sought prize, through dan-
gerous waves must drift,
While these may cross the rainbow bridge, I dare
refuse the gift!"

Then spake his sire, from glittering arch of tinted
rainbow spun,

"Over the bridge or through the wave, what mat-
ters it, my son,

If but the further shore be gained, and endless life
be won?"

The youth, obedient, dared the abyss with unseen
terrors rife,

Breasted the flood, and gained the shore—and,
victor in the strife—

Was first of all his race to reach and taste im-
mortal life!

O'er bridge of ease across life's wave perchance
may others glide,

A Father's voice may bid me cross where rolls the
swift, chill tide;

What matter? since the deathless life waits on the
other side!

Over the bridge or through the wave! I would
not, if I might,

Choose 'tween the rushing billows dark and rain-
bow pavement bright;

Since one who goes the darkest way may soonest
reach the light.



THE NOTE AND THE NOSEGAY.

"SWEETS to the sweet;"
 She reads the words,
 And they thrill her soul
 Like exquisite chords
 Of passionate music
 Heard in the hush
 Of a soft June eve,
 As the last red flush,
 That crimson the couch
 Of the dying day,
 Slowly and quietly
 Fades away.

Tender the words,
 O maiden fair!
 Crowned for thy lover
 With beauty rare;
 Tender the words
 He hath said to thee;
 Pure are the flowers
 As flowers can be.
 "Sweets to the sweet."
 Love, do not bring
 To this maiden's bosom
 Thorn or sting!

The Story-Teller.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 9.

WHAT times Jack Howell did have when he courted Peggy Watson fifty-five years ago! People did not have parlors and sitting-rooms then in the backwoods, no, indeed; they had only one room, and they lived, and ate, and spun, and wove, and carded wool and tow, and cooked, and visited, and slept, all in the same room.

If any fellow came to see one of the blooming daughters, his visit was in the presence of the whole family. Think of that! If the bashful swain cast "sheep's eyes" at the girl who sat twirling her thumbs in the corner, a half dozen mouths were softly stretched in silent laughter. If the family had all retired and the tallow dip burned dimly and the white ashes crept over the glowing embers and only two ghostly shadows were pictured on the gray log wall, twinkling eyes were opened their very widest at every hitch of his low, splint-bottomed chair, or heavy little bench.

This was how matters stood with Jack and pretty Peggy. Jack loved the girl and he meant to tell her so, sometime, when he could pick up enough courage, but there was Lydia, her mischievous younger sister, her black eyes always twinkling with fun. She would play tricks on people, too, and he could not trust her. Still, he continued to visit at neighbor Watson's, and he came no nearer bringing the eventful matter to a crisis, either.

The Watsons were poor people. Peggy had been brought up to be kind and hospitable, and every night before Jack started home she gave him something to eat. Sometimes it was only a plate of hominy, or a saucer full of stewed pumpkin with cream poured over it, and one time, when there was no corn-bread baked, she gave him a good drink of mulled buttermilk seasoned with ginger. One baking-day, she made him a little turn-over pie out of wild plums, and set it away in a hidden place where no one would see it. But Lydia and her little brother Tom had been watching, and were ripe for fun. They stole the pie out of the little box (that was made of elm bark and stained with blood-root and black ink,) and made some additions to it. They took it up in the loft and carefully raised the upper crust, picked out and ate the plums, and then began the fun of making a pie on their own responsibility. How they did laugh! What rare fun that was! Lydia took a thick piece of dark brown cloth and cut it up in small pieces and put it in the pie, while Tom, with a radiant countenance, seasoned it with a piece of shoemaker's wax that he found among the tools on his Uncle Sam's bench. Then they fitted the crust on so exactly that no one

would have known at a casual glance that the pie had been robbed of its contents.

Before Jack came on Saturday evenings the house was always tidied up its very nicest. The floor was scoured with sand, the tinware was polished with rushes from the lily pond, fresh towels were hung up back of the pictures on the walls, the four panes of glass in the window were washed and a spick-span clean curtain put up, the dresser scoured and the dishes arranged to make the most show, by turning the saucers bottom upward and standing a teacup on each one. One set would fill a whole shelf then. Fresh chicken tail feathers or "sparrow-grass" was hung above the little mirror, a notched paper was laid on the hanging-shelf, and fringed cloth, white as snow, was spread on the chest. The tinware was hung so as to show to a good advantage, and the ironware, as black on the outside as it could be made, stood in a row outside the door. The dish-cloth hung beside the strainer just on the wall outside above the pots and kettles. The bed-clothes were piled so as to make them look abundant on a little stool that stood between the beds. A dinner-horn, and cow-bell, and the wagon-whip hung on the mantel above the wide old fireplace, while the saddles and bridles were carefully suspended in a prominent position. In the corner stood the ladder that led up into the loft. Dried pumpkins hung on poles overhead among the socks and stockings and wearing apparel of the men; while the clothing that belonged to the women covered the walls behind the beds. A dye tub stood against the jamb stone and a barrel of kraut a little farther back. An old speckled hen sat on thirteen eggs in a sugar trough in under one of the beds.

Oh, there was no end of the tricks Lydia played on that fellow, Jack, after he was the accepted lover and the betrothed of her sister Peggy!

One time she dressed in boy's clothes and came in at night and pretended she was a relative from the East. Jack, bashful fellow, never suspecting the truth, ran under a bed to hide in his embarrassment, and the setting hen picked him, and he shrieked out, "Lordy! I'm snake bitten, and I don't care who knows it."

At that Lyd laughed convulsively, and her peals of merriment roused the whole family, and they joined her. Peggy herself enjoyed the fun.

Another time, when Jack came in the evening, he wore a new fur hat, and when one of the girls offered to take it, he wanted to appear unconcerned and act as though a new fur hat was nothing uncommon, and he said, "Oh, never mind! never mind!" and with an air of easy freedom hung it on the post of a big spinning-wheel that stood back against the wall. All elderly women who remember about big wheels know that the post on which the great rim is hung is always turned in a turning lathe, and has a head on the end of it. Now, when Lyd went to bed that night she slyly

drew the cord in the lining of the hat until it was so tight that it fitted around below the head on the post. She tied it fast. The house was dark when Jack started home, and he wanted to be very sly and steal out softly. He fumbled and tinkered a long while and couldn't pull the hat off, and Lyd, lying awake, with sharpened sense of hearing, heard him gnash out angrily, "the hell!" and jerk the hat off and leave the lining fast on the wheel.

But his troubles were not over. He had ridden a white horse there and put it in the log shed outside the stable. The Watsons had a white horse, too, and Lyd had stolen out and exchanged "critters," and that poor fellow never knew the difference until the next day at noon.

The little tub of blue dye that stood in the corner always had on it a loose-fitting cover, and in every well-to-do family in early days was used to sit on, the same as a chair. Poor bashful Jack Howell was sitting on it one night, and the lid became shoved to one side, and the drab skirts of his scissor-tailed coat worked down into the dye, and were colored a dingy, grizzly shade of blue.

Old Mother Watson declared that the dye would lose its virtues, 'cause blue dye always did if any fabric of another hue was put into it; but she was mistaken that time. Perhaps it was because drab was so nearly no color that the dye was not affected.

The Howells were very poor people, and their son could not afford to wear a variegated coat, so his mother dipped it in a dye of butternut bark, and made it a rich brown with a golden tint.

He was a steady, well-behaved boy, and, though poor, any managing mamma would be glad in those days to secure him for a son-in-law. Indeed, the two old women, as some of the meddling neighbors said, did "right smart o' the courtin' themselves." One would send some nice onion sets to the other, and then in the gray of the evening the other would send to get a "leetle mite o' runnet" to set the milk for a sage cheese; and if either had company, say the new circuit preacher, then one of the elect—that means either blooming Peggy or manly Jack—was dispatched to the home of the other for a "settin' o' butter." They swapped eggs to improve their respective breeds of chickens, too, and borrowed hanks of yarn, and made beer in the same keg; and their girls exchanged posie seed, and broke wish-bones together, and tried their fortunes with salt-cake, and tea-grounds, and leaves of rue stamped on their bare arms, and they dreamed dreams after walking backward and counting the joists over their heads.

People used to laugh at Peggy at wool-pickings and quilting-bees because she was so very quiet and demure, and blushed so rosily and prettily; but old Mother Howell, with her fancy hare-lip, would come to the rescue of her prospective daughter-in-law with the coarse and homely saying, "It's the still sow that drinks the slop;" and then the old woman would grin with an air of pomposity.

"Still waters allus runs the deepest," was what another neighbor woman used to say to Peggy.

But you will be tired of so much Jack-and-Peggy narrative, and no doubt want to hear about the first wedding in the wilderness in the year of our Lord 1812. Well, they were to be married, and settle on a squatter's right on the eighty acre lot west of the Watson claim. They didn't know what they would have to commence housekeeping with, for this was so long, long ago, and people were poor, and had but just begun to clear land, and raise patches of corn, and pumpkins, and potatoes. Wheat they could not raise; if they did, it was what was called sick wheat; it made bread and biscuit that looked good and tasted good, but no stomach could retain it more than half an hour; it even made hogs and dogs sick.

The Howells were rich in dogs—nothing else. They had bull-dogs with snub noses, and long-eared, mournful-looking hounds, and friaky puppies, and they all thrived and waxed fat. Why, Jack Howell could talk dog an hour at a time, and then have lost none of his enthusiasm.

The day of the wedding drew near. It was to be solemnized on a Tuesday evening by the circuit preacher when he came to preach at Hoskin's School-house. One of the judges was a justice; but old Mother Howell would not hear to a child of hers being married by a common squire; she said it seemed solemnner to have the "circus rider" do it, and have him pray like, and say things out o' the Bible, and sing religious things.

So, on Tuesday afternoon of the "p'inted day," there was a great hubbub at the two "housen." Jack sat on a stump out in the yard rubbing grease on a pair of wrinkled, foxy-looking shoes, while his mother was brushing the blue cloth coat that his father wore on a similar occasion. Jack looked up frequently, because he heard Peggy say she would come over to borrow his mother's bake-kettle to make tea in, and when she did come he wanted to help her carry it home.

In those days a girl wouldn't think of marrying without she wore a cap during the ceremony. The cap was the one thing needful. It was made of white lace, with a full plaited border all round of footing with a narrow edging on it. Generally white ribbon trimmed it, put on in bows with ties of the same. Slippers were also a very important adjunct; "skippers" was what Mother Howell called them in her poor, blundering way.

Before the young couple took their places on the floor preparatory to the marriage service, Lyd stepped round behind the sheet that was hung up in front of the waiting pair, and said: "Now get ready to catch hands, and when he asks you if you'll take this fellow for your pardner, don't stick your thumb in your mouth and say, 'Eh-heh;' you must say, 'Yes, sir, by your leave.'"

When they stood up, Jack looked as sneaking as a sheep-dog. His father's blue coat did not make a very close fit, and the collar came away against the back of his head, while the waist of it, in front, was above his jacket. Peggy looked very pretty, and blushing, and scared, especially when the preacher said to Jack, "Salute your bride." She turned her face just in time to catch the kiss on the end of her nose. Then there was a real prayer, and the hymn was sung something about

Isaac and Rebecca, and then they sat down until the women, with sleeves turned back and choice calico dresses pinned up in front, said: "Well, now come to supper."

They had wild turkey, and maple molasses, and butter, and sage cheese, and honey, and potatoes, and turnips, and custard eaten with their knives and forks, and nice corn bread made out of meal ground at a mill twenty-one miles away, and store tea, bought for the occasion, and rich, amber-colored coffee made out of rye and scorched molasses. They had borrowed dishes so that eight persons could sit down to the table at one time.

Oh, they had pleasant times that day! All the people in the sparse settlement were there; girls in good homemade linen gowns, and boys in deer-skin trousers—all rosy and bright and sparkling with merriment.

After supper the radiant bridegroom gave the Methodist minister a wink, and the two walked out toward the spring which was beyond the cabin, hidden in a clumb of low shrubbery.

"Well, what's the damage?" asked the young man, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his new linen trousers; "thought p'raps I'd better get the thing off my mind," and he squirmed like an eel and grew very red in the face.

"Well, you must use your own judgment as to what you feel willing to give," said the minister, smiling.

"Oh, I s'posed, seein' as how it was me, and weddin's bein' somethin' rare-like, as you may say, you'd not be hard on a fellar," said Jack, grinning painfully and bashfully.

"Oh, no, no, I'll leave the matter entirely to yourself," was the encouraging answer.

"Well, see here, 'quire," said the poor fellow, walking closer up to the parson, and there was a cringe in his voice that was really sad, "seein' as how it's me, and I'm kind o' poor like, and as you might say, just commencin' life, and mighty little to begin with, would you mind takin' a fine, promisin' pup for pay o' this weddin' o' mine?"

"A puppy, did you say? a young dog?" said the minister, his eyes dilating, and the muscles about his mouth beginning to twitch with the first symptoms of laughter.

"Yes, sir, a pup that'll be wuth his weight in gold if he's trained right; you see his mother was part mastiff and part bull-dog, with a little smatter of wolf blood in her veins, and his father was old Bill Hoskins's gray Bounce, a dog that could take a bear by the scruff and hold him and shake him like you'd shake a meal bag; a dog that is afeared o' nothin' that walks, creeps or flies. I swear you'll have a dog that you'll be proud of, if I do say it myself; you see I know what I'm discoursin'; I'd be chawed afore I'd cheat a minister o' the gospel out o' his honest airnin's; work well and faithfully done, as you've done your'n to-day, sir, an' I thank you most sincerely fur the job you've done fur me an' yon young woman. We're both young and poor, but I hope we are honest an' willin' to pay our debts. What's your opinion 'bout my offer?" and the poor relieved lad rested his hard, brown hands on his hips and began to breathe easier.

"Ye-e-s—well—yes, I think I'll take the pup. I'll be glad to accommodate you, sir, and I believe I heard my wife say that she'd like to have a dog to drive the coons away from the truck patch. But how am I to get him home? I'd like to take my fee with me, but you see I preach at Hoskins's school-house to-night, and at Willoughby's to-morrow, and at Lane's to-morrow night, and from there I go directly home," said the circuit rider, running his fingers over his bearded chin in a thoughtful way.

"Easiest thing in the world," said the newly-married, honest young man; "I can put the pup in a bag and leave his head stick out, an' you can carry him with you. It's a mortal mean man who couldn't afford to keep the preacher's dog a night; wherever you go take him with you an' order a good swig o' sweet milk for him with the cream left on, too."

We must not omit to say that the poor circuit rider was disappointed. It had been a long time since the collapsed leather wallet in his pocket had felt a coin inside of it, and he had hoped on this occasion to receive a fee, no matter how small it was, it would buy a little store tea for the emaciated, sad-eyed young wife at home, with her two ill-fed babies, alone in a log cabin, through the scant roof of which, at night, the stars looked down into the pale faces of the sleepers.

Sometimes, before the poor missionary reached his cabin home, he was tempted to leave the puppy enveloped in the sack lying in the Indian trail, but his better feelings of pity intermingled with mirth prevailed, and in spite of the whining cry he held to him and carried him home in safety and delivered him over to his wife as his marriage fee.

The dog did not belie Jack's cordial recommendation, and proved himself to be a fast and faithful friend of the family. He caught wild game, and kept coons and squirrels out of the patch, and barked valorously at night when the whipporwills and owls alighted on the ridge pole and sung, and hooted, and made mournful the lonesome hours of darkness.

The grateful young couple did not forget the circuit rider, they always remembered him kindly and generously. The first autumn after they were married they had a pumpkin-bee, to which all the neighborhood were invited. After the bee they had a dance. There was no fiddler in the vicinity and the boys whistled instead.

Jack and Peggy dried one hundred pumpkins that fall. When some one ventured to suggest that they never could use so many, Peggy demurely answered that they didn't expect to, but it was good to be industrious and to school themselves to good habits.

I have often heard Jack tell about the trials of pioneer life; sometimes the pathos in his voice and in his stories would make me cry; then again he would tell such very funny things that my laughter was almost without bounds.

He said he never undertook anything that was as hard as trying to be a good Methodist. He told me there was nothing that would test a man's Christian principles like ploughing a new piece of ground the first time after it had been cleared.

He said the plough would cut off the tough roots under ground, and with great force they would spring out and thrash him unmercifully across the shins. No man could strike a blow with such a vicious and stinging power as that.

I said, throwing out the question as a cautious feeler: "Why how could the blows from those roots touch your Christian character?"

"Law, child, don't you know! Why they made me swear in spite of myself," said he, blushing like a sensitive girl; "but I allus took the aggravatin' side o' the question to my Maker afore I went to sleep, an' I know He didn't lay the sin up agin me. Why I used to tie sheepskins all over my shins to save 'em, an' save the humiliation 'fore my Lord an' Marster; but even then the roots whaled away at me until I'd say 'damn,' in spite o' myself. Yes, indeed, a Job or a Stephen couldn't a kept back the oath when it was drubbed out of man under like sarcumstances."

Dear old Christian Jack.

FROM A WIFE'S HISTORY.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

"MOTHER, I am tired."

"Well, what if you are? Do you suppose that no one is ever tired but yourself? Here I have been in this warm, tiresome kitchen nearly all day working, with this fretful child clinging to my skirts, and you with nothing to do but to help a little while in the morning, and then go to school, come home and complain of being tired."

And Mrs. Allen *was* tired; all day she had been busy with that never-ending routine of duties which every housekeeper knows is sometimes so wearisome, and which even the best of us must acknowledge so often wears upon our nerves and temper. Very many of us would have answered in the same manner; but it was not at all soothing to the little girl that raised a pair of lovely brown eyes longingly to the mother's face for one moment, then took up the baby brother and went silently away.

There had been a painful throbbing of her temples all day, and she had been obliged to take her place in the class with a poor lesson, which was very unusual for her, and had been sternly rebuked by the teacher, whose nerves had been in something of the same state as the mother's. She had always prided herself upon her perfect lessons, and her sensitive nature revolted at the injustice of the reproof. She left the school-room in silence, and hurried home to her mother, but with what comfort we have seen.

Tears filled her eyes as she raised the little brother in her arm, and went to the well and bathed her head and the baby's face with cold water, and then spreading a blanket under the old apple-tree, she lay down upon it with the little one by her side.

"Little darling," she murmured, as he began to amuse himself by pulling her hair and spitting her face with his fat, chubby hands, "he does not know how badly sister's head aches, or he wouldn't do so; nobody knows; and, what's

worse, nobody cares. I wonder if there ever will be any one to be sorry when I'm sad, or pleased when I'm glad? My teacher might have known that I had good reason for my poor lesson, and I would have taken care of baby just the same if mother hadn't scolded. I hope he will sleep while I set the table."

Annie assisted her mother as well as she could; and when Mrs. Allen saw that she was ill, she gave her medicine and sent her to her room; but it was sympathy more than medicine that the child longed for.

A prize had been offered for the best scholarship in the school, and Annie was using her utmost efforts to obtain it; and although she did sometimes wish that her mother would take sufficient interest in her improvement to hear her recite her lessons at home, she thought that she would surely be pleased if her daughter could win it. And she did succeed; for when was determination, perseverance and energy known to fail? Happy and triumphant, she hurried home to exhibit her hard-earned treasure.

"Look here, mother!" she exclaimed, bursting into the room, with every feature burning with happiness. "I have taken the prize!"

"Well, go and put it away, and set the table," said Mrs. Allen, after glancing at it for a moment.

Poor Annie! her spirits sank at least twenty degrees in an instant; but when her father came in she brought it to him.

"Well done, child, I am glad of it," he said.

"That was better," thought Annie; "but I wanted some one to be *real* glad."

But if she was disappointed by her parents' want of appreciation, her prize was not without its beneficial effect, for the efforts which she had made to obtain it had a tendency to fix upon her habits of study and industry which afterward made her a well-informed and useful woman.

At the age of eighteen, Annie Allen was acknowledged to be the most promising girl in the village. Not on account of her beauty alone, however—although, with her clear, rosy complexion, handsome brown eyes, and dark, wavy hair, with a trim figure neither too stout nor too slender, she was very fair to look upon—but more on account of her good sense, engaging manners and amiable disposition. She had studied diligently while at school, and thus laid the foundation for a good education, and she never failed to build upon this by the careful selections which she made in her reading. Upon taking up a book, her first question after examining the title and preface was, "Is it a book from which I shall obtain any useful knowledge?" And if she decided against it, no matter how entertaining its overwrought pages might be, it was at once discarded, and something more useful took its place.

Dr. Willis often declared that she was the only girl of her age with whom he could hold an hour's sensible conversation; and as often added to his son: "I should like above all things to have her for a daughter-in-law, were it not that I knew that she's a confounded sight too good for you, you young scamp!"

To which the young man always replied: "I suppose that's just what *she* thinks, father."

Dr. Willis was a very kind-hearted and genial old gentleman, somewhat eccentric in his manners, but highly esteemed throughout the community. He had retired from his profession, and established a store in the village "just to give his boys employment and keep them out of mischief," he said, and he had observed with gratification that upon many occasions his elder son had been Annie Allen's escort.

Her parents, accustomed to pay but little attention to their daughter's ways, thought nothing of his attentions, never dreaming of any serious inclination on her part, but the young man was pressing his suit with all the urgency of a sincere attachment, and the impetuosity of an impulsive nature, and with his handsome face and manly figure and the unexceptionably respectability of his family, it was not strange that she should have returned his affection, and after an unusually urgent appeal from her lover, she determined to consult her parents in regard to the matter, but there had been so little familiarity between them, that with her natural maidenly reserve, the subject was painfully embarrassing. All day she had been silent and thoughtful, but having finally made up her mind, she sought her mother's presence.

"Mother," she said, falteringly.

"Well, what do you want now?" asked Mrs. Allen, petulantly. "You must want something or you wouldn't have thought of speaking. You do nothing but mope around lately; if it's another new dress that you are about to ask for, you had better go to your father."

Annie turned away with a bitter, resentful feeling. She had summoned all her resolution to mention the subject which weighed upon her mind, and now she was farther from it than ever.

"I do wish I knew what to do," she said, thoughtfully. "If I were to follow the dictates of my own mind, I should give Henry a favorable answer at once, but I feel that I am too inexperienced to trust entirely to my own unaided judgment. If I only had some older and wiser to whom I could go for aid and counsel, what a relief it would be!"

Her reflections were interrupted by the arrival of a carriage, and a moment later, Henry Willis was walking up the path leading to the porch where she was standing.

"Come with me for a ride, Annie," he said. "Father has sent me five miles into the country on business. I have only to deliver a message, and I thought it would be a glorious opportunity for combining business with pleasure, for if you go with me, he could not have given me a pleasanter holiday. And it is over such a pleasant road; such grand old trees, and noble farms, and lovely cottages. I've never been through there yet without wishing that you were with me to enjoy it, too, for nothing seems complete without you."

Annie needed but little urging, for his society had grown to be the sunshine of her existence. What a relief it seemed to listen to kind, appreciative words, and what a contrast between his

tender and affectionate manner and the monotonous indifference of home, broken only by the fretful and complaining tones of her mother; and as they passed along through the pleasant streets it seemed as though her soul had come out from a dark shadow into the pure sunshine of peace and happiness.

"Look at that cottage, Annie," said Henry, as they neared a neat and pretty building in the suburbs of the village to which he had purposely driven. "See how that prairie rose climbs over that porch and covers it all over with green leaves, bright buds and sweet flowers! Notice what a deep, cool shade that silver maple throws over the smooth, grassy yard. See what a grand, large tree protects the cottage from the rays of the morning sun. Now look at that path bordered with flowers, leading right up to that lovely cot that seems like a haven of rest after a day of labor, and father has promised to give me a deed of this on my wedding-day. Only say the word, Annie, and you shall be mistress of that perfect nest of a home before the setting of yonder sun. Our minister lives in the next house, only say yes, and it shall be Mrs. Henry Willis instead of Annie Allen that rides with me to-day; come, what do you say, my precious one?"

"I cannot; it is too sudden," she murmured, while at the same time a most tempting vision of the happiness that might be hers in such a home, with such a husband, flitted through her mind. How sweet life would be with no discord to mar the perfect peace of her days, and to know that she was sheltered from petty cares and cold indifference by the strong arm of his affection.

"Too sudden? well, there is no hurry, we can stop as we come back," he said, starting up the horses, whose pace he had slackened as they neared the minister's dwelling. "Just think, Annie, what a pleasant picture it would be for me to contemplate every evening as I should walk up that flower-bordered path, to see you standing upon that vine-wreathed porch, watching for my coming with that glad, welcoming smile with which I know you would greet me! And then the pleasant evenings in that cozy little parlor, with only you and I to talk over our plans and hopes of the future. And what an inexhaustible source of happiness will your sweet society be to me. I need you, Annie, to give my life a nobler object, a higher aim and purer motive."

"Your parents would be displeased with such a hasty proceeding," she said.

"Why, bless your dear little heart! father would be pleased with anything that made you mine, no matter how or when. He's trembling in his boots already for fear you won't accept me, and so am I, for that matter, and you know how much mother and the girls always thought of you, so that if your parents should be unreasonable, I can take you home at once, and you would be sure of a hearty welcome. Come, Annie, if you care anything for me, don't be obstinate now, but let me have my way this time, and I promise that your will shall be my law forever after."

Annie's heart was already enlisted in his favor; she had always longed for sympathy and tender-

ness, and now that all this was offered and urged upon her with such *convincing* arguments, before their return she had given a reluctant consent, and Henry drove hurriedly back to have the ceremony over before her resolution should fail her, and half an hour later she was Mrs. Henry Willis.

"Father," said the young man, after pausing at the store and calling the old gentleman out, "permit me to introduce Mrs. Henry Willis."

"Ah, ha! that is to be, I presume," said the old gentleman, smiling pleasantly.

"*My wife at this very moment,*" Henry answered proudly.

"*What! not married already,*" exclaimed the father, in pleased surprise.

"Yes," Henry answered, evidently enjoying his father's surprise.

"Well, now, ain't you rather rapid? but I congratulate you, nevertheless; Annie, I welcome you to our family circle most sincerely. We will drive home, Henry, and see if your mother and sisters will not be surprised."

"I should rather go home first," said Annie, pale and trembling with excitement, and speaking with a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh, yes, yes," said the good-natured old gentleman; "I see; they didn't quite understand it at home, eh? And you feel a little excited about it. Well, never mind, Annie; if you feel the least bit afraid, I'll just go around that way and tell them that it was all Henry's fault; and I know it was; talked so fast that you didn't have a chance to say that you would rather have a little more time, I'll warrant. He's a sad rogue; would have persuaded me that the sun set in the east long ago if I hadn't been uncommonly smart. But he sha'n't cheat you out of a good husband, Annie, if I can help it."

Annie felt grateful for the pleasant manner in which he had received her, but she thought that she could break the intelligence at home better than any one else.

"Shall I go in and help to bear the storm, if there is any?" asked Henry, as they stopped at Mr. Allen's gate.

"No; I will go alone," she answered; "and you can come later in the evening."

"Well, you've come at last, have you, after supper is all over, and most all the dishes washed?" said Mrs. Allen as Annie entered.

"I am almost glad that you are angry, mother," Annie said, "for it will be easier for me to tell you that you will no longer be troubled with such a useless daughter."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Allen, sharply.

Annie laid her marriage certificate upon the table before her.

"Why, Annie! What in the world did you mean by treating your parents so? To go off and get married without saying one word to us!"

"I came to you for the purpose of asking your advice, mother, and, before I could tell you, you told me that you supposed that I wanted a new dress, and had better go to father," Annie said, although she felt that her conduct was not at all justified by this.

"Why, Annie, you might have known that I didn't mean half what I said," replied Mrs. Allen, bursting into tears. "What will your father say?"

"I don't know," Annie answered, taking her certificate and hurrying to her father's office, with something of the feeling that a soldier may be supposed to have when compelled to march into battle.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" asked Mr. Allen, looking up in astonishment at the frightened expression of her pale face, as she held the certificate toward him.

He was silent for a moment after reading it, while Annie stood trembling like a frightened bird.

"Why, Annie," he said, slowly, "what impelled you to this hasty step? Why was I not consulted?"

"How did I know that you would care to listen to me, father?" she asked.

Mr. Allen was silent. He remembered how busy he had always been, and he could not tell when he had held conversation with his daughter upon any subject.

"But you might have confided in your mother," he said.

"I would have done so, father, if she had not spoken so sharply before I had time to make her understand me; but I really had no intention of taking so hasty a step. I knew nothing of it when I left home."

"Where is your husband?" he asked.

"At his father's store."

"Well, go home, Annie, and I will go that way and call for him; if he makes you a good husband, I shall bear him no ill-will."

Annie left her father's office with a lighter heart than she had entered it; but his feelings were less enviable than hers. He sat there looking back upon the past, since the time when Annie was a wee, toddling little creature, with bright, winsome ways and sweet, affectionate smile, and remembered how she used to come to him with all her little joys and sorrows, until the time when he became almost entirely indifferent to the few attractions of his home, and allowed himself to become completely absorbed by business, and almost unmindful of the tender little girl who missed his presence so sadly. He remembered, too, how soon the fair young wife that he had married had changed to the sour, fretful woman, with a nature requiring but little sympathy and giving little; and it was entirely to her that he had left his child, with so much of his own nature about her, that her mother's society had seemed strangely uncongenial.

"I cannot blame her," he said to himself.

"Tis I that should be censured; if I had fully discharged my duties as a parent, she would not have been lacking as a daughter. It might be well enough, perhaps, if Henry could be a little less inclined to take care of number one; but I fear that Annie will be almost a slave to him in the course of time."

Mr. Allen's opinion was founded upon observation, and the experience which a shrewd man

acquires by long years of dealing and intercourse with his fellow-men, and which Annie, with her pure, guileless and unsuspecting nature, and scarcely more than a child in years, could not possibly understand. And it is in this respect that so many young people err. Having no experience of their own, they should not permit themselves to take irrevocable steps without counsel from those whose years, wisdom and relationship entitle them to give it.

"What are you going to do about Annie's undutiful conduct?" asked Mrs. Allen, at the first opportunity.

"Make the best of it," he replied; "there is no help for it now, and since I was not permitted to aid in selecting the man to whom her future happiness was to be entrusted, I will throw no shadow over her happiness now, by useless and untimely opposition. The whole world need not know that it was entirely unexpected to us, and the less said the better for all concerned."

"Good morning, Mr. Allen; a fine trick our young folks served us yesterday, wasn't it? I don't believe Annie was a bit to blame, though—all Henry's fault, I knew from the very first. The graceless scamp! If it was any one but Annie, I'd be tempted to kick him off my premises, but I am too well suited with the match to make any great fuss about it. Come down and see the cottage which I've bought for them."

"I think our children have acted very precipitously," said Mr. Allen, "but I suppose worse things *have* happened, and after we have examined the premises, we will take another walk together to the furniture store, and, with your assistance, I will select a complete outfit with which they may begin housekeeping."

Accordingly, everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the young people began life with every prospect of peace and prosperity before them.

Very happy was Annie in her new home during the rest of the summer and the ensuing winter. Henry was as devoted as the most exacting wife could desire. He never sought amusement in places which she might not frequent, and when he came home unusually late, she knew that he had been unusually busy. But there was no self-denial in spending his evenings at home. Mrs. Allen was a model housekeeper, and her daughter had been most thoroughly trained, and there was not a more attractive place in the village than the quiet home over which she presided; and besides attending to her household duties, Annie found time to read several of the leading periodicals, as well as many useful books, so that Henry not only found a home where good taste and order reigned supreme, but enjoyed the society of a refined, intelligent and entertaining woman; and if her young husband had a fault, Annie had not discovered it.

"Why don't you select a dress for Annie, before the choicest patterns are all gone?" asked Mr. Willis, one morning, after receiving a supply of new goods. His daughters, Belle and Jenny, were selecting dresses for themselves, but Annie had not thought of so doing.

"I didn't think of it," replied Henry.

"No, of course you didn't. You never think of anybody but yourself. Annie never asks for anything, and she might go barefooted before you would think to take her a pair of shoes. It's a wonder that she ever had you, with as much sense as she displays in everything else. Belle, pick out a dress for Annie, and see if Henry can think to take it home."

"Your remarks are very flattering, father," said Henry, with a smile.

"*Flattering?* Of course they are, but you can't deny anything I've said," grumbled the old gent.

"O Jenny," said Belle, "here is that very shade of coloring that is so becoming to Annie's complexion."

"Just what we want," said Jenny, "and now let us look for trimming to match."

"And buttons and lining," said Belle.

"And thread and hooks and eyes," said Mr. Willis.

And so, between them, the dress with all its belongings was finally done up, while Henry sat lazily watching the clouds of smoke which he puffed from his segar.

"Here is a dress for you, Annie," said Henry, as she came out to the gate to meet him at dinner-time.

"What a lovely color," said Annie, just looking in at the end of the bundle. "Thank you ever so much. You are always so thoughtful."

After Henry went back to the store, Annie undid the package to take a better view of it.

"Just the very shade that I like so well. I couldn't have pleased myself better," she said, throwing it over her shoulders and standing before the mirror to note the effect. "And everything with it; buttons, lining, trimming, even to hooks and eyes! What have I done that Heaven should have bestowed upon me the very best, kindest and most thoughtful husband in the world? And what can I do to be worthy of so great a blessing?"

Joyous, blissful Annie! would that she might never waken from her sweet dream of happiness.

"Belle," said Mr. Willis, not long after, "haven't you and Jenny bought new hats?"

"Yes," answered Belle.

"Then go down to the millinery store and get one for Annie. I noticed her at church last Sabbath, wearing her old one, and she might wear the last year's market-basket before Henry would notice it."

"I will," answered Belle. "She was with us when we purchased ours, and I know the very one which she most admires."

"And send a new parasol to match the hat, and a pair of gloves to match the parasol."

Again Henry carried home the articles, and again Annie's affectionate heart overran with thankfulness for such a husband, and gave him credit for anticipating all her wants, without so much as a hint from her.

A few more weeks passed with every moment laden with happiness to Annie, and enjoyment to her husband, and then Henry was stricken down with a malignant fever. How she watched him! Duty may impel one to do all that is *necessary* to

be done, but nothing but a true and unselfish devotion can anticipate every wish, and render it almost a luxury to be sick. Her hands bathed his head, smoothed his pillow, prepared his nourishment; and she sat for hours beside his bed, clasping his hand in her own, that her soothing presence might lull him to sweeter repose. In that, nothing could exceed her unceasing watchfulness until he was pronounced out of danger, and then there was time to notice how very pale and worn she looked.

"Why don't you let some one else hand him a drink when you are so tired?" asked Jenny one day, as Annie returned from the well with a pitcher of water.

"How do I know that any one else would bring it directly from the well?" asked Annie.

"You don't know it," Jennie replied; "for the water which you threw out had not been in more than twenty minutes, and I thought it was good enough."

"Only the *very best* is good enough for Henry," Annie answered, with a smile, as she raised his head with one hand and held a glass to his lips with the other.

"You see that I am better, father," said the young man, as Mr. Willis entered a few days after the crisis had passed, and he was beginning to mend.

"Better? Of course you are. I haven't been uneasy about you. I knew that all the doctors in the State couldn't kill you with Annie to take care of you; and I can scarcely express my thankfulness at seeing you looking so well. But Annie can't endure it much longer; she must have rest. When I go home I'll send Belle over to stay all day and take care of you."

And accordingly Belle came.

"How often do you think that Henry called Annie during two hours while I was there yesterday?" she asked the following morning when the family had assembled at the breakfast-table.

"Twenty times, I'll warrant," said Mr. Willis. "Twenty times, if he did once."

"It was fifty. I counted just to satisfy my own curiosity. It was, 'Annie, won't you hand me a drink?' 'Annie, won't you close that shutter?' 'Annie, won't you smooth this pillow?' 'Annie, won't you raise the window?' every other minute."

"Has he done so ever since he has been sick?" asked his younger brother.

"No," said Belle, "for Annie has attended to all these things just before he was ready to speak about them; but yesterday she was *resting*. She lay upon the sofa in the same room, and although I did everything that he required before she could rise and get to him, she got up and started every time."

"He'll kill her in another week," said Mr. Willis. "Her strength is taxed to the utmost now."

"I guess she can stand it as well as I always have," said Mrs. Willis, rather crustily. "I guess if you were as much interested in your own family it would be just as well."

"Really, mother," he replied, "I don't see how

you have endured so much. Your weight was one hundred and twenty pounds when we were married, and I have treated you so barbarously that you have pined all the way down to one hundred and sixty! But if I am lacking in my duty as a parent, let the girls say wherein. My girls are like birds. Belle and Jennie are free; they fly where they list, and cull what they will of life's fruits and flowers. Annie is caged, and, if left unprovided for, must die from neglect."

"I think a wife has *some* duties as well as a husband," said Mrs. Willis, who could not bear that a shadow of blame should rest upon her idolized son.

"I am glad of it, mother," returned her husband. "I have been hoping that you would see matters in that light this many a year, and if it is beginning to dawn upon you now, I shall be truly grateful."

And without waiting for further discussion, he arose and walked away to Henry's residence. He was very fond and proud of his children, and of none more than Henry; but his kind and noble nature was too just, and he was too discerning, to allow his partiality for Henry to make him unjust to Annie; and "his own personal experience had taught him how wearisome it is to attend to a selfish and exacting invalid."

"I've come to stay with you to-day, my son, and let Annie rest," he said, as he entered the sick-room, and began to relieve his pockets of various little luxuries which he thought the invalid might relish. "Annie, it will be quieter in the next room, and I'll just take this sofa in there," he said, proceeding to wheel it out. "Now I'll put it right by this window, where you can breathe the odors of this sweet briar. I'll take good care of Henry, and I want you to go to sleep and sleep soundly."

"I don't know of any one to whom I would be more willing to trust him; but don't you think that he would be better satisfied if I were to remain in the room?" she asked.

"We might keep you awake; and I am certain that it is best for you to stay here; and if Henry don't keep quiet, I'll get a sprout and finish what I left undone when he was a boy."

Annie threw herself upon the sofa, and had scarcely closed her eyes before, overcome by utter weariness, she fell asleep. Mr. Willis took a newspaper from his pocket and sat down near his son's bedside.

"Annie!" said Henry, after the lapse of about ten minutes.

"Shut up!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, bouncing up like a rubber ball, and seizing a slipper that lay near. "*Shut up*, or I'll jam this down your throat! What do you want?"

"Some lemonade," replied Henry, smiling at his father's earnest manner; "but I don't think you can make it as good as Annie does."

"I can make it good enough for you, or any of your relations," said Mr. Willis, taking a lemon from the table and beginning to cut it up.

It was not long till Annie came in to inquire how Henry was getting along without her.

"All right, all right, child; go back and sleep."

He is entirely out of danger now, and I can attend to him just as well as you. I can keep you quiet, can't I, Henry?"

"Yes; she need have no fears on that account," said the invalid, smiling at the different methods of accomplishing the same thing.

The weeks passed away, and Henry had grown strong and well, when it came Annie's turn to need care and attention, for a dear little head lay upon her arm, and a tiny form nestled upon her bosom. And who can imagine the depth of pride and tenderness which the little germ of humanity created in the hearts of his young parents, when two grandfathers, two grandmothers and all the uncles and aunts came to see the little stranger.

"Don't you think he looks like me?" said Henry, proudly regarding the little bundle of flannel and humanity that was being passed around among the grandparents.

"Like you? he's a confounded sight better looking! looks more like me," said Mr. Willis.

"His hair and eyes are like Annie's," said Mrs. Allen.

"His mouth and chin belong to our side of the house," said Mrs. Willis.

"What shall his name be?" asked Mr. Allen.

"We will name him after the two best men in the world," said Mr. Willis.

"And who may that be?" asked Henry.

"Why, Mr. Allen and myself, of course, who did you suppose?" replied Mr. Willis.

"But what if I should object?" asked Henry.

"You won't be consulted," returned the grandfather. "I guess we can have the privilege of naming our own granchild, especially as there are two of us, and although you feel grand enough for half a dozen, you are only one. His name is Allen Adrian Willis."

(To be concluded in next number.)

OUR DEAR OLD MAMMY.*

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

CAN human friendship display a tenderer tie than that which has ever existed between the negro nurses of the South and the white children whose heads have been pillowed upon their faithful breasts? Whatever may be the prejudices of race, they all vanish in regard to the dear old "Mammy" of our infancy. The Southern Democrat, who is roused to indignation by the very mention of "Civil Rights," becomes "as a little child" in his Mammy's presence, respectfully offers her a chair, and treats her with the courtesy due to his foster-mother. The refined and polished lady of the South, who shrinks in horror from the idea of social intercourse with negroes, throws her arms around her Mammy's neck and presses her fair cheek to the dear old face which bent lovingly over her cradle.

The negro has been an interesting study to me, from the days of my childhood, when my favorite seat was upon the dropsical feet of my Mammy, as she rested them upon a cushion, and never dis-

lodged me, but painfully shifted them aside and bestowed on me a pleasant smile in return for the look of heartfelt affection with which I regarded her honest brown face. How often have I disputed with my little sisters the pleasure of sleeping with her; how often have I felt a guilty pang as I laid my cheek to hers and realized that I loved her better than my mother! For her slipper never was substituted for Solomon's rod; she never told us with a serious air that it was "her duty to punish us." Mammy often told us that her mother was a king's daughter in her native land, and our ideas of royalty were much confused in the attempt to reconcile her statements as to court life in Africa with the lessons from English history which mother was beginning to teach us. However, we thought it quite right that Mammy, being of royal descent, should have her meals carried to her on a waiter by another servant, after mother had filled the large picture-covered bowl with coffee, and supplied the plate with blue flowers on it from every dish on the table. How delighted we were when the presence of visitors or a slight indisposition confined us to the nursery and we, too, had our meals sent up to us, and could sit at Mammy's little table and get a sip of her strong coffee or taste the highly-seasoned viands from her plate, instead of the simple bread and milk to which we were limited when in mother's sight.

Mammy had her own ideas about bringing up children; and as she had successfully reared a brood of twelve in our grandmother's nursery, mother very willingly handed over each new comer to the tender hands which had ever a ready welcome for the little stranger. One of her rules was that the children "must get their sleep out," and we were never harshly roused, but always woke smiling to the crooning song improvised for our benefit, with a pet name for each of her darlings, from "King"—as she always called our sunny-haired brother—to the little "Birdie" which mourned away its feeble little life in her arms. How vividly I recall the aspect of our nursery as it appeared each morning of my childhood; when everything having been put in order, and the children, clean and smiling, were perched in the deep window-seats, Mammy placed her rocking-chair in the centre of the room, so that there could be no danger of anybody stumbling over it, drew out her yarn knitting, and, laying it in her lap, opened the little Bible which never seemed to be out of her reach. She always seemed to me to look over instead of through her large brass spectacles as she read, half aloud, in a sing-song voice, the blessed words of which she seemed never to weary. In those "good old times" colored people were not supposed to want to read anything but the Bible, and I often wonder what Mammy would have thought of the reckless way in which they handle newspapers and "Fifth Readers" in these days. What a comfort that little brown Bible was to Mammy, to be sure; and how serenely she read on while we played around her, in no wise disturbed when the exigencies of the doll's wardrobe required some pins and we all rushed to search Mammy's turban, which served as an unfailling

* Christian Union.

pincushion, and was constantly replenished as she swept the floor.

I remember the consternation in the nursery one morning, when Mammy, having gone to sleep while reading as usual, the little Bible, which had long been in a critical state, dropped from her hands in pieces on the floor. Mammy looked very mournful over the fragments, but mother, who chanced to come in just then, said she could repair its injuries, and when she brought back the book in a blue pasteboard cover its owner was very much pleased, and we children declared, after a careful examination, that it was nicer than over.

On rainy days, when all other amusements failed, Mammy sometimes offered, if we would be very good, to show us the contents of her trunk, and let us taste her preserves, or have a party and use her tea-set, which was pink-flowered, and, as we all decided privately, much handsomer than mother's, which was only gilt-edged. The old hair-trunk which contained Mammy's treasures was a perfect wonder-box to us, and we gazed, awestruck, as she displayed one or two stately silk dresses, queer old satin bonnets and gay shawls, and told us of the elegant visitors in four-horse coaches who had been wont to come to my grandfather's house in her young days. Her accounts of these fine people, and the fact that grandmother's cook was the king's daughter aforesaid, made us think that those must have been very fine times indeed, and we sighed as we compared our simple home surroundings and calico frocks with such fine doings, and regretted that we had fallen in such degenerate days. But a sad day came to us in reality at last, when, on a sunny spring morning, Mammy, who had been failing for some time, said her hands were trembling too much to hold the baby, and she laid it in the cradle, and went, as mother advised, to sit by the kitchen-fire. And a little while after there was a great outcry, for Mammy had fallen on the floor, and when the doctor, who was sent for at once, looked at her, he said she was paralyzed. For the first time in our lives there was no one to look after the children, and we all wandered about the place, feeling very strange and dismal. After a while we were called into Mammy's room, where she lay, speechless, but conscious, on the bed, and mother, whose face was swollen with weeping, sat by her, reading tender promises and words of comfort from the little pasteboard-covered Bible, which had been Mammy's guide in her long pilgrimage, and was now her light in the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. Nobody had said then that there was any contamination in laying the body of an old servant in the same cemetery which contained the graves of the family whom she and her people had served long and faithfully, and when Mammy died she was laid to rest near the grave of our little sister, and mother said she felt as if Birdie would not be lonely now that Mammy was close by her. It was very dismal that evening after the funeral, and mother and father came and sat in the nursery, because there was no one who could be trusted with the children, and we were all very quiet until little Netty

said, "O mother, you can't have any more babies now, because there is nobody to nurse them." Father smiled, but mother began to cry again, and we all joined her.

On the sunny slope of a Virginia hillside, where the rose and the woodbine bloom and fade undisturbed, where five generations of her master's family are sleeping, and the grand old mountains cast their solemn shadows on the graves, stands a humble little marble monument erected to the memory of the dear "old Mammy" of our childhood. When the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise, may the blest words come to all who sleep there, as I doubt not they will come to that true and loving heart, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. CONRAD understood the sign too well. An exclamation of alarm rose to her lips, but she kept it back with an instant repression.

"She will be better lying down," said the doctor, with professional calmness.

Very gently, holding in check her struggling excitement, did Mrs. Conrad return the head of Deborah to the pillow from which she had raised it a few moments before. For a little while the fair girl lay very still, with eyes closely shut, like one resting after fatigue or exhaustion. But the irritation which had produced the fits of coughing soon returned, followed by another and severer paroxysm.

Deborah had not seen the streaks of blood on the handkerchief with which Mrs. Conrad wiped her lips; but now, the deeper stains that revealed the sure and rapid progress of a fatal malady could not be hidden from her sight. Her face flushed and there was for a moment or two a startled and half-frightened look in her eyes.

"Lie very still, child," said Mrs. Conrad, in a low, quiet voice, out of which she had pushed every sign of alarm, as she laid Deborah back again after this second fit of coughing was over. "Don't stir hand nor foot for a little while."

As Mrs. Conrad and the doctor stood over the girl, looking anxiously down upon her face, they saw its expression change. Her lips, which were shut firmly, as if to hold down a feeling of pain or alarm, gradually relaxed their slight rigor, and softened to a tender revelation of the peace and trust that were coming into her soul. The quick respiration subsided, her eyelids closed and her breath came and went with the gentle movement seen in a sleeping child. Silence, peace, rest. How deep they were! An influence, its source unseen, but felt as clearly as any external impression, had wrought a change in the mental atmo-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

phere breathed by the inmates of that room. Wholly passive to these was the pale, sweet girl lying there with shut lids. As for Mrs. Conrad, to use her own words in referring to the scene, "It seemed as if angels were all about us, and I expected every moment to see them start out of the air." Even the doctor felt as he had never felt before in the presence of the sick or the dying.

"I've heard about the gate of Heaven," he said to a friend long afterward, "and I never expect to stand as near it again while I live in this world as when I stood that day in the chamber of Deborah Norman."

A knock at the room door broke the spell with two of its inmates—the doctor and Mrs. Conrad. Answering the summons, the latter was informed by her servant that a gentleman had called and wished to see her.

"Who is he?" she asked in a whisper.

But the girl did not know the man's name.

"There are three or four people down-stairs," she added, "and they want to know how Miss Deborah is."

"Say that she is very ill, and that I can't go down just now."

The girl retired, but came back in a few moments with word that the gentleman who had called said he must see Miss Norman at once.

"Did he tell you his name?" asked Mrs. Conrad.

"No, ma'am. I asked him, but he said it was no matter. He's a young man; and he's walking about the floor in a dreadful uneasy way."

"You'll remain until I come back?" said Mrs. Conrad to the doctor, speaking in a whisper, and then left the room.

At the foot of the stairs she was met by two or three ladies, one of them Mrs. Judge Levering, who asked anxiously after Deborah. They had heard a strange story, they said, about Mrs. Conrad having been seen in the street with the girl in her arms, and had hurried round to learn what it meant. A handsome young man, a stranger to all present, came out of the parlor, and stood listening as Mrs. Conrad replied to their inquiries, his manner betraying intense interest and alarm.

"Why, you see," said Mrs. Conrad, trying to collect her thoughts, "Deacon Strong got it into his head that he must see her about something, and Mrs. Strong came over for her in their carriage. I said, No; 'twasn't right to take her out, and 'twouldn't be safe. That she wasn't strong enough to bear the excitement. But all I could say went for nothing. As soon as she heard that the deacon wanted to see her, she said she would go; and go she did! Well, the deacon wanted to have a talk with her all alone, and every one of us went out. I felt awful stirred up about it, for I knew how weak the poor child was; and I talked out my mind rather freely to the deacon's wife, for you know when I do get stirred up I don't mince things. It was very still in the room. We could hear a weak sound of voices, and that was all. It went on for I can't say how long; but it seemed like a year to me, I was so anxious about her. All at once I heard the deacon cry out in a frightened way. He struck his bell loud in the

same minute. I got into the room first, and saw Deborah sitting up in the chair where we had placed her, just in front of the deacon, looking as white as a ghost. She would have fallen to the floor in the next moment if I hadn't sprung forward and caught her in my arms. She was in a dead faint! The doctor came, and we tried all we could to bring her to, but she seemed clean gone. Then I got kind of desperate, and picking her up in my arms—she didn't seem to me heavier than a three months old baby—I ran down-stairs with her, and out into the street, and home.

Exclamations of surprise and anxious suspense followed this recital.

"We brought her to at last," continued Mrs. Conrad; "but, oh dear! it's killed her! I said all I could against her going, but—"

"Killed her!" cried the young man, in a voice that startled the group of women. He had been standing a little way off, but now pressed up to Mrs. Conrad, and caught hold of her with a hard grip. "Killed her!" he repeated, half-wildly. "What do you mean?"

The surprise occasioned by so strange an incident held Mrs. Conrad mute. She stared at the young man with a blank, bewildered face.

"I must see her!" he added, forcing back his agitation, and speaking in a husky voice; and he made a movement as if about to pass Mrs. Conrad. This brought her back to self-possession.

"I do not know who you are, sir," she said, with some dignity of manner, yet not unkindly, nor as one offended by an undue liberty in a stranger; "nor what you may be to Miss Norman. But you can't see her now. Her condition is one of great danger; and only in perfect freedom from excitement is there any hope."

Then speaking to all present, she added: "And now, friends, let me ask of you to go away and leave her alone with me and the doctor. You will understand the necessity of this when I tell you that she is bleeding at the lungs."

The low, sorrowful murmurs that greeted this announcement were drowned in the half-suppressed cry that came from the young man's lips.

The women retired from the house quietly, but the stranger went back into the parlor, where he sat down, covering his face with his hands. For a little while Mrs. Conrad stood in a hesitating attitude, listening for any sound that might come from the chamber above. She could not go up and leave this strange young man in the parlor; at least not until she had held an interview with him, and made sure that he would not attempt to see Deborah without her permission. Before she had decided just what to do, he had started up, and was coming toward the door. As she advanced to meet him, she saw that his countenance wore an expression of the deepest anguish. His lips were pale, and quivered as he tried to speak.

"Bleeding at the lungs, did you say?" he stammered, rather than spoke. He was trembling all over.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Conrad.

"Badly?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, thank God!" He caught his breath. A light flashed into his face.

"Is she very weak? Has she been sick long? What has been the matter with her?" He crowded the questions eagerly.

"Very weak," said Mrs. Conrad, quieting her voice so as to quiet him, if possible. "And now, I need hardly say that everything depends on her being kept perfectly quiet. Any sudden disturbance might kill her in an instant."

"Then," answered the young man, "she must not be told that I am here. Go back to her; and as soon as there is a change for the better or worse, let me know."

On returning to the chamber, Mrs. Conrad found Deborah lying with closed lids like one in sleep, all the rest and heavenly sweetness last seen on her face still there. As she shut the door, the girl's large eyes opened. How bright they were—how loving and peaceful!

Mrs. Conrad sat down by the bedside, laying her fingers in a few light touches on Deborah's forehead and then smoothing back with gentle motions the hair from her snowy temples.

"She is better," said the doctor, coming forward, "but must remain very still. There must be no talking nor moving about."

Deborah smiled up into his face but did not speak. Mrs. Conrad went out with him, and on shutting the chamber door, said, in a low voice and with much concern: "Isn't there danger of a bad hemorrhage? Mayn't she break a large blood-vessel in a spell of coughing and go right off?"

"No; I think not," replied the doctor. "The blood we saw just now is from congestion, not lesion. Still, only in perfect quiet is there safety."

"There's a young man down-stairs, doctor. He's a stranger; but he knows Miss Norman. He came here once before—a good while ago. I wish you'd talk to him, and try to get him to go away. If Miss Norman finds out that he's here, it will throw her all back."

The doctor went down to the parlor. The young man—it was Philip Cheston, whom the reader will remember—started up on his entrance and came hastily forward to meet him.

"You are the physician?" he queried.

"Yes."

"How is Miss Norman? Do you think her out of danger?" The young man could not repress his agitation.

"She is ill," replied the doctor, "but in no immediate danger, I trust."

"She's had a hemorrhage?"

"Slight, only."

"Have you checked it?"

"Yes; for the present."

"Are her lungs much affected?"

"I have not examined them, and, therefore, cannot tell."

The young man pressed his questions.

"Let us go from here," said the doctor. "Our voices may reach her chamber; and if she should recognize yours, it might produce a dangerous disturbance. Everything, as you know, depends, in a case like this, on perfect freedom from excitement."

"Who is that talking with the doctor?" asked Deborah, as the sound of voices from below reached her ears. Mrs. Conrad saw a rapid change in the expression of her face. She had turned her eyes toward the door and was listening intently.

The sounds ceased. A few moments afterward, Mrs. Conrad heard the outside door shut.

"I do not hear any one," she replied.

"It was a man's voice," said Deborah.

"The doctor speaking to Jenny as he went out."

But Mrs. Conrad saw, from the still changed expression of Deborah's countenance that she did not accept this explanation.

"Or to somebody who happened to meet him at the door," she added.

Deborah closed her eyes; but the serene and peaceful look did not come back to her face. Her lips drew closer together, and the warm spots which had faded from her cheeks became distinct once more.

The doctor walked as far as the hotel with Philip Cheston, answering his queries concerning Deborah with as many particulars as he could give about her life and work in Kedron. He had his own curiosity touching the young stranger who dropped in among them nearly two years before, coming no one knew from whence; but Cheston did not satisfy it in any way—evading his queries, or maintaining a complete silence.

As Cheston entered the hotel, he passed two men, who were talking in an excited manner. The face of one looked familiar. He had seen him somewhere, but was not at the moment able to recall the time or place. On parting from the doctor, he went into the parlor, which was unoccupied, and sat down close to one of the windows that looked out upon a rear piazza. Soon after, he noticed the two men, whom he had passed in the hall, walking up and down this piazza. One of them, a large man, with iron-gray hair and dark skin, seemed much disturbed; while his companion, who was younger and smaller, maintained a cool exterior. Suddenly pausing, while close by the window near which Cheston sat, the elder of the two men raised his clenched hand and exclaimed: "If that girl comes to any harm through you, Victor Howe, I'll murder you!"

Cheston could see the face of the speaker. It was full of passion, and his eyes had a threatening flash. His companion, taken by surprise, moved back a step or two, and looked at him in evident doubt as to whether he were in earnest or not.

"Don't be a fool, Spangler!" he replied, with a forced laugh. "What's the girl to you? She's pretty, and sweet, and, and—"

"Victor Howe!" broke in the other, interrupting him, while his face grew darker and more threatening, "I go farther. If I see you with Fanny Williams again, I'll shoot you down as though you were a dog!"

There was no mistaking the man's earnestness now. His eyes gleamed and murder looked from every lineament of his countenance.

"Forewarned, forearmed," answered the young man, coolly. His face had grown suddenly pale.

"You are forewarned. What follows must depend on yourself," said Spangler, with a deep

growl in his voice. "I don't care about having your blood on my hands, but I shall stand between you and that girl, come what will. So count the cost before you go a step farther. You ought to know me by this time."

"I've never gone out of my way at the bidding of any man," replied Howe, speaking slowly, "and I don't mean to begin now. This is my affair; not yours."

"I've said my say, young man, and shall not unsay it," returned Spangler, growing cooler, but not less emphatic. "You have fair warning."

Howe turned away and walked to the other end of the piazza, where he stood for a little while and then came back.

"See here, Spangler," addressing his companion, who had not moved from his place near the window, "I don't want to have any trouble with you. That girl's my game; not yours. I was near hunting her down several months ago, and would have caught the pretty thing then if it hadn't been for that meddling young Quakeress who prayed Sandy Spieler out of his bar-room. She came pouncing down upon us more like an eagle than a dove, and bore the girl away in her talons. Faugh! But she's out of the way now; laid on the shelf for good and all, they say—going to die! And the coast is clear again. The girl fought shy for a time; but she's coming round. I have a way with the pretty creatures, you know; and they can't resist me."

Howe was running on after this fashion, when Spangler stooped toward him, and with a grip that was a stroke and a clutch at the same time, laid his hand upon his shoulder, a fierce imprecation breaking from his lips. The young man struggled to free himself, but Spangler held him as in a vice. Cheston, who had started from his seat, and was standing close to the window, saw Howe thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and draw forth a pistol. Obeying the impulse that seized him, he threw open the window, and, springing out upon the piazza, struck the weapon down ere it could be fired.

The two men drew apart, each regarding Cheston with a scowl. He stooped, and taking up the pistol placed it one of his pockets, remarking as he did so: "It will be safer here, for the present."

The very coolness of his manner held their anger in check. The moment Howe confronted him, and they looked clearly at each other, the countenances of both changed. There was a mutual recognition. The effect produced on the two men by this recognition was in marked contrast. Cheston drew himself up and away, the surprise on his face mingled with something like contempt and abhorrence; while Howe seemed to shrink and cower before him, all the red stains of passion fading out, and leaving him pale.

"Carl Ransom!" Cheston held the young man with his eyes as he pronounced his real name in a stern voice.

Neither bravado nor levity met this recognition, but only signs of alarm.

"Carl Ransom!" exclaimed Spangler, recovering from the surprise into which he was thrown. "This man is not Carl Ransom!"

"You called him Howe a little while ago," was replied. "But his real name is Ransom. He's a fugitive from justice, as you may know; and if the law once gets its hands on him, it will find other employment for his spare hours than hunting down innocence. How near is your mayor's office or police station?"

There was no mere threat, but a purpose in the voice of Cheston as he made this inquiry. Howe, or Ransom, as he was truly named, on perceiving this, gave way to an instinct of fear, and stepped quickly back from the piazza into the hall. Hurrying through, he made his way to the street.

"A good citizen cannot shrink from duty," was Cheston's answer, as Spangler urged him to "let the poor devil go," and not soil his hands with him. "If this man had been in prison, where he belongs, the innocent young girl for whose safety you interposed just now would not have been in his toils, nor your life in the imminent peril I found it a little while ago. It is to save the weak and the good that evil has to be restrained, and evil men punished. I shall certainly give information against this fellow, and have him brought again to justice. The public good demands it."

"You are right, no doubt," said Spangler. "But I couldn't tell on the poor devil. Carl Ransom! Is it possible? I never felt right about him. He's a sharp one; always cool and steady, and on the alert. But he had a look in his eyes that made me creep sometimes—that is when I could see squarely into them, which was not often."

"What has he been doing here? Is he in any business?" asked Cheston.

Spangler gave a meaning shrug as he replied: "He's one of the chaps that don't have any visible means of support."

"And yet manage to keep their pocket-books well filled," said Cheston.

"He always had plenty of money to spend," remarked Spangler.

Cheston turned to go, saying: "I must do what my conscience tells me is right. How near is your mayor's office?"

"Only two streets distant. But you might as well spare yourself the trouble of giving information against this man. He won't be taken easily. I saw from his movements, as he went out just now, that he meant to put the longest possible distance between himself and any pursuers you might set upon his track. A fox that has been hunted doesn't linger a moment after hearing the bay of a hound, no matter how far off it may be. Howe, or rather Ransom, is a hunted fox, and has all the fox's swiftness and cunning. He will distance his enemies, you may depend on that."

"How that may be it is impossible for me to tell. Fugitives from justice do not always escape. I must do my duty as a good citizen, let the come out be what it may."

"All right," returned Spangler. "You must be the judge of your own actions. Turn to the left when you go out, and a couple of streets down you will see the mayor's office."

Even as Philip Cheston left the hotel, Ransom, mounted on a swift horse, came slowly out from

a livery stable not a hundred rods from the police station, looking to any common observer cool and unconcerned. He walked his horse until he rounded the nearest corner, then broke into a trot, which steadily increased in rapidity until he gained a road in the suburbs of the town that passed into a woods. The moment he was free from observation he quickened the speed of his horse, and, ere the authorities of Kedron had decided on pursuit and arrest, was full ten miles distant.

The horse on which he rode away was found and returned to its owners a week afterward; but the fugitive had dropped out of sight, leaving no trace behind.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. CONRAD withdrew from the bedside, and going to a distant part of the chamber sat down, stilling even the rustle of her garments. There was a heavy weight on her heart. She had come to love this sick girl with a tenderness deep and strong as a mother's. The stains of blood on the frothy mucous which had been coughed up were, to her, fatal signs. The doctor had tried to make light of them; but she regarded his words as only an evasion. Perfect quiet she knew to be essential, and this she meant to secure; at least for several days to come, and until the present danger was over.

She was watching Deborah, who lay with closed eyes, her face pale and waxen, yet without signs of emaciation. The rest and sweetness that had come over it, but which faded out when she caught the sound of a man's voice in the parlor, had not yet returned. Asleep, thought Mrs. Conrad, with a feeling of relief; for she knew the value of sleep. But even as she said the word mentally, Deborah's large, bright eyes opened and looked at her with an earnestness that brought her instantly to the bedside.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "What can I do for you?"

"Thee must tell me truly," said Deborah, speaking in a whisper, "for truth, thee knows, harms less than doubt. There was another man besides the doctor down-stairs. Who was it?"

"I don't know who he was," replied Mrs. Conrad. "Somebody that called to ask about you."

"Did thee see him?"

"Yes."

Deborah's eyes were fixed on Mrs. Conrad's face, reading its slightest change of expression.

"Had thee ever seen him before?"

A slight hesitation, and then—"Yes; once."

"Where?"

"He called to see you several months ago. You remember the time."

Deborah's eyes shut slowly, and a faint sigh stirred her bosom.

"Thank thee," she said, looking up after the lapse of a considerable time. Mrs. Conrad noticed a glimmer of tears. "It was best for thee to tell me."

The long lashes dropped down again, and Mrs. Conrad, as she sat anxiously gazing upon Debo-

rah's face, saw it take on a softer and more peaceful expression, though its sober look remained. She watched her until she lapsed away into a sleep, from which she did not awaken for nearly two hours. Then she had a severe spell of coughing; but there was no return of the bleeding. The doctor came in soon after and found her condition more favorable than he had expected. He still enjoined perfect quiet.

After he had gone away Deborah said to Mrs. Conrad: "Thee must tell me when he calls. I wish to see him."

"You cannot see him to-day nor to-morrow, either," replied Mrs. Conrad, speaking with great decision of manner. "The doctor has forbidden it."

"Forbidden me to see him!" Deborah's voice betrayed surprise.

"Not him in particular; but anybody. And I'm going to mind the doctor."

Mrs. Conrad saw a shade of disappointment.

"Don't be a weak, foolish child; but a sensible woman," she urged. "It might be as much as your life is worth. We can't spare you out of Kedron yet. I can't spare you, and am going to do my best to keep you." And she kissed the girl's forehead lovingly.

Deborah's eyes filled with tears.

"I must see him. It will do me no harm. You cannot judge of this as well as I can."

"Not until to-morrow. To-day's excitement has almost killed you," answered Mrs. Conrad.

"The excitement of waiting will be worse than the excitement of seeing him," said Deborah.

"Thee must let me have my way, friend Conrad. If thee knew what was in my heart thee would not make opposition."

"You beat all for self-will I ever met in my life," returned Mrs. Conrad, losing her patience.

"Not self-will, but obedience to duty," replied Deborah, in a low, even voice.

"Duty! It's no one's duty to commit suicide."

"God will take care of me."

"Humph! Small care He took of you this morning; and small care He's taken of you since you've been going against His laws. One of the things God can't, or won't do, is to see after people who go jumping into lions' dens and fiery furnaces. He lets 'em burn or be eaten up, as I've said before. We've got to use our reason and judgment and take care of ourselves, Miss Norman. That's what He gave us reason and judgment for."

"I am His servant to do His will," weakly answered Deborah. "I heard His voice this morning, and obeyed the call. There was no one else to take the message He wished to send, and so He sent me. It will all be right."

A look of heavenly peace came into her face. As she spoke, the feelings of Mrs. Conrad underwent a change. Deborah seemed as one lifted from the earth, and moving away from her—"drifting heavenward," as she afterward expressed it.

Both were silent after this; Deborah lying with closed eyes like one in restful sleep, and so remaining for a long time. Mrs. Conrad had risen

and was about leaving the room, when she heard a man speaking at the street door. Deborah heard also, and her eyes came wide open.

"Thee will let him see me," she said.

There was something in the tones of her voice that Mrs. Conrad could not resist. Without replying, she went down-stairs, and met Mr. Cheston in the hall.

"How is she?" asked the young man, with repressed anxiety.

"Better; but very weak," replied Mrs. Conrad, assuming the gravest possible demeanor.

"Any return of the hemorrhage?"

"No."

Philip Cheston had entered the little parlor.

"Do you consider her dangerously ill?" His voice quivered as he put the question.

"There may be no immediate danger; but she'll never be well again. She's just killed herself doing good—or trying to do it; which is all the same."

"Never be well again?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not. It looks as if she'd brought on a galloping consumption, the way she's going. I've seen the likes before. Doesn't she come of a consumptive family?"

Mrs. Conrad put the question sharply, and with a tone of mingled anxiety and suspense. It sent a quiver of pain to the face of Cheston. Mrs. Conrad was watching him closely.

"Is her mother living?" she asked, after waiting a few moments for an answer.

Cheston only shook his head.

"Has she been dead long?"

"She died when Deborah was only a baby."

"Of consumption?"

"I don't know. I never heard," replied Cheston. His voice was unsteady.

"Has she sisters?"

"No."

"Nor any near relatives?" Mrs. Conrad's curiosity was beginning to override her feelings.

"I think not."

"Where did she live before she came here?"

"Has she not told you?" asked Philip, with surprise.

"Never a word."

The young man dropped his eyes from the questioning gaze of Mrs. Conrad, and remained silent.

At this moment there came from Deborah's room the faint sound of a bell, and Mrs. Conrad turned away and ran up-stairs. It was nearly five minutes before she came back. Philip Cheston had not ceased his restless walk from side to side of the parlor an instant during her absence.

"Please walk up, sir. Miss Norman wants to see you," said the old lady.

"Will it be best? Will it be safe?" asked the young man.

"No; I am sure it will not," replied Mrs. Conrad, speaking in a very downright way. "I've said all I could; but when her mind's once set on a thing you can't turn her any more than you can turn the wind. The doctor's positive about her being kept from all excitement."

Philip stood undetermined what to do.

"If I were you, I'd put off seeing her until to-morrow," said Mrs. Conrad. "That will give her time to gain a little strength. Just think, sir! she went to see Deacon Strong this morning—it wasn't with my consent, you may be sure—and we had to leave them all alone together. I don't know what they talked about; but she must have got stirred up dreadfully with something he said to her, for she broke down and fainted dead away; and when she came to she fell a coughing, and broke a small blood vessel. Now it stands to reason that she oughtn't to have any more excitement to-day. It's as much as her life's worth."

"You're right—altogether right," returned Philip. "I see it as plainly as yourself."

"Shall I tell her that you will call again to-morrow?"

The young man stood hesitating for a little while.

"Yes," he answered, his voice husky and disappointed.

Mrs. Conrad went back to Deborah. As she opened the door of her room, she encountered her large, bright eyes, in which she saw an instant change.

"He will come to see you in the morning. We both think you've had enough excitement to-day. That will do as well, will it not?"

The shade of disappointment left Deborah's eyes. A softer expression settled about her lips. The old, sweet peace returned.

"It will be best," she said. "I will see him in the morning."

At ten o'clock on the next day Philip Cheston came. Deborah had passed a comfortable night, and appeared stronger; but she was silent and absorbed, and had the appearance of one who had been in company with angels. She reached out her hand as Philip came to the bedside, and gazed into his face with a look that held him back from any outburst of feeling, or from the utterance of a single passionate word. There was nothing cold or repellant in her countenance—nothing meant to set him off to a distance. But he saw no earthly love in its beautified expression; only a divine sweetness and concern that touched and penetrated his inmost consciousness. She was lifted out of the sphere of natural affection; and he felt that she could be nothing to him now but a ministering angel. The hand that still lay in his sent no magnetic thrill to his heart; but its firm clasp and pressure were like those of a hand seeking to save from peril, or to hold back from danger. All this flashed upon him in an instant.

How changed she was since their last meeting! Then he had seen her standing, as it were, only a little way off from him, her personal loveliness increased by the intervening distance, and filling his heart with a deeper passion. Now the old personal charms were veiled under a spiritual grace and beauty that were ineffable. He saw before him an angel, and not a woman. It took some moments of strong self-repression for Philip Cheston to readjust his feelings, and hide from Deborah the inner conflict that was shaking his life to the centre. That she was drifting out upon

a sea from which no ship ever came back, and going to a country whose inhabitants never return to their old dwelling-places, he saw too well. The signs of an early departure were written on every feature of her gentle face; not in waste and exhaustion, but in such tokens as all could read. He did not stoop over and kiss her on lips and brow, for her eyes held him away—not coldly, but with a look of saintly warning that made the loving act impossible.

"I did not dream of this, Deborah," said Cheston, as he took a seat by the bedside, still holding her hand. His voice betrayed the feelings he was striving so hard to keep down.

"Our ways are in His hands," she replied, and a smile touched her lips as she spoke. "He knoweth the times and the seasons."

"But, Deborah," said Philip, in gentle remonstrance, "do we not sometimes take our ways out of His hands, and break His order of times and seasons?"

"It may be so," she answered. "But He soon readjusts all again. His love never fails. If we seek to do His will, He will hold us safely in the hollow of His hand. He will keep us from all evil."

"Has this been so in thy case, Deborah? Has He kept thee from all evil," asked Philip, betraying the doubt that was in his heart.

"What evil has touched me?" she asked.

"Does thee not call this an evil thing that thee is stricken down and thy young life broken? O Deborah!"

"An evil thing to have life made more perfect, Philip?" she answered, in a sweet, low voice. "Not so; I shall lay down this lower, blind, imperfect life, for the higher and better life of my real self; that self of which this weak body is only an effigy."

"But, Deborah," said Philip, subdued by the sphere of her calmness, "our weak bodies are for use in this world, and we have no right to abuse them. I do not believe that God requires of us any service greater than our physical life can sustain. If we weaken or destroy that, our usefulness is diminished or lost altogether."

"Thee did not reason so when thy country was in danger," said Deborah. "At its call thee went to the battle-field."

"Oh, that is different altogether. It was an exceptional emergency in which consequences worse than the loss of life or limb were involved. Love of country, which is a good and noble love, was the force that moved all hearts, and made every true man respond to the voice of duty. But in times of peace and social order, no one is called of God to any service that breaks down the body and dooms it to an early grave."

"If thee will reflect for a moment, thee may see differently. I think thee will not question that the voice of a clearly seen duty is the voice of God. A mother's duty to a suffering child may tax her strength so severely as to break down her health. In nursing the sick, there is often great danger of acquiring a fatal disease. When we see others in peril, duty prompts to efforts at rescue, though it be at the risk of our own lives. Even

as Christ gave His life for us, must we be willing to give our lives for others. 'Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friends.' So thee sees, Philip, that even our lives may sometimes be counted as nothing; and that to give them for others may be our truest service. Such giving, if we are ever called to it, will be wholly acceptable to God, and in it we shall find our highest good."

Deborah spoke in an even, impressive voice, and without effort or excitement. Philip did not answer her. After a little, the maiden went on.

"If we do the duty that is set clearly before us," she said, "God will take care of all the rest. If health should break, or death meet us in the way where He leads our feet, each would prove a blessing in disguise. Loss of health might be the only ladder on which we could climb safely to Heaven, or an early death the highest good in our Father's power to bestow."

She closed her eyes and lay in perfect repose for over a minute, Philip sitting like one spellbound. He saw, what had not appeared before since he came in, two clearly defined spots of crimson on her cheeks, the rest of her face looking whiter by contrast. More than ever did he feel that she was lifted away and dwelling in a region far above him; a region up to which he never expected to rise.

Looking into his face, she said, with just a perceptible throb of feeling in her voice: "O Philip! I wish thee could see as I see, the goodness and loving kindness of God. I wish thee could know what a fullness of life and joy there is in keeping His law—not in the letter merely but in the spirit. I wish thee could feel how satisfying to the soul it is to rest on that sweet promise, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.' Yea, all things, Philip, that can give abiding peace or real delight!"

Deborah grew more earnest, her eyes became brighter, the spots on her cheeks burned to a deeper crimson. Philip Cheston sat silent, but greatly moved.

"O Philip!" she went on, with a pathos in her voice that thrilled him, "if I could only lead thee back to the old paths in which thee stood years ago, ere thy feet strayed worldward, and thy heart set itself on lower things that perish in the using! If I could see thee rising toward the stature of a true and noble Christian manhood, and not sinking into that selfish love of gain that dims like a smoky vapor the image of God in the human soul, and, too often, blots it out forever, there would be a joy in my heart greater than words can tell. O Philip! Philip!"

Deborah had lifted herself from her pillow, and was leaning toward Cheston, the old love which had been covered up and hidden away in the grave of her heart leaping into sudden life, and revealing itself in every lineament, glance and tone. Philip saw it all. He did not stop to think. He only obeyed the impulse that seized him, and reaching out his arms caught Deborah to his breast, and held her there with a strong and loving clasp, from which she did not struggle to get

free. Minutes passed, and still she lay there quiet as a child. At last she moved, and then, as she began slowly disengaging herself, Philip laid her back gently, and in doing so pressed his lips to her forehead. She did not look up nor speak. The red spots were no longer visible. Philip saw a new expression in her face, but could not read its meaning. He sat for many minutes, gazing upon her all the while, and waiting for her eyes to unclothe, that he might look into them and see their loving glances. Slowly a change came creeping over her countenance. Something began to appear that seemed like a veil hiding her from him. The old sense of separation and removal grew palpable to his inner sense. What he had held in his arms a few moments before was only the fair garments of his beloved; her real self was fading from his sight.

"Deborah! dear Deborah!" he cried out passionately, love and fear trembling in his voice.

She opened her eyes and looked at him with a sweet and tender concern.

"Come back again to thy old home!" he went on, eagerly. "Let us be to each other as in former times. Thee shall teach me a better way. O Deborah! without thee I shall drift far out upon the dangerous seas of this evil world, and make of life, I fear, an utter shipwreck."

A shadow fell across the face of Deborah, and her lips drew closer together, showing signs of pain; but her eyes had in them a deeper than any human love as they rested upon Philip.

"Thee must not be deceived," she answered, with a low thrill in her voice. "I shall never go back to the old place. The work given me to do in this world is nearly finished. I have loved thee, Philip, very dearly; and if we had been agreed, we might have walked together. But without agreement that was impossible. Thee chose a way in which I could not go; and my feet were set in paths thee would not enter. And so, as the years went by, we have gone farther and farther away from each other, and in this world can never again move side by side. It is too late, Philip! 'Too late!'"

There was a half-hidden tone of sorrow in the maiden's voice.

"O Deborah! Deborah!" exclaimed Philip, "I cannot part from thee! I will come back from my ways and walk in thine. I will attain, through thee, help to reach that beautiful ideal of life once set before me, and up to which in earlier and better days I did most earnestly aspire. Thee shall be my teacher, my leader, my guide. Dear Deborah! let the old love come back again into thy heart, and send renewing life into every vein. It shall quicken and restore. For thee I will be or do anything."

"Thee does not know thyself, Philip," Deborah replied. "Love of the world and what the world can give thee is the master passion of thy soul; and no great passion is ever set aside by any single effort of the will. Not in this world can we again walk side by side; and thee must place a higher and purer end before thee than the mere hope of joining me in the next, if thee would have that hope fulfilled. Not for me must thee strive

to be or to do anything noble; but for the love of God and humanity. Thee must not look for reward; must not say in thy heart, if I can get this or that, I will be or do anything. No—no—no, Philip! that is not the way. God help thee to see the right!"

Deborah's eyes closed; her lips moved silently; Philip knew that she was praying, and for him. He saw the way that leads to heavenly joy in that moment more clearly than ever before. He had an impression of spiritual force and nearness that filled him with awe and surprise; he was lifted into a perception of God's love and the beauty of his service in a life of self-denial for the good of others, that made his heart glow with something of celestial warmth.

When Deborah raised her eyes again, he did not see in her peaceful face any signs of womanly weakness; but only the pure, strong love of an angel—very calm and very sweet. In almost an instant of time she had seemed to go away from all in him that was of the earth, earthy, and to stand at an almost unapproachable distance.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE WHITE PORTULACCAS TOLD.

BY MADGE CARROL.

MRS. MARCHMONT, keeping a motherly watch over her boarders, discovered that something was the matter. These girls were very near to her, coming as they did season after season, until matrimony led them out of store or away from school-desk, and into homes of their own. She had enough and to spare independent of summer boarders, taking the pale, puny things and turning them into rosy beauties for their sakes, not her own, although she loved the stir and flutter they made in the roomy house. Loved the pat of slipped feet, white robes among her roses, picturesque girl groups, songs on the stairs, whispers under the stars, laughter along the lanes, merry banter on porch or croquet ground—all, all were dear to her. Nay, she even hungered after them half the year while the great house stood alone with its memories.

While they were with her, she watched and worried over them as if they belonged to her, passing over their pomps, vanities and little flurries of temper, because quite sure that the pair under the daisies were not faultless, and might have been just like these had womanhood crowned their fleeting day.

Every summer brought Mrs. Marchmont her girls, and brought the boys after them. Marchmont house being only forty minutes rail ride from the city, made it very convenient for friends and lovers to drop in on Saturday afternoon or Sunday. Beside, beaux were not a scarce article in the immediate vicinity, and were never long in discovering the attractions of the house on the hill.

Something was the matter—a very serious something, too—else Mrs., or Madam Marchmont, as her girls were fond of calling her, would never have dreamed of interfering. Alicia De Forrest was winning Nettie Norwood's lover away. Ma-

dam Marchmont was shown an anonymous letter, and, although strangely silent, instantly traced it to the writer.

Nettie, holding its quiver of poisoned arrows close to her heart, refused all consolation. Something must be done, and that right speedily, to spare her, if possible, further suffering. Madam Marchmont resolved, and for her to resolve was to act.

The girls had yawned through the whole of a rainy summer's day. After a late tea, heavy showers, with frequent flash and thunder roll, extinguished even the hope that somebody would come. Several retired to their own rooms, while the remainder, abandoning every pretence of industry, turned down the lamps. Alicia, wrapping a crimson shawl about her, sought an open window, where the storm breath stirred her hair, and shimmering touches made a picture of her, half gloom, half glitter.

"Let's go out in the kitchen and get Aunt Clo to tell us another story," said one.

"I was just thinking about asking the madam here," chimed another. "She hasn't told us one yet, and I see ever so many in her eyes. Tell us, please, how you met your husband; if it was love at first sight, and all that."

"Why, Caddie!" spoke up Nettie Norwood's reproving voice, "he's dead."

"I know it, but he wasn't always—" dead, the giddy creature would have added, had not several interposed and broken up the sentence.

"Once upon a time, as story-books used to say," began Madam Marchmont, "two young girls came to live under the same roof. Perhaps their proper names were not Zilla and Lilla, but those are the names I mean to give them. Beside themselves, three old ladies, two old gentleman and a sailor lad, that came and went, comprised the household. It doesn't matter why they came to live together, or what relation each occupied to the other, suffice to say it was no very near one, although the young folks called the old people uncle and aunt, each other cousin. Zilla was a country lass, dark-tressed, dark-eyed, peachen-checked. Lilla, a city maiden, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, fair-skinned. Zilla was quick-tempered, warm-hearted, jealous, impulsive. Lilla, patient, fond, trustful, self-controlled. They stood together, hand in hand, one August evening, just after sunset, watching the approach of a traveller. He was young, they agreed, although walking old, and when he bore down upon them with a 'ship a-hoy,' and an unintelligible shout, their very hearts stood still, he was so rude, so handsome.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, ladies," he said, taking off his cap, while every scented breath in the garden round about seemed to run and kiss his bronzed cheek. 'I beg ten thousand pardons. I thought be sure it was my old aunties watching for me. Maybe they didn't get a letter from runaway Ran last month.'

"Such was Zilla's and Lilla's first meeting with their Cousin Randolph Dornan. Coming from the old world, he yet brought a new with him, going again, he seemed to take away everything that

made life desirable. Zilla poured out her heart's grief and was done with it. Lilla laid a stone over hers, and all the while struggled to keep the black waters down. That was the difference between them, girls.

"A few months later he returned, and made a longer stay previous to embarking on a voyage which threatened to take him further from home than he had ever been. This visit was the signal for the curtain's rising on the first act of what was to prove a tragedy. Zilla loved him with all the fervor of her fitful nature, Lilla with that deep, strong adherence of soul that takes hold on life itself.

"One morning, as the three old aunties sat together with their knitting, Charity said: 'I do wish Randolph would take to one of our girls and settle down.'

"Where are your eyes,' exclaimed Aunt Tamar. 'Can't you see he's over ears in love with Lilla.'

"Zilla, listening at the door, writhed as if flames had caught her. Was Ran's preference so apparent that even a half-blind, old woman could not mistake it? She raved and raged in her heart, affirming that if it were so, Lilla should never hear it from his lips. She would follow like a shadow, be on the alert night and day, go hungry, sleepless, uncombed, if needs be, for the sole purpose of preventing a declaration of love. With glittering eyes, fevered cheek and a feigned return of her first fondness for Lilla, Zilla kept her vow.

"Girls, do you see that?" asked Ran, holding up a tiny packet; 'white portulacca seeds. Got them in town yesterday. They're said to come up in any shape you plant them. I'm going to try it after breakfast on Aunt Beulah's red bed, and you're both to stay here. You mustn't look, as the children say. This is the last of March, I'll be far away when they bloom, but I mean to write the name of the girl I love best in all the world, and if I go with the Tropic Bird, you'll know who she is long before I get back.'

"Meeting that deep, bright gaze, Lilla turned so pink, next so pale, there might have been an understanding then and there had not Zilla come between with some poor jest caught at in her frenzy.

"It was Ran's last morning at home, a few minutes later Zilla clung frantically to his arm until he had kissed them all good-bye and gone out to climb the greening hills dipping down into a far-away sea. March winds died away before April's soft, entreating breath, May sunshine sifted through every cloud, and June roses blossomed before tiny green buds pushed in among the sturdier red. Every morning Zilla drew Lilla there to inspect the delicate tracery.

"Printing capitals, Ran said; there's double L in the centre, any way, so it's not Nan Farren. Don't you think it's double L?" said Zilla, on one occasion. On another she was sure L headed the line. There was an odd ring in the laughter hailing the swift red tide on Lilla's cheeks.

"Don't you think they're reaching out the other way at the top?" asked the fluttering voice.

"Yes, there is a slight irregularity, but that's

to be expected. However, if it turns out an L, and that's I next, then two more L's and A, what does it spell?"

"Lilla's replies were faint and few, but from day to day her blue eyes strained over the slowly-forming letters, until suddenly Zilla declared herself out of patience, and made the poor thing promise not to go near the bed for two weeks. At the expiration of that time they went to see what it told. A turn or two along the walks brought them beside it. The flowers were wide open in sunshine, and there in snowy tracery on a crimson ground stood a single name—*Zilla*.

"Dear, good Ran, to want to keep it before me in flowers the summer through!" she cried. "You don't care, of course, Lilla darling. Oh, don't go, I want to tell you something first. I didn't like to let on, but I knew all the while what it was going to be."

"Sure enough she did. She had changed the plants!"

A chorus of exclamations broke from Mrs. Marchmont's hearers.

"Turn the lights lower, girls, and please don't interrupt again. From that very moment Lilla looked as if she had had her death blow. Nothing interested, nothing diverted her. Gentle, quiet, uncomplaining, she moved about like a ghost—a haunting ghost beside. Zilla was never out of her sight. Although seldom actually following, she seemed always watching from afar, and it was to rid herself of this uncanny guard that the girl went to visit some relatives in a distant city. In the midst of summer picnics and festivals, Zilla endeavored to drown remorse, and succeeded so admirably that Aunt Beulah's stereotyped message, 'Lilla is no better,' lost its power.

"During this visit, the deep interest awakened by the man she afterward married proved Zilla's love to have been merely a girl's first passion, and left her with no excuse for the maintenance of her deception.

Arriving at the old homestead after nearly three months' absence, Aunt Charity met her with: "You didn't get my letter in time; but don't grieve, she laid in her coffin like a babe asleep, and had a larger funeral than Jacob Farren, and everybody says he had the largest ever seen in these parts. He was buried just a week before, and Nan—she took it awful hard—came up to me and said—'Aunt Charity, innocent old soul, who never dreamed of the tragedy enacted under her very eyes, might have rambled on indefinitely had not the ghastliness of Zilla's face penetrated the mist of her unavailing tears. 'Don't look so awful,' cried the quavering voice. 'Zilla! Why, Zilla!'" The thin old arms, stretched out protectingly, found themselves in a grip like that of the drowning, while such accents as she had never heard in her life before rung in her ears.

"Who laid in her coffin like a babe asleep?"

"Lilla, child, our own blighted lily; and both of you too late to see her even in her grave-clothes. We met Randolph just as we got back yesterday. The Tropic Bird put back because—"

"Randolph! Randolph!" broke in Zilla, and her voice ascended to a shriek as she dashed from

the house and sought the portulacca bed. There it lay, its crimson steeped in autumnal sunshine, the lines of that white lie startlingly distinct; but she was too late! In her frantic haste, she never heeded a figure there before her, until her hot hands, hurrying to uproot the falsehood, found themselves in a grip tight as iron, cold as steel.

"Girls, I pass over Ran Dornan's words. They were few; they pierced like swords, burned like red coals, and were the last that guilty creature ever heard him speak. He left the house that night never to return. One year later he was lost at sea.

"It would be impossible to depict Zilla's remorse. For months, years, there was neither rest nor peace for her. Great was her sin, heavy its punishment. Believe me, my dears, this breaking of others' hearts and hopes is no trifling matter, although the end may not always be as tragic as my story."

Alicia drew near toward the story's close, and stood listening with quick-coming breath and dark eyes strangely dewy. Mrs. Marchmont, watching these tokens anxiously, met her reward. Nettie's head was lifted from the lounge, where it bent in heaviness of grief; a wet cheek pressed hers drenched with its rain of tears, and into her hand there slipped a tiny note, into her ear a gentle whisper.

"It came yesterday, not very safely sealed, and—and—forgive me, I saw some pleasant words in it. Pardon me for keeping it so long."

A soft, warm glow crossed Mrs. Marchmont's face as she watched this little by-play, while around her buzzed the comments called forth from the party's several members who never dreamed of the story's having had an aim, nor saw that it had gone straight home.

"Poor Lilla, how she must have suffered!" said one. "I loved her best the moment you described her."

"She reminded me of our Nettie Norwood," added another; "and yet I can't tell why." While a third berated Zilla, and a fourth declared Ran to have been too easy. "Something dreadful ought to have happened every day of her life."

"My dears," dropped in the madam's motherly voice, "the author of *Still Waters* says we can tell some of the tragedies of our lives when our soul outgrows them as we outgrow old garments, and give them away. This is very true; you will find it to be so when you have gone along in life as far as I have. There was a time when the slightest mention of these circumstances unnerved me; now I relate them quietly, almost calmly. The verdict in which you doubtless all agree is, that something dreadful ought to have happened this wretched girl every day of her life. Let me assure you that for many years each passing hour brought her misery enough to have satisfied even the most revengeful among you, but God, who judgeth not as we judge, led her at last in pleasant places. I was Zilla!"

NEVER mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if conscience approves.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 9.

IN our family we bake pies of green currant, rhubarb and juicy berries without adding the sugar until we are ready to use them. If sweetened when made the juice is apt to run out into the oven, and fill it with an unpleasant odor that settles on the pies while baking.

We never eat cream and sugar on ripe currants, or canned peaches, just sugar alone. If you would know the reason why it is unwholesome, prepare a dish of either kind of fruit and set it away until morning, and then look at it. You will find it a fermented mass of sour curd; if the night was warm the acid will be bubbling and will appear far from tempting to the appetite. If it looks this way when standing in a dish, untouched, all night, you can conceive how it would be had it been subjected to the heat that is in the stomach. No wonder there are so many severe and sudden attacks of bilious colic in the night after tempting desserts of canned peaches and cream or ripe currants and cream.

I learned this looking at such dishes after they had set in the cupboard all night; and then I once saw a preacher double up like a jack-knife, right in the pulpit, with cramp colic. We sympathising women in the congregation shed tears as we saw him borne away in an easy carriage, howling out direfully in his misery. One of the deacons took charge of the exercises, and he prayed fervently for the smitten shepherd of the flock, and then another deacon followed, and he prayed over the afflictive dispensation and besought that the calamity might prove a blessing and a reminder to all of us, and that the stricken one might be restored to health. Then, for fear he might not, we women cried harder than ever.

As I was going home from church, walking along alone, carrying the burden that this new sorrow had brought to all of us, a special friend of our pastor's overtook me in his carriage, and I rode the rest of the way with him.

I said: "Do you think our preacher will ever get well?"

He smiled, and, looking around to see that no one was near enough to hear him, he said: "Don't tell of it, Pipsey; don't let it ever be known, but that man was only paying the penalty of one of nature's known laws broken, one of her laws that he had outraged. I ate breakfast with him this morning; he was not hungry, and said so, but he forced himself to eat something, and you never would guess what that was. I told him he'd better take care, that he was offering an insult to nature and very probably she would be avenged. He ate a saucer full of ripe red currants with cream and sugar on them, and then finished up with a cup of hot tea. We were a little late getting started and we came on horseback those five miles, trotting

and cantering all the way. As soon as we reached the church, services commenced. Well, put this and that together—the cream, and currants, and hot tea, the anxiety for fear we would be too late, the brisk, hard ride in the beaming sunshine, and you will understand the dispensation."

I don't know that I ever chanced to do such a cute thing as I did the other evening! It makes me feel good yet. My brother came hurrying into the house when the sun was about an hour high, saying: "I have to go to — to meet my Masonic brethren yet to-night, and I will want a clean handkerchief and a pair of cotton socks."

I said: "Well," in a thoughtful way, and then added, "how soon do you want them, Bub? are you in a very great hurry?"

"As soon as I can bathe and shave, but don't put yourself to any extra trouble, Pipsey," was the answer.

I was puzzled—there was plenty of handkerchiefs but no socks. I hurried to the bureau and said: "Wonder how I can manage now?" There was a nice lot of my own and the girls' hose worn out and ready to give away to some mother to cut over for her little ones. The idea struck me that I could cut over a pair for him and make a very good substitute. I cut the feet off and rounded the lower end of the leg to make it like the toe of a sock, turned it and sewed it up on the wrong side, and he had as clean a pair of socks as the house afforded. When he tried them on he pronounced them just the thing. They settled down to his feet, and fitted very well, and looked quite socky, and soon assumed the curves required of toe and heel and instep. I told him, when they began to wear out he could turn them so that it would bring the heel on the instep, and that would be a clear gain over the old style of hose.

To ice tarts: moisten the paste with cold water and sift white sugar over it the last thing before putting it into the oven. Some prefer baking until quite done, then take from the oven and brush it over with the white of an egg well beaten, then cover with sifted sugar and return to the oven and bake until done.

I often make a loaf cake, of which my family are very fond. I think it is the best lunch for men in the harvest-field, or to take to a picnic, if you don't want to carry a variety of provision with you. On baking-day I take dough enough to make one small loaf of bread, after it has risen twice and been kneaded back, I work into it three cups of sugar, three eggs, a spoonful of cinnamon, one cup of butter and a heaping cupful of raisins. I butter a pan, and lay this loaf in it to rise, and, when light, bake it with a moderately hot fire. To glaze it, I beat the yolk of an egg and spread it on with a small brush made of the ends of feathers, set it in the oven a minute or two and it is done. If one prefers, she can sift sugar over it

immediately after the glazing is put on. This loaf-cake is very easily made, and no trouble at all on regular baking-day; it can be the last and most leisurely loaf baked.

I told you that the young Presbyterian preacher had rooms at the deacon's. Well, so far he likes us and we like him. He is modest and unassuming, and in all his ways he is marvellously like a good preacher of the Baptist persuasion. He has a fine library, and we have free access to it. Sometimes he sits in the parlor with us until bed-time, but generally he stays in his own room. The girls and I keep very quiet on Saturday evenings, because we know he is studying and finishing his sermon for the next day. Sometimes Ida says on those evenings: "Oh, I would like to play some, but I must not disturb the village parson!"

Not long since, however, she could not resist the temptation, and she said she would touch the keys so softly he would think the sound was only the summer breezes in the tops of the pines. Very dreamily she played "The Lone Rock by the Sea," suggested by the picture of Evangeline hanging in range of her eyes. She had hardly finished until there was a soft but hasty step overhead, and in less than a minute we heard the same air played on a flute. It was very beautiful—soft and mournful, and touching enough to make one see through a mist of tears. At its close we applauded enthusiastically, and it was repeated.

Then followed "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Pleyel's Hymn," and "Hail Columbia," and "Annie Laurie," and "Windham;" and then the long-silent flute that had lain for years, full of music, in the bottom of the young theologian's trunk among essays, and maiden efforts, and notes, and skeletons of sermons, sailed off sweetly in the old familiar air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

For perhaps half an hour the poor pastor of Pottsville Church forgot his twelve years of hard study, and discipline, and sacrifice, and preparation, and the hurts and stings that come from a not over-appreciative charge; he felt himself to be the beardless boy again, leaving home and friends, and striking out into the world to try its sober realities; he was the harvester, and the writing-teacher, and the clerk, and the district school-teacher; and all of these laborious long twelve years were for the moment as though they had never been.

No serenade was ever sweeter than those delightful airs played on the flute that night. Father sleeps in a room joining the library, and he enjoyed it exceedingly. His favorite piece on the flute is that exquisite air set to the words, "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," Byron's best poem, and he was just going to call for it when the parson played it. Father was delighted; so were the girls and I; and our kind entertainer told us the next morning that for an hour he had "been a boy again," and had forgotten even that he wore clerical cloth and a white necktie, and was under solemn obligations to conduct himself with proper decorum. He said

probably we would never hear him again; that he had put the flute away down in the bottom of the trunk, and buried it among papers, where it would stay out of his sight and not tempt him any more. But we shook our heads, and intimated that the boy and the flute were old-time companions and friends, and their intimacy should be resumed; that it was conducive of good, and was the rarest kind of recreation.

Lily drew my attention to a very beautiful and touching incident the other day. A gentleman, a graduate of one of our Eastern colleges, was taking tea with us; he sat beside father. Now our father is an old man, and clings to the old ways of his boyhood; his habits are very much the same that they were sixty years ago; he even pronounces a great many words, especially geographical names, as he was taught then. Not for the world would we thrust any of these latter day innovations upon him; so when he eats as his spelling-book taught him, "eat with your knife in your right hand and your fork in the left," we approve of it. It was right in his boyhood and in his manhood; custom sanctioned it; and now in his old age to him it is still correct, and not one of us would have it otherwise, nor would we ever think of being ashamed of his old-time ways.

Lily said she saw the gentleman observe our father's custom, and then take up his own knife and eat with it, just as father did with his. I think that was the kindest and tenderest act of politeness that could have been shown to father. It was very expressive, and to us it was touching.

I never saw but one instance as kind as this. A gentleman born in Ireland, who graduated in my own State, at the earnest solicitation of his excellent wife, sent for his aged parents to come and spend the remainder of their lives in his family. They were a poor couple, and very old-fashioned in their ways, and superstitious in their belief—likewise Catholics.

Now I know there is not one woman among one hundred, the world over, who would welcome to her heart and home a mother-in-law under like circumstances. My friend was the leading woman in the city where she lived, but she was not one of those to care for, or stand in awe of, that iron rule—"What will people say?"

After the old couple had lived with them a year or two, my friend urged me to visit her; said father and mother wanted to see me, and she wanted I should see her babies. I went. The old lady was a very sweet-faced woman, dressed as I could very indistinctly remember seeing my old grandmother dress. She wore a white cap puffed up high in the full crown, full bordered, with pleated footing all round it, and tied under the chin. She wore a three-cornered white cambric kerchief crossed precisely over the bosom, and snugly pinned down between the shoulders, the sleeves of her dress tight at the wrist, but full about the arm-place, and coming well up on the shoulders, and a long, narrow, black bombazine apron with white tape strings. The father was dressed up in his best, and looked stiff and ill at ease; careful of his short-waisted, swallow-tail

coat, and as anxious to make a good impression as though he had been a young man. Oh, they both talked at once! He told stories of St. Patrick, and the snakes, and toads, and of the little folks—or something I cannot quite remember—that seemed to rise up out of the ground one night and laugh at him, and trip his feet from under him, and annoy him when he was on his return home from some jolly gathering.

He had seen fairies and gnomes and had often walked on his bare knees over the rough, flinty road and kissed the Blarney Stone.

I had a delightful visit with the old couple. When we went to church our roads separated about half way, we went to our church and they to the Catholic. The son and daughter laid no restrictions on them whatever, they only lived in hopes that in time their roads would not separate, as then, on their way to the house of God. I resolved then that if I ever had a father-in-law and mother-in-law, I would be to them in every sense what my friend was to hers.

To make a nice grape preserve, squeeze each grape between the thumb and finger, so as to remove the pulp, put these into one dish and the skins into another, then put the pulps into a preserving kettle and scald them, as soon as they melt strain them through a fine cullender or sieve so as to separate the seeds. Place the liquid thus obtained, together with the skins and a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, in the kettle and boil them twenty minutes. If the skins are tough press out all the juice you can, and leave them out of the preserve.

Two ladies inquire how to clean windows in a new house. If spattered with paint, wet a sponge in ammonia and you can cleanse them almost immediately; if with lime or whitewash, rub with a bit of pumice stone, don't wash them first, that will only set the lime. If your hands are stained with fruit or berries, nowdays, while you are canning and preserving, use oxalic acid diluted with warm water, that will take off all dark stains. If they are hard and rough, or inclined to chap, or crack, rub them with a few drops of glycerine. Sometimes you cannot obtain a pure article readily, the adulterated can be detected by the smarting and burning when applied.

I thought Ida's way of cooking very small potatoes yesterday was something new and nice and it looked pretty, too. They were small, and she rubbed them in warm water briskly until the tender skins were all washed off. Then she boiled them done not so they would break apart—just boiled barely done. A tureen was waiting hot, and as soon as the steam dried them off they were turned it, a few lumps of butter laid among them, a dash of pepper added, and a mere sprinkling of salt, the heated cover put on the tureen, a spoon laid beside it, and, really, small potatoes as they were, it made a very good and pretty addition to the dinner-table. Now, if the Pottses had been a large family, embracing many little Potts, then the dish would not have been suitable with-

out a supply of gravy for the appreciative little dears.

Women often tell me that their canned tomatoes do not taste at all like fresh, ripe ones, but are dark colored, and strong, and not well-flavored. Now, I learned three things about canning tomatoes by experience, that are invaluable to me, and I will be glad if I can benefit any of the sisterhood by imparting what I know. Three things: the tomatoes must be barely ripe, nothing more, must be canned the same day they are picked and cooked only long enough to heat them through thoroughly. If over-ripe, the fine tomato-y flavor will be gone when they come to the table; decay commences just as soon as fruit is plucked; if cooked too long the seeds will impart a bitter flavor that is anything but palatable, and if nearly all the juice is poured off before canning, they will be better when you cook them next May, if you supply its place by boiling water out of the tea-kettle. Now, I tell you the truth, and I hope you will prove it for yourselves. Our canned tomatoes of late years are precisely like freshly gathered ones, just as good. If I am canning many, I wash the kettle frequently, for fear some over-cooked particles may adhere to it and give them a strong, ill flavor. I prefer new tin cans every year for tomatoes.

I have had the dress I am wearing to-day—a dotted black calico—for more than a year, and it is just as pretty as it was at first. I always liked black prints, only that they would wash dingy, but now I know how to save them and make them retain their freshness.

Take the dress when it needs washing and dip it in a pail of salt and water, see that it is well wet through, wring it and hang it out to dry. After it is dry it can be washed the usual way and will not fade. One wetting in the salt water is all that is required. Do this before washing-day that the dress may be perfectly dry.

A lady asks what will remove the stain of sweet apple juice from a white garment. Oxalic acid diluted with water; rinse well afterward. Two applications may be required. To whiten and soften unbleached muslin use chloride of lime, I forget the exact proportion—your neighbor across the street will tell you. This preparation will also remove mildew; a weak solution, say a heaping teaspoonful to a quart of water. After the chloride is added to the water, you must strain it carefully lest some of the particles adhere to your goods and rot the fabric. If the mildew does not disappear after the first dipping, try it again, laying it out in the sunshine. Rinse well afterward.

A practical, intelligent lady, one who looks well to the ways of her household, gives the following method of making number one sweet pickles. I never tried them yet, but I am just as sure that they are good as though I had tested them. She says: There are three points of prime importance in making good pickles—good fruit, good vinegar and always to make them up fresh when wanted; and the following are her directions:

Fill a large jar half full of unmistakably pure cider vinegar, and then drop in from time to time any fruit you may wish to pickle. All fruit should be ripe, but not soft. Cherries, plums and grapes require no preparation. Peaches and pears should be pared, and if of good size cut in halves and steamed a few minutes until tender, then dropped into the vinegar. Keep them covered until wanted for use. Pick the cucumbers when less than a finger long and put them in a separate empty jar and sprinkle each lot with coarse salt; and to make pickles of watermelon-rinds—and these are usually the most popular of all—pare them and cut them into strips two or three inches long, and treat them like the cucumbers.

To prepare for immediate use, freshen as many cucumbers and melon strips as are wanted, and steam the latter until tender, which will often take half an hour or more. Now drop into an empty jar the cucumbers and melons, and a handful or more each of the different fruits taken from the vinegar. Heat some fresh cider vinegar boiling hot, throwing in a liberal handful of brown sugar, and pour over the pickles. Let them stand from two to four days, when they will have drawn out nearly all the value of the vinegar. Now drain off and scatter sticks of cinnamon and whole allspice among the pickles, but never use cloves, as they blacken the fruit. Heat another lot of vinegar boiling hot, add sugar till it tastes quite sweet, and pour over the pickles, and in a day or two they will be ready for use.

Some of the boys in the village stole Sister Bodkin's fat young chickens, and she was greatly troubled about it, and was telling me how it vexed her. The doctor's few chickens roost out among the trees in his back lot during the hot weather. She had been trying to catch them and put them in the hen-house at night, but it only frightened them and made them more unmanageable. Then I told her how I managed to get ours into the hen-house when the boys used to steal them. I made up a panful of feed and stood near the hen-house, and beat the spoon on the pan, and called, "Chicky! chicky!" and scattered the feed. The first time only a few partook, the next time they all came up, and the third evening I got every one into the hen-house by tapping on the pan and calling, and scattering a little feed outside the door, and the bulk of it inside. I entrapped them thus without any trouble, and with a very moderate amount of strategy. I then secured the door, and the fowls roosted on the perches unmolested till the next morning.

Before I tried this plan, I asked my brother Rube if he thought I could wheedle them into those quarters; but he hooted at me, and said: "No, ma'am, you'll just have to drive 'em with clubs, somehow this way;" and with a voice like a trumpet he took after an old hen of good character with twenty-two little chicks and scattered them over an acre of high, tangled grass, and that just at sunset.

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 9.

SATURDAY, P. M.—You must not think because I have to reprimand my girls sometimes that we jangle and quarrel, or that any one sulks or pouts, or is permitted to be disagreeable. If it comes to that, I shall send off the girl that makes the trouble. We have rules, and they must be observed strictly. But I did very genially remonstrate with two of my girls the other day for a very common fault.

We were looking at the photographs in Mrs. McWilliams's albums, my girls and I; the pictures are mostly of girl students who have been here and gone to seminaries and colleges. Elsie was admiring a beautiful photograph of Esther Lynn Fairfield, one of the former students, when Mary leaned over her shoulder and said: "Oh, she had Molly's silk dress on, hadn't she?"

I felt my anger kindle that instant. Her words were unkind; there was no call for her to impart her knowledge on this occasion; and right before all the girls I said: "Mary, how would you like it if a company of ladies were looking at your photograph, some of them strangers whom you had never seen, but whose good-will you would value, and a pert little miss would volunteer the information, 'Oh, she had on Molly's silk dress—she has none of her own!'"

Mary grew red, and then redder, and she was so mortified that the perspiration started on her forehead, and she looked distressed indeed. I didn't care much. I meant to punish and humiliate her. It is not the first time she has spoken so thoughtlessly, and in a way unkind and uncalled for.

We are all too careless about our speech. I often think, "thy speech betrayeth thee," of people who would be esteemed as kind-hearted, and above the faintest degree of tattling, or vilification, or ill-speaking of another. No matter if they do put on gentle ways and tenderness of expression, and seem saint-like, if duplicity is in the soul, if they are at all jealous, or envious, or vicious, or ill-disposed, it is hidden in the heart, and before they are aware of it their speech will betray them. It is well that it is thus.

It is not uncommon to hear a girl speak lightly of another after the manner that Mary did of Esther Fairfield. I have known of young ladies seeking an opportunity in which to artlessly inform a gentleman that the fine figure he admired in her rival was due to the dressmaker's art; or that the wealth of hair which he had called her crown of gold was an adroit arrangement of false braids and puffs, not of her own hair; or that the beautiful gold watch and chain that she wore belonged to her brother Dick's wife; or that her aunt wrote the essays and lectures she read so charmingly before the lyceum. Now I call this very unkind; no woman should speak lightly or sneeringly of another.

Oh, the poison that lurks in these soft little insinuations! They are worse than downright assertions, for they are so sly, and they intimate so much.

I was telling the girls a story the other day, a true story, while we were discussing the evils of mere intimations and hints.

I remember, one time, my mother had company, some of the ladies were invited to tea, and the name of a new comer happened to be mentioned, and an old woman present, Katy McGreggor, blurted out: "Kimball! Kimball! wonder if they are any ways related to the Kimballs in York State. I knew old man Kimball like a book, and I guess I'll not forget his daughter Jemima very soon. She married a Davis, and he was killed by a tree, and then a couple o' years afterwards she married her cousin, Gillam Kimball, and they settled on Pine Creek and raised a big family. Gill was as poor as Job's turkey, and all his girls were 'bleeged to work out, and I did hear that Gill and Mime got so poor and shiftless that they couldn't get along and s'port the family, and a they gin away two or three of the smallest young uns. No, I'll not forget Jemine Kimball very soon," and she looked down and puckered her mouth wisely and jerked her head sidewise.

"What might be the name of the new comer at the dug road? his first name?" said the wise woman.

Some one answered: "I heard them call him Gill, now I come to think of it, but I don't know whether it's Gillam, or Gilbert, or Gilman, or Gilliland, or what."

"Poh, I'll warrant it's old Gill's son Gill," said the wise woman; "used to call him young Gill to tell him apart from old Gill; if he is, he's Jemine's son. Hope he's not like his mother, at least in one way," and the wise woman sucked in her lower lip, and drew down her nose, and her very ears seemed to stick up with good feeling.

"What did you know about Jemima Kimball? You might as well tell us and let us know, too," said an inquisitive woman.

"Oh, least said, soonest mended," was the reply.

She was agonizing to tell the secret, but some kind one turned the subject and choked off the supply of gossip for that time.

She did tell it, however, for in less than two months the story was creeping around from one to another that Gillam Kimball's mother, when she was Jemima Stout, lived at Katy McGreggor's father's, and, one day, Mother McGreggor missed a five-franc piece out of old man McGreggor's leather wallet, and she up and charged Mime with stealing it, and Mime denied it, and they tried every way to get her to confess, and so, one day, when old man McGreggor was getting out his horse to go off and consult a fortune-teller about the whereabouts of the silver piece, why Mime got as pale as a sheet and leaned against the dresser to keep from fainting, and as soon as she came to, she up and confessed and told the whole story. She told them to go and look in a little hole in the side of the old pippin tree beside the path to the meadow, and down in it, tied up in a blue rag, they would find the piece of silver. She cried like a baby and begged of them, for mercy's sake, not to expose her, said she'd rather die than have the truth get out.

They found the money and promised her, if she

would work for seventy-five cents a week, they'd not tell on her. She promised, and though she lived in the family for years, they never knew of any breach of trust after that; there never was a kinder, better, more faithful girl, and they never told any person until after Jemima married and left the neighborhood, and then the story got out, and, somehow, it followed her wherever she went.

This event had transpired probably forty years or more before the woman told it at the tea-party. Does any one suppose that a good deed done by old Mrs. McGreggor forty years before that time would have lived in the memory of men, or women, or neighborhoods? Surely not; it is the bad we do, the evil, perhaps, unwittingly done, that lives and fattens on the lapse of time, and after generations and generations have come and gone, the evil will rise up in its might and be a power and a terror.

Well, to make a long story short, the report ran through the neighborhood that Gillam Kimball's mother had been a thief from her very girlhood, and that it was advisable to watch this man, that he had a hang-dog look, that he had been seen out after night with a bag on his shoulder, that he stared at one strangely, and that he was startled and had a guilty look if one met him suddenly.

The story grew, and watch-dogs were in great demand, padlocks were put upon smoke-house doors, and cellar doors were fastened on the inside, and boys slept inside of corn-cribs and wheat-bins. The poor man could get no work to do, the wife was passed by silently, the gaunt, little, white-faced children stood aloof from others at school, and cowered and cried over the taunt of "thief! thief!"

The poor-masters called to see the family to make arrangements for disposing of them as paupers. They saw a sad sight. They were eating something that looked like thick swill, with lumps of hard corn bread in it. The nursing mother was the merest shadow, and the dear baby a skeleton. The father, shaking all over from weakness, told a straight story; he told of the one error of his mother's young girlhood following him wherever he went, that he was willing and able to work, but no one would trust him or befriend him. He begged for kind treatment, for work to pay for the bare necessities of life, and these men, with hearts touched by pity and remorse, gave him all he asked, and in a few years he had lived down the report and was one of the most respectable men in his township.

We cannot be careful enough of what we say of others. Saddest of all is a blight resting on the fair name of a woman. I tell my girls if they ever hear anything against the character of a woman, to be sure and not repeat it, let it stop with them, and let them make an effort to forget it, or to think of it with feelings of charity and kindness. Don't add a feather's weight to another's sorrow; don't whisper an unkind surmise or intimation; don't yield to a spirit of envy or jealousy; and don't allow yourself to dislike a girl just because she enjoys blessings, and opportunities, and favors that fortune has denied yourself.

Religious Reading.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

BY RICHMOND.

"DOWN in the valley again! It's too bad! Why don't you live among the hills? It's just as easy, and far more delightful. Come, come, Anna Clayton! Out of these shadows and into the light!"

A pair of troubled eyes were lifted to the speaker's face.

"It may be easy for you but not for me, Mrs. Leslie. Temperaments differ, and so do the circumstances and influences by which we are surrounded."

"Yes, I know; but one may get to the light if he will, unless locked in a dungeon."

"It's as dark around me as if I were in a dungeon."

"And you are in one; but the door is not locked. Open the door and come out into the warm sunshine."

"It is so easy to talk," was answered, the tones a little impatient. Selfish sorrow is not amiable. It is an unhealthy state of feeling, and open to the influx of unhealthy influences.

"Talking is easier than acting, I know; but if we would be well and do well, we must act. The listless mind and folded arms never do any thing for us. Our dungeon doors will remain shut forever, unless our own hands open them."

"It is so dark, sometimes, that one cannot find the door."

"Is that your case?"

"I am afraid it is; at least just now."

"Shall I help you to find it?"

"Yes, if you will;" the tones were gentler now.

"Truth is a door. 'His tender mercies are over all His works.' This is a truth, and a door through which you may pass out into the sunshine. 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' Here is another door. 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.' Another. Every dark chamber into which we shut ourselves from the light of heaven has more than a thousand doors that will open at our touch. Try this—'The Lord is my strength and song, and He has become my salvation;' or this—'O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy is forever;' or this—'blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.' I see so many doors, on the right hand and on the left, that I cannot point you to one in a hundred. Stretch forth your hand, swing back one of them, my friend, and walk out into the light of God's tender love. It shines for you as it shines for every human soul."

"I know, I know," answered the sad-hearted woman in a softer voice. "God is good, and kind

even to the unthankful and the evil. His tender mercies are over all His works."

Tears were in her eyes; but light broke through the tears.

"Every precious truth in God's holy Word is a door through which the prisoned human soul may pass into light and liberty if it will," said Mrs. Leslie. "But we must do something besides opening our prison doors; we must walk out. Truth is the door, and doing what the truth teaches is going out through this door into light and liberty. It can avail but little to push open a door, and still remain in our gloomy cell. It will soon swing back and shut us in again. Through the one that opened for you just now: 'Blessed are they that do His commandments,' walk into the light, and receive the comfort and peace your loving Father is waiting to bestow."

"Do? Do? O, what can I do, Mrs. Leslie?"

"His commandments," was the quiet answer.

The eager light went out of the friend's face, and the shadows that lifted a moment before crept down over it again.

"Every precept of God's Holy Word is a commandment. 'Do good and lend hoping for nothing again;' 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' These are commandments, and you cannot do any one of them if you sit still in the darkness with folded hands. Doing good is active work, and only from action comes delight. Is there no one you can help? No one whose life might not be made sweeter through your ministry? No one to whom you might do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again? Think, Anna!"

There came at this moment, from the chamber window of a wretched little house, standing not far away, the pitiful cry of a sick child. Anna Clayton turned her head to listen, while an expression of pain went swiftly across her face.

"O dear! There it is again! I've heard it for hours. It will set me wild!"

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," said Mrs. Leslie, in a low, earnest voice. "Even now the Lord stands knocking at that door. Open it, and let Him take your hand, and lead you forth to do His will."

"What do you mean?" Anna had risen to her feet, all her face alive with feeling.

"The cry of a sick baby—one of the Saviour's little ones—is in your ears. It has been there for hours, and all unheeded. Is there nothing you can do to ease its pain?—to wipe away its tears?—to give it sleep? He giveth his beloved sleep."

A few minutes afterward, Anna Clayton, roused from her inactivity, stood bending over a poor, wasted child, hot with fever, and moaning in pain. Its large bright eyes were fixed upon her with an appealing look that stirred all the fountains of pity in her soul.

"Poor, poor baby!" she said, with a sob in her voice, "What can I do for you?"

She did not have to wait for an answer. Her eyes saw many things to do; enough to keep her hands for some time busy; and busy they were, until the wasted form of the little one had received the comfort of a warm bath and clean garments, and its weary, suffering spirit had found the blessing of sleep.

The cries of that poor sick baby did not trouble her any more, for she had not only hushed its cries, but she kept them still by daily ministries. She had found an open door by which to pass into the sunshine of God's love which is poured down upon every heart that will open itself to its light

and warmth; and had gone through it at the call of duty. In blessing she was blessed.

And not alone through one door did she find her way to the light, but through many. If, under the influence of old states, that will come back at times upon all, Anna Clayton found herself in darkness—shut up as one in a dungeon: she remembered the admonition of her friend, and hearkened through some divine precept for the voice of Him who is ever saying to us in our selfish isolation and suffering: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." And when she heard she opened the door through obedience and came into the light of God's presence; and all who so come into His presence are blessed indeed.

Mother's Department.

QUERIES ANSWERED.*

BY CELIA SANFORD.

A MOTHER in the May number of the HOME asks, "How shall I teach my boy the *true use of money*? I want him to be generous and just, neither a prodigal or miser."

And what is the true use of money? Is it not something with which to do good? Is not that money best and most usefully spent by which the greatest amount of good is effected? I pity the person who loves money merely for its own sake; that goes on day after day through a whole life, scraping together the shining dust, and hoarding it away where it will never—at least in his lifetime—do any one good; who never sacrifices his own tastes and preferences for another's good, and never feels the thrill of pleasure that comes from the performance of a kindly deed. I have in my mind, now, a little boy of less than ten years of age, who, if you call at his home, will hasten to place beside you a box containing nearly twenty dollars in pennies and three and five-cent pieces, the hoarded accumulation of all the years of his little life. He never puts his hand into the box and withdraws a shining piece to buy for himself a ball, top, picture-book, or fishing-tackle, or any of the many things that boys love so well—much less to put in the contribution-box, or buy an orange, toy or book for a sick child, or an apple or cake for one whose life is barren of luxuries. Not he! his money is dearer to him than the luxury of doing good, or even his own gratification; and his parents—though not miserly themselves—are short-sighted enough to praise and pet him for his money-getting and money-saving habits, thus strengthening him in a habit that will undermine every noble quality of his soul; and as he stands

beside you and looks up earnestly into your face, you understand his mute appeal to mean a request for two things, neither of which you can in conscience grant. One is a penny to add to his gains, and the other, a smile or word of approval for the wonderful faculty that he displays.

"I saved last year a dollar more than I did the year before, and I mean this year to save two dollars more," he says, and a shiver runs through me as I note the smile that plays over his features as he speaks, a smile—not sweet, and bright, and befitting his childish face—but hard and glittering like that that lights a miser's face at the clinking of his gold.

I never look into his young and really intelligent face without a feeling of inexpressible sadness, that his future should be shadowed with such a dark presence; and, mother, I would have you shun such a course of training for your child, as you would shun the plague. On the other hand, any approach to prodigality should be avoided. Money burns in some people's pockets, and makes such a big hole that everything that is put in drops out past finding. And the person that is extravagant and prodigal knows almost as little of the true value of money as the miser. Teach your son that he is responsible for the right use of whatever money is placed in his hands, and that he has no right to squander a penny, or waste it upon things of no value. Teach him to be always prompt and exact in discharging any obligation that may rest upon him, and that it is wrong to make a promise or appointment that he is not quite certain he can fulfil. It is better to be honorable and upright than to be shrewd and cunning, with an eye to the best chance, regardless of the interest of others. If you teach him to value money according to the amount of real good which may be accomplished with it, and that while it is his duty to be diligent, prudent and frugal, it is also his duty to be benevolent and helpful, you are helping him to build up a character for honor and usefulness.

And this work cannot commence too early. The heart of the child is like soft clay, capable of receiving almost any impression. Everything

* In our July number, Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON, in an excellent and carefully-considered article answered the queries of "VARA," which appeared in the May "Home Circle." We have received many replies to these queries, but cannot, of course, give them all. The one in this number will be found very good, and we commend it to the attention of all who have the care of children.—ED. HOME MAG.

stamps it, but the stamps are not so easy to remove. Few have sufficient respect for habit—the way it is formed, and the difficulty with which it is broken, the magical power with which it smooths the rough path of duty, and enables one to shun the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield which may at first be woven of threads as light as gossamer, and which yet grows into the strength of steel. The cultivation of proper habits are of greatest importance, and it takes "line upon line, precept upon precept." Isolated acts will not accomplish much, except as they are combined together. There must be faithful and persistent training. A sculptor does not fashion a human countenance at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand rough blows cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time, but at last the full likeness comes out and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So it will be with the character of your child; and when, in the future, your son stands before you a noble, honorable, useful, self-sacrificing man, you will feel that your loving labor is repaid a thousand fold.

QUERY No. 2.—"How shall I teach a sensitive, imaginative child, one who is timid, to be brave and self-reliant? My boy, who is nearly four years old, and was born and lives in the city, is afraid of all loud noises, etc."

Doubtless the difficulty commences farther back than the child's birth, but it is with the facts not the causes that we have to do. A lady of my acquaintance, living in the country, had a little son who was exceedingly timid, and afraid, as you say, of all loud noises, or, indeed, of any noise not entirely familiar to him. It seemed as if he could never get used to the ordinary sounds about the house. The sewing-machine, the spinning-wheel, the barking of the dog or the pattering of rain upon the roof would almost throw him into convulsions. He would cling in terror to his mother's bosom if she carried him up-stairs or into any room where he was unaccustomed to go. And as he grew old enough to run about, he clung to her skirts continually, and was a source of constant anxiety to her, and she set herself resolutely to the task of correcting the evil, and to do this she was obliged to lay a steady hand upon her own nerves—for she was herself very timid and sensitive—and whatever her feelings she never suffered herself to appear in the least disturbed in his presence.

If he was startled ever so little, she would draw him quietly to her, and with his head pressed to her bosom and his hand clasped in hers, she would tell him, in a cheery voice, some little story suited to his understanding of God's watchcare over His children. She taught him that God was loving and kind, and always watchful over the least of His works, that He could see in the dark as well as in the light, and that nothing happened without His permission, and as he grew older she was never harsh, never scolded him for being afraid, and never sent him alone into the dark, or even into an unoccupied room, but together they would wander, hand in hand, in the dark, up-stairs and

down, he clinging closely to her, and she talking and laughing assuringly. If some sudden sound disturbed him, she would throw aside her work and laughingly challenge him to go with her to hunt up the bugbear, and when it was found they would make themselves merry over the needless alarm.

She never left him alone with servants, or with ignorant and thoughtless persons who delight to pour into the eager, listening ears of childhood marvellous stories of ghosts, and witches, or supernatural sights and sounds.

Patiently she met and vanquished his fears, and unweariedly she strove to instil into his young mind principles of faith and trust in Him whose kindly care is over all His works, and as time passed, she had the satisfaction of seeing his natural timidity give way; and to-day she is proud to recognize in her son the qualities of a brave, self-reliant, Christian man.

QUERY No. 3.—"Is it not best in the case of nervous, imaginative children *not to talk much* on religious subjects, but rather to let your children see by your daily walk, etc.?"

Perhaps not to have set religious talks—certainly not anything that approaches to dry, sermonizing talks—and these when you wish to convey reproof to your child. Anything of the kind would be injurious. Some people, eminent for piety, so misunderstand the minds of children and are so injudicious in the application of religious truths and lessons, that they repel their children, and create in them a distaste for the sweet, simple truths of Christianity, till, as soon as they are left to themselves, they are ready to break away from all religious restraint.

But you may present to your child the beautiful lessons and teachings of the Gospel in such a pleasant, alluring form, that he shall understand and love them, and they shall be as bright, golden threads inwoven into the very warp and woof of his life. You may unfold to his tender mind pleasing stories and incidents from the Bible, as he nestles in your arms in the twilight hour, or plays at your feet, till he shall become familiar with every portion of Bible history, and its truths are indelibly stamped upon his heart, and he becomes so interested in mamma's Bible stories, that to be deprived of them for an evening would be the severest form of punishment he could undergo.

You can make the Sabbath a joy and delight to him, not by indiscriminately banishing all his little toys, and interdicting every childish outburst of feeling, while your face wears a reproving look if he happens to stroke Tabby or pull Prince's ears. Children are children, Sabbath or weekday, and while you are careful to direct his thought and movements into the right channel, you may still allow him all the freedom that is compatible with the sanctity of the Sabbath. Take him with you to church, read and sing to him, and amuse him with pleasant stories; take him out to walk, and as you point out to him the beauties of nature, teach him to see the finger of God in every beautiful thing, and he will regard the Sabbath, not as an irksome day, but as the

pleasantest in all the week, because then mamma has the most time to bestow upon him.

Be on the look-out to turn every little incident that happens day by day into a pleasing lesson of trust in God, or self-denial, or to establish some ennobling virtue. Labor to present every little truth in the most attractive form; even duties that seem harsh and stern may be sugar-coated with

love, and thus rendered light and easy; and remember, mother, that the precious time of seed-sowing is of short duration, and suffer no pleasure or self-indulgence to interfere with your duty, and may the future life of your son be as pure, and noble, and virtuous as a mother's loving heart could wish.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

IN THE WOODS WITH COUSIN GRACE.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

A GRASSHOPPER sprang up from the ground and lighted on the hand of Charley Wilson. The little boy turned pale, and cried out in fear. It was his first day in the country, and he had never before seen a live grasshopper.

The children laughed at his terror, and some of them called him a coward. The word made his pale cheeks grow crimson, for he knew its meaning but too well.

"What's the matter?" asked Cousin Grace, who at this moment came up with the children.

"He was scared by a grasshopper! Ho! ho!" and they all laughed merrily—all but Cousin Grace.

A little green snake ran out from long grass by the roadside, and glided swiftly across the path, among the children's feet. There were many screams of terror and pale faces now.

"Well!" exclaimed Cousin Grace. "You are a brave set!"

"Oh, but it was a snake!" answered the children—"a poison snake;" and their voices were husky with fear, and some of them trembled all over.

"Let's go back to the house," said Benny Long. He had laughed loudest at Charley Wilson. "I'm afraid of snakes."

"So am I, of rattlesnakes and vipers and copperheads; but that pretty garter snake is as harmless as a grasshopper," answered Cousin Grace, "and was as much frightened as you were."

"But how did I know that?" asked Benny Long.

"It was your ignorance that made you afraid," Grace replied. "Fear oftener comes of ignorance than danger. If Charley Wilson had known all about grasshoppers, do you think he would have been scared when one lit for the first time on his hand? Of course not. The laugh is just as much against you as against him."

Benny looked crestfallen at this, and all the children were sobered.

"Charley don't mind if we did laugh at him," said Alice Green, putting her arm about the little fellow.

"I don't want to be a coward," answered Charley Wilson. "But it came on me so quickly I didn't know it was only a grasshopper. I thought it might be a stinging bee."

"Bees won't sting if you let them alone," said Cousin Grace. "I've lived in the country a great many years, and was never stung by a bee or wasp in my life."

"Nor bitten by a snake?" asked one of the children.

"No."

"Nor hurt by anything?"

"Not by any living thing."

"I guess you never went into the woods often, among the bears and wild cats," said Benny Long.

"No, for we don't have such things around here—that is, not outside of us," replied Cousin Grace.

"Have you got 'em anywhere underground?" asked Benny, opening his eyes widely.

"No," said Cousin Grace, "not underground, but there are some people about here who keep wild beasts in their hearts, and I'm just as much afraid of them as I am of wolves and bears."

The children looked curiously at Cousin Grace.

"Bad passions are evil beasts that bite and devour," she said. "Of these we should be afraid, but not of the harmless things in nature."

"But a live wolf or bear is not harmless," spoke up one of the children.

"No; and if you should happen to meet a bear or a wolf, I would advise you to run for your lives. But there is no danger here, except from the wild beasts inside of us."

"There isn't a wild beast inside of you, Cousin Grace?"

"I don't know about that," she answered, smiling. "I'm afraid that if you lived with me you would hear them growl sometimes."

"I don't believe a word of it," cried Benny Long, and his doubt was echoed by many voices.

"Fear," said Cousin Grace, who wished the lesson of the grasshopper and the snake to abide in the hearts of the children, "is in most cases a weak and foolish sentiment, born, as I have just told you, of ignorance. If Charley had known that it was a harmless grasshopper that lit on his hand, do you think he would have been afraid? Not he. Nor would you have screamed in terror at sight of a little green snake if you had known it had no poison fang, and would not bite you."

"Oh my!" cried out one of the children at this moment, in a startled voice, running back to the little group, from which she had gone to pick some wild flowers that grew in a fence corner. "See! See!" and she pointed to a speckled tortoise that, with head pushed up from its shell, and looking

just like the head of a snake, was moving out from the fence into the road.

"A tortoise! A tortoise!" exclaimed the children, gathering about the clumsy animal, some curious, and some half afraid, for most of them were city children, and not familiar with country things.

Cousin Grace stooped down and touched the tortoise on its back. Instantly the animal began to draw in its head and legs, and in a few moments nothing but its hard shell was to be seen. Then she took it up in her hands and showed it to the children.

"Won't it open and bite?" asked Charley Wilson, as Cousin Grace reached out the tortoise toward him.

"No. The shell is its castle, into which it has retired for safety. You may handle it as much as you please. It will not open until you have laid in on the ground, and then not for a good while—
not until it is sure its enemies have gone away."

"But we are not its enemies," said Alice Green. "We won't hurt it."

"The tortoise don't know that."

"Oh, then it's afraid because it is ignorant, just as we were about the garter snake?"

"Yes; only with this difference—that we can learn, if we will, all about hurtful and harmless things, and so cease to be afraid of things harmless. But the tortoise is always on guard, always goes into its castle for safety on the approach of apparent danger."

"Wouldn't it be nice to live in the woods, and not be afraid of anything?" said Alice Green—"to be all day with the birds and the squirrels?"

"And the alligators and hyenas," said Benny Long, growling as he spoke.

The warm glow went from the face of Alice as Benny said this. She had not thought of evil beasts, only of things lovely and innocent.

"You need not have said that, Benny Long," she answered, reproachfully. "There are no hyenas nor alligators in the woods about here. They're only in bad people's hearts, as Cousin Grace says."

"Shall I tell you a story about a little boy and girl that got lost in the woods?" said Cousin Grace.

"Oh, yes, do! do!" and all the children gathered about her.

"Very well. Come. I know where to find a cool and mossy place by a pretty stream. We'll all go there, and then I'll tell you the story."

And Grace took the children through a pleasant piece of woods, and down into a cool, shadowed little valley at the bottom of which ran a stream of water. They saw a ground squirrel on the way, and two or three shining lizards, and a red bird that looked like a fiery coal among the trees. In the stream were tiny fishes and little green frogs, and at one place, where the water spread out into a quiet pool, small black bugs were swimming about on the surface, and gliding as smoothly and swiftly over it as skaters on the ice.

How cool and still it was! You heard only the low murmur of water, as the stream fell here and there over tiny cascades, or the chirp of insects.

The wind did not come down there to sigh among the trees or shake their leafy branches.

"This is the spot," said Cousin Grace, as she led the children into a fairy-looking place where the moss made a thick green carpet and the bushes circled round like a hedge.

"Nobody can find us here," said Charley Wilson, as he threw himself on the soft ground.

"Can you find the way back?" asked Alice Green, looking up at Cousin Grace with a shade of disquietude in her blue eyes.

"Oh, yes, dear! I've been here a hundred times, and know the way."

"And now for the story," cried Benny.

"Oh, yes—about a little boy and girl who were lost in the woods. I read it in a book ever so long ago," said Cousin Grace. And she told the children this story:

"There was once a little boy and girl who got lost in a thick, dark wood in which were fierce wild beasts. They were brother and sister, and their names were Edward and Ellen. Playing near their father's house one day, Edward said, 'Come, sister, let us go across the field into the woods yonder and gather some pretty flowers for mamma.'

"Ellen was pleased at the thought of getting for her dear mamma a bunch of flowers, and so she said, 'Oh, yes, brother; let us go.'

"So this little boy and girl went across the field and into the woods, where they wandered about, gathering a great many bright wild flowers. When their hands were full, Ellen said, 'Now, brother, let us go home.'

"They took hold of each other's hands and started, as they thought, toward their home, but I am sorry to say they went away from instead of toward their home, and soon found that they were lost in a thick, dark wood. Poor Ellen began to cry. Edward put his arm around her, saying, 'Don't cry, sister; we will find our way home.'

"Oh, no, Edward," she said, 'we are lost in the woods, and it will soon be dark. Oh, we shall be eaten up by wolves.'

"The wolves will not eat us up," replied the brave-hearted little boy, 'so don't cry, sister.'

"Oh, yes, I am sure they will."

"Don't be afraid. I know they won't hurt us. Wolves are wicked animals, but if we pray to God to take care of us, He will not let the wolves hurt us."

"Oh, let us pray, then," said Ellen. And, all alone in the forest, this dear little boy and his sister knelt down and prayed that God would keep the wicked wolves from hurting them.

"After they had prayed Ellen's tears dried up, and she took hold of Edward's arm and clung close to his side. Just then a deep growl sounded through the forest, and presently they saw a large gray wolf coming fiercely toward them.

The children dropped upon their knees, and Edward said aloud, 'Our Father in Heaven, keep the wolves from hurting us.'

"They had no sooner prayed that prayer than the wolf stopped right still for a minute or two, and then ran off another way."

"They were very much frightened and trem-

bled all over. Ellen said, 'God has made the wicked wolf go away—He will not let him hurt us. Oh, I wish He would show us the way home. It is getting so dark.'

"Let us ask Him to show us the way home," said Edward.

"Again the lost children knelt down and prayed. They were still on their knees when they heard, afar off, the sound of their father's voice calling them. Oh, how their little hearts jumped for joy! They sprang up, and ran as fast as they could in the direction from which the sound came. In a little while they were in their father's arms crying for joy."

"I am so glad," exclaimed Alice Green, "God wouldn't let the wicked wolf eat them up."

"No. He kept them from all harm. And if you will be good and pray to Him, He will protect you in every danger."

"Don't you know any more stories about lost children, dear Cousin Grace?" asked Benny.

"Shall I tell you about the children of men, who were once lost in the wilderness of sin?"

"Oh, yes, do, Cousin Grace. But who were the children of men?"

"All the people in the world are called the children of men."

"And were all the people in the world once lost?"

"Yes, all mankind were once lost, and about to be destroyed by hungry wolves, but the Lord saved them and brought them out of the wilderness."

"Won't you tell us all about it?"

"Yes, if you will listen very attentively. I do not mean that all the children of men were lost in just such a wood as Edward and Ellen were lost in, nor that they were in danger of being eaten up by such wolves as threatened to eat up this dear little boy and girl."

"What kind of wolves were they?" asked the children.

"They were such things in their hearts as are like wolves and evil and hurtful beasts—wicked passions. But let me tell you all about it. The Lord made men innocent and good. All things around them were as beautiful as the fairest garden you have ever seen. In their hearts dwelt only those good feelings which are like lambs and doves and all good animals. They were very happy, and angels were their companions."

"But after awhile the children of men began to forget the good Lord who made them and gave them every blessing they enjoyed. At the same time that they forgot God they forgot to love one another. The innocent lambs began to die in their bosoms, and evil beasts of prey to take their place. They hated instead of loving one another. Then war, dreadful war, first appeared on the earth. Men not only hated but sought to kill each other. Wicked spirits possessed them soul and body. They were as if lost in a great wilderness, and about to be destroyed by the wild beasts that were in their hearts."

"It was then that the Lord came and saved them. He drove out the evil spirits and cruel beasts, and led the lost children of men out of this

dark and fearful wilderness. It was Jesus Christ, of whom you read in the New Testament, the Lord of heaven and earth, who did this. When you are older, and can understand better, you will learn more about the lost children of men and the good Lord who saved them."

The children sat silent for a good while after Cousin Grace finished the story.

"You don't think there are any wolves about here?" asked little Alice Green. Her sweet face was a little pale.

"No, darling. There hasn't been a wolf in this region for a hundred years," replied Cousin Grace, "nor any wild animals that would do us harm, except such as are in our hearts."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of them," cried Benny Long.

"You would be, I'm thinking, if you'd ever heard them growl and gnash their teeth as I have," answered Cousin Grace. "Once I was down to Concord with father, and we had to put up at a tavern. There were a good many idle men about the house, drinking at the bar and talking loud, and some of them using wicked language. It made me feel dreadfully. Then two of them got into a quarrel, and their angry voices sounded to me just like the growls and cries of wild animals. Oh, how frightened I was! At last one of them struck the other, and then they fought like bears or wolves. Father said they were two men-wolves, and, while angry, more cruel than any beast. They tried to do each other all the harm in their power, and one of them might have been killed if the people hadn't dragged them apart just as you have seen fighting dogs pulled away from each other."

"It is among men, children," continued Cousin Grace, "that we are to be afraid of cruel beasts, not out here in the quiet woods. And I want you to remember that every angry, revengeful or cruel feeling that springs up in your hearts is a young wild beast that may grow into a wolf, or bear, or cunning fox, and not only destroy all the kind, gentle and loving things in your souls, but make you delight in being cruel to others."

"I never thought of that before," said one of the children. "And I guess it must be true. Once I saw Dick Conway knock his sister's playhouse over, when she flew at him like a cat and scratched his face with her nails as if they had been claws."

"And I," spoke up another, "saw Harry George bite his brother until the blood came out of his hand, just as if he had been a dog, and he growled like our Snap. It frightened me."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Benny Long; "I'm afraid I've got lots of 'em inside of me."

"Why, Benny, what makes you think so?" said Cousin Grace.

"When I get mad," went on Benny, "I feel just like biting and kicking, and I don't know what I mightn't do if I wasn't afraid."

All the children were silent for awhile, and little Alice Green looked half timidly at Benny Long.

"The knowledge of our fault, it has been said, is half the cure," spoke out Cousin Grace, in a cheery voice. "We shall be wiser and stronger, I am sure, for our talk here in this pleasant place,

where we are really safer from harm than when in the midst of people. No evil beasts are here—nothing to do us harm. We are in peace and safety. But when we go back to our homes we must be on guard and watchful—watchful lest bad feelings get into our hearts, and hurt the innocent things there; watchful lest we do harm to others; and on guard lest others do harm to us; watchful lest the young bears, and wolves, and tigers that are in our hearts grow up into fierce and cruel animals, and destroy the good and gentle ones that are there."

"But, Cousin Grace," said Charley Wilson, "you don't think we've all got young bears and tigers in our hearts, do you?"

"I'm afraid, Charley, that most of us have," answered Cousin Grace. "Let us see how it is. You've been angry, haven't you, Charley?"

"Oh, yes, I get mad pretty often."

"And strike sometimes?"

"I don't often do that," answered Charley.

"But you feel like it?" said Cousin Grace.

"Well, yes."

"That is, you feel as if you would like to strike, and hurt, too?"

"Yes."

"That wasn't a lamb-like feeling, was it?"

"I guess not," replied Charley.

"No, a lamb is innocent and harmless. It was a bad and not a good feeling, and these bad feelings are the wild beasts in our hearts. We all have them, and so must be watchful lest they do us and others harm."

Then Cousin Grace talked to them of flowers and birds, and the many beautiful and good things that are seen everywhere, and of God who made them. And when they went home, the children said that they had never spent a happier day in all their lives than the one spent in the woods and fields with Cousin Grace, who knew just how to talk to them, and was so wise, so kind and so good.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

NO, it is not a pleasant scene to look out upon this time, though my weary aching eyes often turn that way seeking for something to interest.

The scorching rays of the summer sun beat down pitilessly upon the dry thirsty ground until it seems baked as in a furnace. The very atmosphere looks hazy in the distance, as if the sky were on fire, and the smoke creeping slowly down to earth. The beautiful summer foliage hangs drooping and listless, and every living thing in nature seems suffering. The bird songs are all hushed, and the pleasant rustle and murmur of June breezes is no longer heard amongst the tree-tops. All is still, hot and dry, without, while a blue fly buzzes around the room, almost crazing me with its monotonous hum. In the front yard the grass looks yellow and sere, and the flowers are scorched and withered. Only the Marigolds turn their stiff yellow disks upward toward the burning sky, and under their few scant leaves the grass-hopper sits and drones through the long afternoon. Oh! for one breath of cool breeze on my cheek! for one drink of the cold spring water that use to rush over the rocks under the old gum tree, and hurry away through the meadow, among the primroses and under the wild rose-bushes, in a spot far away! Oh, for a shower of rain, or even a passing cloud, to break up this still, dull heat—this blinding glare!

You wonder where is my philosophy, now—my resolution about looking at the bright side of things. Ah, how well we can talk of the duty of cheerfulness, the advantage of a bright spirit over a gloomy one, when we feel comfortable and contented. Now I am weary, weary! and I do not hold to be so much superior to human nature in

general, as not to succumb sometimes under the pressure of outward circumstances. I am weary even of my thoughts, which, when I take them off of present bodily discomforts, turn quickly to sad reflections. How can one have only bright thoughts and fancies, on days when ever and anon memory stands before them with mournful eyes, and lifts the curtain which veils the past, revealing pictures which draw the soul towards them in tender longing, despite their pain.

I have been trying to while away some of the tedium of these days, by reading a new book, a novel called "Wildmoor." It is a girl's first book, rather oddly written, in the form of diaries kept by two persons, a style which spoils it a little, but there is such power and force shown in some portions of it, such freshness and grace of expression in others, that I think if she can write in this way now, when a girl, what may she not do in the future? The book has its faults, of course, but it has excellencies which overbalance them. It is not a story of very thrilling interest but there is a pure healthy tone about its pages, and an evidence of mature thought and intellect, without any pedantry; and while there are a few striking scenes portrayed, it is a pleasure to note the absence of the sensational element as a main ingredient of the book. There are occasional tender touches, which will speak to many an appreciative heart. In one place where I have been reading to-day, her thoughts come in as a fitting refrain to some of my own. While speaking of death, she says—"Yet I think Him tender towards the young. He gathers them closely to his bosom, and bears them away to a land where they never lose youth or freshness, or romance. Their feet have never been weary with travel; their hands have never been hardened by toil; their hearts have never known the bitterness of sorrow or breaking. Oh! happy, happy youth and beauty! to be plucked from a

garden on a morn when dew is yet spangling the blossoms, and the grass is green and waving! to be plucked from the garden before comes the noon-day sun to scorch and wither your fragrance, before falls the rain in pitiless cadence upon the sweetness of your dreams." And farther on she continues, "I do not think we lose those who die. They go from us in a strong, a brave love; that love lasts forever, and no time can darken it; the grave cannot shut it in, nor can eternity float it away. We have it with us through all change, sorrow and death. Thank God that it is thus!" Yes, thank Him most earnestly; when, looking back at the pain and sorrow which some of our later years have brought us, we can feel that dear ones whose feet walked with ours through the freshness of life's morning, have escaped the blighting trials of its later hours.

I rarely think, as so many do, that it is *hard* for such or such an one to have died young, while they were perhaps enjoying life so much. I feel that they are blest to have gone before they might have felt its crushing sorrows; and that happy as they may have been here, what was *that* happiness when compared with the bliss of the other life above—that life of which the happiest one here can only be a faint reflex.

The clock has dragged its hands along until they nearly reach the hour of six, while I have been wandering on in my talk, trying, if possible, by that means, to forget bodily discomfort. But the heat now seems intensified—the air more sultry and oppressive than ever. I wonder what was that faint rumbling sound I heard a few moments ago. A table, perhaps, or chair, drawn across the floor in another room. Ah, me! No, that is it again; surely it must be thunder! All eyes are on the alert for the cloud not yet visible. Only a little gray tinge appears in the far southern horizon. But soon it spreads, grows darker, reaches toward the zenith, and overshadows the sun. Nearer and louder rolls of thunder, plainly distinguishable now, echo over the hills, and dark billows of cloud loom up in the western sky. A sudden breeze rushes past and is gone. Another and another quickly follow, rising at length into an exulting wind, which sways the tree-branches, flings the door and shutters too, swoops in at the window and catches triumphantly the loose papers and work lying within its reach. The thunder comes still nearer and louder, while its brilliant courier lights up the sky. The wind increases in strength, and small twigs and dead leaves and rubbish go flying past. Suddenly a blinding flash rends the dark mass of cloud overhead, then a heavy peal of artillery re-echoes from cliff to cliff, and the storm is upon us in its height. Oh, how grand! how sublime in its fury! How it stirs one's soul to watch it! What atoms we seem in the universe, when we see the power and might of one element of nature. I always loved to watch a storm. It thrills me with such admiring awe. There is one grand passage in the Psalms which ever comes to my mind in such a scene: "The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." Yet the

voice of the Lord stills the raging tempest whensoever He will, and says to the waves, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and safe in the hollow of His hand we lie.

Soon the wind subsides, and the rain falls steadily down upon the thirsty earth, which drinks it in till all its veins are filled with new life-blood, and the surplus water rushes down the road in little rills, to meet the swelling brook which hurries on toward the river. Gradually the rain decreases, until it ends ere long in a gentle shower. Oh, how refreshing the air is now! How cool everything looks. The leaves are all dripping and shining, the flower-stalks lift their drooping heads and look grateful for their bath. An oriole comes out from his shelter in the heart of a pear-tree, hops about in the branches, shakes the bright drops from his wings, and carols out his joyful little song. What a complete revulsion of feeling a sudden change in our mere outward surroundings will often make. Two hours ago my spirits were depressed, weary, listless; now they rise buoyantly above such a state and rejoice with every living thing without. And while the mocking-bird trills his even-song close by, and the swallows circle overhead, I sit in the porch in the faint sunset glow, and look and listen to dear Mother Nature, drinking in her wondrous beauty, while a sweet peace creeps into my heart again, as through her my thoughts are raised upward to her divine Author, Co-worker and Ruler.

"The forest tops are lowly cast,
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature, as on men.

"The clouds weep o'er a fallen world,
E'en as a repentant love,
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

"The sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer."

SHELL-WORK.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Angie asks how to make shells stick on frames and what-nots. As we have just completed a lot of shell-work, I can give her the desired information. Have your frames made of rough boards; cover the surface with white lead in which you have stirred enough venition red to make it a deep pink color. Never use seeds in such work as they will get full of worms. If you wish a nice ornament for the bureau or centre-table, make a monument and cover with shells. I have just completed one which is the admiration of all who see it. It is made of rough pine boards; is three feet high, eight inches square at the base, and two inches at the top. For the base take a board one inch thick and a foot square; nail it on the bottom of your monument, then take a piece of inch board three inches wide cut the right length, put it around the base on the bottom board, on that put another two inches wide, on that another one inch wide; this

makes the base in the form of a pyramid. For a cap on the top take a piece of board half an inch thick and four inches square. The lead should be as thick as you can spread it. Varnish the shells after they have been on a few days.

Mrs. C. L. R.

A LETTER FROM "HAZEL."

MR. EDITOR: I want to thank you for the pleasure I have derived from reading your magazine, and tell you I have been benefited so much by what Pipsey and Chatty tell about their household affairs, because I have only kept house a little over three years, and find I have so much to learn that I can learn from the HOME. I take great interest in reading everything written to mothers, as I have a little two-year-old son, who, though generally very good will need managing as well as all other children. When I saw "Angier" request that some one should tell her how to make shells and seeds stay on what-nots and frames, I thought if I could add my mite to the fund of general information, it would partly repay what I have received.

Last summer I made a beautiful set of hanging-shelves; but I put on no seeds, because I have been told that after awhile insects would get into them. I had all sorts of shells, cones, nuts and acorns, and sewed them on with strong cotton thread. I think they are much prettier sewed on, as all spaces can be filled by putting on the large articles first, and filling in with the small ones. Now that I have commenced, I will tell just how I went to work, so if there are any of less experience than I, they may be assisted. I drilled holes in the shells, which had been boiled in strong lye to whiten. Although I used a needle for the small and scissors for the large ones, I think a fine, sharp-pointed awl would be better. I cut the leaves from fir cones and sewed a couple of rows all around the edge, with the points projecting outward, lapping the second row enough to cover the stitches and dark part of the first; then I sewed on three or four rows of small tanarac cones to finish the border. These look nicer to stand erect, and can be made to do so by putting the thread over the two lowest leaves instead of sewing through the cone. I had some large fir cones sawed into lengthwise; cut the top from those of the Norway pine to use for rosettes; such nuts as English and black walnuts, butternuts, brazil, etc., I split into and drilled holes in them.

I have an excellent recipe for summer mince pies, which perhaps will be acceptable to some of your readers. Seven crackers rolled; one cup of raisins chopped fine; one-half cup of whole raisons; one cup of sugar; one cup of molasses; two cups of hot water; one and one-half cups of butter; two-thirds cup of vinegar; two teaspoons of cinnamon; one teaspoon of cloves.

I had almost forgotten to thank Pipsey (how does the dear old soul know so much?) for the floating island recipe; and how ungrateful that would have been, when we had watched every paper and magazine for weeks for it, and as soon as yours came we made one, and it was delicious.

HAZEL.

THE POND-LILY.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"**P**OND-LILIES—cent a-piece—six for five cents!"

A "barefoot boy," another and another rang the cry in our ears, just as we had located ourselves comfortably in the cars, a party of five, for an hour's ride, afterward to take the boat for Nantasket. The morning was clear and beautiful, yet warm enough to give an added zest to our anticipations of a seaside sojourn.

"I'll take half a dozen, my boy," said Aunt Patsy, kindly, as she put a shining bit in the brown palm—not dirty, however.

"The little chaps get a good bath, swimming out for the lilies," she said, smiling, when the boy was out of hearing; "they earn their cent a-piece, I'm sure. Now here's a lily all round, and one to spare," as she handed them. "Minnie, dear," putting two in the little girl's hand, "keep one and give the other away—to any one you think it will please."

Minnie thanked her, smiling, and looked thoughtfully around. But there seemed to be no chance just then; most of the ladies had bought lilies, and the children were supplied by their mothers; not one longing look was cast toward the pearly flowers.

"Never mind, dear," said Aunt Patsy, answering the inquiring look in her eyes; "wait a little."

At the next station, a few passengers left the train, and a dozen came crowding into their places; last of all, a woman with a baby in her arms—a thin, worn, poorly-clad, but tidy woman, with sad eyes and anxious brow. Had she been dressed in silk, some gentleman would have moved and given her his place. As it was, nobody saw her, or only to stare coldly and contemptuously in her face.

She came last of all, for a stout man, be-ringed, be-caned, red-necktie, pushed past her as she entered the car. Aunt Patsy's cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkled with indignation. Just before her was a vacant place, the only one left. Quick as thought, she thumped her travelling-bag into it.

"That's engaged," she said in a low tone to us. "She shall not stand with a child in her arms while I'm on board, I know."

The stout man looked glum, hesitated, but met her firm eye and passed on, while she turned to the poor woman and said, as courteously as she would have spoken to a queen: "Take this seat, ma'am."

The mother sat down, with a hearty "Thank'ee, ma'am," and baby instantly espied the lilies.

"Da-da," he crowed, reaching his little hands toward them.

Minnie gave him one. He shouted and cooed with delight; and the tired, worried look on his mother's face changed a second time to one of grateful surprise as she thanked the little girl. To be sure, the baby pulled the flower to pieces, but it amused him till he grew tired enough to be easily lulled to sleep.

And Minnie knew not half the good it did. She could not read the thoughts that were passing in the mother's mind—thoughts that came like angels of comfort and hope. She did not know how

heavy a burden the weary woman had borne, how hard a lot was hers. The discouragement, and pain, and temptation that pressed sorely upon her were undreamed by the child to whom life as yet was all sunshine. But the pure white lilies, with their golden crown, carried back her thoughts to the home and pleasures of her childhood.

She sat with her arm around her baby, her head a little bowed, her eyes cast down; and Minnie, glancing toward her sometimes, thought she was asleep; but memory was unrolling before her mental vision scene after scene of other days. She saw again the blue lake rippling in the sunshine, the half-encircling woods, the hills beyond, and her only brother, her almost constant playmate, wading for the lilies near the shore, or with her rowing their little boat out on the shining waters. Well she remembered a day when he had twined the long, slender stems, and crowned her with the snowy blossoms. And as she mused, the desire to keep her childhood's innocence grew strong—to live purely, honestly, though the way had grown rough and thorny beneath her feet. She saw again the low-roofed home, with its rose-twined porch, and overshadowing elms, where the robins built and brooded; the "sunset window," where her mother used to sit in sight of the western sky. Ah, the glory had long since opened and let her in! Her words of love and truth came back again with the remembrance of her. She loved the lilies, and they used to gather them and carry them home to her. They had carried them to Sunday-school, too, in the old, happy time. And this recalled other thoughts more precious still—words she had learned there and by her mother's side; but, in the hard days that she had lived since, had been too nearly forgotten when needed most.

There was One on earth long ago who loved the lilies—who spoke of their beauty as more glorious than a king's crown, and said:

"If God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Seek not ye what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind: for your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

"But seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

She might be poor and sorrowful, yet not despairing. She would trust a Father's constant care, a Father's loving heart. If only she kept steadily the path leading to Him, the way of fidelity, trust and love, He would answer her prayer with strength and help in every hour of need.

And so, consoled and hopeful, she went on her way; and the angel that spoke to her in the desert was the lily in her baby's hand.

MR. ARTHUR: Please let me come into the "Home Circle" and tell "Angie" how to put shells and seeds on frames and what-nots so they will remain fast. I take soft putty and spread it on the frame, then set the shells in any form I desire; let them stand two days; then they will do to varnish, (use white varnish). I made some in this way four years ago, and the shells are as firmly set as when they were first placed in the putty. I make my own putty: Take Spanish whiting and boiled linseed oil, mix together with your hands till all the lumps are mashed; use oil enough to make it as soft as you can handle it. Oil the frame before putting on the putty.

ALICE.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOUSEWORK.

BY MRS. MARY E. IRELAND.

I REMEMBER reading some time ago of a weary housewife, who, through the medium of the press, asked a lady, eminent for her writings on household subjects, whether it were possible for a woman in feeble health, with no means to hire help, and a husband and six little children to do for, to keep everything in perfect order in and about her house; and the answer came, keen and cutting as the north wind, that she did not see how the work in question was to be done unless everything *was* kept in order.

Then followed a lengthy homily upon the manner in which the work should be done, in order to make it practicable, the substance of which was, that every cooking utensil should be washed as soon as used, a regular system adopted and adhered to, a place for everything and everything in its place.

This advice, applied to the majority of cases, was true and excellent, and yet to the poor woman, who showed by asking the question she was worried

enough, it must have felt like a shower-bath in December.

Theory is an angular, uncompromising rule for action, and will not adapt itself to circumstances; had the adviser been a wife and mother in the position of her questioner, instead of a maiden lady, with wealth at her command, I doubt if her opinion would have been the same. I know it is difficult for those who enjoy the mountain top of wealth and leisure to enter into the needs of the poor toilers in the valleys below; and they can even censure, and proclaim how they would do if placed in such circumstances; but let them descend but for one weary summer and take the heat and burden of the day, and perhaps they could manage but little better than those they condemn.

It is so easy to be cheerful and genial, when one is always fresh and rested, and the time passed flitting from one pleasure to another, that one would suppose she might have infused a little sympathy into her answer that would have soothed while it benefited.

I do not take upon myself to say how she should

have answered, but will humbly suggest that, had the question been asked me, I *could* have said: "Yes, you poor soul, of course you can; and while you are about it, squeeze in enough time to have your sewing and other matters done ahead of time, to make it easier for the other woman, be she wife or housekeeper, who will have to take your place, for by this manner of doing your time with home, and husband, and children will not be long." But I *would* have said: "Do not try it, dear heart, for it is impossible under such circumstances; therefore, do what must be done as well as your strength will allow, and leave the rest undone, and hope for better times."

The work that a neat, industrious woman accomplishes does not worry or fret her so much as the work she sees ought to be done, and which she has neither time nor strength to accomplish; and she is a true heroine who can bear with equanimity the inevitable, and submit patiently to circumstances; the real martyr spirit is there, though perhaps none but the All-wise One take cognizance of it, or gives credit for it.

Blessed be housework! Nothing strengthens the muscles, gives us such variety, bestows upon us refreshing sleep, good appetite and cheerful spirits, like it, but we must not overdo the business and break ourselves down; neither can we overtax ourselves in any occupation and keep our health; we must know our strength, and exert it only as far as we can without injury at the time, and our strength will increase with the exertion.

A woman oppressed with work is apt to think too much about it—her mind, from running so constantly in the one channel, becomes almost incapable of thinking on any other subject. One should strive against this, for where it becomes a habit, I think it stands to reason it is injurious.

I knew a lady once who, though industrious and not averse to housework, allowed it to worry her; she thought of it all the time. She took sick, and in her delirium kept repeating constantly, "One, two, three, four." Physicians, friends and neighbors were puzzled by it; but the mystery was solved by a little bound girl who lived with her; she said, there being four in the family, when the lady took the plates from the cupboard to set the table for meals, she would count, "One, two, three, four;" and so with the cups and saucers, the knives and forks, and all that four people would require, the mystic figures were stamped upon her brain, and became the burden of her wandering.

Just enough of thinking to enable one to plan the easiest and most expeditious method to accomplish what one has in hand, is all that should be allowed. And it is just here that I would suggest that picking up a book or paper for a few moments, even during our busiest days, is beneficial, it serves to relax the mind for a season and give it food for thought.

One great desideratum with housekeepers so situated is to rest whenever they see the glimpse of an opportunity. If they are preparing vegetables, fruit, etc., why not sit down to pare them? They can be done just as well, with not half the weariness. And ironing, that most exhausting of all household labors when one stands, can be

robbed of a great deal of its weariness by having a high seat made for a low table, so that the elbows should be several inches above the level, and thus prevent the strain from coming upon the breast.

Mothers whose rest is disturbed at night by a fretful infant, should make it a paramount duty to rest during the day; the benefit they will derive from it will not allow the work to suffer, and they will never find the time unless they take it. The law of public opinion is so strong with many a woman, she will not lie down during the day while baby is sleeping, fearing a neighbor should step in and miss her from her post, and "not sick, either;" so this keeps her toiling, dragging about with weary footsteps; and by the time all is done, baby wakes, and her time for rest is past, and, cheerless and unrefreshed, she sets about preparing another meal; and so on it goes, until a sick-bed receives her to give her that rest she could not take time for while well, if rest it can be called, which, while one set of nerves and muscles are not in motion, others are doing double duty, seeing strange and perhaps unaccustomed hands letting everything go by the board.

We are all aware that system is a great consideration in housekeeping; but a system that applies to one household may not do for another. There must be some latitude allowed a delicate mother of six healthy, boisterous, rollicking children, or, what requires still more charity, where some of them are delicate, and consequently require more care. Is there no "let up" for mothers so situated? Must the "pound of flesh" be required of them, even if their lives are jeopardized by the requirement? System is a good thing—an excellent thing; but let it be fixed upon a pivot loose enough to turn should circumstances demand it, for a home that moves along without a hitch now and then is one of the things we read of, and is seldom seen outside of a book, for,

"In March it is mud, it's slush in December,
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust,
In fall the leaves litter, in mucky September
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust."

And if it were possible to have a home cut out of a rigidly systematic pattern, what an ice-house of a place it would be, nothing to relieve the monotony, children barely tolerated, no visitors expected or wanted, because it would drive the household out of its beaten track, no visits to look forward to or enjoy, nothing short of the house burning down with the tubs in it to put off the Monday's washing until another day, going roughshod over headaches, lazy spells, etc., keeping every member of it on the rack to live up to its requirements. Dear, dear, one might as well be in the stocks at once as in a family presided over by a rigid disciplinarian!

Oh, no, home should be a place of freedom for all its members, and repose also, as far as practicable, and encouragement should be given the feeble mother of young children to obtain all the rest she can, and endeavor to keep her back from the tomb to which she is hastening with rapid feet losing her invaluable life in vain efforts to attain that perfection of cleanliness which, to one placed as she is, is unattainable.

Evenings with the Poets.

SONNETS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

I.

INTO thine eyes, as in a lake profound,
I gaze, and in their depths revealed are
All things to quiet the relentless war
That doth my wearied spirit rage around!
The idle world's contempt and scorn, which hound
Me from all common human haunts afar,
I heed them not, when, like a molten star,
In those clear deeps sweet wifely love I've found!
O tender, steadfast eyes, so warm, so true,
Wherein I read thy soul's full revelation!
O fond, compassionate eyes, that with the dew
Of sympathy so tremulously shine!
Sweet dew! thy spirit's gathered exhalation!
And my faint soul's so strength-inspiring wine!

II.

Dear patient wife! Each wayward thought of mine,
Seeks still in thee its central sun of all,
Obedient, though so wilful, to the call
Of the abiding love thou dost enshrine.
O none in this wide world is so divine
As seemest thou to me, whilst o'er thee fall
Thy gift of velling graces, which enthrall
My heart, wherein thou dost its sole light shine!
O darling! whate'er weakness I may show,
Thine ever am I—thine, sweet heart, alone!
While thou art mine, no sorrow can I know!
In thy dear smile, the iciest blast e'er blown
Shall feel its keen edge dull'd; this life below
Thou mak'st for me the footstool of God's throne!

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

BY C. H. W.

THERE'S a little face at the window
And two dimpled hands on the pane;
And somebody's eyes are fixed upon
The gate at the end of the lane.

The hills have caught the shadow
Which heralds the coming night,
And the lane, with its flowery fringes grows dim
To the watcher's anxious sight.

Where, half way down,
Like a glittering crown,
A fire-fly band have clustered
Round an aster's leaf—
A royal chief—
A driven herd are mustered.

Away behind,
With busy mind,
But a step that is light and free,
And a sun-burnt face
On which the trace
Of a hard day's work you see,

Comes the farmer home from toil,
Driving the cows before him;
And the child-eyes, strained at the window there,
Were the first in the house that saw him.

Ah! would, when the day is done
And I leave my cares behind me,
I could have such a pair of winsome eyes
Searching the night to find me!

Evening Post.

JERUSALEM, THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. M. L. HOFFFORD.

JERUSALEM, the beautiful!
Its glories are untold,
Its walls are built of precious stones,
Its pavements made of gold;
Its mansions for the ransomed ones
In matchless splendor shine,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Jerusalem, divine.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Its gates of pearly white,
To voice of prayer and song of praise,
Are open day and night;
And shining ones around the throne
In sweeter rapture sing,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
When saints their tribute bring.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
From thy celestial throng
Familiar voices reach mine ear,
Enraptured in thy song;
And, oh, it were transporting,
To soar aloft and see
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
And join thy jubilee.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
My everlasting rest!
The glorious home of mine abode,
The city of the blest;
Thy temple is the living one,
Thy light is all divine,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
I love to call thee mine.

WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm 'll come by and by."—EDWARD GARRETT.

WHEN the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end—
That first sweet song of the heart
That no after days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours!

"You can start no other song."
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air;
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the seraph sings;
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble, and rise, and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearnings still.

Boston Transcript.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DRESS skirts are gradually approaching the scantiness which was predicted for them a year ago. Already those who would be in the extreme of the fashion wear them perfectly plain at the front and sides, while all the fullness is draped at the back. They are made far plainer than they were a few seasons ago, the age of ruffles, bands, flounces, etc., being seemingly almost past.

The most favored style of overskirt is one with a long apron front, draped high in the back, and finished by

bows and sash behind. Sometimes the apron front is simulated by small pointed flounces on the front breadth, while the back breadth is laid in deep plaits which extend from the waist to the lower edge of the skirt, representing a long, broad sash.

It is yet too early in the season to think of fall goods in earnest, and it is yet difficult to tell what the styles of the present season will really be. But everything seems to indicate that plainness almost to severity will soon be the rule, and that unbroken lines reaching from waist to foot will be demanded by fashion.

New Publications.

A Century Afterwards. Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Part II. Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach, Philadelphia. The second part of this splendid work more than maintains the lavish promise of the first. The artists are still lingering in our magnificent Park, and giving us more of its charming views. Some of these from the Wissahickon are exquisite, and in their wildness seem taken rather from untamed nature a hundred miles away, than from localities included within the corporate limits of a great and populous city. The work promises to be one of unsurpassed excellence. It will be completed in fifteen parts, at 50 cents each.

Our Children in Heaven. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Dedicated to those who have been bereaved of their children. This is a new edition of a book which has been largely sold during the past few years, and from which thousands of sorrowing parents have gathered hope and comfort. The author writes from the standpoint of a receiver of Swedenborg's doctrines, and in this volume gives the state and condition of children in Heaven as drawn from Swedenborg's writings, and offers to the bereaved and sorrowing the cup of consolation from which he drank himself in a time of deep affliction. We make a single brief extract, with the preface that, according to Swedenborg, all infants when they die are committed to the care of female angels, who, when they lived upon the earth, most tenderly loved children. All the angels in Heaven, he says, once lived as men or women on this or some other earth:

"Children are assigned to these angel-mothers according to their interior character with unerring certainty. There is no guess-work, no failure, but perfect law and order, in the working of the social machinery of Heaven. Each child goes to the very guardian best fitted to develop its good, to suppress its evil, and to promote its eternal happiness. These heavenly beings have no partialities, no impatience, no imperfections. They receive and love all children alike. Whether the little spiritual body has been drawn from imperial purple or a beggar's rags, makes no difference. No earthly shadows of rank or form or circumstances obscure their perfect vision. They stand in the place of Christ Himself; receive His little ones in their arms; bless them in His name; and continually afterward carry out His will in their loving care and instruction.

"Compare this picture of the heavenly supervision of children with their state in this world; their bitter and cruel bondage; their neglect, their abuse, their suffering, their sickness, their death; or, what is far worse, the evil examples, the false teaching, the early corruption, which so soon stamp their little faces with the cunning and sensuality of older natures.

"O sorrowing parents! whose hearts still hang heavily, like drooping flowers, turning toward the dust and the grave; who regard these glorious revela-

tions with an almost total incredulity, or at best with a flutter of hope that they may be true: may that same guiding Star which led the wise men to the spot where the young child was, lead you also at last to the discovery of your lost ones amidst the opening heavens and the songs of angels.

"After your own resurrection and translation to the heavenly kingdom, when you can endure the splendors of the celestial sphere, and lift your eyes to the faces of these angel-mothers; when they restore to you your children—and such children!—and show you how they have loved them, and what they have done for them; in the bursting love and gratitude of your hearts you will fall at their feet and worship, as the bewildered Seer of Patmos fell at the feet of the angel who had showed him the wonders of the Apocalypse!"

Wood's Bible Animals. A Description of the Habits, Structure and Uses of every Living Creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the Ape to the Coral. Illustrated with over One Hundred New Designs, by Keyl, Wood and E. A. Smith. Engraved by G. Pearson. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. R. S., Author of "Homes Without Hands," etc. To which are added Articles on Evolution by Rev. James McCosh, D. D., President of Princeton College, N. J., and Research and Travel in Bible Lands, by Rev. Daniel Marsh, D. D., Philadelphia: Bradley, Garretson & Co. It is not often the opportunity is afforded us of announcing so estimable a publication as this. To the student of the Bible, and to the natural historian, it is alike valuable, since it is written by a man thoroughly conversant with the facts of natural history, and one who is therefore enabled to make a volume like this profitable and instructive, as well as interesting. Every passage in the Old and New Testaments referring to beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect, is given in this volume, and its meaning explained, and the general habits of the creature described, as well as the special Bible references elucidated. The HOME MAGAZINE gives, in its present number, specimens of some of the fine engravings of the book, accompanied by quotations from the text. It is a handsome, large octavo volume, clearly printed and beautifully bound. The book is to be sold by subscription only.

Childhood: The Text-Book of the Age, for Parents, Pastors and Teachers and all Lovers of Childhood. By Rev. W. F. Crafts ("Uncle Will, V. M."), Author of "Through the Eye to the Heart," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Every grown person who comes in contact with children should read this book. Its author realizes, as few do, but as all should, the needs and capabilities of childhood, and he has made his work at once practical and suggestive. In its pages he refers to every phase of the child character, showing how good traits are to be encouraged and developed, and evil tendencies overcome. As a specimen of the

style and character of the book, we quote the different subjects treated in the sixth chapter under the general head of "Discoveries in the Child-Book:" "Cabinet of Specimens: 1st shelf—Instinct of Activity; 2d shelf—Instinct for Working the Soil; 3d shelf—Instinct of Invention and Imitation; 4th shelf—Rhythmic Instinct; 5th shelf—Instinct of Investigation; 6th shelf—Social Instinct; 7th shelf—Instinct of God-trust; 8th shelf—Crystals with 'Faults' and 'Knots.'"

The French at Home. By Albert Rhodes. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is a lively, chatty book, giving pictures of the social, literary and art circles of the great centre of European civilization. They are pictures of Paris, however, rather than of France; and the reader must bear in mind that the life which surrounds the gay capital is altogether different in many respects from that found within its walls.

Mr. and Mrs. Falconbridge. By Hamilton Aide, Author of "Rita," etc. Boston: Loring. This is a pleasant novel of English life, belonging to Loring's Library of Select Novels.

Editor's Department.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

WE are already busy, brain and hand, with our work for the new volume of the HOME MAGAZINE which is to commence with the great Centennial year.

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR,

whose "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON" was pronounced the best serial of the season, is engaged on a new story for the HOME, the first chapters of which will be given in the January number.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

by T. S. ARTHUR, will also be commenced with the new year. The reader's old friend and favorite,

PIPSISSIWAY POTTS,

has been engaged for another series of her unique and inimitable papers; and ROSELLA RICE will continue her "CABINS OF THE WEST."

So much we can say now. In the October number we hope to present a full Prospectus for 1876. We have crowded so many attractions into the HOME MAGAZINE for this year, that it seems almost impossible to improve it in the next; but we shall try. New efforts produce new excellencies; and we shall not fail for lack of these. The HOME for the "Centennial" will be worthy of the year.

Mr. Beecher.

THE long Brooklyn agony is over, and Mr. Beecher stands virtually acquitted of the charges brought against him. The men really hurt in this trial are his accusers, upon whom have fallen a weight of infamy that can never be wholly removed. For the plaintiff in the case, all true men and women feel only loathing and contempt.

As for the defendant, he has shown himself to be neither a wise nor a prudent man; but his accusers have failed to prove him a bad man. Until this accusation came, his life among the people was without reproach; and, beyond this accusation, there has not come in all the long and weary months of this trial a single sullying breath upon his character. All the past lies clean and clear; and so his life of spotless purity and devotion to every good and noble cause stands out grandly in his favor, and of itself gives the lie to a foul slander that was conceived in envy and brought forth in malice.

The fact that Mr. Beecher never intermitted the work of his office of spiritual teacher and guide for a single day during the trial of his case, was often commented upon unfavorably, and there was a clamor for him to "step down and out." But if conscious in his heart of innocence, why should he let his hands fall idly and

weakly by his side, while his life-work was crowding upon him? To us, this unflinching onward movement of the man in the path of his allotted duties was a sublime spectacle and a sign of his innocence. If Mr. Beecher had been really guilty of the crime which he denied judicially, before God and the people, in the most solemn manner, he could not have ministered so calmly Sunday after Sunday in spiritual things, nor have offered to the members of his church, in the most holy act of worship, the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ. For a man like Mr. Beecher, this would have been simply impossible. His spiritual nature is too highly organized and too sensitive to impressions. Guilt with such men will always have in it an element of self-betrayal; yet no one has seen in the public administrations of Mr. Beecher, from the beginning until now, a sign of faltering. He has always maintained the self-poise of conscious innocence.

It is gratifying to note that the best representatives of the press all over the country accept the results of this trial as a clear vindication of the maligned Brooklyn pastor.

Mourning for the Dead.

A WRITER in a late number of the *Christian Union* has some very sensible remarks on the subject of our modern funeral observances, as in singular contrast with the spirit and claims of a religious faith, which looks beyond this world into the next, and recognizes the fact of a blessed immortality, and instances the case of David, who, after his seven days of abandonment to the most extravagant grief for the loss of his child, arose and "washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel and did eat."

Our funeral observances, and the set fashion of mourning, are, says this writer, "in as direct contrast with the manly resignation of the Hebrew king as they are in glaring contradiction to the professions we make of faith in the present happiness and continued existence of those dear ones taken from our sight. If we really believe that it is well with the child for whom the mother's arms are aching and empty, if we are not intoning with mere lip-service our 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' why this ostentation of crape, of bowed windows and darkened chambers? Why do we shun the sunlight and avert our faces from all gladness, and hold ourselves disloyal to the dead if a smile or laugh steals upon us unawares? Either we do not really believe that our friends are happy, that we shall see them again, or we are hypocrites with this outward paraphernalia, this etiquette of sorrow.

"Why should we darken our houses? The sunshine is sent to purify, to resurrect; its mission is to stricken lives as well as to frost-bound fields. In the heavy hours, weighed down with the unnecessary gloom and circumstance of the customary funeral rites, surely we have need of all that can cheer, and warm, and in-spirit us. Worn out with watching, it may be, depressed with the care, the suffering, with all that has gone before, the mourning household is the one of all

others that should throw open its casements, should gladden itself with flowers and the comfort that twitters through the chirp of even the city sparrows.

"Some people seem to think they show tenderest memory of the dead by allowing despondency to develop into ill-health; they cultivate illness and weakness as a fine art of sorrowful remembrance. Robust health that waits on good appetite and accustomed exercise, that is springy of step and full of energy, is a reproach to them; it savors of disrespect. Could we but see that the truest and tenderest way of honoring our dear ones is to live our honest lives right on in the usual way, adding, if possible, to our work that which their tired hands lay down!

"We pay dearly for the etiquette which would keep us sitting in darkness when a sudden impulse comes to hear some music, see a bright picture, or visit a friend in whose voice and eyes we find both. 'But the impulse does not come to true mourners.' Ah, the heart beats humanly enough beneath the heaviest veil. Decorum teaches us to repress each impulse to the light, 'if it come too soon.' Shallow, indeed, is the loneliness and loss that can map out the months into districts of dress and behavior, and let in the sunshine and the world hand in hand by a computed time-table and registry of days."

Inebriate Asylum.

"IT is almost impossible to save a confirmed drunkard. You have got inebriate asylums sustained by the State—good places for men to board and be kept clear of drink for awhile; but three per cent. of the inmates of these institutions are not cured there. People are beginning to call them 'bummers' retreats,' because they come back, the same men, in three or six or twelve months, 'cured.' Look at the record and see if it is not so. It is almost impossible to save the drunkard. I tell you the conclusion I have come to within the last few years, after thirty-two years' experience and observation, when any drunkard comes to me I tell him plainly, 'You have but little power in and of yourself,' and I try to lead him to Him that is able to save to the uttermost, and then I have some hope of his deliverance, because God will help him."

So said Mr. Gough in a recent address, and the truth of his assertion all experience too sadly testifies. Inebriate asylums have, so far, utterly failed in the work of reform. But the Inebriate Reformatory *Home* works to a different result, as all our readers know who have read an article in the last number of this magazine giving a brief account of the "Franklin Reformatory Home" of Philadelphia. It is possible to save a confirmed drunkard, as the reports of this Christian institution abundantly show.

High Heels.

DR. WASHINGTON ATLEE, at a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, referred to the "delicate girl" of the period, and pointed out some of the causes at work in the destruction of her health. Among these, reference was made to the present style of high heels. "Her heel-mark," said the doctor, "is scarcely larger than the thumb-nail. Look at her shoe, with its narrow sole, a heel two inches high, shaved down nearly to a point, and placed almost under the instep. Instead of the points of support being on a level, the heel is tilted up two inches higher, the foot is crowded forward, the great toe is forced over the others. She is constantly walking down hill, and in health is going down hill all the time. All this forces her entire frame out of its proper line, and she is compelled, in order to maintain her perpendicular, to throw her hips back."

He contrasted the real and the fashionable woman, and thus accounted for many of her ailments. He urged a change in dress, that woman should no longer be thus travestied and injured by fashion. He alluded to the fearful increase in the use, by women, of tonics and stimulants, as partly the result of indisposition arising from her dress fashions, and urged, very emphatically, a reform.

The Moloch of Trade.

JOHN D. WRIGHT, president of the New York Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Children, intends to interfere in the cases of girls who are compelled by proprietors of stores to stand from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M. each day.

The cruelties that trade practises on those compelled through its means to earn their scanty food and clothing, are often very great, and thousands of young persons are made invalids through life, or hurried to early graves, in consequence. Greed of gain is very pitiless, and needs the surveillance of humane authority and its wholesome restraints. Mr. Wright is moving in one of the many needed directions. The very fact that he is doing so will cause hundreds of storekeepers who have heretofore exacted cruel and needless service from their clerks, to concede them a portion of rest during the long and weary days. No effort made in the direction of humanity is ever lost.

The Type-Writer.

A FEW months since we referred to a new invention called the type-writer, by means of which the mechanical process of writing is greatly facilitated. An experience of several months with the machine by one of the editors of our magazine, satisfies us that it is all that it is claimed to be, and something which every one who performs much labor with the pen will, in the course of time, come to consider as almost a necessity in that labor. What the sewing-machine has done for the sewing-woman, the type-writer will do for the author, editor, lawyer, and all who make constant or frequent use of the pen. We gave a brief description of the machine in our previous article; but one should see it to fully understand its simplicity, while it is so easy of operation that any child who knows its letters can use it.

Besides its labor-saving qualities, it offers other advantages to its possessor. By its use the author has an opportunity of seeing at once how his thoughts look "in print"—an obvious convenience, and a great consolation to disappointed authors.

The reader of this writing, or rather printing, is even more blessed, since he will not stumble over blind penmanship, but what the paper contains will be plainly revealed. If the author's manuscript goes into the waste-basket, it will be because of its demerits alone, and not because the editor cannot decipher the writing. If his article is published, the same author need not have his heart broken by outrageous typographical errors, yet fear to complain lest the blame be thrown back upon him for illegible writing.

The type-writer makes little noise in its working, its "click, click," reminding one of a telegraph instrument.

Ordinary printing-paper can be used, which fact in itself furnishes quite an item of saving on the cost of paper alone. Any number of copies from two to twenty can be made at once, and this capability recommends it especially to the attention of business men who wish to make duplicate statements, or to retain copies of their correspondence.

Mr. J. W. Bain, 838 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is general agent for the "type-writer."

At a recent marriage of a young lady, the following good advice was given to the bride and her husband: "Never talk at but to each other. Never both maintain anger at the same time. Never speak loud or boisterously to each other. Never reproach each other in presence of others. Never find fault or fret about what cannot be helped. Never repeat an order or request when understood. Never make a remark at the other's expense. Neglect everybody else rather than each other."

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
Half " " " "	- - - - -	50
Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	35
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.		

COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$150
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Inside—One page, one time	- - - - -	\$125
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" Quarter " " " "	- - - - -	45
Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.		

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

Book-Buying Department.

We give below a list of new books, published since our last issue, any of which will be mailed, postage free, on receipt of the price.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

For Description see next Page.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUME.

The skirt belonging to this pretty costume, was cut by pattern No. 3587, price 30 cents. It hangs elegantly, all its fullness falling at the back. The two breadths from the latter point form a slight train which may be left untrimmed, or decorated to please the wearer. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is suitable for any material.

The over-skirt, which is very stylish in shape, was cut by pattern No. 3780, price 20 cents. It has a pointed apron front drawn up by several clusters of shirrings, while its two back breadths are of unequal length and differently draped. It is edged with yak lace which has a pretty heading of its own. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The basque fits the figure with the customary

seams, and closes at the back—a late and popular caprice. It is trimmed at the bottom with lace, while the coat-sleeves have cuffs edged to correspond.

This basque pattern, which is number 3764, price 20 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; while that by which the lace collarette was cut, is No. 3278, price 10 cents, and is suitable for any fabric used for the purpose.

To make the suit for a lady of medium size, 19½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed; the skirt requiring 6½ yards, the over-skirt 9½ yards, and the basque 2¾; while the collarette will employ half a yard of net.

The hat is of chip and is lined with silk, while its decorations consist of fine blossoms mingled with a plume and ribbons as represented.



4086

Front View.

4086

Back View.

LADIES' TRAVELING WRAP, OR WATERPROOF CLOAK.

No. 4086.—These engravings illustrate a stylish wrap for traveling or for stormy weather. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 40 cents. Of waterproof,

lady's-cloth, or any suitable goods, 54 inches wide, 4½ yards are necessary to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Braid, embroidery or machine-stitching is suitable decoration.



4059

Front View.

4059

Back View.

LADIES' FRENCH SACK.

No. 4059.—The pattern to this charming garment material. To make the garment for a lady of medium is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary. measure, and can be used for any cloaking or suit. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4096

Front View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 4096.—The charming garment here illustrated, requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. Cashmere, camel's-hair, merino or any suit material will make up prettily by this pattern, and any trimming may be adopted.



4096

Back View.



4099

Front View.

LADIES' CARDINAL CAPE.
No. 4099.—The dressy little article illustrated is one of the prettiest wraps of the season. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents. Of any material, 27 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ of a yard will be required to make the cape for a lady of medium size.



4099

Back View



4114

Front View.



4114

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.

No. 4114.—This charming pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. It is a handsome model, well adapted to a variety of materials.



4083

Front View.

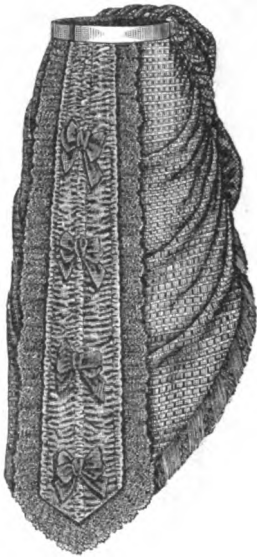
LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED STREET JACKET.

No. 4083.—To make the garment represented in these engravings, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.



4083

Back View.



4058

Front View.

4058

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4058.—The handsome garment represented by these engravings can be made of any suit material. Of goods, 27 inches wide, 6 yards will be necessary in making the skirt for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents.



4087

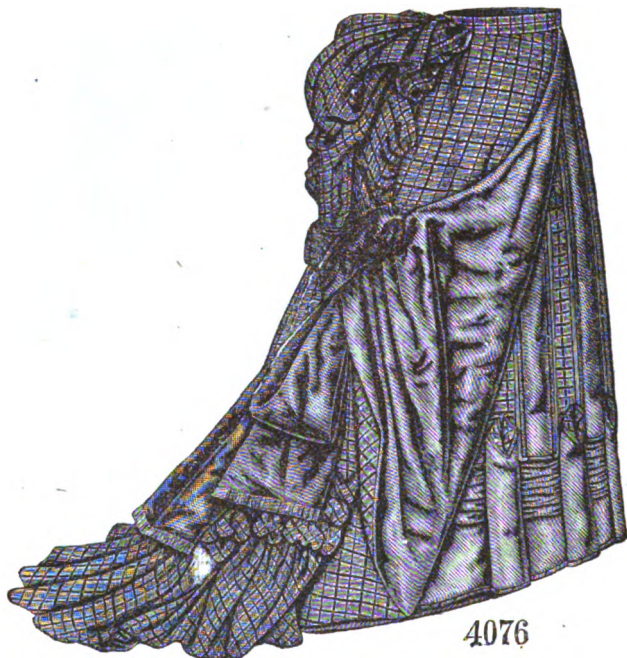
Front View.

4087

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No 4087.—The pattern of this pretty skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make a garment by it for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Cashmere, with trimmings of silk, will make up prettily by this model,



4076

LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 4076.—To make the elegant garment delineated, 13½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lady of medium size. This model is suitable for any combination of materials the taste may suggest. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 40 cents.



4089

Front View.

LADIES' MANTILLA CLOAK.

No. 4089.—To make the elegant garment represented by these engravings, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, together with 3½ yards of silk, will be necessary for a lady of medium size. A superb effect would result if velvet and lace were employed in the construction of this garment. The pattern is in 10 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.



4089

Back View.



4043

Front View.

MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 4043.—To make this simple garment for a miss of 11 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be needed. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4043

Back View.



4064

Front View.



4064

Back View.

MISSES' PLAIN REDINGOTE.

No 4064.—The pattern of this comfortable garment for a miss of 12 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Two shades of plain good age, and costs 30 cents. To make a garment by it would make up as prettily as the fabric represented



4080

Front View.

MISSES' HALF-FITTING STREET JACKET.

No. 4080.—The garment represented can be made of cloth or any suit material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make it for a miss of 12 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed.



4080

Back View.



4046

Front View.

GIRLS' FICHU WRAP.

No. 4046.—To make the garment illustrated for a girl 6 years old, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



4046

Back View.

4108

Front View.

4108

Back View.

4109

Front View.

4109

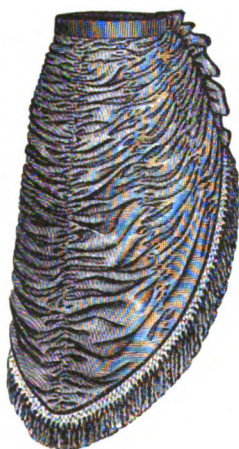
Back View.

CHILD'S LONG SACK CLOAK.

No. 4108.—This pretty little pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 1 to 5 years old, and costs 20 cents. To make the sack for a child of 3 years, 2 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.

CHILD'S PETTICOAT.

No. 4109.—The pretty little pattern illustrated by these engravings, is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a child 4 years old, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 36 inches wide, will be needed.

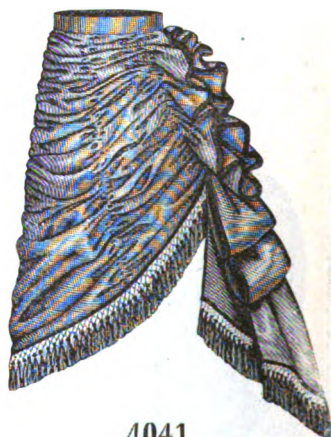


4041

Front View.

MISSES' SHIRRED OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4041.—The garment illustrated by these pictures, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make it for a miss of 12 years of age. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4041

Back View.

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THE CHAPEL-MASTER GIVING HAYDN'S FIRST SINGING LESSON.—Page 625.

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Vol. XLIII.

OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 10.



"OLD MORTALITY."



THE CHAPEL-MASTER GIVING HAYDN'S FIRST SINGING LESSON.—Page 885.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 10.



"OLD MORTALITY."

History, Biography and General Literature.

"OLD MORTALITY."

THE Covenanters of Scotland have left their mark upon their country. The number of those who formally claim to be their ecclesiastical descendants is not indeed large; but while their peculiarities of belief and practice partly arose from the characteristics of their nation, it is no less true that their life and struggles and labors have given to the northern part of Scotland no small amount of the special character of its church life and its political condition. They suffered much from the Jameses and the Charleses, and they made a noble stand in favor of the liberty of the subject in regard both to the things of God and the things of Caesar. We must not harshly, while we fairly, judge such men. They were the ancestors of a race of Christians, belonging now to various Christian denominations, who have done much for their country and for the world, and who continue to do so still.

For the sake of general readers unfamiliar with the circumstances to which allusion is here made, it may be proper to remark that soon after the Reformation was introduced into Scotland the Scottish Protestants drew up a Confession of Faith in 1581, the oath annexed to which they called "The Covenant." This was signed by James I., and again subscribed in 1590 and 1596. After the union of the two crowns of Scotland and England in 1603, the Stuarts favored Episcopacy, and sought to compel its adoption by force of arms. During the contentions between Charles I. and the Parliament, the Protestants in Scotland entered into a "Solemn League and Covenant" with the English Parliament, by which the independence of the Presbyterian churches was confirmed. But on the restoration of the Stuarts the covenant was formally abolished in 1661. The king enforced Episcopacy by the sword. The ministers were expelled from their charges if they did not conform. Many stood by them and by the covenant, which guaranteed freedom of Christian thought and liberty of worship. They who did so were hence called "Covenanters." There were many of the people slain by the soldiery in cold blood, and several sanguinary battles were fought. The excluded ministers were treated as rebels, and so were all who were suspected of favoring them. A price was put upon their lives, and their worship and their preaching had to be conducted in wild morasses and secluded glens of the mountains. Such things continued till the establishment of perfect freedom of conscience in 1689.

Sir Walter Scott did not understand the Covenanters. He had no sympathy with them. When he speaks of them he caricatures them. But others have done them honor and awarded them justice, and among the many works which have so done, there is none which gives a clearer view of the character and the conduct of "The Covenanters" than a book which was written a few

years ago by the Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, of Cheltenham, entitled "Peden the Prophet." But Sir Walter was sometimes fair, and in all his writings there is nothing more true to fact and character than his picture of "Old Mortality," a likeness of whom we here present.

The person whom this celebrated writer called "Old Mortality" was Robert Paterson. He was a native of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire. The probability is that he had in his youth been a mason. At all events he had been trained to carving in stone. He was the son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied the farm of Haggisha, in the parish of Hawick, during almost the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century. Robert was born in 1715.

He was the youngest son of a numerous family, and at an early age went to live with an elder brother who was a small farmer near Lochmaben. He there became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, whom he afterwards married. He then obtained an advantageous lease of a freestone quarry at Gatelowbrig, in the parish of Morton, and at this place he built a house, and had as much land as was sufficient for the "keep" of a horse and a cow. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their way to Glasgow at the time of the troubles of 1745-6, they plundered Mr. Paterson's house at Gatelowbrig, and carried him as a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he had said to one of them that they might have foreseen that they would be defeated, because the strong arm of the Lord was distinctly raised not only against the Prince Charles and his house, but against all who attempt to support the Church of Rome. From this it is plain that "Old Mortality" had at an early period in life adopted the peculiar religious opinions which afterwards distinguished him.

There was at this time a religious community called Hill-men, or Cameronians, remarkable for austerity and prayerfulness, in imitation of Richard Cameron their founder, an eminently godly man, and a zealous and successful preacher. "Old Mortality" connected himself with this community, and in order to attend their meetings made frequent journeys into Galloway, and occasionally carried with him grave-stones from his quarry at Gatelowbrig to keep in remembrance the righteous who had gone to their reward. His enthusiasm increased, and it is to be feared carried him beyond his original purpose. It "possessed" him. It is well when a man is under the command of a great good principle—indeed unless a man be ruled over thus he is likely to accomplish no great "deliverance" among his fellow men, or on their behalf; but in the case of Robert Paterson a commendable and admirable enthusiasm, so widely different from fanaticism, lost in part its healthy tone. From about the year 1758 he neglected wholly to return to his family, and betook himself to wandering and working on the monuments of "the

godly"—the Covenanters, who had fallen or died in circumstances which distinguished them, in the course of the struggle by which liberty of worship and Christian freedom had been obtained for the country. Let it here be distinctly observed that we are naming only a single exception—this good man's forgetfulness of family claims; these are strong claims, and never ought to be forgotten. In this his chosen work he made monuments and re-chiselled the almost unreadable letters upon others, as these had come by weather and time to be well nigh unserviceable to their original purpose.

A small monumental stone near the House of the Hill, in Wigtonshire, is much revered as having been the first which was erected by "Old Mortality." It was raised in memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of liberty of conscience in the civil war, in the time of Charles II. But ere long the labors of this peculiar man spread over nearly the whole of the Lowlands of Scotland. There are in particular few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway or Dumfriesshire where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is readily distinguishable by the comparative rudeness of the emblems of death—the skull and cross-bones—and even by the style of the letters of the inscriptions.

In these his wanderings he might be seen, an old man alone among the dead. A blue bonnet of large size covered the gray hairs of the venerable enthusiast. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the texture and color called in Scotland "hoddan-gray," his vest and knee-breeches being of the same material. Strong shoes, studded with iron nails, and "leggings" made of thick black cloth completed his attire. Beside him, if he were among the tombs, there might invariably be seen a white pony, the companion of his journey and the helper of his pilgrimages.

He made an annual round of visits to all the scenes of slaughter which unhappily so distinguished the reigns of the two last kings of the house of Stuart. These were often solitary spots far from all the habitations of men; but there at the appointed time most certainly would be seen the old man and his pony. He never wanted. Christian people always extended to him a willing hospitality. This he repaid by repairing the gravestones of the family of his host. But wherever he went his Christian conversation, and his prayers, were held to be a boon which many could prize as a means of profit and spiritual blessing to their families.

He thus devoted many years of his life to the performing of a duty which he believed to be his due to the deceased warriors of the Church, who had lived and suffered and died at a period to which the later generations would, he knew, trace back a debt of obligation. Therefore, he would renew to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and endurance of their forefathers, and "so trim the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood."

The family of this singular religious wanderer were now, when he was in old age, all well set-

tled in life, and entreated him to spend his last years in comfort with them; but he continued his peculiar mode of life to the end. On the 14th of February, 1801, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was found on the highway, near Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony stood by the side of his dying master. There was found on his person a sum sufficient to pay the expense of a decent interment. But it is not known precisely where his body lies. As soon as his body was found intimation was sent to his sons; but from the great depth of snow on the ground at the time, the letter which conveyed the intelligence of his death was so long detained by the way that the remains of the pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive. It is to be regretted that through unaccountable carelessness in the keeping of the burial records no inquiry could discover even the churchyard in which his body had been laid. So that he who spent so many of the years of his lengthened life in perpetuating the memory of many less worthy it may be than himself, must remain without the simplest stone to mark the resting-place of his own mortal remains.

The figure of "Old Mortality" was cut not many years ago, by a self-taught artist, Mr. Thom, in Scotland, and with its accompanying pony and a plaster cast of Sir Walter Scott, was exhibited to admiring crowds in Edinburgh, London and elsewhere. Mr. Thom took them to America for exhibition, and the pony having been broken in the course of removal from one town to another, he re-executed that, as also the figure of Sir Walter, which had hitherto, as we have said, been only in plaster, and the whole group are now to be seen at Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia.

Mr. Anderson, of Perth, also a self-taught sculptor, executed a single figure of "Old Mortality," which was greatly admired. It is of this figure that our engraving gives a representation, and most truly to the life are the personal appearance, the dress and the occupation portrayed.

"Old Mortality" left three sons, two of whom were in comfortable circumstances in Galloway. The third, before the death of his father, had gone to America.

A good man he was with all his eccentricities, and a man who did good. His memory is much revered. It is always true that "the memory of the just is blessed."

A LINK BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, or to forbear the causes of irritation, find solace for their pain in these golden links which still continue to unite them! On that they are one. There they can really repose. Those fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by life's roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how bright and blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word—"Forgive."

MEXICO AND ITS PYRAMIDS.

BY C.

WE call this the new world. What do we know of its age? In the beautiful land of Mexico, a land that lives only on memories of a wonderful past, there are many remains of pyramids and palaces, which vie well with the architectural beauties of the Old World, and fill us with wonder and a restless longing for a better knowledge of a race which inhabited our country long ages ago, who left monuments of great industry and perseverance.

Mexico was formerly called in Spain "The Venice of the Western World." Little was known of the country by the civilized world before 1517, and two years later, when Hernando Cortez visited its shores, the people, though numerous were very ignorant. Thousands of people worshipped and dreaded the powerful Montezuma, and to the remotest parts of his kingdom his subjects were filled with awe at accounts of his greatness. But not many leagues away lay the once powerful Republic of Tlascala (or Tlaxcala), whose people were war-like and valorous, and in early years had asserted their independence, and though lying in the heart of a country whose numerous and petty kings were governed by the one monarch, Montezuma, they had for years maintained their right of self-government, and had won the fear and admiration of all that fierce and war-like people. Nature had assisted them much in asserting their rights, and in maintaining them. It had given them a mountain wall, which fortified three sides of their country. Several leagues of the remaining boundary lay open to the approach of the much dreaded Aztecs. This little nation, not in the least discouraged by the greatness of the task, set to work and built a wall twenty feet thick and nine feet high the whole distance, thus completing the breastworks nature had thrown up for their benefit.

Here, in the heart of the Tlascalan Republic, is the great Mexican pyramid, one of the world's unknown wonders. Its base covers forty-four acres, its sides rise to the height of one hundred and seventy-seven feet, and the platform on its summit is more than an acre in extent. Its walls are composed of layers of brick and clay.

The great pyramid of Egypt, Cheops, covers an area of eleven acres only. In olden times this Mexican pyramid was the great "Teocalli," or Temple. On its summit altars were reared, where worship was offered to the "Unknown God, the Cause of Causes." A stairway wound around the outside of the pyramid leading from its foot to the apex, and on this winding stairway strange and awful processions of priests, clad in their scarlet robes, and bearing gorgeous banners, made of the feathers of their tropical birds, ascended to the top, in full view of the people below, singing chants to the "God of War" and the "God of the Air." These imposing processions on all the great feast days were accompanied by the prisoners that were to be sacrificed in honor of the day. The victims, who for many a month have lived on the best the land afforded, are one by one laid on

the altar, slain, and quickly borne away to grace the board of some lordly mansion. And so of the long list of captives taken in war, the best and most beautiful of the young men and maidens were devoted to the gods, they said, while the worshipping multitude below are kneeling and praying.

The remains of these pyramids are found all through the country of Mexico, and even across the gulf into Yucatan. Most of them are solid, but, in some, rooms have been discovered. It is not known whether they were intended for tombs, or as the "Holy of Holies" to the outer temple on their summits. The only voice that comes to us is that which shows their kindredship with the ruined palaces that are found in all the surrounding country. This is the impress of a hand laid flat against a surface. It is stained red as blood, and is as large as life, it appears on the walls of temples, palaces and pyramids. The impression of the same red hand was found not long ago on the northern frontier of Washington Territory, and sometimes among the Indians now, on tents and buffalo-robies, this mysterious sign may be seen. It may be called mysterious, because no Indian knows its meaning, but uses it as a talisman. There is no voice to break the silence of ages, and tell us where this strange and uncivilized people came from. Only the red hand beckons the scholar to a people the ruins of whose majestic monuments and beautiful palaces still remain.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

WHAT THE WINDS BROUGHT

BY CARLIE W. THOMPSON.

A WIND blew out of the South,
And brought her a dainty face,
A bit of sweetness to wear on her mouth,
And a delicate, lily grace.
Oh, the south wind's sweet surprise
Blew her violet buds for eyes,
And brought her a tender, trusting heart
That never was overwise.
A wind blew out of the West,
With a murmur of summer showers,
And brought her a beautiful, shining dream,
All braided with kisses and flowers;
And the violet-buds of her eyes
Out-blossomed in blue surprise,
And the dream crept close to the trusting heart
That never was overwise.
But a wind blew out of the North,
When her joy was all complete,
And shattered the things she had loved the best,
And scattered them at her feet.
'Twas a cruel and cold surprise,
For it blighted the bloom of her eyes,
And brought a chill to the trusting heart
That never was overwise.
Then a wind blew out of the East,
And carried her story away,
Wailed it and murmured it over the earth,
And dropped it to me to-day,
With a plaintive and sad surprise,
This song of violet eyes,
And the innocent, trusting, broken heart
That never was overwise.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

SECOND PAPER.

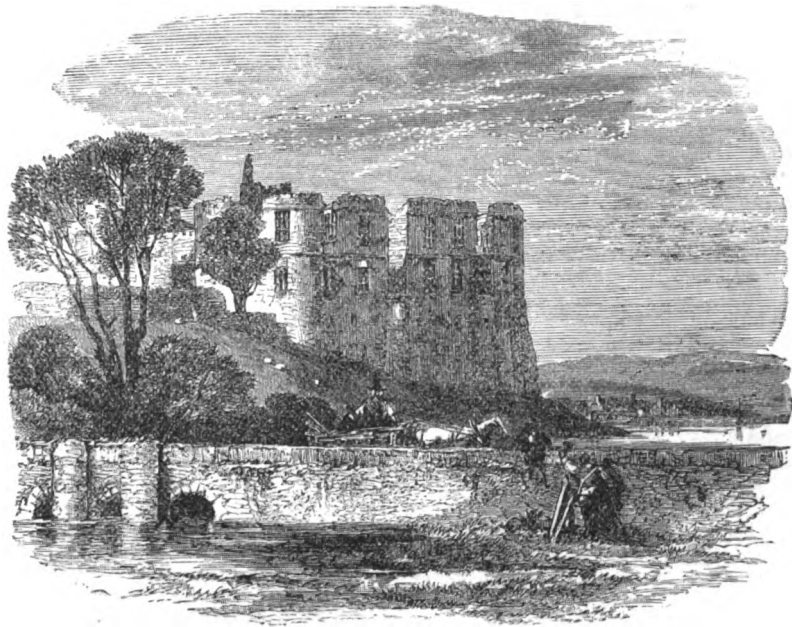
THE Western Province of Ireland is Connought. Its eastern boundary is the River Shannon, the largest river in Ireland. The southern county of this province is Galway, of which the town of Galway is not only the most important city, but a port of some consequence.

Connought is not a popular province in Ireland, and its inhabitants are looked upon with a certain amount of disfavor, even among Irishmen themselves. Mrs. S. C. Hall aptly illustrates the prejudice which is felt against them by an anecdote. She says: "'That is a countryman of yours,' we said to a bricklayer, who was repairing a wall. 'Is it that,' he answered in a round, ripe, mellifluous Munster brogue; 'is it that tatterdemallion—

with Spain, and the town itself bears marks of its intimacy with that country. The architecture of the ancient houses, now falling into decay, is quite as much Spanish as Irish. There are the remains of Jalousies, and elaborately-carved arched gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carry the imagination to the Moorish cities of Grenada and Valencia. Tradition tells us that this portion of Ireland was originally settled by a colony from Spain, and the inhabitants still bear, in their dark hair, the traces of their southern origin.

The Bay of Galway is one of the finest in the world. It contains innumerable roads and harbors, and is capable of affording protection to the largest fleet.

In the suburbs of Galway there exists a peculiar people, who still retain customs and habits they have kept unchanged for centuries. The inhabi-



CAREW CASTLE.

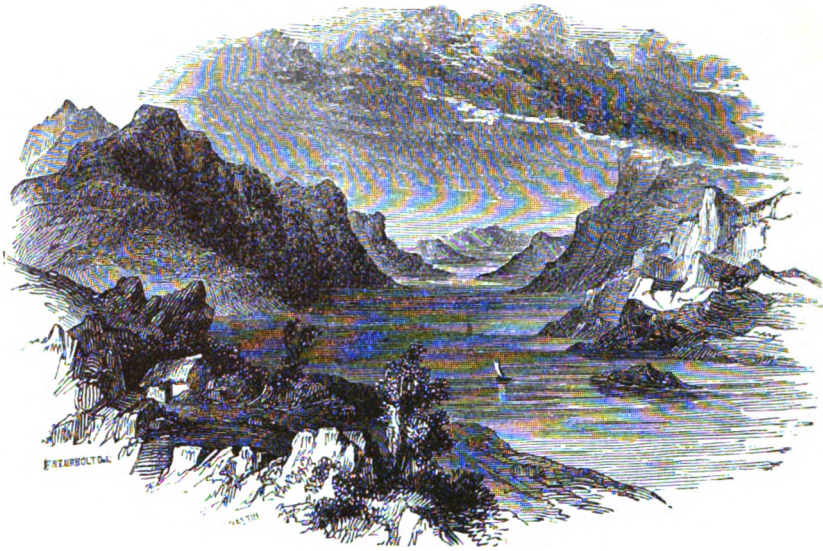
is it *that*!—he!—faix, he's not an Irishman at all; he's nothing but a *Connought* man.' We remember," Mrs. Hall goes on to say, "a man once expressing his astonishment that so much bother should have been made about a 'boy' who had been killed in a row at a fair, concluding his harangue with an exclamation, 'And he was nothing but a Connought man after all!' The prejudice against Connought is indeed somewhat general in the other parts of Ireland: there seems to have been a pretty extensive willingness to construe literally the brutal epithet of the soldiers of Cromwell—'To h— or Connought!'—when forcing emigration from the pleasant plains of Limerick and Longford into the rude and barren districts of the far West."

In Galway one finds the traces of a different race from that which inhabits the rest of Ireland. Centuries ago, Galway was a famous trading port

tants of the "Claddagh" are a colony of fishermen, numbering, with their families, several thousand. Their market-place adjoins one of the old gates of the town, and here they hold their own dominion, and are governed by their own king and their own laws, utterly refusing to yield obedience to any other.

On the road between Galway and Outerard are a prodigious collection of cromlechs, or huge circles of stone, which were the work of the Druids. A plain, which extends for more than two miles, is literally covered with these immense stones, of all shapes and sizes, so that there can scarcely be less than a thousand. The circles in which they are placed are of varied sizes, so that some of them are quite small, while others are nearly half a mile in circumference.

Lough Corrib is a broad, picturesque sheet of water. The whole region of Connamara is a



THE HILLERY.

country of lakes, where they are of all shapes and sizes. The scenery is wild, and rugged, and dark, and overhanging mountains shut in the valleys.

which occupies a low promontory which juts out into Lough Corrib. To the north of Corrib lies Lough Mask, separated by a narrow neck of land, under which rolls, in a subterranean channel, the



DELPHI.

"Here hung the yew—
Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—
Bare here, and striated with many a hue
Scorred by the wintry rain, by torrents here,
And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt,
Here crags loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended."

Only one solitary ruin is seen in the neighborhood—the ivy-crowned walls of an old castle,

waters of the latter to join those of the former. The village of Fairhill is situated upon this neck of land, and from it is seen a magnificent view of the two lakes.

Between Tully and Leenane, on the western coast, the traveller will find his road lies through the beautiful and magnificent pass of Kylemore. This gap in the mountains extends for about three miles, forming a deep dell all the way, through

which runs a rapid river, making its passage into the lake near its eastern entrance. The sides of the hills are in many places clothed with trees, and here and there a waterfall is seen and heard among them, while the rushing stream that supplies it may be traced from the heights above. At this place the "Twelve Pins"—the "Connamara Alps"—are to be seen, while a deep valley leads down to the shore. The traveller suddenly drops down upon the Killery, which is a deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland.

The region of Connamara is one which should prove especially attractive to the tourist, from the wild grandeur of the scenery. There are mountains, rivers, lakes, waterfalls and magnificent views of the Atlantic, which render it a choice spot in which to loiter away a few summer weeks.

One of the most attractive spots is at Delphi. The road to this place leads through a fertile valley, upon which mountains from either side look down, and through which runs a fine river, literally crowded with salmon. The Lake of Delphi is a lonely spot, deeply sunk in the midst of the mountains, yet charming in its very loneliness.

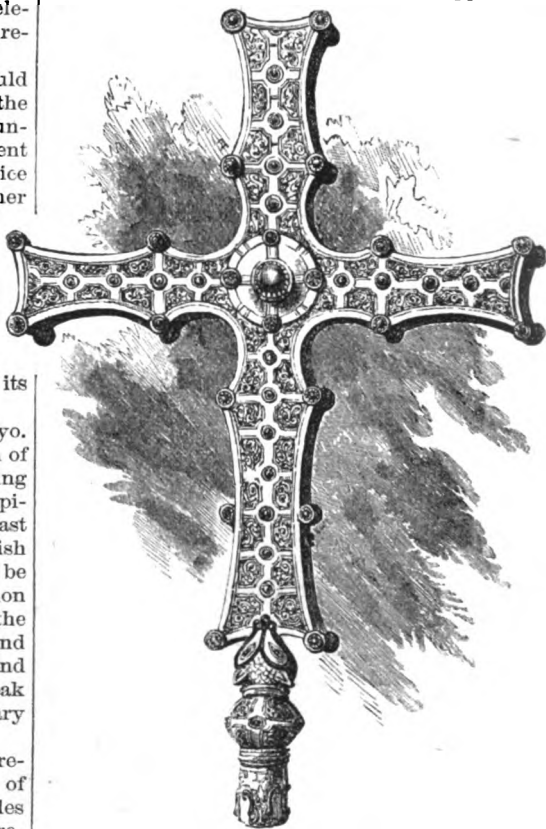
The first county to the north of Galway is Mayo. A short distance from Castlebar is the old town of Cong, where is found one of the most interesting and venerable ruins in Ireland. It is the dilapidated abbey, where Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings, retired when his English enemies grew too strong for him. He is said to be buried under the great east window, and common stones are heaped in careless profusion above the grave; but it is surrounded by very perfect and beautiful sculptured buttresses, doorways and ornaments of a gorgeous character, which speak of the former wealth and power of this sanctuary of the kings.

Among the ruins of Cong lie also the mortal remains of MacNamara—a famous free-booter, of whose adventures and escapes marvellous tales are told. The abbey is, in some parts, in a remarkable state of preservation—some of the carvings of the windows, which are curious specimens of decorated Norman architecture, seeming as fresh, after the lapse of centuries, as if they had been but recently executed.

The village of Cong stands upon a small peninsula which extends into Lough Corrie on its eastern side. At its entrance is an ancient stone cross with an inscription upon it in Irish.

"The Cross of Cong" was presented to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839, by Professor MacCullagh, by whom it was purchased from the Roman Catholic priest of Cong. It is, according to Dr. MacCullagh, "a most interesting memorial of the period preceding the English invasion, and shows a very high state of art in the country at the time when it was made, which was the early part of the twelfth century, in the reign of Therdelaich Ua Conchovar (or Turlogh O'Connor),

father of Roderick, the last of the native kings of Ireland. This date is supplied by the Gaelic inscriptions, extremely clear and well cut, which cover the silver edges of the cross, and which, besides giving the names of the king and of a contemporary dignitary of the church, preserve that of the artist himself, who was an Irishman. A Latin inscription informs us that it contains a precious relic—a portion of the wood of the 'true cross,' and this circumstance will account for the veneration in which it has been held for ages." The cross is formed of gold, silver, copper and



THE CROSS OF CONG.

oak, and is abundantly studded with imitations of precious stones. The height of the shaft is about two feet and a half, and the span of the arms about nineteen inches.

The narrow neck of land which divides Lough Corrie from Lough Mask has already been referred to. Underneath this neck, in a subterranean channel, rushes the waters of Lough Mask, leaping in mighty cataracts, which are faintly heard above ground in dismal, melancholy sounds, which keep alive the embers of decaying superstition. There are numerous caves in this vicinity, which are well worth a visit.

Castlebar has nothing particularly to distinguish it, save that it was rendered famous during the melancholy year of 1798, as the scene of a battle. The Irish rebellion seemed successful at this place, and for a short period Castle-

bar was the seat of the republican government of Connaught.

Newport is situated on a somewhat broad and rapid river, at the head of the beautiful Bay of Clew. At the quay a vessel of four or five hundred tons may unload. At this place, sea, lake and beautiful mountain scenery unite in offering their attractions to the tourist.

The Island of Achill is distant from Newport about fourteen miles. It is the largest island off the Irish coast. The scenery in the neighborhood is somewhat barren and bleak, yet in natural grandeur and rude magnificence it can scarcely be surpassed. Upon the island are the remains of the ancient monastery of Burrishoole, and the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, one of the castles of Grace O'Malley. Those of the former stand upon the east bank of the river, and adjacent to the Lake of Burrishoole. The ruin is highly picturesque, and is literally crowded and crammed with skulls and dry bones. The old castle is built upon an extremity of an arm of the sea. In the same vicinity are some singular caves, believed to be Druidic.

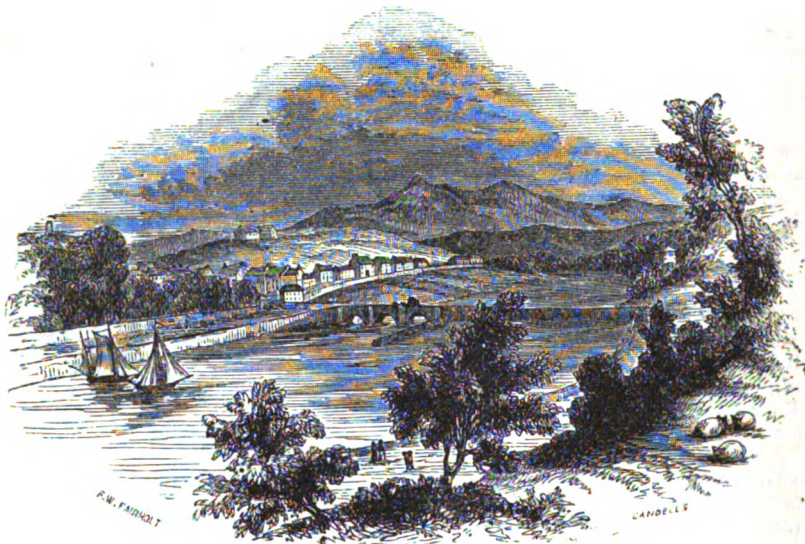
first settled; did I never tell you?" and my companion laughed heartily.

I laughed, too, but it was a joyful, glad laugh. I was pleased to know that the pioneers selected beautiful building sites.

Uncle Franks! and I never knew where the dear old man built before! I knew all about him, and Auntie Franks, and Jett, and Ruth, and Jack, and Nancy, and Simon, and Clark, their children; all men and women when I first knew them.

They had three children when they came here. They were very poor. Uncle worked for farmers by day's works and carried his wages home at night in a bag on his shoulder. He nearly always worked for corn, and at night he pounded it, and it was made into bread or mush. Aunt kept hulled corn on hand the year round. If she had not done so they would have had nothing to eat except mush and corn bread, but this gave them a little variety.

We, with our good wells and springs and the unfailing cistern under the roof, can make hulled corn easily, but for five years the feeble mother of this poor family brought all their spring water the



NEWPORT.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 10.

"WHAT a beautiful place that would have been for a cabin home in early times," I said, leaning out of the carriage; "now if I had been living in those early days that is where I would have pitched my tent."

"Where?" said my companion, looking about.

"Just there," I replied, pointing my finger in the direction of the prettiest knoll below which the road wound with a graceful curve.

"Oh, well you would have found the place occupied, unless you had come here before the year of our Lord 1813. That is where old Uncle Franks

distance of half a mile. I am astounded at this when I take into consideration the fact of a growing, healthy family eating hulled corn nearly every day for years, the one moderate-sized iron pot in which it was cooked, and that she made her excellent hominy the old precise way that our great grandmothers did, without varying one atom; that it be thoroughly washed in clean water nine times.

When I said, "Why didn't Uncle Franks dig a well and spare his wife?" the reply was, "He was very poor; they had nothing to work with but their hands; the family was growing all the time, and it was just as much as he could do to clothe and feed them."

She had one feather bed that they brought with them from the East. She had long wanted a cow,

and at last she made up her mind to part with the bed in exchange for a cow. Any woman can conceive how loth she would be to give up the only bed, but she said, drying her eyes on her apron, "We can't eat the bed, and we can soon learn to do without it. We are all tired enough at night to sleep on the ground, and the cow will bring us good milk and butter, and she will be such a good 'vestment.'"

Poor Auntie Franks! the bed that her mother gave her was given up and taken away and the cow brought home, and the little ones feasted on the good milk and butter. But one morning, when they got up, the cow stood under the maple, all drawn up and her mouth was foamy and her cold tongue hung out, and her breath came as though she were pained.

"P'raps she's been out among the buckeyes; if she has, she's done for," said uncle, with his hands thrust down into his pockets.

The family stood 'round her grieving. At last the mother said: "What say to sendin' for Gran'ther Jones; it may be that she's a little mite bewitched."

"Who'd do it?" was his answer; "you know nobody has nothin' agin us. We never harmed nobody," and he looked in her eyes with a questioning stare.

"I don't like the looks of that old creeter as lives on the Watkins' place," said auntie, sticking her arms up against her sides. "Now Gran'ther Jones would know whether she's a witch or not. He could tell without gittin' up off his cheer. Lord have mercy on us if she is! You see, Dan'el, I'll tell you what makes me mistrust. I was out on the hill beyont the Watkins' place with Jett an' Ruth diggin' some sassafrac root the other day, and we come upon the old creeter all of a sudden a settin' on the ground with a little brown paper in her lap and she was whisperin' like and doin' this and that an' t'other, like a body sortin' out seeds for a truck patch or garden, and as soon as she seed us she squawked out and husled the little paper out o' sight in her bosom, and she was gone down the hill like a streak. Now if that isn't jubus conduct, I don't know what is," and the wife looked up into her husband's face as though this last argument was conclusive.

The cow wouldn't eat anything, and so Jett was despatched for Gran'ther Jones.

Now this old man was very superstitious. He knew everything by the aid of his cards, and his "mineral ball," and the queer looking articles that he kept in a sacred little receptacle in the safest corner of the "old chist."

His grown children and grown grandchildren looked with holy awe upon "gran'ther's box." They were almost breathless when it was opened and they caught a glimpse of its contents, but this latter rarely happened.

In less than an hour the old magician hove in sight. He came in a creaking little wooden wagon drawn by an old sorrel horse whose mane and tail were snarled and matted almost into felt with burdock burrs. Indeed the tail hung as clubby and substantial as the tail of a musk-rat. Gran'ther was very old and exceedingly corpulent.

He could hardly bear to feel the weight of his clothes about him, and that required him to dress in a manner somewhat peculiar. His back and shoulders were covered by a brief garment, made like our grandmothers used to make sailors or roundabouts for their boys, only that it was very large and fit him like a loose, light husk. His trousers were something gathered on to a band to button round his portly dimensions; when he walked the band was buttoned, when he rode or sat they were worn entirely loose and lay about him like careless drapery, his shirt generally on the outside, or out and in, just as it happened. Shapeless big moccasins and a very wide, low, soft, wool hat. This time the call was urgent, for Mrs. Franks was his granddaughter, a favorite one, too. He drove as fast as circumstances would allow, his long, white hair and his excess of snow-white shirt streaming in the wind.

As soon as he was seated and the particulars of the occasion made known, the family remembered the first rite of hospitality, which was to bring out a half-gallon jug of Slater's best fourth-proof whisky, and hold it up to the eager lips that wet themselves unctuously, and smacked and partook again with a relish that was pleasurable to look upon.

"Well," he said, in a cracked old voice, looking around, and then the cow was driven up to the door where he could see her.

"Turn her head this way," he said. Then he opened his sacred box, took out a piece of dingy, soft muslin on which was inscribed cabalistic characters, laid it across his knees and opened a paper in which were two needles with flat heads. One of these he ordered to be stuck in the band of his shirt, back of his neck, and the other in the hem of his left trousers' leg. Then he took out some white looking gum, wet it with spittle and rubbed it over the region of his heart.

"Watch if the cow rolls up her eyes or makes complaint," he said, as he began to make bows, very slowly at first, and then they came faster and faster, until the poor old man looked like a ninny. Suddenly he stopped and wet the white gum again and rubbed it on his forehead.

Just then the cow lolled her tongue over to the other side of her cold, wet mouth, and moaned as if in pain.

"Satisfied," he muttered, and signalled to have the curious needles removed. "She's clean bewitched, there's no doubt o' that," said he, giving an upward hitch to the band that constituted a part of his trousers. "Have you any idee of any possessed creeter hereabouts; anybody you'd mistrust?" he asked.

Then Susan Franks, with staring eyes and twitching hands, related her meeting on the hillside with the queer creeter who lived on the Watkins' place.

"Do you know anything about her? tell all you know," said he, leaning back.

"A man with two pack horses brought her and her hous'old stuff, and left immediately. People don't take to 'er nor she to them," was the reply.

"Well, we must find out if she be one possessed," said the poor old man, "an' if she be,

we'll know how to manage her. If she be in league with a evil one we'll find it out and give her her jest deserts," and the grim, wise old astrologer gave his refractory trousers' band another hitch.

Such people believed that witches were sold unto the devil. That they entered into a compact and that the bargain was usually in writing and signed in the witch's own blood.

One point in witchcraft was the belief in stated meetings of witches and devils by night, called Witches' Sabbaths. That, first anointing her feet and shoulders with a salve made of the fat of murdered and unbaptized children, the witch mounted a broomstick, distaff, rake or the like, and making her exit by the chimney, rode through the air to the place of rendezvous. If her demon lover came to fetch her, he was represented as sitting on the staff before and she behind him. At the feast to which they all assembled there were viands, but no bread nor salt, and they drank out of ox hoofs and horse skulls, but the meal neither satisfied nor nourished. After eating and drinking, they danced to music played on a bagpipe with a horse's head for a bag, and a cat's tail for a chanter.

At the conclusion a great goat that had participated was burned to ashes, and then the ashes were divided among the witches to raise storms with. They returned as they came, and the husband was kept from being aware of his wife's absence by a stick laid in the bed, which he mistook for her.

The power that the devil gave them was exclusively directed to work evil, to raise storms, blast crops, inflict racking pain on an enemy or make him pine away in sickness. This latter was done, usually, by making an image of wax and sticking it full of pins or setting it away to melt before the fire.

If a witch attempted to do good the devil was enraged and chastised her.

Taking a small vial out of his little box, Gran'ther Jones, on the point of a penknife, lifted out some of the oily contents, which he rubbed on one side of a stick, mumbled over it, and then laid it down beside him. Then he took some charcoal, that had been made out of burned bats, and made some marks on a fragment of white paper with it, folded it up neatly, tied it in a cloth and laid it down beside the stick. Then he called Dan'el Franks up to him, and tying a snake-skin round Dan'el's hat, told him to go to the house of the strange woman, lay the oiled stick on her doorsill, throw the marked paper down her chimney and then hide behind her house with his hat drawn down over his face and stay there fifteen or twenty minutes, and then come back and report what he had seen and heard.

In due time the man returned. Gran'ther, who had been sitting leaning on his staff, now rallied, and, looking up, said: "What say?"

"The creeter was a-carryin' on 'mazingly," was the reply; "she was cryin' an' moanin' an' makin' all sorts o' noise, e'en a'most like one demented."

"All right, she's a witch sure—leastaways all the symptoms p'int that way. We'll manage her,

or there's no truth in truth," said the old man, putting the snake-skin back in his box and closing it carefully. Then he took out of his bosom a little parcel, which he unrolled, and within was a small, compact ball of hair, or hairy calculi such as is occasionally found inside of the stomachs of old cattle, formed perhaps out of the fine hair that lodges on the tongue when they are licking themselves, and clings together and becomes secreted in the stomach, and is never removed unless by curious human hands after the animal is dead.

Astrologers and fortunetellers and superstitious people ascribe supernatural powers to this worthless accumulation. Gran'ther Jones was one of those; he could hardly have existed without this most wonderful of all divinations.

While he was performing with this singular ball, he gave orders that the cow be watched closely. By this time she was lying down stretched out stiffly, with her eyes rolled up.

After awhile gran'ther stopped swinging the ball and muttering incantations, and gave orders that the poor brute be made to stand upon her feet. It was attempted, but without a successful result.

"Take a shovelful of coals and pour on her side," said he, peremptorily.

It was done, but the poor thing made no effort to rise, and gave no sign except a prolonged, piteous, quivering cry.

"That was the devil's cry," said gran'ther, with a cracked laugh, and then he beckoned to have the "joog" passed, and it was held up, and he drank with the utmost satisfaction.

But such details are repulsive, and should be forgotten. Suffice to say, the cow died, and the feather bed was gone, and the poor family were poorer than ever.

One day gran'ther was at Dan'el Franks's house, and Susie was making hominy, and using pailful after pailful of spring water from the fountain half a mile distant, when the old man said to one of the boys: "Go git me a stick of witch hazel, and be sure you git it off 'n the sunrise side o' the bush, an' I'll see if it would be proper for your par to be diggin' a well hereabouts."

Buttoning the band of his nether drapery, and having the other garment all a-flutter in its freedom, he broke a forked stick from the witch hazel, and began walking slowly up and down the lot in which the cabin stood, holding the stick in a certain position between his two hands. Suddenly it began to turn; he stopped; it moved slowly round; when in a loud, nose-y voice he cried out: "Does my Maker tell me there is water here?"

Then he informed Dan'el that he could strike a good vein of pure, soft water by digging twenty-five feet. But Dan'el had to earn bread for the family, he had not time to earn water too, and so the well was never dug.

But alas for the fate of the woman who was shunned, and despised, and persecuted as a witch!

In those days almshouses had not been built in the West. There was need enough for them, but the poor pioneers could not stand the taxes. So when it was known that Goody Leet was sick, and suffering, and dying, and all the while declaring

herself an innocent and a wronged woman then, some of the neighbors of the better class sought her in her cheerless, dark, lonely cabin, and found her to be an object of charity and sympathy.

It was hardly to be supposed that any of those poor families could afford to take her into their homes and treat her as one of them without a trifling recompense, and though it did look very hard and inhuman, and we cannot quite be reconciled to the fact, yet a notice was stuck on the door of the blacksmith's shop, saying that on the 9th day of October, 1813, Mistress Goody Leet, an infirm woman, would be sold to the lowest bidder for the term of six months.

On that day Goody was put into a little wooden wagon and hauled to the lower rattle, where the blacksmith's shop was located, and she was sold as a pauper by public outcry.

This was the iron that entered her soul. A man mounted on a stump raised his hands, and his voice, and his powers of eloquence, said all the fine words he could think of, and all the pretty phrases, and the poor creature was sold to the lowest bidder. A lazy, ignorant old couple made the bid, and hauled her off to their cheerless home in the creaking little wagon amid the solemn silence of the motley assemblage.

Goody was quiet. For days she would sit and lean on her thin talony hand, and she would open a little brown paper that she carried in her bosom, and cry over it softly and silently. But one day she refused food and drink, and the next day she did the same, and persisted in it calmly yet positively day after day. Kind women could not prevail on her to eat, sympathizing men besought her without avail; and one morning, when the old couple looked upon their charge, she lay peaceful and with pitiful countenance as one in pleasant slumber. All plainness and homeliness were obliterated, and a rare beauty, lost and faded for long years, had come back again.

In the suspected little brown paper in her bosom was a flossy flake of infant's hair, and a coarser slip beside it, of dark brown, was a man's hair, treasured and beloved, both. The tale they might have told could only be guessed.

Marry, with long and patient waiting, the poor persecuted pauper, a lady born, had sought and found a friendly death by starvation.

FACES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THE captain always remembers faces. At least he says he does. I don't. I don't make even a pretense of remembering them. If I were introduced to you this minute, and should meet you plump on Chestnut Street in less than half an hour, I should not recognize you. If after my introduction, when I got home, the captain should ask me to describe your appearance, and I were to tell him you were short and stout, with light hair and blue eyes, he might with tolerable safety infer that you were tall and spare, with black hair, and eyes to match. "Twas ever thus in childhood's years," and all the way up to now. I cannot help it. So if I cut you dead in

the street, extenuate if you please, but set not down ought in malice. It surely is not the fault of the faces that I do not remember them. When I get to know a countenance well, I always find it possesses sufficiently distinctive characteristics.

I wonder how it ever came about that there is such a variety not only in individual faces, but in the different types also? Did old Noah's sons so little resemble each other that their descendants have gone on multiplying the differences ever since?

First, there are the five grand types of races—the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Malay, the Ethiopian, and the American. (You see I have these all pat. It is about the only remnant of knowledge which I still preserve from my school days. If I were to make the divisions myself, I should be content with three, and huddle the second, third and fifth into one. But then I *may* be mistaken.) These are again divided, until every man reveals his nationality in his face. I once heard an observing man remark that he could tell exactly where to place a man's ancestors by his peculiar cast of countenance.

The Italian and Spaniard are not only swarthy, but the form of their foreheads, noses, eyes and mouths betray their southern origin. A Jew always stands revealed by his hooked nose and dark hair and eyes. There are at least three distinct types of German features, indicating three distinct origins in the remote past. There is the dark-eyed and dark-haired one, evidently allied to the Italian, and probably springing from the same root; the pale and thin, with broad, high foreheads and gray or blue eyes and brown hair; and the Saxon pure—a perfect blond. The latter is also found in England, together with the Scandinavian, the Cimbric and the Norman, the last distinguished by dark eyes and hair.

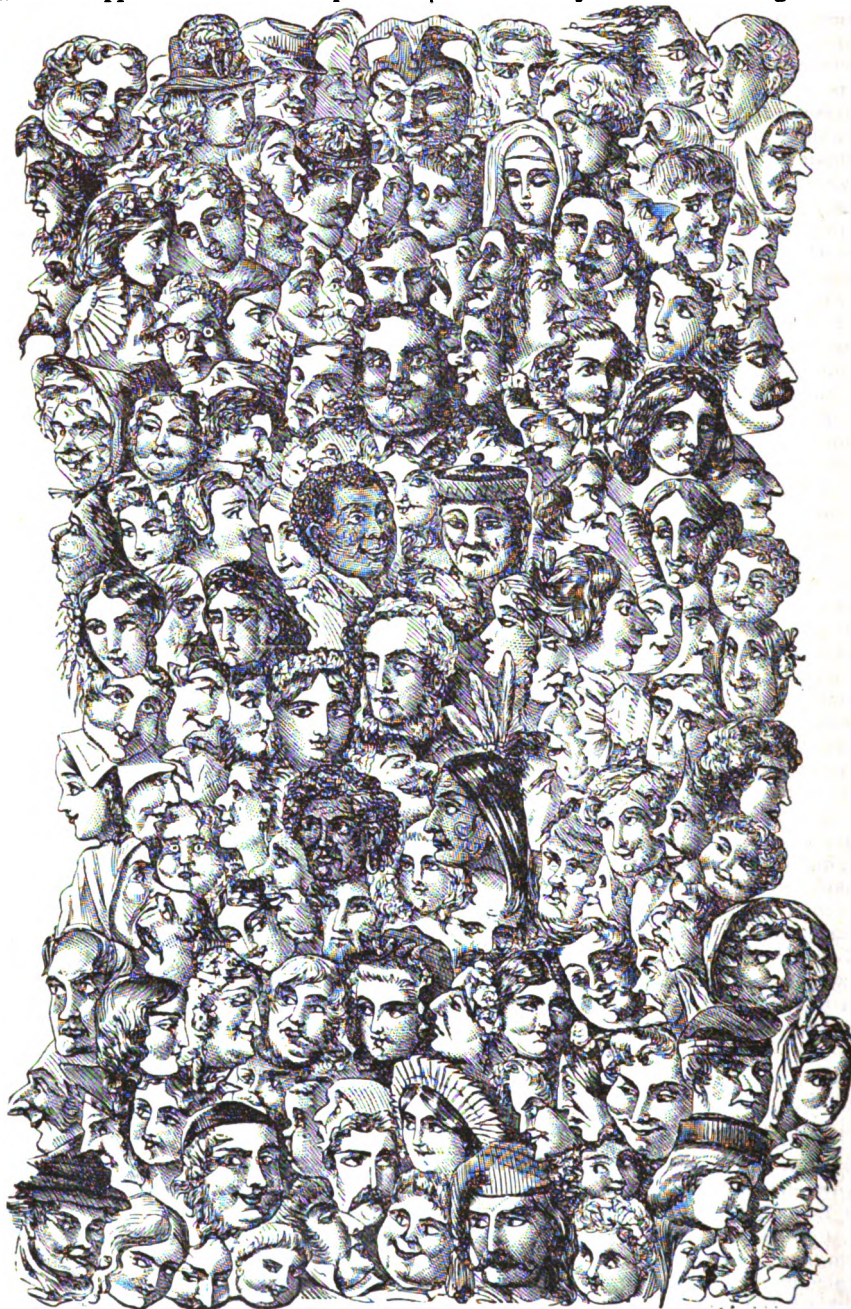
The Russ displays an upturned nose, with widely-spread nostrils, whose openings are plainly perceptible in a front view of the face. The Gaels have red hair, fair skins, blue eyes, pug noses and long upper lips. The Celt-Iberian is distinguished by dark or black hair, blue or gray eyes, and not infrequently prominent Roman nose.

In America we find all these curiously mingled, yet sometimes preserved with a purity almost incredible. Thus, in central and southern New Jersey, the descendants of the original Swedish settlers still bear the old Swedish names, such as Derrickson, Hendrickson, Rambo, etc., and still more frequently display the lank, tow-colored hair and insignificant profiles of their race. We find everywhere the true Irish face, even when the name is lost, showing how plentifully Ireland has contributed of her sons and daughters to populate our country. The Saxon, too, is discovered by the flaxen locks, washed-out eyes and ruddy complexion.

But after discerning these national characteristics, we come down to family peculiarities, which are perhaps still more marked, and seldom deceive. The certain outline of a nose will descend from generation to generation in one family; a chin is the inheritance of another; a mouth or forehead of still another; and sometimes all the

features continue to form the family likeness, which remains as true to itself after centuries of blending with other families as it was at the start. Sometimes for a few generations it may seem to be lost; but it will reappear in some remote representa-

generations, or evil habits in a single individual, will greatly degenerate the same features; so that between the two extremes it seems as though there could be no traces of resemblance. Still we find the family likeness remaining.



tive of the family, every lineament true. These family traits are the most tenacious. They never forsake one, though they may be greatly modified by circumstances, and by the individual himself. Culture and refinement will often tone down the features; while ignorance and neglect of a few

Every emotion of which the mind and heart are capable leaves its record upon the features, and beautifies them or renders them plain. Love illumines the countenance; hate disfigures it. Fretfulness draws lines all around the cheeks, and eyes, and mouth, and anxiety marks the

forehead. Cheerfulness brightens the plainest face and makes it seem beautiful. Discontent will hang like a cloud over the most regular features. Fear, passion, malice, envy, pride, vanity, disdain, covetousness, greed, ignorance, vice, sensuality, trouble, grief, disappointment, regret, hope, benevolence, charitableness, purity, good nature, honesty, culture, delicacy of sentiment, even different shades of religious belief, are all to be read in unmistakable markings in the lines drawn upon the face.

No wonder, then, that with all these types, and variations of types, and variations of variations of types, proceeding in geometrical ratio, there are so many kinds of faces in the world.

Let any one who thinks all people look more or less alike, station himself for one hour on one of the principal thoroughfares of New York or Philadelphia, and observe carefully the different faces that pass him. If he is handy with his pencil, let him sketch these faces as rapidly as he can, and see what will be the result of his hour's labor. Any one who should examine these sketches with his credulity unfortified by previous experimental observation, would be almost certain to pronounce them caricatures, for truth is not only often stranger, but often funnier and broader in its humor than fiction. There we would find drawn to the life the self-satisfied man with the smirk upon his countenance; the sentimental young lady with a hat of the highest fashionable altitude; the boy who "runs with the mesheen;" the banker with his somewhat high and narrow forehead and long face generally; the man who believes everybody wrong but himself; the individual with the deprecating expression; the young fellow who thinks himself quite bewitching with his heavy brown locks and regular profile; the young lady who *is*, and the other young lady who regrets that she is not. There will be the sister with bandaged forehead, pale face and downcast eyes; the man who pokes his nose into everybody's business; the supremely selfish and irritable man; the clever man; the good-natured fellow; the prig; the snob; the man with spectacles and the man with eye-glasses; the man wise in his own conceit; the woman pretty in hers; the interesting young widow; old maids discontented and otherwise; the jolly man and the morose one; the young man who thinks he is cut out for a tragedian; old heads on young shoulders, and young heads on old ones. Oh, dear! there is no end to them! So they would keep coming and going all day long, and the faces of the next hour would differ totally from this, and the following hour be still different.

After all, when I come to consider how many and how various are the faces in the world, and what a mental effort it must require to remember any considerable portion of them, I do not wonder that my memory gets confused and refuses to retain any.

OUT of one hundred men you run against, you will find ninety-five worrying themselves into low spirits and indigestion about troubles that will never come.

SEAWARD.

BY KATHARINE H. GREENE.

THE twilight drops its misty veil
Over the sea—
The moaning sea—
Where glimmers many a snowy sail.
The virgin stars their pale lamps trim
Above the deep,
Where softly creep
The purple shadows dark and dim.
The sea-birds lave their snowy breasts
Within the tide,
While far and wide
The waves uplift their foamy crests.
The golden moon, serenely bright,
Above the dim
Horizon's rim,
Doth slowly rise, a globe of light.
The fishermen, returning home,
Sing merrily
Their songs of glee,
Which o'er the waters murmuring come.
A welcome light streams from the shore,
And children gaze
Through gathering haze,
To greet their fathers home once more.
Gray, waning vessels onward go
To unknown coasts
Like spectral ghosts,
As in the gloom they fainter grow.
To some far haven, calm and fair,
May our barks sail—
Beyond the pale
Of human woe and human care.

HER HANDS.

BY S. J. D.

HANDS filled with flowers—
When summer woke the blossom, bird
and bee—
With gladsome heart all through bright childhood's hours
She roved with me.
Hands filled with cares—
Life's busy, earnest cares made sweet by love—
Sweet childhood merged in womanhood's fair years
Apart we rove.
Hands often grasped
In sisterly affection firm and free,
And tenderer for the partings; thus were clasped
Her hands by me.
Hands stained with tears
Shed over withered hopes—o'er children's tombs—
While faithful memory, through lengthened years,
Walked silent rooms.
Hands, cold and white,
Folded o'er pulseless breast—yet wherefore weep?
Behold, "at eventime it shall be light,"
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

The Story-Teller.

RALPH WALLINGFORD'S AFFINITY.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

RALPH WALLINGFORD married Mattie More, the little schoolmistress, and thought himself a very lucky fellow, as he was. He was the only son of a widow in good circumstances, whose daughters were already married and settled in life, and who, contrary to the majority of mothers with only sons, was well pleased to have him bring a bright-faced, sweet-voiced, nimble-footed young companion into the dim old house, to make light and music, and to share her labors and her cares. And now, having asserted that two of the parties concerned in this match—for I will maintain, notwithstanding the multitude of witty but unkind remarks which are continually being made about that much-abused individual, that the mother-in-law has really some rights that ought to be respected, that she really is a party concerned, especially when the *new* party is to be a member of her own household—having, I say, asserted that both mother and son were well pleased to secure this bright-faced companion aforesaid, it is no more than fair to own that Mattie herself was not one whit behind them in feeling satisfied with her share of the good luck which had come to them all.

Some of Mattie's friends—for, though no near relatives, she had made many firm friends since she came to L—to teach the district school—some of them shook their heads, a little in a knowing way, and ventured the opinion that she might do better by waiting a little longer. Ralph was all well enough, perhaps; and he had a good home for her, and all that; but he was young yet—too young to know his own mind, they feared. It looked a little out of square for a fellow of twenty to marry a woman two years older; the disparity ought to be the other way. They guessed, too, that Ralph was inclined to be dogmatical and domineering; he had the stuff in him to make him so, they knew—it was a characteristic of the family—though they couldn't say that he had manifested those traits as yet. Time enough for that, though, yet.

Surely those traits never had appeared in his intercourse with Mattie; for had he not been one of her most attentive, respectful and submissive pupils for the past two winters? And as to the disparity in their ages, no one, seeing them for the first time, as they stood before the minister in the village church, listening to the words that were giving them to each other till death should part them, he, with his tall form, broad, shoulders and bearded face, and she with her rounded cheeks, varying color, bright, laughing eyes and girlish form, would have hesitated to say that he was, at the least, five years her senior.

Ten years later, the verdict would have been the same. And Mattie's life, during those years, had not in the least resembled that of the lilies of the

field. She had toiled literally; and if I may use the word "spun," in a metaphorical sense, meaning making, mending, washing and ironing, then I may say that she had *both* "toiled and spun." But she had done it all so bravely and cheerfully, had sung, and laughed, and chatted while she toiled, that while many a woman, though possessing her perfect physical health, yet less happily constituted mentally, would have drooped and faded, and developed premature wrinkles and gray hairs, she was plump, fresh and rosy still. When complimented for her youthful looks, as she often was—for it is a rare thing to see an American woman of thirty-two, wife of a country farmer, and mother of four children, with a brow and cheek unmarked by care, an eye undimmed by disease, and a laugh like a school-girl's—she made answer that she "supposed it was all because she was so happy. She didn't know how it was, but she never seemed to have any real trouble! She had the best husband and the brightest and sweetest children in the whole world, and everything pleasant and agreeable about her (excepting only the protracted illness of Ralph's mother; but she was always hoping she would be better); and as for work, why she gloried in it! She believed she was just calculated for a woman of all work—it suited her exactly."

She had, however, one regret—I will not call it a grief—beside the sickness of the mother-in-law alluded to, which was, that she found so little time for reading and study, of which she was naturally passionately fond. But, contrary to the habits of many women, instead of making the most of these two unhappy circumstances, in order to compensate for their scarcity, she seldom alluded to them, and never dwelt upon them at any length.

But of this I should have spoken later, for I fear I am bestowing too much time upon a commonplace little woman—one without "aspirations," except to make good bread and butter, and who felt no "longings" but to fulfill her whole duty to her God, and to her family, and her fellow beings at large. I fear, I say, that I am taking up too much time with her, to the exclusion of one who, if we accept his judgment in the matter, was far her superior.

If Mattie, at the end of ten years, showed few signs of the flight of time, the same might also be said of Ralph. It is true, also, that he had "toiled and spun" (the latter metaphorically, also, of course), and he, too, to all outward appearance, was contented and happy. But he was *not*; or, he *thought* he was not; or, he *thought* he thought so: which amounts to the same thing practically, I suppose. He had "aspirations" and "longings," and so he kept a journal, and made that the repository of them, and a good deal besides, of which, by the way, he came in time to be ashamed.

For instance, this: "Eight years of married life! And they have been years not devoid of seasons of happiness; but, oh! it is a sad thing when a

man becomes sensible of the fact that he has made the one great mistake which is to cast a cloud over his whole earthly existence. I feel that I should not say this, even to my journal—my other self. It seems like ingratitude to one of the best of women and truest of wives that ever lived; and this makes the sad truth all the sadder. Never, since I have called Mattie wife, have I had occasion to complain of the least neglect of any wifely or domestic duty. Never have I known her ill-tempered or fretful. Her cheerfulness, and kindness, especially to my invalid mother, her gentleness, and, more than all, her executiveness, are something wonderful, and challenge my highest admiration and respect. Ah! admiration and respect! A man should not stop at those words, when speaking of his wife. But what can I say? Am I so much an animal that because a woman makes good coffee, because she can cook potatoes to the very point of perfection, because she gives me the sweetest and lightest of bread, my whole soul must go out to her in a gush of unutterable affection? Because she darns my stockings, sews on my buttons and 'does up' my shirts, must I bestow upon her the richest treasures of an ardent, loving heart? I should scorn myself if it were so! I crave something higher and nobler. What are mere bodily comforts, if the mind must hunger and thirst for companionship? How I could luxuriate on sour bread, frowzy butter and muddy coffee, if Mattie were only capable of appreciating subjects and ideas above the humdrum walk of common, everyday life! How I could revel in buttonless shirts, limp collars and coats out at the elbows, if only she could go with me into realms of ethical and scientific truth; strive with me to lay hold upon ideas grand and worthy; to investigate new and important theories—theories and ideas which tend to make our lives nobler, broader, truer and more beautiful, blessing not only ourselves, but our children and our kind. It is the knowledge that I must struggle on through all my mortal life, thus alone, without sympathy in my strivings for the 'true and the beautiful'; that I must ever be hampered and bound down to the vulgar details of farm life, in my hours of both toil and relaxation; it is the knowledge that this must ever be so, that fills my days with sadness and strews my pillow with thorns."

There, there, there! Let us stop! Don't let us read farther!

"Is the man a fool," do you say? Undoubtedly, and there are others like him, and women, too. Men and women who, as an Irishman would say, cannot be happy unless they are miserable about something; and so, if they have nothing real to make them so, they imagine something.

Now, Ralph Wallingford's days were not filled with sadness, and there were no thorns in his pillow—not a thorn! His digestion was good, he went whistling about his work, and he *snored* in his sleep at night! What more could the happiest man do?

I will tell you, now, just what did ail him, or what he *thought* ailed him. But I must do it in my own way, and I fear that I am already, like Mrs. Wilfer, "a little wearing." It had been

their practice, his and Mattie's, till within the last three or four years, to spend their evenings in reading together—usually Ralph read while Mattie "*spun*," i. e., sewed or knit. Books, magazines, newspapers—travels, theology, ethics, fiction and science were in turn read, and enjoyed by them both. As the time went on, and Mattie's cares and duties increased, Ralph became the sole reader, and Mattie was almost entirely dependent upon him for everything in the way of literary pabulum that she obtained.

Unfortunately, about this time, Ralph fell in with the writings of Auguste Comte, and of some other social reformers in our own country. He became greatly interested in them, and brought them home to read to Mattie. She listened to them for two or three evenings, and then told him she feared it was time and trouble wasted, with her, for she was *positive* she should never understand "Comte's Positiveism," and that much of the stuff that the other authors said about "social freedom," and "soul affinities," and the "higher law of marriage," etc., seemed to her the merest trash, to call it by no worse name; and that, for her part, she had so little time to devote to mental culture, she should prefer to hear him read something else. Ralph endeavored to explain what she did not understand, and to combat her opinion in regard to the rest, but she insisted that there was so much that she could comprehend and appreciate, and which would do her good, that it did not seem worth her while to puzzle her brain over ideas and speculations which she felt would make her neither better nor happier.

After this there was a gradual falling away from their habitual evening readings, until they were at last entirely discontinued, for Ralph became so interested in his "Positiveism" and kindred subjects, that he gave up other literature almost entirely; and, besides, about that time, too, he took to writing for the papers, and had less time for reading, he said. Of course this was not quite pleasant for Mattie; she regretted the loss of her reading and she regretted more Ralph's being led away by strange doctrines; but she had within her such a well-spring of hope and faith—yes, and charity, too—I may as well give her the whole three—that she could not be gloomy over it, even if she had wished to, which she did not. She said it was perfectly natural that an ardent, enthusiastic mind, like Ralph's, eager to investigate and acquire, should gather in some tares with the wheat; but that he would be sure to distinguish which was which in time—trust him for that. He was a noble fellow at heart, and wouldn't go wrong always.

And so she "toiled, and spun," and nursed, and petted, and cheered the invalid mother, and read snatches of Mrs. Browning, and George Elliot, and Dr. Holland, and Mrs. Whitney, while she plied the churn-dasher or put the baby to sleep, and she prayed a good deal, I think—though that was a matter strictly between herself and her Maker—and amongst it all she kept everything so bright, and cosy, and sunny, that Ralph found it almost impossible to be even decently miserable. Only over his journal. Over that he could pour

out woes by the hour! Woes of which he was happily ignorant until made aware of their existence through the suggestions of his favorite writers. With these suggestions to assist him, nothing could be easier than to make out for himself a genuine case of uncongenial marriage relation.

"He had married young, before he really knew his own mind, or was aware of its vast capacities for loving—married a woman older than himself; a nice, good, little body, to be sure, but wholly beneath him in intellectual status, now that he had become fully matured, and who had proved unable to keep pace with him, or to appreciate him in his higher intellectual pursuits. He loved and respected her in a certain kind of condescending way that he could not help" (but he took vast credit to himself for it, nevertheless). "But, oh! it was hard that he could not have had for a wife some one of those strong, true, brave souls who were startling the world with their noble utterances, who could appreciate, and encourage, and strengthen him in his struggles for a higher and truer life," etc., etc.

Thus he would maunder on to his journal, sitting alone in his "study"—for since he had set up for a literary character he must have his "study," of course—while Mattie sat below stairs, and darned little socks, and patched little aprons, and told little stories, and sung little songs to her little brood of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones.

But with all his conscious superiority of intellect, Ralph was glad to avail himself of Mattie's practical knowledge, and he brought his manuscripts to her to read and correct.

"You are a perfect little bundle of rules, you know," he said, as he laid the first one before her.

"And exceptions," put in Mattie.

"I suppose," he continued, "you have all the Rules of Syntax at your tongue's end, while I couldn't repeat one; though you did give me a pretty severe drilling in them when I was a great awkward school-boy. Just see if there is any little matter in the grammar that can be bettered, Mattie; the ideas will pass, I fancy, and are not badly expressed, if I may be allowed to say so; and that is the main point. Your real genius seldom makes much account of grammar. He disdains to work in harness."

"It is lucky for your genius, then, if his wife is not one, too," laughed Mattie.

But she put him right in his moods and tenses, praised his style, and told him she was quite proud of his literary achievement, while he stood with his thumbs in his armpits, back to the fire, and complacently regarded himself in the mirror opposite.

The most of his articles were written for the *Farmer and Dairyman*, the country paper, dealing with subjects of general interest, and were really very creditable productions.

It was not very long after this when a new writer, evidently a woman, appeared occasionally in the *F. and D.* She signed herself "Bee," and attracted some little comment by her style. Her articles were always short, and appeared at irregular intervals, and exhibited only moderate talent

and culture, now and then flashing up in little gleams of sentiment, or subsiding into bits of tender pathos; just such, in fact, as any bright, genial, well-read woman possessing a good common education could write. But Ralph seized upon them at once, and declared that they were the work of a superior mind, either purposely disguised under a garb of rusticity, or else not yet fully developed. He read them to Mattie at first, and was lavish in his praise of them; but she said she was sorry to say she could not discover anything extraordinary in them. "They were well enough, she supposed, but there were plenty of women who could do as well—his sister Augusta, for instance, or—she herself, perhaps."

Ralph laughed a little ironically, and said: "Now, Mattie, don't be absurd! But I never knew a woman yet who could bear to hear another woman praised without showing pique," and went up to his "study," and, feeling in a gushing mood, enjoyed a long, confidential sitting with his journal, in the course of which he indulged in visions of what his life might have been could he have been blessed with the companionship of a woman such as he was sure this unknown "Bee" was. He avoided any further reference to her in Mattie's presence, but he mentioned her quite frequently to his journal; and at last, after due deliberation, he wrote her a short note, saying many complimentary things of her articles, and hoping that he might be so fortunate ere long as to make her acquaintance. "Might he not hope for a reply? And would she not trust him with her real name and address?" He then added a postscript, to the effect that "Mrs. Wallingford, although not so happily gifted in a mental point of view as the "Bee," and whose mind was almost entirely absorbed in family matters, would still feel it a great honor to become personally known to a lady of such acknowledged literary abilities."

He did this for the purpose of giving her a hint that there *was* a Mrs. Wallingford; for he did not wish to appear under false colors, he said, and though Mattie had not authorized him to say anything in her behalf, and was ignorant of the whole thing, in fact, he had said only the truth; she would feel it an honor.

He sent the note under cover to the editor of the *Farmer and Dairyman*, with the request that he would forward it to his fair contributor. He got foolishly impatient, for a man in his position, before the answer came, and when it did it was far from being satisfactory.

The "Bee" was greatly indebted to him for his flattering opinion. "He did her quite too much honor in proposing a personal acquaintance; but her judgment assured her that, under *existing circumstances*, it would not be wise in her to divulge her real name;" and with a few words of compliment to his own success as a writer, the note closed. He was sure it was written in a feigned hand; at least it was written back-handed; otherwise the form of the letters seemed familiar.

Well, he felt the rebuff keenly; but he thought of her all the more. How he wished he knew what those "existing circumstances" were. Were they unhappy? Nothing she had ever written

would indicate that such was the case, but rather the reverse; though that proved nothing. No one was going to make their private griefs and trials the subjects for newspaper articles. He did not. Far otherwise of course. He finally settled upon the belief—merely because it suited him best to think so—that she was situated very much as he himself was—united to some good, plodding, but unappreciative soul, with whom she could have no real companionship. From that, he began thinking what a mutual help they might be to each other, if he could but overcome her objections to a personal acquaintance. How they might strengthen, and encourage, and sympathize each with the other! And Mattie, too, he said, what a refining and elevating influence the occasional association with such a woman would exert over her. He would write again after awhile, notwithstanding the cool reception with which his first overture had been met.

He did so, and with better success this time. The "Bee" consented to correspond with him in a friendly way, but refused to give him her name. For the present he must address her only as "Bee," and through the editor of the *Farmer and Dairyman*.

For the next few months, scarcely a week passed without the interchange of letters between them; friendly letters, and containing nothing especially interesting in any way; for, now that Ralph had found a "congenial soul" to whom he could "pour out his highest thoughts and be understood," as he exultingly informed his journal, singularly enough he seemed not to have many such thoughts to pour out. He did sometimes indulge in flights of sentimental balderdash and transcendental vaporings, but without meeting with as much encouragement from his correspondent as he had counted upon. In fact, the writing was mostly upon his side throughout, and he often complained that she wrote with a certain stiffness and reserve that did not appear in her newspaper articles; that the latter were more satisfactory to him than many of her private letters. But matters in this respect mended as the weeks passed.

Finally, Ralph ventured the startling though not strictly original remark—he had seen it somewhere, picked it up in some of his reading—that "he seemed to have known her a long time—always, in fact—in some previous state of existence, perhaps." And the "Bee" responded that she, too, "had all the time felt that he was not a stranger;" that she seemed irresistibly drawn toward him from the first;" and much more, in the same strain, that was highly pleasing to Ralph, of course.

Next he volunteered her the information that his wife, "though an excellent woman in her way (gunpowder and cannon balls never should force him to say any ill of her) was totally unsatisfactory to him as a companion; that he was emphatically alone, as far as the higher and nobler elements of his being were concerned;" and he was rewarded for his confidence by being told in reply that the "Bee" "could fully sympathize with him in his loneliness, for that her husband was a conceited

prig, and a brute withal, and neglected her shamefully, and treated her as an inferior at all times."

Then, oh! how Ralph's sympathies did gush! "He *knew* it! He had *felt* from the first that something of the kind was the case; but they must both be strong, and hopeful, and wait," etc.

Ralph did, once in awhile, ask himself how he would relish it if Mattie were carrying on a correspondence of this nature with a stranger; but he answered it by saying that she would never know it, and—well, he declined to discuss it farther, anyway.

In due time, Ralph again proposed a meeting; and this time the "Bee" readily acquiesced. So it was arranged that, as the annual Fair of the Agricultural Society was to take place in a few weeks, the interview should take place during that time. In the Floral Department of the Agricultural Hall, Ralph was to find the "Bee" standing by one of the north windows, dressed in a gray suit and carrying a blue parasol, and with a white rose in her hand. Time, second day of the fair, 11 o'clock, A. M.

Never, in the spooneiest period of his adolescence, had Ralph labored longer over the parting of his back hair and the tie of his cravat, than he did that same second morning of the fair. Mattie and the four children (for they were all to go that day, rather against Ralph's wishes—but it didn't matter much) were all ready, and in the carriage waiting, the children looking like so many animated blossoms, with their sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, sunny curls and pretty bright dresses, and all chattering and twittering like so many thrushes long before he had given the last admiring glance to his image in the mirror, the last touch to his collar, and the last caressing stroke to his flowing brown beard.

"I shall drive right in, and leave the carriage standing where you can have a good view of the ring," he said to Mattie, as they neared the fair ground; "and you had better remain there with the children this forenoon, and not go through the hall till later in the day; the crowd will be less then, and I can go with you better."

"Oh, never mind me and the children," Mattie replied; "we can take care of ourselves; only, some time during the day, you must come around and go with me to look at the poultry. I want to select some new stock, you know."

How many times Ralph consulted his watch that forenoon it would be hard to guess; but when it warned him that the propitious moment was drawing nigh, he entered the Floral Hall, and walked, as unconcernedly as he could, down toward the northern windows.

Yes, there stood a lady in gray. She was looking out of the window, so that he could not see her face, but one hand, raised and resting against the window casing, held a white rose; so she must be the "Bee," of course.

No! How stupid! That was Mattie! What had sent *her* there just at that time? And how singular that she should have a white rose! And the children—how absurd!—all had white roses! What did it mean?

Just then Baby Dimple caught sight of him, and

shouted "Pap-pa!" and Mattie turned and looked at him. There was a conscious, half-quizzical look in her face that told him that her presence there was no accident.

"You here, Mattie?" said he, looking exceedingly foolish. "Why, I thought—I—didn't—"

"Yes, I know," said Mattie, blushing, "you were looking for some one else, perhaps—but won't five roses do better than one?" Then, seeing that the shot had taken effect, she went on as though nothing was wrong: "O Ralph! there is a lot of Black Spanish out here! Such beauties! Go and look at them now, won't you? I mean to buy a trio. No use of any further *bee hunting*," she whispered. "You've found the whole hive!"

It seemed to Ralph that there was a whole hive in his head, as he lifted Baby Dimple in his arms, and walked beside Mattie down the hall, without comprehending a word of her animated disquisition on the respective merits of White Leghorns, Black Spanish and Brahmas as layers, good mothers or as table fowls.

The only palpable idea in his mind was, that Mattie was a perfect little "brick," to behave with so much tact and coolness, instead of making a fool of herself, as many women would.

Not an inkling of the real truth illumined his mind all that long afternoon. The "Bee" had betrayed him to Mattie, and they had arranged between them for her, Mattie, to meet him. That was the interpretation he put upon the matter—or, stay! perhaps Mattie had intercepted their letters! Any how, his feelings were, to say the very least, anything but agreeable for the remainder of the day.

That evening, after the children were disposed of in their beds, and the mother was made comfortable for the night, Ralph and Mattie had an explanation.

"Am I to believe, then," said Ralph, pausing in his troubled walk about the room and confronting Mattie, where she sat in her low rocker, looking so keenly alive to the painfulness of his position that she had quite as much the appearance of being the culprit in the case as he, "am I to believe that *you* are the writer of those articles in the *Farmer and Dairyman*—those articles signed 'Bee?'"

"Yes, Ralph," she answered; and then, as if to apologize, she continued: "You see, I never should have thought of doing such a thing, but for looking over your manuscripts. One day, when I had one of them before me, it occurred to me that I could do as well as that, if I only had a chance, and I had a mind to try. So, by snatching a few minutes at a time—I could *think* them out about my work, you know—whenever I could, I wrote the first. It seemed so different when it came to be written, though, that I hardly had the face to send it to the paper; and I was almost *sure* it would never be printed; but after that was so well received, I felt encouraged to keep on. It was a kind of recreation, you see."

"But there was no reason why I should have been kept in the dark about them," said Ralph, glad that there was something of which he could complain. "You read all of mine before they

were published, you might have been as open with me, I think."

"Yes, but you know, Ralph, you ridiculed the idea of my being able to write; and I felt a trifle hurt about it, and then—well, I think *you* have not been *quite* open with me, Ralph, in all things."

Ralph dropped his head and continued his walk.

"And those letters!" he said, with an effort, after waiting in the hope that she would introduce the subject of them; for he was determined to have a full and decisive overhauling of the whole matter, and know at once, and for all, just in what degree he stood committed in her judgment.

"Oh, those letters!" she interrupted, eagerly; "I know nothing about *them*, I am glad to say. I had nothing to do with them save the first short note in reply to your first—Augusta wrote all the others."

"Augusta?" he repeated, immensely relieved, for "conceited prig," "brute," etc., etc., had been rankling in his mind for sometime. They sounded so like Augusta; and he did hope Mattie did not think quite so meanly of him as that.

"Yes," Mattie continued, "Gusty happened to come here the very day I got your second letter, and without considering very much about it, I let her read it. You see, I intended then to confess the whole to you in a little while, and should have done so, but for her—she said it was too good a chance to teach you a lesson. There was nothing so good for a man when he had started out to make a fool of himself as to help him along with it, till he had gone far enough and then bring him up short in it. Those were *her* words, Ralph—you know how she is always rating you for what she calls your self-conceit; and she said she would like to take some of it out of you. She wanted me to propose to correspond with you; and when I told her that I couldn't, and wouldn't, she said then she would—she lives so convenient to the office of the paper, you know, that she could arrange all that with the editor without difficulty—and so, after awhile, I consented, more for the *fun* of the thing than anything else. I only stipulated that she should burn your letters as soon as she had read them, and never tell me one word of their contents. You see," she went on, in answer to Ralph's look of inquiry, hesitating and looking down at the same time, "I didn't know what you might be led on to say—I knew that your mind wasn't—" (Ralph winced) "I didn't know but you might be betrayed into saying something that you would regret sometime, and that it would be better for me not to know; and I knew that Gusty, although she pretends to scold you, is wholly devoted to you, so that anything you might say would be perfectly safe with her."

"But had you no curiosity?" Ralph asked.

"Lots!" Mattie replied, laughing. "That was why I made her promise to burn the letters and not tell me. I was afraid that I might sometime coax it out of her, in spite of my better judgment."

"And do you actually know nothing of what those letters contained?" asked Ralph, intensely relieved. "Hasn't Gusty told you anything?"

and he thought of the many disparaging things he had written of this staunch, true little woman and for which he now felt almost capable of cutting off the hand that had done it and spurning it from him.

"Only one thing," replied Mattie, smiling, in spite of herself, "and that, she said, amused her so much that she must tell me. She said that you said that it 'seemed as though you must have known her for a long time—far back in the past,' or something like that. She said she could hardly refrain from answering that she had a very distinct recollection of *you* in bibs and a species of underclothing which she would, not designate, whether you really remembered *her* or not."

Ralph sat with his head bowed, whistling softly and thoughtfully for a while, his fingers pulling at his beard, and then he said, with a half laugh: "Well, every man must be a fool once in his life, I suppose. Better now than later, perhaps."

And now, if any one supposes that I am going on to tell all that was said between them in regard to this foolish affair, they are mistaken. I might "point the moral," and enlarge upon the foolishness and sinfulness of prizing only that which is beyond our reach and, probably, above our deserts, while we overlook, or neglect, or undervalue the blessings which surround us in our daily walk; but I shall do no such thing, for I have made my story quite long enough; and shall only add that, from that time forth, Ralph better appreciated his bright little wife, and that, like the heroes and heroines in the old nursery tales, "they lived happily ever after."

FROM A WIFE'S HISTORY.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

(Concluded.)

AND so, after much discussion, it was decided before they returned to their homes.

"Most faithfully did Annie care for Henry during his illness, and it is in a great measure to her that we are indebted for his restoration to health and strength, and as anything that would weigh upon her mind would retard her recovery more than half a dozen physical causes, we must carefully guard against anything that she might construe into indifference," said Mr. Willis, meditatively, and accordingly he took care that Henry carried some little present to her every day; a vase of flowers, or a plate of fruit, and many things of no cost whatever, but speaking to her of her husband's thoughtful tenderness, and, therefore, enough.

Mrs. Allen remained with her daughter a few days, and when she thought her presence no longer necessary, she left her, with a competent woman to attend to the household duties and, with Henry's assistance, to care for Annie.

She soon noticed that he did not anticipate her wants, as she had done for him, but, "it is men's way," she thought.

"Henry, I should like some water," she said, one day, as he sat reading in her room.

He rose and handed her a glass that the woman

had brought in a couple of hours before. She could not drink it, and, after tasting it, she placed it upon the table beside her bed. She was astonished. She was not in the habit of remembering what she did for others, but she could not help knowing how particular she had been that only the freshest water should be offered to him.

She waited a few minutes, while he sat carelessly looking out of the window, and then said: "Henry, I would like a glass of cold water, if you please, this has been in the room for some time."

He went to the door and called to the woman who was busy in the kitchen to bring some water.

"Why don't he get it himself?" muttered the woman, "as if I didn't have enough to do without waiting upon him! I guess by the time he drinks *that* he'll think it is cheaper to wait upon himself," and she filled a glass from a pail that had been standing near the stove for several hours and gave it to him.

It was warm enough to be nauseating, but Henry went back to his seat without noticing the look of disappointment that passed over her pale face. It was only a trifle, to be sure, but it savored of indifference.

"For a long time after we were married, whenever James entered the room where I was he always looked up with a smile; after a while he ceased to do so. It was a very little matter, but you don't know how badly I felt," said a lady of my acquaintance, some years ago. Hers was no selfish and exacting nature, but she had given her youth, beauty and tenderest affection to him, and to her that smile had expressed *so much*, and the pain which she experienced when its light was withdrawn can be understood only by similar natures.

Annie turned her face away that he might not see the tears that would escape in spite of all her efforts to control them. "It is because I am so weak that I feel so," she kept saying to herself. "I ought to be ashamed to cry about such a trifle when he has been so thoughtful all through my illness. The room is filled with the odor of bouquets now which he has brought me, and this is the first time that he has been careless, too."

Poor little Annie! console yourself with such reflections if you can, but it was the first time that anything had been required of him.

Annie recovered her strength very slowly. It seemed as though every time anything was required of Henry it was performed in such a careless and indifferent manner that it was with difficulty that she could restrain her tears until he was gone. I have no sympathy for the self-willed woman who bursts into tears for the purpose of carrying her point in the absence of a better argument, and thus sacrifices a judgment superior to her own by trampling reason into the dust; but the young wife whose ignorance and inexperience concerning the ways of the world has led her to believe that her husband would never differ from the devoted lover, weeping in silence and solitude over the discovery that her idol is broken and neglect and indifference are slowly crowding their unwelcome forms upon the altar consecrated to love and tenderness, is an unpleasant picture to

contemplate. Had it not been for the little tokens of remembrance which he continued to bring each day, Annie might have imagined that he was growing less fond of her, but she always glanced at the well-filled vases to reassure herself, and attributed it all to her own weakness, and consoled herself with the thought that it would all seem right again when she became strong.

"I shall be glad when you are able to be about the house again," Henry said one day. "I am tired of such housekeeping. Nothing is in order; and the dinners are never to my liking."

Now the real grounds of complaint which Henry had against the housekeeper were, that she did not make his convenience the sole object and aim for which she lived. She did not take the trouble to ask him what kind of flavoring he preferred in his pudding, nor whether she should bake mince or apple pies, and was guilty of various other offences quite as criminal.

Accordingly, as soon as Annie thought she could endure it, and before she was really able to do so, she dismissed the woman and resumed her household duties; but she had never been strong since Henry's illness; and with the additional care of her child, her strength was tasked to the utmost to keep the house in the exact order to which it was accustomed; but he never seemed to realize that there was any reason why she should take fewer steps for him.

She was sitting in an upper room one day, where she often sat with her babe and her sewing, because it overlooked the street along which he passed on his way home, when Henry came home much earlier than usual.

"We were not very busy to-day, and I thought I might as well come home," he said, throwing down his newspaper, and taking the baby from her and tossing him about the room.

What a relief it was! Annie sat watching the strong arms almost enviously as they carried the little one about without minding his weight any more than a feather, while her own ached so that she could hardly hold him.

"Just bring my slippers up, Annie, and I'll sit here awhile; this room seems so refreshing after coming from the hot, dusty street."

Annie departed in search of the desired articles; but only the weak and tired mother who drags herself about to perform her part in the domestic economy, because she knows that her husband's resources will not permit him to procure help without exercising a more rigid economy in some other direction, knows how wearily she climbed the steps with those slippers.

By that time, Henry had played with the babe as long as he cared to, and he gave him back to the mother's tired arms, saying: "We will have tea earlier than usual to-night, Annie; I may want to take a walk afterward."

"I don't think I am quite so strong as I used to be, Henry," she said, faintly, lingering near the door before descending to the kitchen.

"No, of course not; you couldn't expect to be, with that great heavy boy," he said, carelessly unfolding his paper and sitting down by the open window.

"I will put the baby in his crib and leave him with you while I am preparing tea," she said.

It was not long before the little one missed his mother's presence and began to fret. Henry paid no attention to it, until the noise disturbed him, and then he went to the door and called Annie to come and get him. Again Annie wearily ascended the stairs, and, carrying the child down, she finished setting the table with him in her arms.

Well would it have been for Annie if the delusion which had cast its sunshine over her married life could have lasted forever. During the first year, when she was well and strong, she had never noticed that it was only *her* feet that had always been ready to run upon willing errands, and she never realized how constantly she had waited upon him, until her strength had been so reduced that every extra errand which he called upon her for seemed like a direct taxation.

No person can wear a mask forever, and no great fraud can stand the test of time; and sooner or later must every person's character be revealed in its true light.

Old Mr. Willis determined to spend a few weeks among the hills of New England with the friends of his boyhood, and very soon after his departure Annie began to miss the little presents which had always reassured her of her husband's unceasing devotion, whenever little acts of negligence and carelessness had shaken her faith in his infallibility. No more lovely bouquets, put together with a clumsy hand, perhaps, but speaking to her in the language of affectionate tenderness, and just as precious as though an artist's hand had culled them, found their way to the vases in the little sitting-room.

She missed these little tokens sadly; and one evening, when he had been unusually exacting, she said: "I fear you are not so fond of me as you used to be, Henry. It has been a long time since you brought me any flowers, and you know that you used to bring them every day."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "I brought them just to humor father; he was always bringing in handfuls of trash for me to bring to you; partly, I suppose, because he thought you young enough to care for such things, and partly because he was childish himself."

"You don't mean to tell me that it is to him that I am indebted for all the little tokens that have made me so happy, and which I have prized so much!" she exclaimed, in a tone of utter astonishment and incredulity, and with the look of one who is suddenly threatened with some great calamity.

"And you don't mean to tell me that you really thought that I had been gathering flowers all summer like a school-boy, do you?" he asked.

"But the *other* little presents that I have received originated with you, surely? Don't tell me that I have been *entirely* deceived, Henry," she said, pleadingly. "You bought the parasol, and the vases, and that lovely sash. Only tell me that *some* of them were your gifts."

"Why, Annie, you are almost childish," he said. "What difference does it make who sent them, as long as you have them? You remind

me of a child that refuses to drink because some other than its mother offers it."

Annie made no reply. She went out and sat alone under the shadow of the maples until the deepening twilight darkened around her, but a deeper gloom had settled upon her heart. The crickets chirruped in the grass, the katydids sang in the trees overhead and the night-birds whistled in the distant grove, just as they had done before, when her heart was light and beat in joyous unison with nature's melody; but she heard them not. There was a deep, crushing pain at her heart, and she felt as though all the light, and poetry, and music had suddenly been shut out of her life, leaving only a dark and gloomy reality. For more than an hour she sat there, vainly trying to persuade herself that she really *was* childish, and that it was unwomanly to care so much for the manifestation of her husband's regard, but the living facts were before her, and she could not ignore their existence. She knew that she was devoting herself with untiring zeal, wearing her life away in his service, and she knew that it would cost him but very little to give her the happiness of his appreciation.

After a while she heard him calling, "Annie, the baby is awake." She arose and went in.

"When will you cease to care for such trifles, Annie?" he asked, as she passed him without speaking and took up her child.

"When I cease to care for you," she said, bitterly, as she pressed her babe to her bosom, with the thought that *he, at least*, was just what he seemed, *her own precious child*.

"*Confound the women!*" muttered Henry. "There's no understanding them. I never knew Annie to have the sulks before. If it was a new bonnet that she was pouting for, I could comprehend it."

Annie went about her household duties the next morning as usual. Everything was in the same exact order, the toast had that same shade of brown that suited his fancy, the coffee the same delicious taste and flavor; and if Annie scarcely tasted her food, and looked paler and graver than usual, her husband did not notice it, but the buoyancy of her step was gone, and the bird-like music of her voice was changed for more-subdued and quiet tones, as she hushed her child to slumber. I am not going to tell how she pined away and died, leaving her little one to grow to manhood without a mother's tender care and guiding influence, for Annie was not one of that kind. She felt that the child had claims upon her which she could not lightly set aside.

"Precious darling," she would say, "what *would* his mother do without him?" and had every other blessing been removed, she would have clung to life for his sake alone.

So far she had done everything for her husband's comfort and convenience that a loving heart could suggest without a thought of duty; that which could contribute to his happiness had been her pleasure, but before another year had passed, she was doing him the same service from a sense of duty.

Many, *very many* times, the old longing for

tenderness, and sympathy, and appreciation, came surging back to her heart with an almost overwhelming force, and she would exert herself to the utmost to perform some extra service for him, in the hope of calling forth some word of praise or commendation, but he always received presents which had cost her weeks of patient labor, in the same matter-of-fact kind of a way that he sat down to his dinner; and in time she gave it up entirely and devoted herself to her children with all the unbounded love of her generous nature.

When Mr. Willis came home, he called to see Annie and the baby. How glad she was to see his genial face again.

"You didn't forget me, father. I *knew* you wouldn't," she said, as he displayed the little presents which he had brought; toys for the baby, and a real sensible book for Annie, which he said not one woman in a dozen would read, because it contained more sense than fashion.

"Let me thank you for the many little presents which you have sent me," she said, opening a drawer half filled with faded bouquets. "They have made me very happy, and I would not have you think I have been ungrateful because I never expressed my thanks before."

"*Sacred shadow of goodness*, child! Who in creation told you that I sent all that trash?"

"I learned it from Henry," she said.

He looked at her attentively for a moment and he saw it all, and Annie felt that she stood in the presence of the only living person that fully understood her.

"Annie," he said, "when the beggar passes by the rich man's door and sees the petted house-dog turn away from food that he would be glad and thankful to receive, he wonders why it is that life and health-giving food should be spurned by a brute when human beings are suffering for the want of it. Just so we find it all through life; and we are continually asking why our lives must be robbed of their beauty, and poetry, and sunshine, and forbidden to wear that which is beautiful and lovely, when beauty and loveliness would only add to its happiness without marring its usefulness. But so it is; and we must take life as it is, and not as it should be, and when we have particularly set our hearts upon one source of happiness, and it fails, we must not sink by the way, but cultivate another. Henry is my eldest, and my pride, but I am not insensible to his faults, and knowing that you have a keener sensitiveness than most women, I would not have you wounded. Henry is not very demonstrative, but he knows perfectly well that he is happier with you than he would be with any other. But have a care that you do not wear yourself out before your time, but preserve your health and strength that you may live to be a blessing to your family."

Four years passed away, and two happy, winsome boys played about the house and a lovely little daughter slumbered in the crib. Henry had never seemed to consider that any care of the children rightfully devolved upon him, or that she had less time to devote to his especial convenience on account of her additional cares. She soothed and watched the little ones through long, restless

nights, while he enjoyed the healthful refreshment of unbroken slumber, and then in the morning called upon her to take steps for him which he was far better able to take for himself.

But this conduct was slowly developing an element in Annie's nature very dangerous to the absolute monarchy which he had set up for himself.

He came in one day after her preparations for dinner were all made, and she had commenced the ironing, rocking with her foot the crib containing the teething and fretful baby, or stopping her work to take it in her arms when it would not remain quiet.

"Annie," he said, seating himself in an easy chair on the porch and lighting a cigar. "I want my favorite pudding for dinner."

"It will take some time to make it," she answered. "Will you take the baby and keep her there in the cool, fresh air while I am about it?"

"Oh, put her in the crib," he said. "This is about all the leisure time that I shall have to-day, and I don't want to be bothered. It is different with you, you know. You cannot keep busy all the time, because you are obliged to stop and take the baby often enough to keep you from getting tired, and it keeps your work from becoming monotonous."

"Father, I am tired of chopping wood," said a boy, after spending several hours at this *boyish exercise*.

"Well, my son, I don't wish to be at all hard with you; if you are tired *chopping wood* you may *split rails*!" replied the indulgent parent.

And this is very much the same relation that ordinary labor bears to taking care of a fretful child.

Annie went to put the little one down, but it clung to her neck with a moaning cry; and as it pressed its fevered cheek against her own, all the mother's tenderness was roused.

"To which do I owe the strongest duty?" she asked herself. "To the helpless child or the selfish man?"

And the spirit of justice answered: "If I see fit to deny myself, to sacrifice my own comfort and convenience to add to his enjoyment, it is my privilege to do so; but my helpless children have claims upon me which I have no right to disregard."

She brought her low rocking-chair out upon the porch into the cool, blossom-scented air, and rocked and soothed the little one until it was lulled into a quiet and refreshing slumber. It was then too late to make the pudding, and she prepared the dinner without it.

"Why, Annie, this is only a common rice pudding! Where is the one that I ordered?" he asked, after tasting that which she had prepared before he came.

"I did not make it," she said.

"*Did not make it!*" he echoed, in astonishment.

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Because I could not without neglecting my child, which I could not conscientiously do," she answered.

"Do you mean to tell me that my wishes are to be made a secondary consideration in my own house, and my children preferred before me?" he asked, sternly.

"I shall not neglect my duty to you to give them more than their due; neither will I neglect a sick child to minister to the unimportant wishes of a strong man," she said, quietly but firmly.

Henry was silent with amazement. He cast occasional furtive glances toward her, and even went so far as to place his hand upon her head before he went away, to see if it was not heated by fever.

"Father," he said, soon after he reached the store, "is there any insanity in Annie's family?"

"Not as far back as my knowledge extends. But why do you ask?"

"Annie has acted very strangely to-day, and manifested a disposition entirely foreign to her nature. You know that she is not one of the kind that takes tantrums. I never knew her to be at all unreasonable, with one exception, and that was while you were in New England. It was just because I told her that I did not gather all those flowers that you had been sending her."

"Ah, my son, I fear that you inflicted a deeper wound than you knew, and which your conduct since has not been of a nature to heal. Now tell me just what Annie did."

"She acted very strangely."

"Well, what did she do? Perhaps your own acts had something to do with it."

"No, I gave her no reason for such strange behavior."

And all Mr. Willis's questioning could not elicit the real nature of the difficulty; so he walked over to his son's residence, determined to inquire for himself.

"Are you well, Annie?" he asked, anxiously, as he took the boys upon his knee and looked inquiringly at the mother.

"Quite well, I thank you," said Annie, somewhat puzzled at his manner.

"You look well enough, only somewhat tired and worn. Nothing serious, I hope? Henry thought you were ill. What made him think so?"

Annie smiled at the construction which her husband had put upon her conduct.

"Perhaps I have been a little wilful, father," she said; "but I will tell you all about it." And she did so.

"Good! good!" exclaimed the old gentleman, jumping up and tossing the little girl up among the flowers. "Henry thought you were crazy! No wonder he wouldn't tell me what the matter was, the precious rogue! Get crazy again, Annie, and stay so if you want to; I'll be responsible for the damages! Stick to it. Take care of the little ones. Henry is old enough and knows enough to take care of *himself*. So do you take care of yourself and the children, and then you will all be cared for."

"Henry, are you *totally, hopelessly blind*?" asked Mr. Willis, after returning to the store. "Will nothing less than a miracle open your eyes to the

fact that you are forfeiting the esteem and alienating the affections of one of the purest, truest and noblest women that ever blessed the home of a mortal man?"

A sudden feeling of apprehension seized Henry. "You don't anticipate anything serious, do you, father?" he said.

"*Serious!*" exclaimed the old gentleman, sternly. "Do you call it '*nothing serious*' to wreck the happiness, blight the life and sadden the heart of the truest woman that ever graced God's footstool?"

"I am sure I never *meant* to do so," Henry answered, awed by the unusual earnestness of his father's manner.

"No, you never *meant* to; you never *thought* of it; but, Henry, for Heaven's sake *do* think. I know that you are well aware of the fact that her presence is indispensable to your happiness; but what return have you given for her generous, self-sacrificing devotion? Have your sympathies soothed her sorrows, lessened her cares and lightened her labors? Have you been faithful to the promises and true to the arguments by which you induced her to take the rash step which committed her happiness to your keeping forever? Have you even borne your share of the domestic burdens which belong to every household? Are you perfectly sure that she never looks hopelessly, longingly back to the time when her life was separate and free from yours, and the cares of the wife and mother were but vague mists of the future? In reality, such hearts as Annie's know no change. If your own conduct had not wrought it, she would meet you at the door to-day with the same lovelight in her eyes, and welcome upon her lips, that she did through the first summer of your marriage. But how is it now? Think, I beseech you, Henry, and if in any remote and unfathomed corner of your heart there is *one chord* of sympathy and tenderness that can be made to vibrate, go home to your true and unselfish wife, and try to win back the love that you have so thoughtlessly periled."

Mr. Willis withdrew from the private office in which Henry was writing, and left his son to his own reflections. The father's words had awakened a train of thought that was entirely new to him. For once, the better feelings of his nature were aroused, and memories painful and bitter crowded upon him. He sat down by an open window, and, leaning his head upon his hands, abandoned himself to unpleasant recollections. He remembered occasions when Annie's dark, soul-lit eyes had been fixed upon his face with a sad, pleading expression which he did not understand, and when he thought of it now, he wondered that his heart, wrapped as it was in his own unthinking selfishness, had not melted beneath the gaze.

"Had he really forfeited her esteem and confidence? Did she no longer look upon him with the old time love and tenderness? There certainly was a change in her manner since that first year; but he had never given it any other construction than that she was older and more womanly; but could it be that she was performing all the duties of the true and faithful wife from a mere sense of duty,

with her life, as far as he was concerned, as barren as the unscorched sands of Sahara, with her children to bloom as the only bright oases in the desolate desert? Perhaps her love for him was already beyond recall." The thought filled him with a strange feeling of jealous tenderness.

"I will begin the work of reconciliation this very hour!" he exclaimed, starting up impulsively and hurrying homeward.

Annie was busy with her ironing when he arrived, and he stood at the door unobserved, watching the "angel of the household," as he mentally called her, as she ran the iron over the snowy clothes, and neatly and carefully folded the little garments. She wore a simple calico dress, prettily and tastefully made, a tidy-looking apron and faultless color. Her hair hung in wavy curls, fastened back from her pure, sweet face with a narrow ribbon, and ornamented by a single bud, which she had broken from the bush growing by the door.

Truly it was a picture that an artist's eye might love to gaze upon. The snug little room in perfect order, the wife busy with her domestic duties, and the husband, a type of manly strength and beauty, gazing lovingly and admiringly at the pretty girlish figure before him.

"Ironing yet, Annie?" he said; when, as if by some magnetic influence, made aware of his presence, she turned her face toward him. He advanced toward her, and, placing his arm around her waist, drew her to a seat upon his knee, saying: "You look tired, dear; sit down and rest yourself."

She looked into his face with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

"I have come, Annie," he said, "to acknowledge myself the selfish cause of the only stern word that has ever passed between us."

The unlooked-for concession, the unexpected caress and unusual tenderness of his manner, and, above all, the sudden conviction that love and sympathy were *not* mere delusive dreams of the past, were too much for her self-possession, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she sobbed for a few moments so violently that Henry was frightened.

"Don't, Annie," he said; "don't bring me to any deeper realization of my own unworthiness." And then, when her agitation had somewhat subsided, he said: "I have never been insensible to your excellence, Annie; my fault has been in always receiving and never giving. All the requirements of my own nature were fully satisfied, and I lived on, unconscious of the existence of a purer, more refined and ethereal element in yours that was slowly famishing for the sustenance that I so selfishly yet so ignorantly withheld; but if you can only give me back the love and confidence that I know that I have justly forfeited, I promise that this shadow never shall darken your life again."

"The lamb hath conquered the lion," thought old Mr. Willis, as he walked up the shaded path that evening, and saw Henry amusing the infant, while Annie busied herself with her household duties, and when she met him, as she always did,

with a glad, welcoming smile, he added, as he saw the holy, happy light in her eyes, "At last the troubled waters are at rest." And so let them rest, until the constant flight of happy years shall have opened the gateway of eternity.

FARMER BRILL'S NEW PLEASURE.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

FARMER BRILL had been a hard-working, industrious man, and now, in his later years, he was enjoying the fruit of his well-directed toil; but not in the large measure that might have been his if he had known how to get the most from his possessions. The farmer had worked narrowly all his life, and now he was trying to enjoy himself narrowly, still hoping to find pleasure in receiving instead of giving. He did feel less kindly toward his neighbors than he should have felt, for he had never been so kind and helpful toward them as he should have been, and the consequence was that a great deal of coldness and ill-will lay between him and some of these neighbors. The origin of this ill-will could be traced, in most instances, to some denial of a service or favor asked in bygone time. Farmer Brill was a staunch believer in the doctrine of self-help; he asked no favors, and gave none, except grudgingly and with a bad grace. And yet, hidden away down in his heart and covered over by selfishness and the love of gain, was an element of kindness that often stirred his nature, and tried to assert itself in action.

The farmer sat in his shady porch one lovely autumn day, trying to enjoy himself. His fields had been reaped, and his barns held the treasures of golden grain which the generous earth had given him. All around him bent fruit-laden branches, and the air was musical with bees gathering honey for his hives. But, somehow, he was not happy. A neighbor rode past, and bowed to him coldly.

"Miserable fellow!" said the farmer in his heart. "I can't bear the sight of him."

Another went by, and the farmer turned his head so that no sign of recognition might pass between them. He knew this man to be in trouble, and he never cared to have anything to do with men in difficulties, they were apt to want help or favors, and to be offended when denied them.

Then the voice of a child called to him from the road: "Can't I have some apples, Mr. Brill?"

"No, you can't!" growled the farmer. "Off with you! I don't believe in beggars."

The last sentence was spoken to himself, half in excuse and half in repentance for the selfishness and ill-nature he had betrayed.

Farmer Brill did not feel any more comfortable after this. The frightened look of the child, as he added a threatening gesture to his hard speech, remained with him, and he could not shut it from his eyes, turn them which way he would. Nor did he see them less distinctly when he shut his eyes and hung his chin upon his breast. Just how long he had remained in this attitude the

farmer could not say, when a click from the latch on the gate caused him to look up, and he saw a little woman in plain attire advancing up the walk. She was a stranger, and yet there was something familiar about her. The freedom and plainness of speech with which she at once addressed him did not so much surprise as shame the farmer.

"It was not well of thee, friend Brill, to deny with harsh words, the request of a child. Thy trees are laden with fruit, and the ground is covered with thy unused abundance. Thee might have given the child one little apple."

The woman stood with her calm, accusing eyes fixed on the farmer's face; they seemed to penetrate his soul, and to read his very thoughts.

"No, it was not well of thee, friend Brill," she repeated.

"I hate begging," answered the farmer, rallying himself.

"That was not common begging, and thee knows it," replied the stranger.

"The child's father should have had fruit on his own trees. But he was too idle to plant them, and now his children go begging of his neighbors."

"That is not his children's fault. If the poor little ones are hungry for apples, and thee has more than thee can use, why shall thee not be a better father in regard for them than he who is of their own flesh and blood? Would thee not give thy own children apples?"

"My own children! That is another thing. I have taken care of my own children."

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and all we are His children," answered the little woman. "He gives in charge to some His broad grain fields and fruitful orchards, that they may fill barns and storehouses, and lay up food for the hungry and seed for the sower, so that His people die not for lack of bread. Does thee think that thy trees bear fruit and thy fields give their harvests for thee alone? If thee does, thee has not understood the ways of God with men."

The farmer did not reply. He was dumb in the presence of the stranger; dumb because of sudden convictions, and a new light breaking into his soul that blinded and bewildered him.

"Thee has thought and cared only for thyself and for thy own until now," said his visitor, "but there is a truer and a better life before thee. Thee must grow broader and more generous. Thee must become a giver instead of only a receiver of good things. Thee must learn the meaning of that wise saying, 'To give is to live.' Will thee not go with me?"

And the little woman turned from the porch, Farmer Brill rising and following her.

"Thee must bring a basket of apples with thee," said the woman, pausing at the gate.

The farmer filled a great basket, and took it on his arm.

"It is so kind of you, sir!" said the weary-looking woman in whose poor little home he set down the basket. And her grateful looks and tones sent to his heart a feeling of warmth and pleasure, purer and deeper than he had known for a long, long time.

"Thee understands, now," said his companion,

* From the *Metropolitian*.

as they left the cottage, what a true, sweet life thee may live, if thee will. God has given thee of His earthly bounties more than a hundred-fold beyond thy own needs, and leisure to care for thy neighbors, and health in thy declining years. And yet, thee is not happy. Why? Thee is still trying to live for thyself alone."

The words of the speaker died on Farmer Brill's ears; and at the same instant another voice roused him to another presence. It was that of his wife.

"How sound asleep you were, Andrew! I don't like to have you sleep so heavily in the daytime. It isn't good."

The farmer started up with a bewildered air.

"Why, Andrew! What ails you? What have you been dreaming about?"

"Oh! it *was* a dream! Yes, I see. Dreams are strange things."

And the farmer settled himself back in his chair, and dropped his chin upon his bosom, not to sleep again, for he was very wide-awake now, but to ponder on what he had heard from the lips of the monitor, who had come to him in a vision.

As his wife went back into the house, Farmer Brill heard the sound of a horse's feet in the road, and looking up saw one of his neighbors a little way off. It was now over five years since he had denied some trifling favor to this man, and there had been coldness between them ever since. At sight of him the farmer had an uncomfortable feeling, and dropped his eyes, intending not to see him. But this only made him feel the more uncomfortable. So, with a self-compelling effort, he rose from his seat, and, walking out through the gate that opened upon the road, met his neighbor, saying in as cordial a tone as he could introduce into his voice: "Good morning, Mr. Holden."

"Good morning, Mr. Brill," returned the neighbor, a little surprised at this unusual friendliness. He drew up his horse, and leaning down took the farmer's offered hand.

"How is Mrs. Holden?"

"Well, thank you! And how is Mrs. Brill?"

"Hearty for one of her years."

"And your own health?"

"Can't complain. A little stiff with rheumatism, sometimes; but I suppose I ought to be thankful that my limbs are not all twisted out of shape like poor John Gardner's. By the way, how is Gardner?"

"Very badly off," replied the neighbor, with pity in his voice. "Has not been able to do a day's work these two months."

"Is that so? Poor fellow!" Farmer Brill dropped his eye to the ground and stood thinking. And then the words he had heard in his dream began repeating themselves in his thoughts.

"He gives to some his broad grain fields and fruitful orchards, that they may fill barns and storehouses, and lay up food for the hungry and seed for the sower, that his people die not for lack of bread. God has given thee of His earthly bounties more than a hundred-fold beyond thy own need, and leisure to care for thy neighbors, and health in thy declining years. And yet thee

is not happy, for thee is still trying to live for thyself alone."

"How does he live?" asked the farmer, raising his eyes from the ground and looking up into his neighbor's face.

"His family would have suffered in many ways, and his children gone often hungry to bed, if some of us had not looked after him."

"I had no idea it was so bad," said the farmer. "Hungry children! I can't stand that. I must go and see him."

"I wish you would. It's a real case of charity."

"I'll go right off," said the farmer, turning away and going back into the house.

"I wonder what's come over the old man?" So the neighbor mused as he rode away. "Hope he is not going to die. I always thought he had a tender place somewhere in his heart if one only knew how to find it. He was a right generous sort of a fellow when a young man, but he was thrifty, and thrift seemed to harden him."

Half an hour afterward Farmer Brill drove off in his light wagon. There was a marvelous change in the expression of his fine old face. His eyes had a new luster in them, and the kindlier temper of his blood was softening and warming all the hard lines that had compressed themselves about his mouth, and cut down rigidly between his brows, giving them a nobler and deeper human sentiment. In his wagon was a bag of flour, a bushel of potatoes, a side of bacon, and twenty pounds of salt pork, beside corn meal and apples.

When Farmer Brill returned, his heart was so light that it gave a new buoyancy to his body, and instead of moping about or sitting half-stupidly in his arm-chair, he went bustling in and out in a cheery way, and talked to his wife of this neighbor and that with a kindly interest altogether new.

"It is more blessed to give, *sometimes*, than to receive," said Mrs. Brill to her husband, as he told her, with a new quality of pleasure in his voice, about his visit to Mr. Gardner and his family.

"It may be *always*," he answered, to her surprise. "It must be," he added, after a hesitating pause, "if our Saviour's words be true, for he puts in no qualifying '*sometimes*.'"

The old man sat very still, with a sober, in-looking expression on his face.

"He knew best, Andrew; but very few of us live as if we thought He did."

The farmer's sleep was not so sound that night as usual; thought was too busy. Not that he was troubled, for the pleasure that came with ministering to his stricken neighbor had gone too deep, and filled his heart too largely to leave room for trouble. He was thinking out of himself—a rare experience for Farmer Brill; thinking of some of his neighbors, and how he might serve them at little cost to his hoarded substance. It was too early in the new state, upon which he had really entered, to count much cost against himself.

The farmer rose on the next morning feeling like a new man. The rest and comfort of mind which had come as the reward of kindness to John Gardner still remained. Good-will to others

is rarely satisfied with a single service. It was so in this case. The family of his sick and helpless neighbor had other needs than that of food. He had seen the half-clad children, and the wife's worn and scanty clothing, and the picture remained with him.

"Can't you send Mrs. Gardner an old dress or two?" said Mr. Brill to his wife, as they sat at the breakfast-table. "She needs them badly. If you'll make up a bundle of things for her and the children, I'll hitch up and take them over. You'll know what they want."

Mrs. Brill was not the woman to say "No" to a suggestion like this. She soon had a bundle of clothing ready for her husband, and off he went again on an errand of mercy, with a glee and warmth in his bosom that sent a feeling of delight along every nerve. How cordial were all the greetings he gave to passing neighbors! He forgot old grudges and coldnesses, and drew up his horse more than once to have a chat with the individuals whom he had passed the day before with only an indifferent nod.

He sat for over an hour with John Gardner, talking about old times—both had grown up in the neighborhood—and learned many things he might have learned before that interested him deeply about the life of the poor man, and that aroused his sympathies.

"Don't get down-hearted," were his parting words, at the close of his visit. "We'll see that you're taken care of until the doctor drives out your old malady."

The grateful looks and tones in which the man expressed his thankfulness lived with the farmer as pleasant memories long afterward.

"Thomas," said Mr. Brill to his hired man, on returning home, "take a bushel basket out into the orchard and fill it with the largest and soundest apples that have fallen from the trees."

"Yes, sir. And what shall I do with them?"

"Bring them here, and I'll tell you."

"Here they are, sir," said the hired man, ten minutes afterward.

"Very well. Now carry them down to Widow Sloan, and give her my compliments, and say to her that if she wishes to pare and dry a lot for winter she can have as many as she wants."

Thomas opened his eyes a little wider than usual, and with a "Thank'ee, sir," as if he were the one who had received a favor, swung the basket to his shoulder, and went off with a springy step, in marked contrast with his ordinary slow, heavy movement.

The unexpected promptness and cheerfulness with which his hired man seconded this thoughtful kindness toward the widow was another element of satisfaction. Thomas was apt to be a little cross at times, and especially when called upon for some unusual service; and Mr. Brill had looked for a cloudy face and a sullen manner when he gave his order. He gazed after the man as he went hurrying away, wondering at his changed demeanor. He was still sitting in the porch when Thomas returned.

"Well, Thomas, and what did Mrs. Sloan say?"

"Oh, sir, I can't tell you how surprised and

happy she was; and she told me to thank you a thousand times."

"Will she pare and dry them for winter?"

"Indeed and she will, sir. She sat right down and went to work while I was there, and says she'll have 'em all out on the shed drying to-morrow morning. It was real kind and thoughtful in you, sir. It's such a pity to have things go to waste, when so many would be glad to get them."

Master and man were busier than usual in the summer and autumn days that followed, not alone in gathering and storing of their abundance, but in gathering and dispensing as well. Nothing was permitted, as in other years, to go to waste. The bushels and bushels of apples which had once rotted under the trees; the over-supply of turnips and other root crops, which had lain unused in cellar or store-house, were all distributed to the poor; and there was plenty through the winter in many a humble home, where in former seasons pinching need had been felt.

There was a heartiness about him never seen before. His old grudges against some of his neighbors died out. He would stop men in the road for a pleasant chat, whom for years he had passed with a distant nod. The farmer had found a new pleasure, the joy of which was pervading his whole being, and its sunshine warming and softening the cold, hard exterior of his life, and making it attractive and beautiful.

And he never lost the glow of this pleasure in all the years that were added to his life; and when at last his work was done, and he lay in that deep sleep which has no waking in time, there were hundreds to bless his name, and to look their last look on his peaceful face with eyes that ran over with tears.

HALLIE'S HAIR.

BY MADGE CARROL.

YOU don't know how glad I was when Mrs. Kepler told me she expects to keep your cousin with her until Christmas. I shall so enjoy knowing her better. What beautiful hair she has."

"Beautiful and expensive, too, the color is so rare. Dealers say it is almost impossible to get it."

"Do you mean I should understand that Miss Dewing's hair—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Traquair. I see ma has waited up for me, and need not detain you. Good-night."

Seeing her daughter in an unusual state of excitement, Mrs. Dewing ventured a question.

"What ails you, Dena? Has Mr. Traquair proposed?"

"Don't be ridiculous," was the sharp reply, and, flinging her hat one way, gloves another, Dena retired to her own room.

Beginning with a falsehood and ending in disrespect, Dena Dewing's introduction is not a favorable one. It serves, however, to show the girl as she really was, not as Mr. Traquair knew her when she met him, one year after having fallen in love with his picture.

Hallie's hair again, and Dena gave her own a vicious tug, was it always to be Hallie's hair? Was that golden web to be woven across her every path? This very night it caught the one pair of eyes in all the world she longed to hold, might not the glittering threads next entangle the only heart she cared to call her own? How vividly she recalled the night that brought her orphaned, stranger cousin from the far south to their own home. A home where, up to that fateful day, she ruled alone, an only, inordinately-indulged child. A picture of Hallie, as she stood one moment apart on the crimson hearth-rug, blistered the envious, jealous heart that held it. A slight, shy figure some thirteen summers crowned, with a face delicate as a wind flower, and a wealth of wondrously bright hair flowing to the very hem of her mourning dress. Grandma, aunts, uncles and cousins assembled to welcome David's orphaned and only child, held their breaths in something akin to awe. It seemed as though a sprite had leaped from the cannal coal's heart. Some fire-fairy, sable and gold, glitter and gloom, that a whisper would wing into her red courts never to be tempted out again. For an instant this impression prevailed, then grandma inaugurated a rush upon her by crying out: "Come here, little Girl Gold Locks, let me have the first kiss and touch that lovely hair to make sure it's not wings that'll fly away with you to-morrow."

Yes, Hallie's hair. Always Hallie's hair! Dena Dewing failing to grasp the real charm her cousin carried with her, came to believe that, like Samson's, her strength lay in her locks. Deprived of these she was powerless. A whisper went the family rounds that Dena had once attempted to clip, next actually to burn those beautiful braids. No foundation for this rumor was ever discovered other than the fact that Hallie secured a home in another city, and her hair for a time lost its burnished evenness.

"Dear little lambkin," bewailed Grandma Dewing, "she ought never to have stayed an hour under the same roof with that envious, ill-tempered Dena."

However, everybody agreed that since her eighteenth birthday—she was now twenty, six months Hallie's junior—there was a marked change in Dena Dewing. A clever cousin declared her to be cultivating the Christian graces in order to catch Mr. Traquair. Whatever the cause, the girl—with the exception of her personal appearance—was certainly improved. With a dead-white complexion, faded eyes and hair, mealy eyebrows and lashes, and more than a suspicion of freckles, the Quaker colors and simplicity she had adopted, in girl parlance, "killed" Dena Dewing. She persisted in this species of self-destruction even to the extent of laying aside a heavy braid of ashy red hair and frizzes, then faced a generation of switch-burdened women with a coolness and courage as remarkable as it was rare.

"Agnes," said Mr. Traquair, prepared, as was his custom, to give an account of his evening's entertainment to his invalid sister, "I met to-night the first lady that ever won upon my soul, seemed to draw it out after her as men's souls

should go out after the women they marry. I brought what you call my microscopic gaze to bear upon her, and could discover nothing false. Her style of dress, bearing, manner, everything about her, challenged unlimited admiration, yet I am obliged to believe that, like the majority of her sex, she owes something to art. How much it is impossible to estimate. Everybody knows my fixed, unalterable opinion of these feminine devices. One form of deceit is as surely indicative of others, as one downright falsehood is of a predisposition to lying. I could no more trust a woman wearing false hair than I could trust a woman wearing false smiles and making mock professions."

"Well, having found your ideal, after thirty years' seeking, in Dena Dewing, by what right does your soul run out after another woman?"

"You mistake, Agnes. I have not found my ideal. Miss Dewing pleases me in that she owes nothing to art, and in little else. I have somehow drifted into near relations with her. She is useful to me in the mission school and in other ways, we are co-workers, friends, that is all."

"I'm glad to hear it, for I don't like her, yet can't tell why. Nor do I like this Mrs. Kepler, at whose house you spent last evening, although I never saw her, she impresses me unfavorably."

"And me. She ought to have been born in the French court, nothing delights her more than plotting and counterplotting even in such trivial matters as getting two persons together, or keeping them apart. I never feel at ease in her house."

"And yet you seem to be a frequent visitor."

"Yes; her husband's one of our most active members, and she herself, although a woman of the world, gives largely from her own private fortune. For some reason she generally manages to have all our meetings at her house, so you see I'm rather obliged to keep the peace."

It was this woman's aid Dena Dewing resolved to seek in her extremity.

"Oh, yes, I'll help you out," she replied, after hearing the story. "Hallie's a good girl, a very good girl. Tom Kepler set such store by their patched-up relationship, I was obliged to invite her, and, in fact, am truly glad to have her, but she's not to be allowed to strike the target's centre and carry off the mission-school teacher's prize. Beside—" Mrs. Kepler paused, casting a keen, sly glance upon the face before her. "You're not falling in love with Mr. Traquair, are you, Dena?"

Dena promptly disclaimed any such idea.

"Your conduct, then, was prompted entirely by the very natural and reasonable jealousy any girl with almost no hair would feel for one supporting a whole mountain of it."

"Yes, you understand me perfectly."

There was no mistake about it, but Mrs. Kepler went on as though accepting the declaration as Dena meant it. "Then I'll go on with what I was about to say. I owe this piece of pomposity a grudge for his high and mighty loftiness toward little mite of a me. We'll pull the wool over his eyes so completely, he'll think it's Hallie's hair."

Meanwhile we must be cautious and not tell any downright fibs. Are those you have repeated your exact and only words?"

"They are. Mr. Traquair is too much of a gentleman to introduce the subject again."

"Assuredly. Then, don't you see, you stated a simple fact, that is all. Such hair would bring its weight in gold. I'd give my head for it if we could wear hair without heads. The color is rare, a marvellous blending of pure red and yellow gold, neither one, the other or either, because that doesn't describe it. Almost impossible to get it? I should think so, did ever another head wear so beautiful a crown? Ah, here she comes! Hallie, dear, we were just talking about your hair, everybody raved about it last night."

"I'm sorry I've nothing else to recommend me."

"Ah, I see, a little sensitive on the subject. Well, let me think, did nobody say you were charming? Really, I don't recollect, because I'm an enthusiast on the subject of your hair. Even our invulnerable Mr. Traquair expressed his admiration. Almost his first words were, 'What lovely hair she has.' He always visits alone. Such a pity Mrs. Traquair is so confined at home with that daughter. Odd about Agnes, isn't it, Dena? There's a mystery somewhere."

As Mrs. Kepler rattled on a great load fell from Dena Dewing's heart. The woman who could so cleverly make Hallie feel a trifle vexed about her hair, leave her under the impression that the Mrs. Traquair mentioned was a wife instead of a widowed mother, and seal her lips from inquiry concerning the family health with the hint of a mystery, was certainly the one to conduct her case and bring it to a happy issue.

With what cobwebs are our lives entangled. Here were two people, a man and a woman, every way calculated to bless, strengthen and sustain each other, dimly conscious of it beside, yet kept apart by a word here, a hint there, interweavings frail as the gossamer lines spun from branch to branch of a summer's morning.

"She wore a pale blue dress that hung about her like a cloud," said Mr. Traquair, "and when I saw her put a spray of white blossoms in her hair and at her throat, I found myself weakly wondering was there any more harm in a false braid, a tinge of rouge or a brush of powder than in those blossoms? It's well she's engaged, Agnes, else I fear I should end in falling in love with her."

"I don't know why Mr. Traquair haunts me," mused Hallie, sitting alone in her bower of hair, thick and bright as Jenny Wren's. "Plain, grave, punctilious, he's not in the least like the men I've always fancied. Indeed, he's not like anybody I ever knew. What a restful, sheltered sort of feeling his wife must have. I should like to take a peep into that home. I think I see him there as I saw him in the mission school last Sabbath. Ordering everything firmly, wisely, kindly. The friendship of such a man, were I so happy as to be considered worthy of it, would be the joy of a lifetime."

The end was nearer than they thought. One

night a variety of circumstances detained several persons under Mrs. Kepler's roof. Mr. Traquair had an engagement with Tom that would take them off on the early train, while three or four ladies, Dena among them, were indebted to a storm for the pretext of remaining. At midnight a cry of fire aroused the slumbering household. Nobody ever discovered how it originated, but the lower apartments were in flames, and smoke stealing through the cracks of every chamber door. There was little time to lose dressing or lamenting.

"To the roof! To the roof! Every one of you!" bawled Tom Kepler.

In a few minutes a panic-stricken group collected thither to meet with a double horror. The house at the lowest point stood five feet below its neighbors. It was short, sharp work to save that flock of frightened women. Mr. Traquair above with a hastily-constructed shawl ladder, Tom Kepler below, labored bravely and rapidly; still it was a question whether all would be saved. Dena Dewing's narrow nature asserted itself for the first time in the presence of the man she loved. She fairly struggled to be foremost; but Tom, with stern justice, determined she should be last. So rapid was the progress of the flames that sparks were showering over the roof, smoke swirling black about them, and crimson tongues lapped the cornice before they were ready for Dena. It was an awful thing to have Tom just then turn whiter than ever in that red glare, and cry out that his arm was paralyzed.

"Get her up somehow, Herbert. I'll save myself if I can," he whispered, hoarsely.

A hurried word to Hallie, who had refused to fly with the rest, and Mr. Traquair dropped to Dena's side. Even in the midst of fire and smoke, she thrilled beneath his arm's embrace. The moment was worth its terrors could she but be saved. A second mishap rendered it doubtful if she ever would be. Raining sparks had gnawed the shawl ladder Hallie held; it parted in Dena's frantic grasp.

Before Mr. Traquair could think or act in this new, unforeseen emergency, the brave girl above him unbound her lovely hair, wound one bright coil about her arm, and, leaning forward, it hung like a beautiful, saving pinion over her maligner's head. There was a momentary recoil from that silken life-line.

"Take firm hold," said a voice as cold as ice. "and be thankful it's one with the dearest head angels ever watched over."

Dena did as she was bidden, and was saved, but with an agony at her heart fierce and wild as the flames from which she escaped. Not the sharp hiss and crackle of the fire-fiend's tongue and teeth, nor the shouts of the men who had appeared and rescued Tom, prevented her hearing several short words Mr. Traquair whispered in Hallie's ear.

"Brave little woman, you are rightly crowned. There's nothing else to tell. Any one can guess how it ended."

CHARITY is the salt of riches, without which they corrupt themselves.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE hearts of all the people were stirred when it became known that the life of Deborah Norman was surely waning. The story of her visit to Deacon Strong: of her fainting in his room; of her being carried home in the arms of Mrs. Conrad; of the slight hemorrhage from which she had suffered; of the steady decline in her strength; and of the presence in town of a stranger, whose attitude was clearly that of a lover, had been told and repeated until it was familiar with every one. Nearly all had a sense of coming bereavement and personal loss; while those who had been drawn into good works through her example were moved to deeper earnestness and self-consecration.

It was remarkable the influence that came with even a thought of Deborah. It seemed to lift people out of their common, narrow life of self-seeking, and to give them a measure of her spirit. It seemed to bring her so near, that they could feel her very presence and the inspiration of her heavenly life. If one spoke of her to another, the thought of each turned instantly from narrow, frivolous or selfish things and was elevated to a higher region. A hundred good deeds were done daily through the power of her presence in the minds of men and women in Kedron.

Her influence on Deacon Strong was very remarkable. He seemed to himself, afterward, to be nearly all the while in her presence, and his mental processes under her inspection. In his blind gropings after the truth that should make him free, in all his plans, and purposes, and thoughts of duty to God and his neighbor, he saw Deborah before him, and heard again from her lips the clearly-spoken sentences which had sometimes pierced him like arrows, and sometimes opened windows into his soul through which came light and hope. He could not plan, or purpose, without seeming to do so under her inspection. Mentally he submitted to her almost everything that involved a principle of action; and his decisions were generally such as he believed would meet her approval. For a time she stood to him in the place of God and his own conscience. He was unable to see truth or duty except as expressed through her. She was to him as one whose hand had taken fast hold upon God; and he had a vague impression that if he could cling to her garments he was safe.

In their memorable interview, the termination of which had been so painful, Deborah had unfolded to him, in a few plain sentences, the higher law of spiritual life; and a profound conviction of its truth had taken possession of his soul. It was not by faith alone, nor by works alone, nor by faith and works united, that a man was to be saved. He could not get to Heaven by any mere effort of

thought and will; nor could he earn the right of entrance by good deeds. He must become like-minded with Christ if he would inherit one of the many mansions He had gone to prepare for His true disciples. It was the evil of his heart that would keep him out of Heaven, and until this was removed, entrance must be impossible. It was the evil will in which the enemy of his soul lay entrenched, and out of which he could not be cast except by the man himself, fighting by heavenly truth, or the sword of the Spirit, which God offers to every one who will take it out of the armory of His Holy Word. If faith were nothing in itself, and works nothing in themselves, yet was he able to see that both were essential agencies in the great conflict with evil. They were the means by which a man could rise out of his low and vile estate and become transformed into the image and likeness of God.

The deacon had tried to get to Heaven by merely assenting to certain doctrines, and by an external conformity to the appointed ceremonies of worship, while his life in the world remained wholly selfish. Deborah had drawn the scales from his eyes, and enabled him to see that if he would be with Christ in Heaven, he must live according to His precepts, and follow Him in the doing of good deeds among his fellow-men. His next effort was to get favor with God through good works. To placate Him by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and being externally just and merciful, instead of hard, cold, un pitying and unjust. But the result was not what he had hoped for. He had no inner consciousness of God's favor. He did not rest in hope. He was in still greater darkness and fear. But now Deborah was able to lead him a step higher in the ascending way, and to help him to see that Heaven was not to be earned nor God placated. That he could only enter the Kingdom of Heaven through a change of his inner life—that the evil and selfish affections of his heart must be repressed and denied, because to indulge them was contrary to God's law and a sin against Him. In such denial and repression alone could he please God; and the reward thereof would be the removal from his heart of sinful desires and the implantation in their stead of heavenly affections with their ineffable delights. Then, to abstain from evil and do good would be a pleasure and not a duty. He would be in Heaven, because of the love of God and the neighbor dwelling in his heart.

Not clearly at first, but only in dim, uncertain glimpses, was this revealed to the mind of Deacon Strong. After the shock attendant on the sudden illness of Deborah had subsided, and the deacon's thoughts drifted back to what she had said about the worthlessness of his efforts to obtain the favor of God through kind and charitable deeds, he had a sense of hopelessness. All the ways to Heaven seemed blocked by impassable mountains. But after a little while one thought and another to which she had given utterance came up and stood out clearly before him, and he saw another path, narrow and difficult, because it led right across his natural affections, which would have to be trampled under foot if he took that way. In

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despair of finding any other road to Heaven, and in fear of the "wrath to come," Deacon Strong resolved to set his feet therein, and even as he made the resolution came light, and strength, and awakening confidence. He seemed as one lifted suddenly to a higher level, from which he had a broader and clearer vision. A humbler state of mind succeeded, and he was able to say, in a truer spirit than ever in his life before, "Make me Thy willing servant."

One morning, a few days after he had seen Deborah, Mr. Trueford came in to talk with him about business. The overseer's face wore an unusually sober look.

"Nothing wrong?" queried the deacon, who noticed its clouded aspect.

"No, not at the mill," replied Mr. Trueford. "Everything is going on right. The new ventilators, which were finished day before yesterday, work to a charm. You can hardly imagine the change they have made in the atmosphere of the rooms. There hasn't been a single complaint of headache; and all the hands are working with a lightness of movement never seen before. That was a kind, good thing of you, sir; and our people appreciate it. It will save many of them sick days and loss of time."

Deacon Strong, when he ordered the ventilators put in, at the urgent request of his overseer, did so with considerable reluctance, in view of their cost, which would be a dead charge against the establishment, as he said, and of no good to himself. The final argument that weighed in his mind, and led to his consent, was the thought that, in doing it for the sake of his work-people, he would earn some favor with God. He had paid the price of this favor under protest from his natural selfishness, which had no regard for the neighbor, and which could feel no pleasure in another's good; and the state of mind in which the act left him was anything but satisfactory. He had made a sacrifice, but there was no evidence that a sweet-smelling savor had risen therefrom to God.

But now, lifted as he was, through the presence of Deborah, in his thought to a spiritual level, in which he could not only perceive higher truths, but be affected by the good which they expressed, he felt a glow of genuine satisfaction as Mr. Trueford said, "That was a kind and good thing of you, sir; and our people appreciate it. It will save many of them from sick days and loss of time." And the satisfaction was deeper than anything he had yet known, because freer than usual from elements of self-appreciation, and more vital with neighborly regard. To Deacon Strong, the feeling that warmed his heart in that moment was a new sensation.

"I am glad," he answered, "that we had them put in, and that our people are so much more comfortable in their work."

His overseer noticed a quality of tone in the deacon's voice that was unusual.

"I wish," said Mr. Trueford, encouraged by the softer expression he saw in his employer's countenance, "that you were able to visit our little houses down by the creek. You would hardly

know them. It's wonderful how they are improved. One tenant seems to vie with another in having things tidy and comfortable. Not a paling has been torn from the fences since we had them repaired, and they are all sweet and handsome with whitewash. Every gate, and door, and stoop is whole and in good order. All the little yards have flowers or green plats in them, and morning-glories may be seen climbing and blooming about many of the doors and windows. No more ponds of slimy water, or heaps of filth in the road or on the back lots; but everything clean and wholesome. I take a look around there every day or two, and if I find a tenant growing careless I speak about it, and so keep the lazy or indifferent ones up to the mark. And just to think, sir, it didn't cost us over two hundred dollars to make the first improvements, out of which all this has grown. Why, sir," and Mr. Trueford grew warm with his theme, "the change in and around these twenty little houses, once so miserable and comfortless, but now so really attractive, is the wonder of all Kedron. People actually go down there to see it as a sight! And the change in the men, women and children who live there is almost as great as their surroundings. I've got the men formed into a temperance society; and there isn't a drunkard among them now. The house we fixed up for a reading-room is open every night, and is always well filled with men and growing-up lads. You don't know, sir, how much good is being done. I wish so often that you could see it with your eyes. It would do your heart good."

The pleasure felt by Deacon Strong as his overseer spoke of these things, went deeper than usual. It was purer, because less alloyed by selfish considerations. He had some measure of the delight which should always come as the reward of doing good to others; but which we rarely receive because our good deeds are so often done selfishly.

He did not reply immediately, but sat for awhile as one lost in thought. When he spoke, it was in a subdued, almost mournful voice.

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh, "if I were only well! If I had my old self again—my old soundness and strength!"

He checked himself, adding after a moment or two, and in a tone of forced resignation: "But God knows what is best, and I am in His hands."

Then, as he looked at Mr. Trueford, and noticed the shade of trouble which had attracted his attention at first, he said: "There's something wrong. What is it?"

"Nothing at the mill, sir," replied the overseer.

"Anything wrong at home?"

"Oh, no, sir. But I'm troubled about that girl, Fanny Williams. I'm afraid she'll go to ruin, after all."

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied the deacon, with real concern, "What do you hear about her? Is there anything I can do?"

"She did not return to the mill again, as you know. She seemed all broken down, and was slow in getting back her strength. You helped her some, and so did Miss Norman. As soon as she was strong enough for work, she took in sewing, and tried to support herself with her needle.

I don't know just how long this went on; but the next I heard of her was that somebody was sending her money in letters, and that she had left her room in Myrtle Street, and was living at a boarding-house. On inquiry of Mrs. Jacobs, the woman from whom she rented a room while she worked in the mill, I found that all this was true. Last week I saw her walking with Victor Howe; and it distressed me greatly, for I knew him to be a dangerous companion for one like her."

"But his true character has been discovered, and he has fled from the town, a hunted criminal," said the deacon.

"I know; but Fanny's peril is no less. Nay, I fear it is greater. As I was coming here just now, I saw her riding out with Len Spangler."

A deep sigh, that was almost a groan, came from the deacon's lips; for the sharp thrust of an accusing conscience had sent a pang to his heart. He remembered but too well his last excited meeting with the girl, and the charge of responsibility for any harm that might come to her which had been laid at his door.

"Not with that bad man, surely!" he exclaimed. "You must have been mistaken, Mr. Trueford."

But the overseer shook his head. "I could not have been mistaken. I know them both too well. She was as handsomely dressed as any lady in town, and was leaning toward him, smiling and talking familiarly. Poor, weak child! A dove in the net of a fowler! A lamb in the power of a cruel wolf!"

The deacon's head sunk upon his breast, and he sighed again.

"Oh, if Deborah Norman were not sick!" he said, lifting himself up and showing much excitement. "If she were only well and strong enough to go after the girl, she might be saved. What is to be done? I feel so helpless—so powerless!"

"Mr. Maxwell," said a servant, opening the door.

A look of annoyance showed itself in Deacon Strong's face.

"Tell him to wait. I'm engaged. No, tell him to come up. I'm glad you happened to be here, Mr. Trueford," he added, as the servant retired. "I've been wanting to see you and Maxwell together."

A few moments after the agent pushed open the door noiselessly and came gliding in. On seeing Mr. Trueford, there was a disagreeable change in his sinister face, and a slight curving of his thin lips. His stooping shoulders were drawn back, and something defiant appeared in his manner. The venomous creature had an instinct of danger, and threw quick, covert glances from the deacon to his overseer, but without a movement of his head.

"Sit down," said the deacon, nodding to a chair. Maxwell dropped into the seat. A silence, lasting for a considerable time, followed. The agent had his thick, well-worn pocket-book in his hand, and was opening and shutting it uneasily, when the deacon spoke again.

"Let me see the list of unpaid rents you showed me yesterday."

Maxwell drew from the book a piece of paper,

which he slowly unfolded and handed to the deacon, who let his eyes glance quickly over the page. Mr. Trueford, who was looking at him, saw his brows contract and his mouth close tightly with a hard expression.

"Gilbert has paid you five dollars on account, I see," said the deacon, lifting his eyes from the paper and fixing them on Maxwell.

"Yes, sir; but I had to send the constable after him, and warn him out into the bargain, to get even that," returned the agent, his upper lip twitching at one of the corners as he spoke, much as you have seen that of a snarling cur.

"He's been sick, I believe," said Mr. Trueford, quietly.

"Drunk, more likely," growled the agent. "Sickness is a convenient excuse with men like him."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Mr. Trueford, turning sharply on Maxwell.

"Because I know the whole tribe too well. They can't deceive me," was answered, an ugly sneer on the agent's lips.

"He's been sick," said Mr. Trueford, speaking firmly. "He had an attack of pleurisy, which laid him up for over a month, and left him very weak. And what is unfortunate, he has lost a good place through this sickness. The firm that employed him was not able to wait for his recovery. I've been feeling very anxious about him; but he's kept himself free from drink, so far as I know. But one in his position is in great danger. I loaned him the five dollars which he paid to Mr. Maxwell."

"Did you know for what purpose he wanted the money?" asked the deacon, with an unpleasant surprise in his voice.

"He did not tell me; he only said that his furniture would be seized and his poor wife and himself turned into the street if he didn't make a payment of five dollars. He was weak and much broken down. I pitied him from my heart, and tried to say things encouraging. But the hopeful words had no heart in them, and almost stuck in my throat. A man in Gilbert's circumstances should be dealt with in merciful kindness; not heartlessly driven to the wall. Maxwell knew that he had been sick; knew that he had not earned a dollar for weeks; and knew also that in hounding him after his cruel fashion he would in all probability drive him back into the old wretched life from which that angel in human guise, Deborah Norman, had rescued him."

"How dared you, sir!" broke angrily from the lips of Deacon Strong, as he turned his eyes upon the half-frightened, half-defiant and malignant face of the agent.

"My business is to collect your rents," answered the man, doggedly. "You asked me about Gilbert when I showed you this list, day before yesterday, and said he was getting too much behind, and must be stirred up."

"Did you know that he had been sick and was out of a place?" inquired the deacon.

"Sick or well, rich or poor, is none of my business. If people live in our houses, they must pay the rent. You tell me to collect it, and I see that

it is done. That is all, sir. It is not for me to go behind anything; nor to ask whether they beg, borrow, steal or earn the money with which the rent is paid. Our houses are not almshouses, sir, nor open to every pauper or shiftless vagabond who may wish to live in them rent free."

Maxwell warmed a little, and the color came flushing into his cold, skinny face. Never before had he looked so repulsive in the eyes of Deacon Strong; and never had the deacon felt such disgust and loathing for the man as now. The heartless agent of his un pitying greed stood, in the clearer vision by which he was beginning to look out upon the world and humanity, revealed as a cruel monster, to whom he had given the power to oppress.

"Why didn't you tell me that Gilbert had been sick, and that he was out of a place and earning nothing?" demanded the deacon.

"Because I didn't imagine you cared anything about his being sick or well, dead or alive, so the rent was paid," answered Maxwell, with a malicious thrust in his voice. "And besides, sir, it's always been an understood thing that you would have nothing to do with the private affairs or personal troubles of your tenants. If they lived in your houses they must pay the rent; and when they couldn't do that they must go out."

The deacon cowered with a discomfited air under this rejoinder, and looked annoyed and rebuked. He dropped his eyes to the rent roll that was still in his hand, and studied the page for some moments without speaking. Then laying it on the table before him, he said to Maxwell: "That will do for to-day, Peter. You can go now. But let me see you to-morrow morning at this hour."

Maxwell reached for the piece of paper which the deacon had laid on the table, but the latter placed his hand upon it, saying: "You can leave this. I wish to examine it."

There was a look of disappointment, in which a shade of anxiety was visible on the agent's face.

"Don't make any more collections until I see you again," said the deacon, as Maxwell retired toward the door.

"I was to call at three or four places and receive money promised to-day," returned the other.

"No matter. Let things stand as they are." The deacon spoke positively. "You will be here in the morning?"

Maxwell growled a "Yes," and went out, leaving the deacon and his overseer again alone. Each waited for the other to speak, some little time passing.

"Bad, bad, bad!" ejaculated Deacon Strong, first breaking the silence.

"Yes, I should say it was bad," returned Mr. Trueford. "A man like this Maxwell is not one to whose tender mercies it is well to commit the poor. As your agent, you become a party to whatever he does. He is your representative, and at your door lies the responsibility of his acts. What he does to your tenants is really done by you, and will so be regarded by God and man."

The overseer spoke with great seriousness of

manner. Deacon Strong bent his head as one in earnest thought.

"Joshua Gilbert is a capable and honest man?" he said, with a question in his voice, as he looked up.

"That is his reputation. Only his habits have been against him."

"I must have another man to take charge of my property and collect the rents. I can't trust Maxwell any longer. He's too hard. There's no more pity in him than there is in a wild beast. But I'm not sure that Gilbert is the man I want."

"You might try him for awhile. He's honest; and I am sure would look carefully after your interests."

"It's hardly right to ask it of you," said the deacon, evidently in doubt as to the acceptance of the proposal he was going to make, "for you are overtaxed already. But, if you will take charge of my real estate as well as of the mill, and employ Gilbert as your clerk and collector, I will close up with Maxwell at once, and let you manage things just in the way you see best. I know you, Mr. Trueford, and can trust you. I'm not afraid that anybody will be wronged. I shall have no sins of cruelty, no unjust exactions, no oppressions of the poor laid through you at my door."

"It will be better so," replied the overseer, his face lighting up beautifully. "Better for you and better for all. Maxwell is unpopular with your tenants, and hated by most of them. Give them a different agent—one with some courtesy and humanity in him, like Joshua Gilbert—and you will receive, I am sure, a larger return than under the old grinding rule. Yes, I will undertake this for you also, and see Mr. Gilbert at once."

The deacon reached out his hand, and grasping one of his overseer's, said with much feeling: "God bless you, sir! You are the best and truest man I ever knew! Go and see Mr. Gilbert, and—and"—his voice choking—"pay him a month's wages in advance. Set him on his feet again; and tell him from me to be brave and strong. Come again to-morrow morning, and we will settle affairs with Peter Maxwell."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"DON'T go, Joshua," said Mrs. Gilbert, laying her hand upon the arm of her husband, and looking sadly, but tenderly, into his thin face. "You are not as well as you were yesterday. I'm afraid to have you go out."

"But I must find something to do. I can't sit idle at home," was answered in a querulous way, that was unusual to Joshua Gilbert. He felt disheartened, and almost desperate. The appearance of Deacon Strong's agent, attended by a constable on the day before, had greatly unsettled his mind, and broken down the trust in providence which had sustained him during his slow convalescence. To keep his furniture from threatened seizure, he had tried in half a dozen places to borrow a few dollars, and was returning home after these fruitless efforts, feeling weak and helpless, when he met Mr. Trueford, who cheerfully loaned him the

sum needed. It was paid to Maxwell, who took it with a growl and a warning to be ready with as much more in a week.

This timely assistance had changed Mr. Gilbert's state of feeling and restored in some small degree his failing trust in God. As he sat with his wife at their scanty evening meal—all their meals were too scanty—he was able to take a more hopeful view of things.

"I shall get something to do," he said, with a cheerful air. "And shall not have long to wait; something tells me so."

His wife fell in with his hopeful spirit, encouraging him by many Scripture promises.

But his heart failed him as he lay sleepless that night for many hours. Darkness rested on his spirit as well as upon nature, and morning found him as weak and nervous in mind as in body. He saw in advance of him no clear way; no open door. He felt hedged in and deserted of God and man. It was his hour of darkness and danger. He wore a clouded brow as he sat down to the meagre breakfast which his wife had tried to make as relishing as possible. But in his condition, where nature was trying to restore the loss of sickness, and give back strength to wasted muscles and vital force to exhausted nerves, he needed something more nutritious and appetizing than bread and coffee and fried potatoes, which were all he found spread before him.

Mr. Gilbert had risen from the table and was preparing to go out, when his wife, who had a vague fear in her heart, interposed, saying: "Don't go this morning, Joshua. You are not as well as you were yesterday."

"But I must find something to do. I can't sit idle at home," he had answered. Mrs. Gilbert still tried to detain him; but he grew irritated—something unusual in him—and with an impatient word on his lips, turned from his wife and left the house. A great concern settled down upon the heart of his wife. She saw that her husband had lost his mental equipoise and trust in God, and knew, alas, too well, that if in this state he were exposed to sudden temptation, he would surely fall.

There was no clear purpose in the thought of Mr. Gilbert. He went forth almost blindly. The many days in which he had vainly tried to get something to do seemed to have exhausted every chance. No one had any employment to offer him. A feeling of vague unrest, that made it almost impossible to remain passive at home, thrust him out, now, and gave to his steps as he passed along the street a quicker movement than usual. A slight warmth of color came into his pale face; his eyes had an unwonted brightness. He was under the influence of hidden and abnormal forces, to the control of which reason made, for the time, no opposition. He was like a vessel sweeping out upon a dangerous sea with no one standing at the helm. He seemed to himself uncared for of God or man.

On leaving home, Gilbert took his way to the business part of the town, meeting, as he walked restlessly along, one friend after another, stopping for a word or two, or saying a brief good morning, as the case might be.

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"How's the world using you now?" said an old acquaintance, in a cordial way, as he stopped and took hold of Gilbert's hand, giving it a hearty shake.

"About as badly as it can well use a man," was the reply.

"How's that? What's the matter? I thought you were getting on swimmingly."

"So I was until thrown on my back by a spell of sickness."

"Oh, indeed! You've been sick? I'm sorry. But you're all right again."

"On the contrary, I'm all wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a good situation, and was getting on nicely; but my illness threw me out, and now I can't find anything to do."

"That is bad. But don't lose heart."

"I have lost heart," was the gloomy answer.

"Tut, tut, man! Don't talk in that way. It's darkest just before daybreak, you know. Something will turn up."

"So I've been trying to think. But when I saw a constable enter my house to levy on my scanty furniture for rent, I gave up that hope."

"Who owns your house?"

"Deacon Strong."

"And he ordered your furniture to be seized?" The man spoke with indignation.

"I suppose so. His agent came with the constable. I begged a few hours' delay, and they put off the levy until I could find somebody who would lend me five dollars."

"And you got the money?"

"Yes. But it's only putting off the evil day. In a week Maxwell will be down on me again."

The friend stood with his eyes on the ground, thinking.

"I know of a place you might get," he said, with some hesitation in his manner. "It is to be vacant in a day or two. But I'm not just certain that it will suit you."

"Oh, I'll do anything. I'm neither proud nor lazy. What kind of a place is it?"

"It won't suit you, I know," answered the friend, with a decided air.

"Will it pay anything?" asked Gilbert.

"Oh, as for that, the pay will be fair enough. But I don't think the business just the one for you."

"What is the business?"

"That of clerk and bar-tender at the Centre House. I heard this morning that a change was to be made. You know Hall, the proprietor."

Gilbert half caught his breath; his face grew flushed, and paled again suddenly. There was about him a perceptible tremor as of one in some strong mental conflict.

"Thank you," he said, a little huskily. "But I'm afraid it will not suit me."

"No, I don't think it will. I'm sorry I mentioned it. But, good-morning! I have an engagement waiting and must hurry. Call and see me."

And the man passed on. Gilbert stood for some moments like one bewildered, and then moved onward, but the restless, nervous manner seen a little while before was gone. Mr. Hall, the pro-

prietor of the Centre House, was an old friend whom he had known ever since boyhood; and he felt almost certain that if he applied for the situation about to be made vacant, and gave strong pledges of his determination never to fall back into his old habits, he could obtain it. But an instinct of the danger which lay in that direction seized him on the instant the friend who had just left him named the place, and his first impulse was that of rejection.

"No! no! no!" he said to himself, and tried to push the thought out of his mind. But that was impossible. His friend had lifted him into the light of hope when he said that he knew of a place that could no doubt be obtained; and it was hard to turn wholly from that light, and go down into deeper darkness.

Slowly he moved along the street, his eyes cast to the ground, and his thoughts turning to the Centre House in spite of every effort to hold them away. There he saw a promise of bread and independence, but could see it in no other direction. As he walked along, the tempter, quick to discover his opportunity, was by his side.

"You have set your foot upon the great enemy of your life, and are no longer his slave," he said; "and so the question of danger is settled. You must live—you must have bread. Faithfully have you tried to get employment, and this is all that offers. It is not what you desire. You turn from the thought of it with pain. Still, a man cannot starve."

But the tempter saw other things in his mind; saw that he had a conscience, and a fear of offending God; that the better angels of his life were drawing nearer, and seeking to hold him back from a path of danger in which his feet were not steady enough to walk, by showing him the curse that would rest upon this work if he put forth his hand to do it; and the spiritual loss he must suffer if he engaged therein. In God's strength alone had he stood fast so far; and how could he expect a continuance of that strength if he took part with evil-doers, as all were who put to a neighbor's lips the cup of confusion. As the conflict went on, an inner voice seemed to cry in warning tones: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink! that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." And the tempter's power grew weaker. But he made a new assault. A human soul was almost within his grasp, and must not be permitted to escape.

And now a strange darkness and confusion of mind fell upon the unhappy man, and with it came bitter feelings toward God and his neighbors.

"Who cares whether I live or die?" he said to himself, while a throb of anger sent a hot current along his veins. "If God cared for me, would He leave me in this extremity?"

As he spoke, he moved forward rapidly, turning his steps in the direction of the Centre House, and not pausing until he found himself standing face to face with his old friend the proprietor, who gave him a cordial hand-shake, saying at the same time: "Now this is curious! Do you know, Joshua, I was just thinking about you? How

strangely things happen sometimes! Well, how are you? Been sick, I hear."

"Yes, sick enough."

"What was the matter?"

"Pleurisy."

"Indeed! Bad attack?"

"Yes. Was in bed several weeks, and got run down dreadfully, as you may see." And he held up one of his thin hands.

"But I wouldn't mind that so much if my sickness hadn't lost me a good situation."

"Is that so? I'm really sorry." And Mr. Hall showed much sympathy. "Anything in prospect?" he asked, with something more than a mere passing interest.

"Nothing." And Gilbert shook his head. His manner betrayed his despondency.

Hall dropped his eyes and stood thinking.

"I don't know that it would suit you, but—"

"But what?" asked Gilbert, as his old friend hesitated.

"My clerk and bar-keeper is going to leave me, and I have not supplied his place."

A silence, almost oppressive to both the men, followed, and ere it was broken the tavern-keeper had regretted his remark; for he remembered the old bad habits of his friend, and knew only too well that to put him in the place about to be made vacant would be to set him in the very front of danger, and make his fall certain.

"Anything to keep the wolf from my door," said Gilbert, in reply. "I've searched the town over and over again for something to do, but so far can't find a vacant place or get a hand's turn. And now things have become desperate. Old Deacon Strong sent a constable after me yesterday, and would have sold me out for his rent if I hadn't borrowed five dollars with which to keep him quiet for a week longer."

"The cursed old hypocrite and rascal!" exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "If the devil don't get him, he'll be cheated out of his own, say I. And Deacon Strong was going to sell out a sick man for a little back rent! Well! well! I thought the judgment that fell on him awhile ago had made a better man of him. But the fire lies at the heart of the flint, and no pounding can get it all out. He'll have to take his scorching with the rest of us, for all his canting and psalm singing, which is one comfort. I'm sorry," he added, his voice betraying the doubt in his heart, "that you were not able to get back into your old place. I'm a little afraid to have you come here. You mustn't be hurt at my saying this, Joshua. You know how it is, and the temptations that would lie in your way."

"I have turned my back upon that old, dreadful life," Gilbert answered. "It is behind me in the sad and dreary past. No, no, friend Hall! You need have no fear on that score. I have suffered enough from this enemy, and shall hold him forever at a distance."

"I am glad to find you so much in earnest, and to hear you speak so confidently," returned the tavern-keeper. "I can give you a good place, and shall be pleased to have a man in whose integrity I can trust so fully as I can trust in yours."

There came now to Joshua Gilbert another intense struggle between the good and evil forces that were acting upon him—between the angels who were striving to save him and the evil spirits who burned with an infernal desire to destroy his soul—the one seeking to lead him away from temptation, and the other trying to draw his feet into a path that would lead to inevitable ruin. Between these two forces he stood a free man, with power to turn himself to either; but, alas! the intimate pressure of need, anger against Deacon Strong and a doubt of God's providential care over him, were giving strength to his enemies, and drawing him over to their side. Words of consent were rising to his lips when this question, flashing through his mind, startled him with a new sense of responsibility and danger, "How can I do this great evil and sin against God?"

Joshua Gilbert, since his feet had been led, through the influence of Deborah Norman, into the safe ways of sobriety, had reunited himself with the church, and been trying to lead a humble Christian life. The darkness and feverish doubt of this unhappy day were only the passing states of a mind driven by trial and temptation almost to the verge of despair. Very nigh were his feet to slipping—the enemies of his soul had nearly conquered—when an angel drew out of his memory this solemn sentence, and quickened by its means a new and better state. He stood, almost trembling, under the strong convictions of right, and duty, and faith in God's care over His children, which came rushing back upon his mind.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" he said in his heart, humbly and devoutly, as a strong revulsion of feeling swept him out of the influence of a temptation that had nearly compassed his destruction.

He waited so long before replying to Mr. Hall's offer to give him the place in his bar, that the tavern-keeper wondered at the delay, and when Gilbert said, in a tone of voice that surprised him, it was so changed: "Let me take a little while to think over this matter. Maybe it will not be best for me."

He answered rather coldly: "All right, Joshua. Take time to think. I wouldn't have you come here for the world if you were not strong enough to look a glass of brandy in the face and say, 'I'm your master, sir!'"

There was something so near to sarcasm in the tavern-keeper's voice that Gilbert felt it as a thrust and was a little hurt. He lingered for a short time, not wishing to go away too abruptly, and then left the tavern, and turned his steps homeward.

The conflict through which he had passed since he came out had been very great, and now that a reaction of feeling had come, a sad consciousness of the danger from which he had just escaped took deep hold of him; he felt weak and faint.

A darkness like the shadow of death fell upon Mrs. Gilbert as she saw her husband go away that morning. The impulse to run after him and try to draw him back was so strong that she could hardly restrain herself.

She knew him to be weak, from sickness, both in body and mind; to be unusually depressed; to

have lost, for the time, his trust in God; and to be, therefore, in imminent danger should any strong temptation assail him. As time wore on, this darkness and dread increased, until, in an agony of fear and suspense, she went into her chamber and, shutting the door, fell upon her knees and besought God with tears and entreaties to protect her husband. "He is very weak," she said, sobbing, "and his enemies are very strong. He is trying to do right; trying to be true, and humble, and faithful; to serve Thee with a right mind and a willing heart. Oh, do not let the wicked prevail against him. Hide him under the shadow of Thy wings; give Thy angels charge concerning him, that they may keep him in safety."

Her heart gave way, and her frame shook with violent agitation. She fell forward upon the bed by which she knelt, moaning and weeping. After many minutes she grew calm. Again lifting her heart to God, she prayed in more confidence of spirit—"Thou wilt not forsake him, Lord. Oh, follow him to the wilderness of doubt and fear into which he is straying, and bring him back. Let him feel Thy presence and Thy power. Give him a sense of Thy tender love. In this valley and shadow of death through which he is walking, let Thy rod direct his way and Thy staff support him so that his feet fail not."

When Mrs. Gilbert came out of her chamber, her pale face wore a calmer expression, though fear and an aching suspense were still in her heart. She had drawn nigh in humble prayer to God, and was feeling a measure of the peace that all receive who come really into His presence. She knew her husband to be a just and a sincere man; and that he had been trying, since his reformation, to lead a life void of offense toward God and man. "God cannot and will not forsake him," she said, trying to hold her mind assured. "We are in His strong hands and under His tender care. His promises are to those that fear Him. He knoweth that we have need of food and raiment. He that feedeth the ravens, will He not feed us?"

So she tried to keep out of her mind the dread and distrust which had closed around her a little while before, and which had been lifted away from her spirit through prayer. But it was a hard struggle in which she was engaged, and in spite of every effort the shadows again drew their thick curtains about her heart, and set it shivering with vague alarms.

In her anguish she went into her chamber again and bowed herself, weeping and praying, before God. "There is help in Thee alone," she cried. "Oh, do not forsake us!"

She heard the door open and the well-known sound of her husband's feet in the room below. A great weakness fell upon her. She tried to rise, but was unable to lift herself up. She heard his voice calling to her, but she could not answer, for even the power of speech was gone for the moment. Then she heard him coming up the stairs; the door opened; quick footsteps crossed the room. A form knelt by her side, an arm was laid tenderly around her and then a voice, thrilling with a new joy, said: "It is all right, dear wife! God

is good. He has been better to us than all our fears! You will hardly believe it, but I am to be Deacon Strong's rent collector and agent in the place of Peter Maxwell. I've seen the deacon, and it's all settled."

Gilbert felt the form of his wife shrinking heavily against him; and looking into her face,

saw that it was white as ashes. The reaction of feeling had been too great. This fullness of joy, breaking so suddenly on the darkness of her soul, was more than she had strength to bear, and she lay fainting in the arms of her husband, but only for a little while.

(To be concluded in next number.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 10.

I THINK I told you once before the nicest way of cooking green corn that I know of; but some of the women-readers did not hear me, and I want them to know, too.

Shave and scrape the corn off the cob; have the spider hot, with a lump of good butter in it, and when it is hot enough to fry the corn, pour it in and cover up closely. Do not add any water; the moisture already in the corn, and the steam that generates, will keep it from burning. Season with salt and pepper, and fry until a light brown. This is the nicest way known of cooking green corn. All the sweetness is in it that there is in ears which have been roasted. Old people especially will like corn cooked this way.

I read a recipe lately in which the writer says a custard pie must bake one hour. Now don't one of you believe such nonsense! If a custard pie was baked one hour in a hot oven, the sweet whey would separate and leave a shrivelled curd, and the crust would be a crisp: if it was in a moderately hot oven that length of time, the crust would be soggy, and no more like pie than a piece of wet leather.

No doubt the dear lady who wrote it could conjugate a Latin verb through all the tenses, but she could not bake a custard pie.

Now I'm not smart, but, with dry wood, I can make the custard and paste and bake three pies in twenty minutes. There is no kind of pie so easily made or so speedily baked. Only the crust needs to bake, the custard to *set*. That is the word cooks use.

To make good custard pies, take a quart bowl nearly full of good unskimmed milk, three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and a coffee-cup two-thirds full of sugar. This quantity will make three pies. Bake in a hot oven. When the custard is set, or done, it will seem to rise up from the edge of the pie tin, and will quake like jelly when you jar it gently. If it does this it is good, and your ingredients have been in proportion. I always flour the tin, so I can slip the pie off on a cloth or on a paper to cool. Do not grease your pie-tins, there is no occasion to do so; if you do, the pies will become torn or broken in taking them off. Always see that they are perfectly dry, and then rub flower over them, and turn over and shake the unnecessary quantity off.

I make pumpkin and squash pies exactly like custard, the ingredients all in the same proportion, and then add the finely-strained stewed pumpkin or squash, being careful not to put in too much, else the pie will be dry.

We often have mashed squash left from dinner, that comes back again in the form of a pie. In this case one must be careful and not season with pepper; the salt and butter seasoning in the sauce only makes the pie better.

It is night now, and I must quit. To-morrow I will tell you how I make pie-crust. I only learned how within a year to make "de flaky kind," like Aunt Chloe did.

Take about a pound and a half of flour and half a pound of butter; wet it with cold water enough to make a stiff paste. Flour the board well, roll out rather thin, and spread with butter the same as you would spread a piece of bread; scatter flour over pretty thickly; commence at one end and roll it up, and tuck in the ends smoothly. Then roll it out again on the well-floured board, rolling from you all the time. Butter again; scatter flour over until all the butter is well covered; roll up, and roll out, and roll from you, and keep on rolling and cutting up with the rolling-pin until your paste has been buttered and rolled out five times, using plenty of flour all the while; then cut a piece off the end about the right size for one cover; flour it well when you go to roll it out, so that it will not stick to the board. Handle just as lightly and as little as possible; don't knead your paste, or the fragments you cut off from the edges, a particle; work with your fingers' ends kind of gingerly, as if you didn't like to do such things—just pretending; you understand. Keep everything as cold as possible; mix with ice-cold water, and let your butter be cold, and your hands.

I hope I have made this so plain that any little woman will understand how it is done, and that hereafter no more soggy, tough, dark, hard pies will come to her table, if they did before.

When we make, instead of butter we use half lard; you would scarcely know the difference; but if for any special occasion you desire to make the best pies possible, use butter entirely.

I was at Van Doodle's yesterday—went over to dye an old purple merino dress for grandma. They think nobody can color black like Pipesey Potts, and as the Van Doodles are members in good standing in the regular Baptist church, the same as the Pottses, it was no more than my duty to go over and do them this little favor. The old

lady's dress was a gift from a rich brother, long, long ago, while she was nursing her Mary Elizabeth yet.

Granny looked out at the dress when it was hanging on the line and she said: "Pipsey can color gowns till they're black as a raven."

I took special pains with it because it will be her best dress, likely, as long as she lives. I strained the dye for fear a bit of a chip or sediment would be in it and spot the dress. Ever such a little fragment will spot if it clings to the fabric. I was careful, too, not to wring the dress, all the while I was handling it. I just drained it, for fear of creasing or breaking the well-kept merino.

I will give my recipe, for it may be that at this season of the year others may be renovating old dresses to reline and remodel ready for winter. I would not try to dye any old worsted dress a beautiful black, unless it was all wool, and soft goods, then. An alpaca, smooth, and stiff, and lustrous, will not dye handsomely. For four pounds of goods take two ounces of blue vitriol and eight of the extract of logwood, or, if you prefer, instead, three pounds of logwood chips. Put each separately in twelve quarts of water, the logwood in an iron vessel, the vitriol in brass; bring both to a boiling heat, dip the cloth into the vitriol water first, then into the logwood water, and alternately from one to the other till it has been dipped in each three times. Then dry, wash in strong suds, rinse in soft, cold water, and press on the wrong side when damp. This color does not rub off nor fade, and is good for silk, cotton, lace, but better for wool.

The Van Doodles have no cistern, and they have a barrel standing under the eaves and catch what water they can. Brother Van Doodle is an easy, shiftless man, one who means well, and means to have things handy about the house for the patient women, but, somehow, the time never comes for him to "fix things." He takes time, however, to make great, substantial hog-pens with several compartments in them; one to eat in, and one to sleep in, and one to scratch in, and smooth down twisted bristles, and be content generally. He also makes racks for the dining-halls of his sheep, and roofs for the little calves to stand under when it rains, and warm straw sheds for his cows in daytime and stables for them at night; but for his wife and daughters he makes no extra fixings, nothing except what will meet the stern demands of necessity. When I was there the girls were getting ready to wash the next day and the barrel of rain water was not very clean, the fine lint off from the shingles was in the water and stuff that had blown in from the dusty street, but the oldest girl was not a bit disconcerted, she knew what to do. She pounded some alum very fine and to the barrelful of water she added about two heaping tablespoonfuls, slowly, stirring it all the time. She said in the course of three hours all the sediment and impure particles would settle to the bottom and the water would be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of pure spring water.

It occurs to me that I have read somewhere that quite dirty water, say suds, could be made clean

by adding pulverized alum to it, that the sediment would settle and the water be left pure enough to use for a first suds. It seems probable.

Granny used to make this nice pudding in the season of ripe peaches. Make a batter the same as for pancakes, with buttermilk, eggs, soda and flour, only add a cupful of sour cream to the buttermilk. Take a deep, brown earthen dish and pour half an inch thick of the batter in the bottom of it, then put in a layer of very fine, juicy, ripe peaches, cut in halves or in smaller pieces. Then pour over a layer of the batter, then add another layer of peaches, and so on until you have what you think is enough for a meal. Do not fill the dish full to the top. Bake slowly for one hour. If the juice rises and runs out, lift the edge of the crust with a fork and it will run back. I forgot to say that the last layer must be batter. If you have any doubts about it not being done at the end of one hour, run a clean broom splint down into it in the thickest place. If it comes out perfectly smooth it is done. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or cream and butter.

Father asks me what I am writing, and when I tell him, he says he thought, yesterday, of a good little item for the "Household," but really he don't know as he could tell it so I can make it intelligible to the readers of the HOME. I call for the item, anyhow, and with much hesitancy—as though he thought it was a wonderful thing for a horny-handed old farmer to write for the papers—he gives it; his way to prevent cows from kicking while one is milking. He says, put a broad strap just in front of the udder and around over the back of the animal, draw the strap tight and buckle it. He says a cow cannot kick if she is laced up this way, it is impossible, and that she can be handled without difficulty. He says a few applications will cure the worst cases. He said, too, while he was in the mood for writing, that he saw such a cute little table-mat the other day at the hotel in Newville. It was a piece of colored cloth cut oval, or circular, with the edges pinked, and in each scallop a white button was sewed on. The same in the middle made in the shape of a star. These little contrivances will keep the hot dishes from heating the table and are a tolerable substitute for mats of braided husk or straw.

It is a good time now for those who buy their butter to lay in enough to carry them through the winter. Buy of some person who makes good, solid, sweet butter; it is convenient to have it put up in two-pound rolls; wrap each roll in a bit of white muslin and pack down in a firkin or keg; cover with good brine, lay plates over, and then put on a clean weight, say a block of marble, if you have it.

If we have our butter to buy and can possibly get a good quality, it is advisable to purchase it in the fall, just as we lay in our stock of wood, and coal, and vegetables. I do not have much sympathy for those people who neglect these things and then all through the winter live in fear and dread and on a strain, not knowing where the

bread, and fuel, and the common necessities of life are to come from. I know a great many families who are always out of wood, or flour, or feed for stock, just when the weather is the most unfavorable for getting such things. It is not good economy, and is indicative of mismanagement.

Even in the matter of bread, management is necessary. Every woman knows how difficult it is to bake during very cold weather. I turned over a new leaf last winter, and the plan worked so well that some of you may profit by my experience, I would watch the thermometer and the barometer, and when moderate or rainy weather was indicated, would make fresh yeast and do a large baking—enough to last us two weeks or longer—store it away in the cellar, and the burden and worry would be off my mind. I regard it as a calamity to be entirely out of bread.

If bread is wet up with water, and no potatoes used in the yeast, it will not become dry as soon as though these had been used. Let the dough be as soft as can be managed well; knead so long that it will not stick to the hands nor the kneading-board, and until it is perfectly smooth. If some of the last loaves got a little dry, we steamed and heated them, and made them quite like new bread.

I did not mean to write about bread in this month; it is untimely, and belongs to the winter; but my pen ran into it imperceptibly. While on the subject, we will tell how a good neighbor of ours makes such delicious biscuit for breakfast. I give it in her own words:

"Sift a quart of flour into a pan; make a hole in the centre, and pour in not quite half a pint of hot milk, in which a spoonful of butter has been dissolved. Stir it into the flour partially, and when lukewarm add one beaten egg, a little salt and a teacupful of good yeast. Work the whole into a lump of dough, kneading until it is smooth. If it is winter-time, set it in a warm place; if summer, put it in a cool place. In the morning turn the lump upon the moulding-board, flouring it a little; knead softly, roll out half an inch thick, cut the biscuit the size of the top of a tumbler, and set them in a warm place to rise. In thirty minutes they will be ready to bake, and will be puffed up to four times their size."

My neighbor says that there is a little breakfast relish which her husband and children always expect with their morning biscuit, and she never forgets to make it, either.

She says: "Chip some smoked beef, and drop into boiling water to soften. Let it lie ten minutes, and then put it into a spider with a little boiling water, and stir gently for a few minutes. Pour off the water, put in a little butter and some pepper, and pour in half a teacupful of cream, dredge a little flour over it, and when it begins to thicken take it off the fire."

Her potatoes she cooks this way: boil with the skins on, but not until they are broken and overdone; takes the skins off, and cuts the potatoes longwise, in four parts. She does this the day before. Then at breakfast she fries in hot, melted butter until they are brown, and turns them and

lets them brown on the other side. Sometimes she rolls the pieces in flour, and dips them in the beaten yolk of egg, and then fries them brown.

The last time I was at her house she was busy dying carpet-filling to make the fancy stripe in a very choice web of carpet for the best bed-room. The fancy stripe was to be mainly red, and green, and purple. The purple was dyed with cudbear, the finest red with cochineal, and the sea-green was something new that I had never heard of. She took one ounce of blue vitriol and one ounce of alum, dissolved each separately in earthen vessels in hot water, dipped the goods in the alum water, drained and put them in the vitriol water; this may have to be done two or three times; then dry and wash in saleratus water. This will color one pound of goods. For the centre of a rug to lie in a room not used much, there is nothing any prettier than this shade of sea-green. The goods, however, should be soft merino, or some soft, fine kind of thick all-wool goods. The quality of the rugs used in making rugs has much to do with their beauty.

The girls say: "Don't forget, Pipsey, to tell the women that no matter how hard they have to work, they must take time to rest, and run around a little and enjoy the beautiful October. If they cannot go journeys, or to make real visits, they must go out in the woods among the tinted leaves and inhale the crisp, free air, and see how superbly October does come to us with stately step, and garments all a-gleam with the gold and the glory that is ours only once a year."

I begin to say that the poor women are so tired, maybe they would see none of the beauty and the grandeur that young eyes see, but a little hand slips over my mouth, and the words are lost; and it is best, for really there is better medicine in "all outdoors" for any tired woman than there ever will be in an apothecary shop. If women only would let their duties and burdens fall from their hands oftener, and go abroad and see how other people live, and see how much grander it is outdoors than indoors; if they would care less for dress and a variety of food, and let the sweet, loving burdens of their beloved families lie lighter upon their hearts, there would be fewer spruce old widowers prinking around looking out for second wives; and, ah me! there would be fewer dear little children going about motherless and on the road to ruin!

No woman has any right to shorten her life one day; or even from very love and blind devotion to her idols to die for them, to sacrifice herself for them.

Now I write this lovingly for the true mothers, who never know when they have done their duty to their children, and I want them to take it to heart. I don't mean that worthless class who are never at home, and who neglect their families, and live a mere idle, aimless, gossipy, trifling life, and whose children are worse than orphans. I have nothing to say to them; they come not under the head of women such as I am thinking of, and loving, and pitying, and writing for. But I shall stop with this, for my eyes feel as though

they looked like a cat's eyes when her tail is caught by the closing door.

One day, after we came home from church, Ida said: "Oh, I like that preacher! he must be a good man, for did you not hear how reverently he spoke of woman?"

Yes, I had heard it, and I felt so good and proud, 'cause I was a woman. Do you all love that poem called "MAN AND WOMAN?" Why it swings me right up!

"Where'er man's words of eloquence
Inspire and rouse a nation,
There breathes through all the undertone
Of woman's inspiration.
And whether hers are lofty words
That nerve to fiery trial,
Or only meek and lowly deeds
Of love and self-denial,
In tones so clear, and true, and sweet,
They ring the wide world over;
She speaks from out her heart to ours,
And men and angels love her."

THE ADORNMENT OF OUR HOMES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

IN these papers it has not been so much my purpose to give the proper details of house furnishing and arrangement, as to supply hints which should lead the housekeeper, be she young or old, to beautify and render attractive, and, above all, to individualize the home over which she presides. The great lack of too many homes is this very individuality. Each is patterned after the other. Mrs. A. sees Mrs. B. furnish her parlors with Brussels and horse-hair, and thereafter Mrs. A. is never contented until her own parlor is resplendent with the same. If she were a woman of individual tastes, that Mrs. B. displays Brussels and horse-hair would be to her a sufficient reason why she should not. If people could only learn to express their own likings and supply their own needs, in the furnishing of their homes, the results would be, in nine cases out of ten, more satisfactory than they are now.

Did none of you ever enter a room which, at the first glance, seemed a bower of beauty, all aglow with light and cheerfulness? And was not the first thought, how different this is from other rooms, and yet how pretty, how delightful? Perhaps an analysis of the surroundings would reveal only a matting upon the floor, unpretending furniture and inexpensive adornments; but the soul of the dweller has shone through it all and given character to it. In such a room you will almost always find flowers—plenty of them; flowers at the window, in vines which climb luxuriantly, and in hanging-baskets, and in choice bouquets upon the table. There will be pictures upon the wall—not costly oil paintings, perhaps, but pictures which, in their excellence, will not shock the eye of an artist. In these days of excellent and cheap engravings and chromos, there is no excuse, save want of proper knowledge in these matters—and that should hardly serve as an excuse—for covering the walls of a room with ugly and poor pictures. Very pretty chromos are literally given away, and fine engravings can be ob-

tained for a trifle. The apartment to which I have referred will not be bookless. Indeed no room seems properly furnished without books.

Pictures, books and flowers are, to my mind, the three great essentials in the furnishing and adornment of a room. Given these in plenty, and of the best, and it does not much matter what else there is. No one knows, until she has tried, the capabilities of flowers. Whatever the outlook of the room, the windows can be made available as flower gardens. A north light seems the most unpromising, but a little experience will demonstrate that wonders can be done with it. In the first place, it can be framed with German ivy. There are various plants suitable for hanging-baskets which require the shade, and which constantly do better in a northern light than in any other. A box may be filled with fresh moss, which may be gathered along the edge of a swamp or stream, leaving in it all the tiny maples, cedars and other small plants which may be growing with it; and if this moss is kept well watered, it will be beautiful and green for many months, and the plants will grow, and become a perpetual source of delight. In this moss may be set pots of house plants—geraniums, coleus, begonias or caladiums, and they will flourish all the better for the coolness furnished by the damp moss.

A window garden at the east, south or west, may be made by fastening on the outside of the house, just beneath the window, a box, to which a frame reaching to the top of the window shall be attached. This frame should be covered with wire or cotton netting, so that the window may be opened upon the garden, and at the same time the flies and mosquitoes be excluded. In this box, which should be filled with dirt, may be planted a variety of things. One such a window which I have seen is beautiful with tradescantia, Kenilworth ivy, fuschias and a pretty moss-like plant, the name of which I have forgotten. Another is green with the Madeira vine, whose clustering waxen leaves are a perpetual delight, while the vines have climbed to the very top of the enclosing frame, and hang in graceful festoons from side to side.

A few hints ought to enable the ingenious flower culturist to invent many beautiful adornments for the available places of her home.

I think many people undervalue beauty as an element in their homes. Others who would possess it if they knew how it is to be obtained, have an idea that it is a luxury only to be purchased with money. Money may bring beauty, but it does not always do it. The ugliest parlor I ever entered was rich with gorgeous carpet and heavy furniture; and mantel *etagere* and tables were crowded with costly ornaments which were showy but not beautiful.

Even where beauty is recognized as something desirable, it is too often shut away out of sight in unused parlors, while the habited portions of the house are left bare and unattractive. Every room should have its pictures upon the wall; and if the house-mistress have time, every room should have its daily bouquet. There is a prevalent idea that growing plants in our chambers are injurious

to health; but recent investigations have demonstrated that, on the contrary, their presence is very beneficial, since they take up the impurities of the air, and give out in abundance the essentials for health. With this knowledge, there is no reason why we should not make our sleeping apartments beautiful with green and budding life, if we have but the time to give them the necessary attention. Cut flowers cannot be so fully recommended, and, if used at all in the decoration of a chamber, should be removed as soon as they begin to droop in the least, as the emanations from decaying vegetable matter are very objectionable in a room.

No house is furnished without its library. Children cannot be properly educated and trained for usefulness in the world who have not acquired a habit of frequent reading. They can only truly know life by familiarizing themselves with the best thoughts of others, through the medium of books and papers. Not that I would say that there can be no good men and women who have no taste for reading; but such people are narrowed in their views of life, and even if they seek to do good in the world, they do not know enough of human nature to know how best to work; so that often their efforts are more productive of harm than

good. But by a library I would not mean a collection of popular novels, and nothing else. No library for family use should be entirely devoid of works of fiction; since these are in these modern days among the greatest agencies for moral teaching; but they should be selected with judicious care, and all save the very best excluded. There should be histories, travels and works on popular science. Besides these books, there should be abundance of good newspapers, and children should be brought up in such an atmosphere of books and papers that they would miss their dinner scarcely more than their daily reading.

I have said nothing about the outer surroundings of the home; and yet this is quite as important as the interior arrangements. Every home should be beautiful without as well as within; and this beautifying belongs as much to the province of the house-mistress as does the care of her parlor and kitchen. Be sure, if she does not make an effort to have the external surroundings of her empire attractive, no one else is likely to do so. But if she shows interest and desire in this direction, she will prove the inspiration of many willing hands, which will work at first, perhaps, to please her, but afterwards from the love of beauty born within their own hearts.

Religious Reading.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY THE LATE CANON KINGSLEY.

THERE is a discontent which is certain sooner or later to bring with it the peace of God. There is a discontent which drives the peace of God away, forever and a day. And the noble and peace-bringing discontent is to be discontented with ourselves, as very few are. And the mean peace-destroying discontent is to be discontented with things around us, as too many are. * * * Ask yourselves with Epictetus, Am I discontented with things which are in my own power, or with things which are not in my own power? That is, discontented with myself, or with things which are not myself? Am I discontented with myself, or with things about me, and outside of me?

Consider this last question well, if you wish to be true Christians, true philosophers, and, indeed, true men and women.

But what is it that troubles you? What is it you want altered? On what have you set your heart and affections? Is it something outside of you? Something which is *not* yourself? If so, there is no use in tormenting your soul about it; for it is not in your own power, and you will never alter it to your liking; and, more, you need not alter it; for you are not responsible for it. God sends it as it is, for better, for worse, and you must make up your mind to what God sends. Do I mean that we are to submit, slavishly, to circumstances, like dumb animals? Heaven forbid! We are not slaves, but free men. And we are

made in God's image, and have each our spark, however dim, of that creative genius, that power of creating or of altering circumstances, by which God made all worlds; and to use that is our very birthright, or what would all education, progress, civilization be, save rebellion against God?

But when we have done our utmost, how little shall we have done! Canst thou, asks our Lord, looking with loving sadness on the hurry and the struggle of human life—canst thou, by taking thought, add one cubit to thy stature? Why, is there a wise man or woman past fifty years of age who does not know that, in spite of all their toil and struggle, they have gone not whither they willed, but whither God willed? Have they not found out that for one circumstance of their lives which they could alter, there have been twenty which they could not, some born with them, some forced on them by an overruling Providence. irresistible indeed—but, as I hold, most loving and most fatherly, though often severe—even to agony—but irresistible still—till what they have really gained by fighting circumstances, however valiantly, has been the *moral* gain—the gain in character?—the power to live that heroic life which

"Is not as idle ore,
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom,
To shape and use." * * *

The majority of mankind want to be, and to do, and to have, a hundred things which are not in their own power, and of which they have no

proof that God intends to give them; no proof either that if they had them, they would make right use of them, and certainly no proof at all that if they had them they would find peace. They war and fight, and have not because they ask not. They ask and have not because they ask amiss, to consume it on their lusts; and so they spend their lives without peace, longing, struggling for things outside of them, the greater part of which they do not get, because the getting them is not in their power, and which if they got they could not keep.

And therefore does man walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet himself in vain, looking for peace where it is not to be found—in everything and anything save in his own heart, in duty and in God.

But happy are they who are discontented with a divine discontent; discontented with themselves. Happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Happy are they who set their hearts on the one thing which is in their own power—being better than they are, and doing better than they do. Happy are they who long and labor after the true riches neither mob nor tyrants, man nor devil, prosperity nor adversity, or any chance or change of mortal life can take from them.

The man, I say, who has set his heart on being good, has set his heart on the one thing that is in his power; the one thing that depends wholly and solely on his own will; the one thing which he can have if he chooses. Moreover, he has set his heart on the one thing which cannot be taken from him. God will not take it from him, and man, and fortune, and misfortune cannot take it from him. Poverty, misery, disease, death itself, cannot make less just, less true, less pure, less charitable, less high-minded, less like God. * * *

Therefore that man is at peace with himself, for his conscience tells him that he is, if not doing his best, yet trying to do his best, better and better day by day. He is at peace with the world, for most men are longing and quarreling for pleasant things outside them, for which he does not greatly care, while he is longing and striving for good things inside him, in his own heart and soul; and so the world goes one way, and he another, and their desires do not interfere with each other. But, more, that man is at peace with God. * * *

And so the peace of God keeps that man's heart free from vain desires and angry passions, and his mind from those false and foolish judgments which make the world think things important which are quite unimportant; and, again, fancy things un-

important which are more important to them than the riches of the whole world.

My dear friends, if you wish for the only true and sound peace, which is the peace of God, do your duty and try to be as good as you can, each in his station in life.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

BY LOIS LAURIE.

ONE thought among Mrs. Browning's high and holy-spoken melodies, is a complete sermon, perfect in its full-grown strength. Where she speaks of Mary—Mary the blessed (wandering among the "moonlit hills of Galilee," in the strong still silence, listening to God's voice through the awe-filled hush,) as "too self-renounced for fears."

I have often thought that this self-renunciation was the open door to all really soul-satisfying communion with nature. Only when utter self-forgetfulness has calmed us into peace, without one pulsation of our own, can we lay our heart on the heart of the universe, and catch its deep, strong beats of life, learning a little of the majestic rhythm which has not yet died away, even if we no longer hear the morning stars singing together. This same renunciation is the secret of perfect ease before God, and our fellow-men as well.

It is something earnestly to be wished for, this measuring ourselves justly and calmly, with the perfect measure He marks our height by! to know not only our most helpless weakness and the darkest depths of earthliness there are in us, but to know also the very perfection of our strength, the possibilities of good, estimating ourselves at our true worth; then to walk bravely on, sure that the One whose love is purer than woman's best holds us for all we are, not letting ourselves be greatly moved by human blame if He approve, not solicitous for other commendation, yet when given, taking it gladly, as we take the music of trees and perfume of flowers, so rich in the possession of the favor of the highest as not to need any lesser recognition.

I think a sincere utterance of "Thy will be done," is synonymous with this "self-renunciation," and that only when we "lose ourselves," do we "find ourselves," in the highest and purest sense.

The cry is still "shrilling along," "O Galahad! and O Galahad! follow me," that man may gain, "letting his own life go," a sacred, everlasting calm, a peace not as the world giveth.

Mothers' Department.

"WAIT A WEE."

BY EDITH W. KENT.

DEAR mothers! you all know with what heartfelt joy, with what tenderness, longing and unutterable, we greet our loved ones upon returning to them after long absence! Then you can understand just how I feel on taking

up my pen to talk with you. Why, bless you! I love every one of you—do you not know it? Ah, if I could but convert the words I write for you into telegraph wires, and flash this love "along the lines," from my heart to yours!

This, however, is quite impossible; but if the old adage, "love begets love," be true, I can well afford to go on working in the hope to help or

comfort you, and wait for things to come around right in the good old-fashioned way!

Did it never occur to you that we might oft-times spare ourselves much unhappiness, if we were only willing to wait for our blessings? I sometimes think we make half our troubles by our own impatience. We are apt to look upon ourselves as very ill-used mortals indeed, when our cherished plans are deterred, or fail of accomplishment altogether. We would do well to remember that the blessings which our Father has in store for us will not come one whit the sooner for all our weak complaining; but in His own time and way will His every purpose of love toward us be accomplished.

"It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet in *His own way*
The Lord will provide.

"It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet in *His own time*
The Lord will provide."

And is it not a precious thought, that our Father has blessings "*in store*" for us—blessings which He will bestow on us *when we are ready for them*? Our lot in life may at times seem hard, our burdens many and heavy, our afflictions too great to be borne; each one has their own peculiar trials which no other human being can exactly or fully comprehend. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." But whatever our trials may be, let us remember that as great mercy is often shown in refusing as in granting, in depriving as in bestowing; that "grief" is sent us "for our good," and whether or not it fail in its mission, depends entirely upon ourselves—on the manner in which we accept it, the spirit in which we pass through it; and He who seeth us and knoweth for what our discipline has fitted us, knoweth when to give and when to withhold. Let us remember that

In joy or grief, in shade or sun,
Whatever may befall
Is from our Father's tender hand—
His love is over all.

And, remembering, let us be patient.

"Ah!" says one, "it is easy to talk, but hard to perform. To say, 'Be patient,' is all very well; but patience is a great thing—a difficult thing—its magnitude appalls one."

Yes, I know. And patience is indeed a great and a grand thing; and yet so easy of attainment is it, when we come to understand the beautiful simplicity of its meaning, that even the weakest of us may grasp it, if we only will, and keep it for our very own.

"What is patience?" No better or more comprehensive reply can be given than that beautiful answer of the little Scotch girl: "Wait a wee and dinna weary."

Does the clouds gather thickly about you? And is your pathway rough, and your blessings hidden from your sight? "*Wait a little and do not weary.*" Wait a little while, and trust your Father's love. "*At eventime,*" if not before, "*it shall be light.*" Trust Him, do His will, and morning shall

break for you; if not *here*, then on "the other side."

"Wait a wee and dinna weary!" Carry these words in your heart—their very presence there brings peace and comfort. Adopt this as your motto, and it imparts strength to overcome a thousand temptations.

How many hearts, once loving, but wounded and estranged for all time, through angry words or unkind acts, might now be rejoicing in the sunlight of love and happiness, had some one only been wise enough to "wait a little!" How many homes, where distrust and contention reign, might be the abodes of harmony, of trust and love, had husband and wife always been careful to wait a little before saying or doing aught that could pain the other—to wait a little, and consider whether it were not wiser left unsaid or undone! Surely, none are so weak or so hasty that they cannot, with God's help, discipline themselves to do this.

"For the sake of their children, if not their own," would it not be better (though under extreme provocation) to wait a little, and ponder the probable consequences, before turning home into a place of strife and bickering? Many and many a time is it the hand of parents—their life-example—that sows in the hearts of their children the seed that produces a querulous, selfish, discordant spirit, an embittered disposition—evil fruit, but for which they might become the pleasantest of life-companions and best of parents. How unkind for a parent to cast this dark shadow over innocent hearts and future homes!

A fretful, hasty spirit, it should be remembered, is a deadly enemy to happiness; and when it once gains entrance to a family, it eats out the very heart of all home-happiness, peace or comfort. Wherever it insinuates itself, and abides for any length of time, none, old or young, can wholly escape its toils; therefore, let the doors of heart and home be barred, and doubly barred, against it.

Should those from whom we have a right to expect better things speak hastily, cruelly, unkindly, so that their words sink deep into our hearts, and we are tempted to give back harsh, bitter or sarcastic words, let us wait a little, and weary not in the endeavor to gain complete victory over self; for though in the beginning we may sometimes fail partially or entirely, if we still keep on trying the victory shall yet be won.

Do your little ones fret you? Then do not scold, but wait a little, and think if there is not some better way. Scolding is a very disagreeable habit, and a habit that grows upon one rapidly; it is also exceedingly "contagious." If parents scold, their children will learn to do so. Instead of making wrinkles between her eyes, her voice loud and harsh, and her words such as, in her calm moments, she would be shocked to hear from the lips of her little ones, would it not be better for a mother to wait a little, and consider how her habitual expression of countenance, how each word and act, leaves its impress on the minds and character of her children?

If those having the care of children would govern them successfully, they must first learn to control themselves. Patience is one of the few

things of which there can never, in any place, be too much; and perhaps nowhere is it more essential than in the every-day life of *home*.

To be "slow to anger," to be able to "rule" our "spirit," may, with some of us, be very difficult, or progress in the endeavor slow; but final success is *certain*, if "wait a wee and dinna weary" be our "watch-word."

LITTLE HARRY.

BY MAY HAINES.

WHERE is the place for little boys when their feet have crept into boots, and battered hats are pulled over their curls? When Harry pattered around in slipped feet, there were plenty to catch him, and kiss him, and trot him to "Banbury Cross," but now, when he ran through the house, all cried: "O Harry, do stay out of doors with those awful boots!"

They weren't awful boots—they were nice and new, with shining copper tips, and, as Harry lay and kicked them in the sunshine, he wondered why mamma and the girls didn't send papa out of doors, when he came stamping in at morning, noon and night! Ah, Harry, you are taking your first lesson. When your little frock gives way to pants, it will be still worse, in jackets you will hardly be tolerated, and from now, until the dawning of a moustache shades your upper lip, you may count yourself a nuisance, and only keep happy by wooing Mother Nature, who never tires of her boys.

Harry had made up his mind to go down town with papa that morning. He had been very silent, and very jubilant over the plan, and was swinging on the gate, with yellow curls peeping through the rents of the old straw hat, shoes half laced and the belt to his little plaid frock dangling behind, when papa came slowly out, lighting a segar.

Harry did not think it best to walk by the side of so big a man, so jogged on behind, until papa, hearing the continuous trot, turned sharply around.

"You little rascal, march home! march!"

Just so he might have spoken to a dog—yet he loved his boy. Many fathers speak thus to their boys, yet they love them—but do the boys know it? Harry did not; with grieved mouth and tearful eyes, he walked slowly back and lay down upon the green grass. Looking up into the blue sky, he wondered if Heaven was very far away. He wished he had a little brother or sister to play with; he wished some one would have time to talk with him; and a little ant came along hunting for a bit of breakfast. Harry found a grain of sugar on his unwashed chin, and laid it down. Grateful ant bore it off in her tiny jaws. A dandelion, rich and golden, bloomed near the soft, rosy cheek. Harry plucked it, and buried his nose in the soft beauty. He vaguely wondered if cows ate dandelions to make their butter sweet and yellow; and the flower drooped its head and faded. Harry put it carefully back, but the stem would not stick, and it only wilted the more.

"It needs water," thought Harry, and ran around to the old barrel at the back of the house.

Not a drop there—the greedy sun had drank it all up. But what was that—the cistern open! That dark, deep place, always so carefully covered! and Harry could never get near, when they were drawing pure, sparkling water from it, without the cry: "Harry, Harry, keep away! there are bears down there!"

Now, Harry knew there were no bears there, for once he had peeped over Anna's shoulder, and saw a dear little boy face look up into his own. Bears eat boys, and boys don't live with bears, so he knew they told him wrong. Just as they told him the "black man" lived down cellar, and once, when the sun shone through the open doors, he had been down and looked all around, nothing but apples, and pies, and cream, and nice barrels of potatoes! They had often told him stories, so Harry was not afraid, as he leaned over the edge, and gazed into the dark waters below.

Yes, a gleam of sunshine struck the water, and sweet blue eyes gazed up into his. Harry reached out the faded dandelion.

"Little boy, down in the well, please give this poor flower a drink!"

Ah, Harry! Harry! He reached the blossom down! the little boy below reached up to take it. There was a splash—and Harry himself carried the flower down into the cool waters!

At dinner the little high chair was empty! they missed the clatter of knife and fork upon plate, they missed the sweet, noisy demands to be helped.

"Where is Harry?"

"I've called him, and called him," sighed mother, fretfully, "the boy is getting a regular nuisance! do go hunt him up, Anna."

Not in the barn—not under the apple-tree—not among the chickens—where is the boy? Ah, the cistern! A pale face leans over the edge, for a little straw hat is floating upon the water.

Why linger over the moans, the tears, the bitter self-reproach that followed? They saw a pale, cold form, the merry, rosy lips white and fixed, the blue eyes forever closed, the tangled curls damp in death, the restless hands still and waxen, and the dancing feet forever stilled. We may see a land of whose beauty we can only dream. Harry, with his innocent face, that no sin had darkened, gathered in loving arms, all his questions answered, all his wishes met, and angel children his playmates.

We lay our loved ones in their graves, with despairing grief, yet they await us in the glory and light. But knowing that to-day or to-morrow may be the last time on earth that we shall hear some loved voice, how can we speak harshly? How can we utter impatient words that our breaking hearts can never recall?—for only when the Golden Gates open to our longing souls, can we win that loving forgiveness from the dear eyes that death has closed.

In all your actions think God sees you, and in all His actions labor to see Him: that will make you fear Him, this will move you to love Him. The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and knowledge of God is perfection of love.

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 10.

I FOUND out something new the other day. Professor McWilliams's baby, about ten months old, has very light blue eyes; so pale, indeed, that people often say there is something not right about that baby's eyes, that they are defective, or its mind will be weak.

But why its eyes look pale and ugly came to me in such a strange way that I want to tell you about it, because I believe you girl-readers will find valuable information in it.

Tudie wanted a new pink dress to wear to a picnic, and her mother sent her six specimens of pink calico that she might make a selection, then she would buy the dress, and make and send it to her. We spread out the six pieces beside each other, and every one of us said: "None of them are pretty. This light pink looks dingy, and as if it had been worn out almost; this dark looks bold; this purple pink will not wash; this delicate shade will wear dimmer and dimmer; this makes us think of pokeberry stain; and this striped looks too positive and glaring."

The child was disappointed, and wrote home to her mother that none of the pieces were pretty; but the mother, divining the reason, selected the delicate pink with a little not of red in it, made up the dress and sent it, and it was just as pretty as pretty could be.

Now the reason was that we had laid the samples beside each other to compare them, and the different shades of pink had—had—I don't know how to tell it, so you will understand—but I believe they had injured, or belied, or killed each other. Any one piece alone would have been pretty. Tudie's mother must have thought how we had been induced to give such a sweeping judgment against the half-dozen pieces.

From this came the conclusion concerning baby McWilliams's eyes. I thought, and both my hands went up in surprise as I said: "Why that baby has always worn little blue sacques, and the light blue of its dear little eyes has suffered condemnation for no other reason."

I hurried over and told its mother, and she said she had no doubt but that was the reason, and ever since then baby's blue has been laid aside.

Then I remembered how annoyed I used to be last summer when Mary wore her hat trimmed in light blue gros-grain ribbon, and the ribbon about her neck was another shade of blue, and the blue of her eyes still another. I could not think what was wrong, I only knew that I was annoyed whenever she was dressed that one way.

I have not made this very plain, but you women readers will understand it perhaps better than I do.

Friday morning.—Such a laughable incident occurred yesterday in the afternoon; so ingenious

and so charming that I laugh every time I think of it. Two gentlemen called to see Elsie and Margie. The girls were busy studying in their room, which is over the parlor. It is something a little rare for them to have gentlemen callers, as they are both young, and have never been out much. I sat in the parlor and entertained the gentlemen until the girls came down.

Poor little things! we could distinctly hear them bobbing around; their little feet patting here and there; the running into the closet for best dresses; the clink of the wash-bowl; the hair-brush dropped down hurriedly; the gaiters falling on the floor; the jumping down off chairs, on which they had stood when reaching up; the rustle of freshly-starched garments; the running hither and thither for pins, jewelry, ribbons and combs; the impatient exclamation; the call for assistance; and, finally, the tip-toeing, and turning, and finishing touches added before the mirror; and then the steps turned from the room satisfied, and came down-stairs and into the parlor.

They wanted to be very agreeable, and were desirous of making a good impression, but they were tired, the glow of spirits had all effervesced, the excitement had died out, and I know they felt more like sleeping than talking. The conversation under such circumstances would be vapid, of course, and I have no doubt the girls felt relieved when the gentlemen left.

I heard one say to the other: "I never knew Mr. Jeffries to be so stupid; I didn't know what to talk about to keep him going. I talked weather, and school, and lectures, and he was so dull that I didn't know what next to say, and I returned to the weather subject again, and we talked past, present and prospective weather, until I thought it was his turn to carry the heavy end of the conversation."

"Just so with Mr. Jennings," said the other girl; "we talked weather, and books, and school, and teaching, and Black Hills; and I grew so sleepy that I seemed to see Mr. Jennings double every time I looked at him an instant."

The girls heard my smothered laugh, and said: "Now, Aunt Chatty, we know you're laughing at us; but we don't care."

Then I told them how it came about. All their glow of spirits and animation had passed off while they were exerting themselves in flying around up-stairs; they had used up all their nervous force, and were exhausted, and too tired to see callers by the time they came down; and the gentlemen had grown almost weary waiting, although they were no doubt immensely amused at the fixing, and fussing, and flying that they had heard in the room over their heads.

Wednesday.—Oh, these girls! I received a letter a few weeks ago from a widower, with the request that I would send him my picture. When I was a young woman he was a young man, and lived in the town joining the one I lived in. We

were somewhat acquainted and often met at singing-schools, though we were by no means special friends.

I had not intended replying to his letter at all, much less sending him my picture, but some of the girls sent him a photograph of an old maid who lives first door beyond Professor McWilliams, and pretended that it was mine.

The maiden lady had a thin, sorrowful face with deep wrinkles about the mouth and eyes, her ears stood out, her hair was lifted high up on her head and fixed off with ribbons and curls, and her nose was Roman and hooked like a beak.

They wrote a few lines to accompany the picture, saying that "care and sorrow had dealt harshly with me, and that time had wrought many changes in the girl whose voice went out with his in the old fa-sol-la music of long ago."

I saw a copy of the letter. I didn't know what to say. I felt inclined to scold them for daring to use such freedom; but the dear, fun-loving, good girls pretended they were afraid the old widower would beguile me away from them, and then what *would* they do.

I was amused, but I looked very serious and told them to let that be the last time they ever played tricks, that such conduct was hoydenish, and unladylike, and rude, and none of the girls in my charge would be forgiven or retained if they so far forgot hereafter that which belonged to a lady.

I thought privately, however, that it was serving the old fellow just right, for his wife had not been dead more than two months, and I could not see how he could so soon forget her and think of another.

Sometimes I do receive such funny letters from those who are "seeking pardners."

One, I remember now, who, in summing up his good qualities, says: "I rarely miss a meal of victuals." Another says: "You would have no trouble with my children, they are all hopefully converted and members in good standing in the M. E. Church." Another says: "My house is in awful condition, from the garret to the cellar, just for want of a good wife." Another says: "The post-office is handy and we have three mails a week. I take a good Democrat paper, price one fifty per year." One, much to be pitied, wails out on a small piece of paper—the kind in which tea is put up: "My hart is as loonly as the montaine top." And, again: "I'm gittin' up in years and am gittin' experrienced, but my hart is young, fur, as the saying is, 'ole coles is easy kindled.'"

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

WHAT a queer little procession life is, after all, when we think of it, and how strangely people and things get mixed up and jostled all along the way. It comes over one rather drolly sometimes—the thought of life's music, and how the parts are dispersed through the day. How, close on the heels of a sweet, dreamy interlude, comes a noisy burst of discord; and again, it laughs out like a clash of silver bells. If one could be detached from the mass of sym-

pathetic humanity for awhile, and become a simple looker-on, divested of all interest, how the grotesque life-pictures, shifting and changing on the wheels of time, would puzzle the uninitiated.

To illustrate, there are the poem and the breakfast dishes. A clear-eyed farmer's daughter, with dawning spirituality in glance and movement, is busy at the kitchen table, intent on her morning duties, while one of Tennyson's sweetest creations ripples over her lips and finds tender echoes in heart and brain. It has been singing to her all the morning, filling the landscape with faint, sweet pictures, and lifting her from work's grosser contact. Is it right for her to be there? Certainly. Nature knows us better than we know ourselves, and she knows that labor brightens every thought and gives it a finer polish. She knows that those sunny meadows and fragrant woods form a better background for her pupil now, than dusty streets and hurrying crowds. My ambitious country sister, I know just how often, like Tennyson's mysterious Lady of Shalott, you grow weary of the shadows of life seen in the mirror of books; but grasp every grain of gold in the flowing sands, you will find it coin with the true ring in it by and by. Of course, there is baking to do, and beds to make, and sweeping and dusting to the end of the chapter, but it is a blessed privilege that thought may keep pace with brisk feet and nimble fingers, and the fragrance of books attend us through all, sweetening many an unsavory duty.

Then, this something men call happiness is a puzzle, too. I am inclined to think that it follows us instead of going before, and overtakes at all sorts of unexpected times and places; for, seriously, are not nearly all our real pleasures surprises? Who has not fortified himself against some expected trouble and assumed his most melancholy expression in honor of its approach, when lo! from behind the overshadowing cloud came such a sudden flash of the glad sunlight of returning prosperity, that it sent his dismal forebodings all into mourning.

I admire the wisdom of the old lady, who, after a long search for contentment, concluded to sit down contented without it; and it must have waited close by all the time, for it flowed into her life as naturally as the velvet moss embroiders the roots of the forest patriarchs. Who would expect to see moss there if the trees were getting discontented and changing places, on the search for a more agreeable site? This comparison is not applicable to man except in a certain sense, and not intended to recommend an ambitionless standstill in life; but experience teaches us that we are apt to place our eyes on some far-off blissful mirage found only in second-rate novels, and thus cheat ourselves out of our rightful inheritance. We know that discouragements often seem to spring up as thick as weeds and choke the tender plants we are trying to nourish into vigorous growth; and perhaps our harvest will not all be gathered to us upon earth; but, in a higher life, the germs whose tardy development sadden us here, will burst into perfect bloom when sanctified by the glorious baptism of immortality.

EDITH LYSLE.

HATTIE BELL: I am obliged to you; I'll remember *sweet milk* to take out *fruit stains*. Let us all remember, sisters. Now that the season of berries and fruit is come, it is just the time when the remedy is required. To be sure, the old-time practice of *laying out* while the trees are in blossom has been resorted to with perfect effect, but it was a long time to wait, and, well, I may as well own up, I was a little bit piqued at Pipesey. As you say, had I not gone directly to her, some one of the "Home Circle" would have volunteered the desired information sooner.

I am not going to be spiteful, and say Pipesey doesn't know any more than the rest of us; for it is my candid opinion she can tell what she knows much better than most of us can.

As Mrs. Orvis has dared to make the request about that "calash," I will venture to *hope* that "alipac" is in such a threadbare condition that it will never again appear in public.

Pipsey (another request) is Elder Nutt safe?

Your description of him reminds me so much of an Elder Nutt I knew in my younger days. He was step-father to a schoolmate of mine. Lottie was something of a somniloquist, and, one night, set her room-mates into peals of laughter by emphatically declaring, "I will crack old Father Nutt if I ever get a chance!"

Sister Maggie was home from California last month. She told me how they deal with all kinds of fruit stains there in that fruitful land: Pour boiling water over all spots before washing.

One night, Maggie was rocking back and forth in the old arm-chair, and as it jolted over the corner of a rug, she suddenly exclaimed: "O Exie, do you know this reminds me of jolting in my mother's old kitchen chair when I was a child."

Blessed memory! to be for one brief moment "a child." She has gone again to her work of teaching in that far-off State.

Grandma's ideas of training the children suit me; she has my number—five—but more experience, as mine are all young, the eldest less than twelve; so, you see, I have need of all encouragement and advice.

I do want to tell what I do with old tea-grounds, but I am afraid our indulgent editor will think we intend to turn this magazine into a receipt-book, so I forbear, with thanks to Hattie Bell for all the *sweet* things she told us in July number.

EXIE.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: Is your "Home Circle" already so large that you cannot admit another within its charmed limits? If not, with your permission I will make my best bow, and take a seat among you.

I have been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE about ten years, and have been much interested in many of the contributors to its columns. I am never so deeply interested in stories themselves as in the principles they illustrate, and often, in following out the details of a sketch, I find myself measuring the character of the writer. Yet, after all, how little we know of the true man or wo-

man. Too often they write to please the public, whom they serve, thereby dwarfing the genius that lights the sanctuary of the soul. In my estimation, truth should never be suppressed.

Dear sisters of the "Home Circle," allow one that has long enjoyed your cheery talks to give you hearty greeting. It is pleasant to meet those we love; and do I not love you all? How could I do otherwise, when every month your words of cheer come like blessings to my home, helping to make my life happy and my burdens light.

Here's "Pipsey," the dear, good, practical woman; how could we get along without your bright home talks? Do you think you can ever be spared from this mundane sphere? I fear not. But I think we shall all know you on the other side; and you will be greeted by a large circle of grateful friends who have been made better and happier by the light gleaming from your "Windows."

"Chatty," too, will ever be welcome to the young friends, whom she has striven to benefit.

There are many others whom I do not name, but are none the less dear; in truth, not one whose name is recorded in the "Circle" but that I love.

"Lichen," whose thoughts are like flowers, sending their perfume as heavenly messengers to warm our hearts with sympathy and love. 'Tis sad that one should be deprived, by physical disability, of the pleasures that should by right be theirs. This beautiful earth, crowned with God's best gifts, should be sufficient to make our lives here full of joy and happiness, if there are no unfavorable conditions.

How much sadder is the condition of those whose spiritual natures are so deformed that their souls look through darkened windows, or, if seeing through at all, see hideous and distorted shapes, unsightly and displeasing to behold. The physical ailments we are relieved of by the hand of death, and our souls are left free to develop in beauty, and we then are images of Him who was our Creator; but our spiritual deformities, can we leave them in the grave with our physical bodies?

FAITH.

THE OLD KITCHEN CHAIR.

LET me shut my eyes and fancy
That again I'm nestled there;
Let me feel the restful motion
Of that jolting kitchen chair.

As when thus my mother held me,
E'en the lullaby and prayer,
Like a blessed presence lingers
Round the time-worn kitchen chair.

Brothers, sisters, widely scattered,
Come once more, your shouts of mirth
Meet me here again together,
Round the board, and by the hearth.

Long since banished to the garret,
Cane and hair-cloth take its place;
But no more of comfort gain we,
Though it yields to style and grace.

Now I turn me to my labor,
Taking up the round of care,
Pleasant memories will follow
From the sight of thee, old chair. EXIE.

A WORD ABOUT CANARIES.

THE first thing I would say to any one intending to keep birds is, *do not put them into a painted cage*. Many a bird has been poisoned in this way; and not only is the loss of the bird incurred, but terrible suffering to the poor little creature usually for eight or ten days.

The fact is that, however well supplied with food, birds will sometimes peck the wires. You might watch for an hour and not see them do it, but you never know when they will. And, again, some peck more than others.

Give them fresh seed, pure water, both for drinking and bathing, cuttle-fish, and, in their season, fresh lettuce and chickweed. Cake is hurtful.

Keep the cage clean. A piece of nice brown paper covering the inside of the drawer is a great assistance, as it can be replaced every morning. But newspaper must not be used, because they may peck it. They will when they want a nest.

Let them wash in the morning if they will; then take out the bath. If it stands all day it becomes impure; and the birds are better bathers if the dish is furnished at a regular time.

Keep the perches clean, as you can easily do, by rubbing them with sand. Draw them out and replace them gently, and always be careful not to frighten the birds in any way. They do not like to be touched. Give them a little fresh sand every day.

Give them fresh air and plenty of sunshine; but guard them from draughts and excess of heat. The noon sunshine should not fall directly on the cage.

With such precautions, and in a roomy walnut cage, canaries will live, and be healthy and happy. That is, provided no cat comes near. You cannot be too careful on this point. Cats have been known to draw a bird between the cage-wires without leaving so much as a feather.

M. O. J.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

JOSEPH HAYDN was born, in 1732, at Rohrau, a village of Austria. His father was a poor wheelwright, and sexton of the parish. Both he and his wife were very fond of music. On Sundays he used to play on the harp, while she accompanied him with her voice. These home concerts delighted little Joseph amazingly. At five years old he used to get a board and stick on such occasions, and play that he accompanied his parents on a violin. His father had a Cousin Frank, who was a schoolmaster and musician. He observed that the little fellow kept time very accurately, and he offered to educate him. The proposal was very gratefully accepted, and he immediately began to teach him Latin, to play on the violin and other instruments, and to sing at the parish church. But Haydn used to say he gave him more cuffs than gingerbread.

Reüter, chapel-master at Vienna, came to the village in search of singers for St. Stephen's cathedral. His attention was attracted by the fine voice of Joseph Haydn, then eight years old. He was surprised at the exactness of his execution and the beauty of his voice. Observing that he did not perform the *shakes*, he asked him the reason. "How can you expect me to shake, when my Cousin Frank does not know how himself?" replied the boy.

"I will teach you," said Reüter. He took him between his knees and showed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. Joseph immediately made a good shake. Reüter was so delighted that he took a plate of fine cherries which Cousin Frank had presented to him, and emptied them all into the boy's pocket. In his manhood Haydn often told this story with a laugh. He said, whenever he performed a shake, he still seemed to see those beautiful cherries.

Reüter carried him to Vienna and placed him in the choir, where he remained eleven years, devoting himself to music with unremitting industry.

At ten years old he composed pieces for six or eight voices. In his first attempt at composition he was very much troubled by want of knowledge. The chapel-master gave no instruction in counterpoint, and the boy was too poor to pay for a master. He bought some old books on the subject, which were very imperfect and obscure, but he had the patience and industry to labor through them unaided. He was poor and friendless, and lived in a miserable garret; but afterward, when he came to be the favorite of princes, he often said those youthful days were the happiest of his life, because he was always so busy, and so eagerly adding to his stock of knowledge.

Haydn became one of the most celebrated among musicians. His compositions are usually of a clear, serene character, like a grand or beautiful landscape in the sunshine. The oratorio of the Creation is considered his greatest work.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, THE DEWDROPS AND THE SNOW.

A LILY of the valley pushed up its green leaves as the spring opened, hung out its tiny white bells and breathed its perfume on the air. Every evening a host of little dewdrops came and sat on its green leaves, or nestled in its white flower bells, and the lily loved the dewdrops and took them into her heart.

All through the hot summer the lily dwelt in a cool retreat, shaded by tall forest trees, by lowly ferns and by rankly-growing grasses, and dewdrops came to her every evening, sitting on her green leaves, nestling in her flower bells and going

down to dwell in her loving heart. The lily was very happy.

Autumn painted the forest trees, and made the mountains and valleys look like splendid pictures. Then, as the days grew shorter and the frost fell, the leaves of the trees lost their rich coloring and dropped to the ground. And now the lily could look up through the leafless branches of the trees above her and see the blue sky and the bright sun. But the cold winds began to moan and sigh, and to rush down into the valley where the lily grew. As soon as their chill was felt by the dewdrops, they said: "Now we must go, sweet lily, but we will come again."

And the lily was sad at this, and drooped her leaves as the gentle dewdrops crept out of her heart and were kissed away by the wind. Then all her leaves faded, and her stem withered, and she shrunk away into the ground. After this the frost came and built a prison of earth as hard as stone all about the lily.

Meantime, the dewdrops, borne away by the winter winds, rose in the air. Up, up they went until they were lost in the clouds among sister drops, which had, like them, risen from the earth. Colder and colder it grew in this high region, until the drops were changed into pure white snow and came drifting down to the earth.

How beautiful it was! Old men and children came out to look at the soft flakes that dropped through the air like the soft down of birds; not pattering noisily, as the rain, but touching all things gently and silently. Soon the dull, brown earth and every tree and shrub were clad in garments as white as innocence.

Down in its frozen cell slept the lily. It could not hear the snowflakes that dropped on the ground above its resting-place, even if their coming had not been in silence, for its sleep was like the sleep of death.

For many weeks the snow rested above the lily's hiding-place, softening the frozen earth and drawing out the hard and chilling frost. Flake after flake melted and went down to search for the lily. At last they found her and awakened her with kisses, and she said: "Oh, my sweet dewdrops! I thought you were gone forever."

But they answered: "No, we have come to you again, as we told you when the winds bore us away and carried us into the sky. We came back as snow, and have softened and warmed the frozen earth over your head. The spring is almost here. Soon you can push up your green leaves and hang out your white bells, and then we will rest on your leaves again and creep into your fragrant blossoms."

At this the lily's heart thrilled with delight, and she began to make herself ready for the coming spring. A few weeks longer, and many more dewdrops came down and told the lily that all was ready above. And they gathered about her, and crept into her chilled heart, and like good angels, as they were to the lily, bore her up to the regions of air and sunshine. And then she spread forth her green leaves again, and hung out her row of white flower bells, filling the air with sweetness. And every evening and morning the dewdrops came to her as of old, and she took them lovingly into her heart, and they were very happy.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thoughts?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with meet and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would to: oh
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than our schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God has led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured above that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

GLEANERS.

BY M. B. SMEDLEY.

GLEANER-FOLK, so meekly going
After happy reaping men,
Not for you are harvests glowing,
Yet you gather now and then;
Dusky gold-heaps, autumn-scented,
Shine at you on homeward eves,
Passing, weary and contented,
With your little precious sheaves.

With the sunset on your faces,
With the silence in your hearts,
Pass like birds that seek their places
When the singing day departs!
Pass through this unheeded splendor,
All unconscious as you move,
That you make the landscape tender
With a touch of human love.

soul, in richer field that starvest,
Heart that never hast thy fill,
Let the monarchs take their harvest,
Thou canst glean and follow still!
Downcast eyes, and hopes up-mounting,
Gather on through joy and grief;
In the sweet night, all recounting,
Thou shalt wonder at thy sheaf.

Not like laborers in prison,
Not like slaves who toil for pay,
For the World, the Sun has risen,
All are children of the Day;
Ye for whom thy hours serener
Pass and pour with lavish hand,
Oh, be mindful of the gleaner!
Strip not bare your promised land!

There are grains you need not gather,
Yours they are—but you have all!
Yours they are—but leave them rather,
Gleaners follow—let them fall!
Give a better alms than money,
Blessing him who takes and gives,
Scatter drops of milk and honey,
Feeding, feasting empty lives!

Carry home your easy burden,
You with men, and ways, and means,
Do not grudge a slender guerdon
To the patient hand that gleams;
For the grander as the meaner
Tasks and joys in order come,
And there's work for many a gleaner
When the great ones are gone home.

So take heart, ye simple toilers,
Though your labor seem in vain,
Though you rescue from the spoilers
But a handful, but a grain;
When the Master comes at even,
When He reckons, takes and leaves,
He will make a place in Heaven
For the gleaner's little sheaves!

Good Words.

THE MEADOW.

BY ANNA BOYNTON.

ACROSS the meadow, the barren meadow,
The crows come flying before the spring,
When the sky is shadowy, cold and sullen,
And none of the sweeter birds can sing.

Then over the meadow, the springing meadow,
The rain comes tripping with merry feet,
Waking the wild flowers, low in the grasses,
Out of their dreams with its kisses sweet.

And lo, in the meadow, the brightening meadow,
Blossoms spring from the misty boughs,
And wild songs ring from the hazel cover
Where the glad bobolink guards his spouse.

And soon in the meadow, the gay green meadow,
The grasses bow when the breezes blow,
And happy birds, the wide land over,
Pipe and sing the long day through.

And down in the meadow, the sunny meadow,
Soon the silk of the corn is spun;
Ripens the rose and burns the lily—
Lo, the reaper!—Is summer done?

For, oh, the meadow, the flaming meadow,
Lies in a frost wreath fringed with fire;
Drops the gold from the tuneless branches,
Southerly flies the oriole choir.

And through the meadow, the purple meadow,
Hurry the winds with their rustling freight.
Out of the north the cold comes creeping.
Night falls soon. It is growing late.

Still as a dream is the waiting meadow,
Steadily southward goes the sun.
Rests in sleep the pure, white meadow,
To wake again when the night is done.

Youth's Companion.

Health Department.

A TALK WITH MOTHERS ABOUT PURE AIR.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

OF the "ills that flesh is heir to," many are undoubtedly due to a want of pure, fresh air. In most houses, the air is nothing short of slow poison to those obliged to inhale it; and especially is its injurious effects noticeable in winter, when many are of necessity confined almost altogether within doors. Perhaps in no instance is it possible to entirely avoid bad air in our houses; but we think it safe to say that not one house in five hundred has an atmosphere as pure as it might be, were proper precautions observed by its inmates. Here a thorough reform is urgently needed; and to this matter I would call the attention of mothers, especially, since their own well-being, and that of their children, so greatly depends on the condition of the air in rooms where they usually spend much of their time. And let it be remembered that every wise effort toward reform, be it never

small an effort, is one step in the right direction, and, therefore, not to be despised.

Some one has said: "Fresh air is good always, but it may be too cool for health. Ventilation is important, but it will not be safe to secure it by opening windows in winter. People may be over-zealous for an object, and push it to great extremes, as many think it unhealthy to sleep in a warm room in winter;" that "one feels the change instantly on going from a warm room into the open air in winter, and, but for the vigorous exercise, the whole system would receive a sudden shock from the great change;" that "there is equal danger in passing from a warm sitting-room to cold chambers. The lungs have a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, and if they inhale air all night at forty or thirty degrees, the result may be inflammation of the lungs or pneumonia;" and that "Dr. Hall, of the *Journal of Health*, protests earnestly against sleeping in cold rooms, or opening windows in chambers in winter, and says, 'it is safer to sleep in a bad air with

a temperature over fifty, than in a pure air, with a temperature under forty."

There is much truth in this.

Now, to be over-zealous for ventilation, pushing it to such extremes that injury to any result therefrom, is simply absurd; but it seems to me that to carry matters to the opposite extreme, and completely ignore it, is an absurdity equally great.

That it is not safe to secure ventilation for chambers by opening windows in winter, is a truth to which we should not give too wide an application. Circumstances may vary, and one's good sense should be extensively employed in determining the fitness of things. Although it would be neither safe nor advisable to throw one's chamber windows open in winter, with the same freedom manifested in admitting the gentle breezes of a summer day, it does not necessarily follow that it is never allowable to open them to admit pure air.

While I believe that to attempt to secure *constant ventilation*, in winter, by means of open windows, would be the height of folly, and that sleeping in cold rooms is injurious, I also believe that it is exceedingly hurtful, and equally unwise, to confine impure air within our sleeping rooms, and breathe this same foul air over and over again, night after night. In ordinary houses, ventilation must be more or less imperfect; but let us, at least, have within our rooms, once each day, enough fresh air to cleanse them from all impurities thrown off from body and lungs during the previous night.

Every sleeping apartment should have a fireplace, stove or some other abundant means of warmth within itself, or else open from some room that has; and where this is the case, no possible harm can arise from opening windows for pure air, if proper precautions are observed in doing so. As far as my own experience goes, I have never known harm to result in any way from a judicious morning airing of such rooms, even in the coldest weather. This is my plan: Close the chamber door, and air the adjoining room as far as is practicable and safe; then remove from the sleeping apartment everything that would render the air impure, take the covers from the bed and shake up the ticks; then, after throwing a shawl over head and shoulders (making bonnet and shawl in one), precisely as if going outdoors, open the windows and leave the room, being particular to close the door, so that persons (if any) in the adjoining room may experience no inconvenience from the cold. After half an hour or so, on very cold days, or perhaps an hour on milder ones, re-enter the room (using the precaution of wrapping up, as before, to avoid taking cold) and close the windows; then go out, leaving the door open this time, and the air soon resumes its usual degree of warmth; after which the bed may be "made up." In summer the door leading to the adjoining apartment would be left open while airing the room; but to do so in winter might prove a dangerous experiment.

But let us remember that pure air does not depend altogether on "ventilation." If we would secure pure air for our sleeping-rooms, we must exclude all articles of dirty clothing from them, and we must vigilantly guard against whatever may generate impure, poisonous gases, allowing nothing of that kind to remain in our rooms longer than is absolutely necessary, and even then not without being securely covered; and not only should everything of this description be promptly removed, but all such receptacles, wash-bowls, etc., should each day be made scrupulously clean.

Many are very careless in regard to this, inasmuch that, on entering their sleeping-rooms, our greatest wonder is, not that persons *die*, but that so many *live*.

Not alone in the sleeping apartments of our houses is the want of pure air apparent, and reform needed. Our sitting-rooms, our kitchens, our cellars, all, require the most careful attention; but more especially is it in the kitchen, where the process of cooking is

carried on, that that kind of impure air not dependent on ventilation often prevails to an alarming extent.

Mothers, will you not resolutely set about correcting this evil, as far as lies in your power? It may be that the health, and perhaps the life, of your dear ones, depends on such exertion. Let the collection of slops and other filth be avoided as far as may be, and let ventilation here and in other rooms be made as perfect as possible.

In our houses that are already built, let us turn the very imperfect ventilation to as good account as we can; and in the future building of our houses, let us assert our "woman's right" to have plenty of good old-fashioned fireplaces therein, as well as other effectual methods of ventilation.

CARE OF THE SICK.

FROM a little book entitled "Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick," distributed to the Policy Holders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, we take a few hints to nurses:

All appearance of haste is painful to the sick. The rule is, do things quickly, and do things quietly. When you visit a sick person, always sit where he can see you without turning the head, and never speak to him from behind.

Never lean against, sit upon, or even shake the bed, in which the sick person lies.

A good nurse will see that no door opens with a creak, that no window rattles; and a very good one will see that not even a curtain flaps. A drop of oil and a feather will do away with the creaking.

It is a popular prejudice that plants and flowers should not be tolerated in a sick chamber, "because they give off carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous." So they do give off this gas, and the gas is poisonous; but the quantity of carbonic acid gas given off from half a dozen bunches of flowers in half a dozen nights would scarcely equal the amount of the same gas given off from a couple of bottles of mineral-water.

Whatever food is prepared for the sick should always be of the first quality, and cooked with the greatest care. Remember that sick-cookery should do at least half the work of the patient's weak digestion.

If possible, the sick-chamber should be the room of the house which has the most sunshine coming into it, and if the bed can be so placed that the person lying on it can see a good piece of the blue sky, so much the better.

Never leave your patient's food untasted by his side from meal to meal in the hope that he will eat it. He never does eat it, and you only add disgust to his distaste by leaving it in sight. Let the food come at the right time, and if it is not eaten be sure to take it away in a little while.

A little food at a time, and often repeated, is the general rule for sick people. Frequently, where a physician orders beef tea, or something of the kind, a nurse will try to give a cupful every three or four hours. More than likely the patient's stomach rejects it, whereas, had a tablespoonful been given every half hour or so, it would have been retained, digested and have done the patient the intended good.

Unnecessary noises, though slight, disturb a sick person much more than necessary noises even though much louder.

Remember, always, that a cheerful face "doeth good, like a medicine."

Never use anything but light blankets as bed-covering for the sick. The cotton impervious counterpane is bad, for the reason that it keeps in the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket permits them to pass through.

Never, under any circumstances, ask, within hearing, whether the physician does not think the patient worse, or ask the physician his opinion as to the result of the disease.

Housekeepers' Department.

MRS. BEETON'S HINTS ON KITCHEN ECONOMY.

CLEANLINESS is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking; a dirty kitchen being a disgrace both to mistress and maid.

Be clean in your person, paying particular attention to the hands, which should always be clean.

Do not go about slipshod. Provide yourself with good, well-fitting boots. You will find them less fatiguing in a warm kitchen than loose, untidy slippers.

Provide yourself with at least a dozen good-sized, serviceable cooking-aprons, made with bibs. These will save your gowns, and keep you neat and clean. Have them made large enough round so as to nearly meet behind.

Never waste or throw away anything that can be turned to account. In warm weather, any gravies or soup that are left from the preceding day should be just boiled up, and poured into clean pans. This is particularly necessary where vegetables have been added to the preparation, as it then so soon turns sour. In cooler weather, every other day will be often enough to warm up these things.

If you have a spare kitchen cupboard, keep your baked pastry in it; it preserves it crisp, and prevents it from becoming wet and heavy, which it is liable to do in the larder.

In cooking, clear as you go; that is to say, do not allow a host of basins, plates, spoons and other utensils to accumulate on the dressers and table whilst you are engaged in preparing the dinner. By a little management and forethought, much confusion may be saved in this way. It is as easy to put a thing in its place when it is done with, as it is to keep continually moving it to find room for fresh requisites. For instance, after making a pudding, the flour-tub, pasteboard and rolling-pin should be put away, and any basins, spoons, etc., taken to the scullery, neatly packed up near the sink, to be washed when the proper time arrives. Neatness, order and method should be observed.

Never let your stock of spices, salt, seasonings, herbs, etc., dwindle down so low that, some day in the midst of preparing a large dinner, you find yourself minus a very important ingredient, thereby causing much confusion and annoyance.

If you live in the country, have your vegetables gathered from the garden at an early hour, so that there is ample time to make your search for caterpillars, etc. These disagreeable additions need never make their appearance on table in cauliflowers or cabbages, if the vegetable in its raw state is allowed to soak in salt and water for an hour or so. Of course, if the vegetables are not brought in till the last moment, this precaution cannot be taken.

Be very particular in cleansing all vegetables free from grit. Nothing is so unpleasant, and nothing so easily avoided, if but common care be exercised.

When you have done peeling onions, wash the knife at once, and put it away to be cleaned, and do not use it for anything else until it has been cleaned. Nothing is nastier or more indicative of a slovenly and untidy cook than to use an oniony knife in the preparation of any dish where the flavor of the onion is a disagreeable surprise.

After you have washed your saucepans, fish-kettle, etc., stand them before the fire for a few minutes, to get thoroughly dry inside, before putting them away. They should then be kept in a dry place, in order that they may escape the deteriorating influence of rust, and thereby be quickly destroyed. Never leave saucepans dirty from one day's use to be cleaned the next: it is slovenly and untidy.

Empty soups or gravies into a basin as soon as they

are done; never allow them to remain all night in the stock-pot.

In copper utensils, if the tin has worn off, have it immediately replaced.

Pudding-cloths and jelly-bags should have your immediate attention after being used; the former should be well washed, scalded and hung up to dry. Let them be perfectly aired before being folded up and put in the drawer, or they will have a disagreeable smell when next wanted.

After washing up your dishes, wash your dish-tubs with a little soap and water and soda, and scrub them often. Wring the dishcloth, after washing this also, and wipe the tubs out. Stand them up to dry after this operation. The sink-brush and sink must not be neglected. Do not throw anything but water down the sink, as the pipe is liable to get choked, thereby causing expense and annoyance.

Do not be afraid of hot water in washing up dishes and dirty cooking-utensils. As these are essentially greasy, lukewarm water cannot possibly have the effect of cleansing them effectually. Do not be chary also of changing and renewing the water occasionally. You will thus save yourself much time and labor in the long run.

Clean your tins with soap and whitening, rubbed on with a flannel, wipe them with a clean, dry, soft cloth, and polish with a dry leather and powdered whitening. Mind that neither the cloth nor leather is greasy.

Do not scrub the inside of your frying-pan, as, after this operation, any preparation fried is liable to catch or burn in the pan. If the pan has become black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread, and wash in hot water, mixed with a little soda.

Punctuality is an indispensable quality in a cook; therefore, the kitchen should be provided with a clock.

If you have a large dinner to prepare, much may be got ready the day before, and many dishes are a great deal better for being thus made early. To soups and gravies, this remark is particularly applicable.

To all these directions the cook should pay great attention; nor should they, by any means, be neglected by the *mistress of the household*, who ought to remember that cleanliness in the kitchen gives health and happiness to home, whilst economy will immeasurably assist in preserving them.

RECIPES.

LOIN OF VEAL.—This is best larded. Have every joint thoroughly cut, and between each lay a slice of salt pork; roast a fine brown, and so that the upper sides of the pork will be crisp; baste often. Season with pepper; the pork will make it sufficiently salt.

ECONOMICAL FRITTERS.—Save all your bits of bread, and soak them in cold water and mash fine; add a little nutmeg, three or four large spoonfuls of sugar, part of a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in two large spoonfuls of milk, a little salt, and stir into this flour enough to hold up a spoon. Drop a little from the end of a spoon into hot fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of bread will be wasted.

GERMAN TOAST.—To one egg, beaten well, add one cup of sweet milk or cream; season with a little salt and pepper. Cut stale bread in slices, dip in the milk to moisten, and fry in butter on a griddle. This is a nice dish for breakfast.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart of milk; three even tablespoonfuls of corn flour, dissolved in cold milk; the yolks of five eggs; six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three or four minutes; pour into a pudding-dish and bake about half an hour. Beat the whites of the

eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; put it over the top and return the pudding to the oven till it is a nice light brown. This is very good eaten cold.

FOOD DURING FEVER.—It has been found to be a successful method to freeze beef-tea and to administer it in lumps to children or patients to suck; they will take it in this form rather than any other kind of food.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel some onions, and boil them in equal parts of milk and water. When they are tender take them up, drain them, and add salt, pepper and butter to the taste. Do not put salt in the water

they are boiled in, as that will curdle the milk, and cause a scum to settle on the onions.

COLD VEGETABLES.—Servants often waste vegetables, even at times when they are scarce and dear. Cold greens, for instance, are frequently thrown away as not eatable. This is wasteful; they are as good as when first cooked if they are thrown into a saucepan of boiling water, or into a basin of boiling water, and covered for two minutes; then strain the water from them and serve hot. Cabbage of all kinds, and broccoli and Brussels sprouts, peas, etc., can be warmed in the same manner.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FASHION still decrees that the costumes composed of two materials, and frequently of two colors, or of the same tints, only the one plain, and the other plaided, striped or brocaded, shall be worn during the coming season as well as during the one just past. Jacquard, brocaded, plaided or striped India silks will be worn with plain Lyons silks; and Jacquard cashmeres and plaid and striped worsteds will be worn almost indiscriminately with other worsted goods, for all varieties of street and home dresses. These costumes will be self-trimmed, only the plainer costumes will allow of foreign trimming. Silk dresses will be trimmed with velvet, and velvet dresses with silk; and since velvets have become somewhat reduced in price, they will be much worn.

A Paris correspondent says that there is no longer any talk of "imitations" of any sort. A lady trims her dress with inexpensive French lace, and does not blush when it is discovered that it is not black thread or Chantilly. She wears yak, and makes no pretension to its being guipure. Hamburg edgings have largely taken the place of hand-wrought embroidery, "and now there is no longer a consciousness of deception connected with these really beautiful laces and edgings, and that their substantiality is recognized as quite equal to the originals, from which they were copied." These cheaper laces and edgings are really far more suitable for ordinary wear, and when they are really damaged, the loss is not so great to the pocket. Moss trimmings will be worn the coming season, either by themselves, or in combination with fringes and laces. But feather trimmings are really less expensive in the long run, as they can be readily redressed, while the moss trimming is ruined when once it is wet.

Mohair braids of all widths will be worn as trimming in every imaginable style—in diagonal, horizontal and perpendicular lines, and in loops and looped ends.

For the autumn the prevailing hat will be one which tips down in front, and rolls up at the back. This will be trimmed with a veil or a netted sash, which will be wound about the crown, puffed at the back and a long end left to hang down the back, which can be drawn over the face as a veil at will. A band of velvet will encircle the crown, and a wide binding of the same material will be added to the brim. Flowers are now entirely confined to the inside of the brim. The latest Parisian style is to have these flowers detached from the hat, so that when the latter is removed, the flowers still remain to decorate the head. The same correspondent whom we have already quoted, remarks that this style gives an assemblage of unbonneted ladies the appearance of "a congress of May queens, who have been selected for their virtues, instead of their youth or beauty." This style is not likely to reach us before next summer, if even then.

The rougher and coarser the material of the hat, the more stylish it is considered, the elegant trimming looking all the better for the contrast.

The netted scarf will be indispensable for demi-toilet. It may be either sash-like in shape, or like a long but narrow half-handkerchief. The outer edge is fringed, and it is laid loosely about the shoulders, and tied in a knot at the breast. In this knot is laid a cluster of flowers. The net may be of any bright color, and the flowers should be of a contrasting color. Grenadine may be worn in the same style as net, with the addition of broad lace on the outer edge, and a ruche at the throat. If the net or grenadine is cut long, it is laid in three narrow side plaits, lengthwise of the goods, while a double box plait is taken at the neck behind, to make it fit the shoulders.

Linen collars are more ornamented with embroidery and hemstitching in lines and checks than formerly. Cuffs, of course, match the collars, and cravats are worn to match both. Colored cambric and batiste cravats are received with increasing favor.

Editor's Department.

Progress at the Centennial Grounds.

ALREADY the Centennial Grounds are attracting thousands of visitors, who come out of curiosity to see the progress being made on the exhibition buildings. And they are well repaid for their trouble, since this progress is really something astonishing, reminding one of the wonder tales of the Arabian Nights.

No one can obtain a true idea of the stupendousness of the undertaking until he has visited the grounds of the exhibition, and seen for himself the multitude and size of the exhibition buildings. The Main Building covers an area of over twenty-one acres, and has a

front of one thousand eight hundred and eighty feet, or nearly one-third of a mile. Machinery Hall embraces fourteen acres, with a length of one thousand four hundred and two feet. The Art Gallery and Memorial Hall, which stands upon the Lansdowne plateau, and looks southward over the city, is one and one-half acres in extent, with a front of three hundred and sixty-five feet.

Although the contract does not call for the completion of the Main Building before the first of January next, it is already far advanced toward completion, and its builder, Mr. Richard J. Dobbins, expects to finish it early in the fall. It is being almost entirely

finished as fast as it is erected, the glass and sashes being set, the tin roofing being put on, the flooring being laid, and all the painting, inside and out, being done as the work progresses. The eastern and western extremities of the building are thus almost ready for occupation even now. The central portion, immediately fronting Memorial Hall, is as yet barely commenced, as far as actual work upon the grounds is considered.

The builder of Machinery Hall contracted to finish it by the first of October, and at the time of the writing of this article it is so nearly finished that there is every reason to suppose that the whole structure will be perfect, and ready for occupancy, by the time this number of the HOME MAGAZINE reaches its readers.

The daily average of men employed upon the Main Building is about four hundred, and upon Machinery Hall about two hundred and twenty-five; yet so vast are the dimensions of these buildings that very few visitors will, at a casual glance, realize the fact that such a large force is at work.

The Art Gallery is built of granite, and is already far advanced toward completion. The contract requires it to be finished by the first of January, but it will be complete probably before that time. The walls are built, and the iron frame of the dome is up, and is being covered in.

Horticultural Hall is located on the Lansdowne terrace, across a picturesque ravine, to the north of the Art Gallery. It is already in an advanced stage, and will be completed before this article obtains circulation. This building consists of a central conservatory, four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, vestibules, restaurants, reception-rooms, etc. Upon the roof is constructed a grand promenade, with connecting external and internal galleries. Over thirty acres have been devoted to the requirements of this building, and in its neighborhood will be a Victoria Regia house, domestic and tropical orchard houses, a grapery, and similar horticultural buildings. The surrounding grounds will be arranged for out-door planting, and already applications have been received from England, France, Holland, Belgium, Australia, Cuba, Mexico and California for space in which to display their peculiar flora. Thus the fruits and flowers of the world will be brought together into one comprehensive garden, and the visitor will be enabled to behold tropical plants growing in juxtaposition with the flora of the extreme north. An especial building will be devoted to American mowing and reaping machines; and there will be a trial between these and those of foreign manufacture, upon some of the adjacent farms.

A Post Hospital will be erected upon the grounds, and kept open in the event of sickness or injury to any of the visitors. There are numerous other buildings being erected by different nationalities for their peculiar use. The British commissioners will have the occupation of two. The Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Japanese, Turks, Egyptians and Liberians, have asked permission to erect representative national buildings. The Khedive is to construct an Egyptian street in miniature. Liberian will build a Mohammedan mosque and a Christian Church. Many of the States will have separate buildings for the display of their productions. The National Photographic Association will have its special hall, as will many private parties. There will be a woman's pavilion for the exhibition of woman's work; though why this should not be included in the different departments to which it may appropriately belong, it is a little difficult to say. There will be monuments, fountains and statues erected by different nations and societies, all of which will add greatly to the attractions of the grounds.

The facilities for reaching the Centennial Grounds are numerous and excellent. Already ten horse railways take their passengers almost directly to the buildings, while six steam railways have made arrangements to land passengers at the gates. When the grounds are completed, there will be a dummy railroad

in operation through them, in order to shorten for the visitors the long spaces which necessarily intervene between the different buildings.

Every effort is being made to make the Centennial a success, and the results with foreign nations are most satisfactory. Already every nation on the globe but three has applied for room for the exhibition of their products; and, if possible, more enthusiasm is felt concerning the Centennial abroad than at home. Pennsylvania has so far borne most of the burden of the work and the expense. Some of the States have displayed a reprehensible lukewarmness concerning the affair; but it is to be hoped they will yet arouse to effort, and do what they can to make this exhibition worthy of our centennial anniversary, and something which shall redound to our permanent credit as a nation abroad.

The Grave of Dickens.

GRACE GREENWOOD, writing to the *New York Times* of her visit to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, says, with a tender recollection of the great novelist:

"It is a grand thing, doubtless, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but it is a dreary sort of isolation in death for a social, kindly man like Dickens. No friend can come to keep him company; no child may be laid at his side. He loved light and warmth and color; all cheerful sights and sounds. Change was necessary to his alert spirit, and he should have been laid in some pleasant, open burial ground in or near the great city, with the sounds and movements of everyday life about him. That was the life he loved to paint. He never was at home with lords and ladies. He has gone into magnificent banishment here, where the perpetual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is like the ebb and flow of a sea across the granite that shuts him down among unkindred dust, where no faintest influence of the sun, no intimations of the changing seasons can come. But they say his coffin was heaped high with flowers. Midsummer went down with him into the grave, and was hid away with him in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniversary of his death there are placed on that cold, gray slab, the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month—crosses of white lilies and roses, 'pansies for thought,' 'rosemary for remembrance,' and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarlet geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner like flowery flame, the very expression of passionate love and sorrow."

Answers to Correspondents.

"Mrs. W. M. H."—There is no fixed rule regarding the size, shape and weight of pillows. The usual style is to make them large and square. Sometimes these large pillows are not intended for use, but are replaced at night by pillows of a more comfortable size. We cannot give the weight of one of these large pillows, but should judge it to be from six to eight pounds, as they are made very solid. Shams are used over pillows. Sometimes these are made of muslin or linen, the length of the width of the bed. They are handsomely embroidered or ruffled. This style of sham is laid over the pillows, defining their shape. It is then folded under the bed-clothes, and then brought out again, and folded back to simulate the upper edge of a sheet. Sometimes each pillow has its separate sham. A very pretty style of shams is made of colored cambric—pink or blue—covered with lace, which can be found at the stores made for the purpose. When this style is used, it is not uncommon to have lambrequins on windows and mantel to match.

In furnishing a parlor, the style of furniture depends very much upon the taste and means of the furnisher. Hair-cloth is exceedingly sombre, but it is the most economical. A room furnished in hair-cloth can be brightened up by the introduction of two or three chairs of bright colors. If reps is selected, green reps is far preferable to brown.

"THOSE who are fond of investigations with the microscope," says the *Scientific American*, "will find a beautiful object in the head of a parlor match. Strike the match, and blow it out as soon as the head has fused sufficiently to cause protuberances to form on it; on the part of the head which took fire first, will be found a white, spongy formation, which, under the microscope and with a bright light upon it, has the appearance of diamonds, crystals, snow, frost, ice, silver and jet, no two matches giving the same combination or arrangement."

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

WE present in this number our Prospectus for the Centennial Year, and our readers will see that it is one of more than usual attractiveness. Two new serial stories will be given; one by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, the author of "RACHEL DILLON'S SON," which was pronounced the best magazine story of the season, entitled

"EAGLESCLIFFE."

And the other by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "DEBORAH NORMAN," entitled

"MIRIAM,

And the Life She Laid Down."

Both of these serials will be commenced in the January number.

ROSELLA RICE will open the year with a new series of articles on Pioneer Life in the West, under the title of

"OLD HEARTH STONES,

And the Tales they Told."

And the reader's wise, gossipy, quaint old friend, "Pipsey Potts," is busy with her

"POTTSVILLE PAPERS."

By the way, we will just hint that "Pipsey" has been on a visit this summer to the old homes and graves of the Pottses in New England, and that something may come of it. We don't find her family name associated with Plymouth Rock or the Mayflower, but then everybody didn't come over in that famous little vessel, nor land on that celebrated rock; and the Pottses may have, for all that, as fair a record as the Brewsters or the Aldens.

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, whose articles on "WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES," published a few years ago in the HOME MAGAZINE, gave such general satisfaction, will write another series next year, with the title

"WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD,"

in which she will offer practical advice and suggestions as to the various remunerative employments in which women may engage. These articles cannot fail to be exceedingly valuable, as Mrs. Duffey is a woman of wide experience, careful observation and strong common sense, and writes from the standpoint of one who has made her own way in the world,—of that of a woman who can set type as rapidly as a man; who can write a book or edit a periodical; compose a piece of music or paint a picture; make a dress or cultivate a garden. But we cannot catalogue all of her many accomplishments; and only refer to them here in order to show her fitness for the task she has undertaken in the preparation of these articles.

"CHATTY BROOKS,"

it will be seen, is going to tell about "THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD," and gentle "LICHEN" will keep her quiet corner in the "HOME CIRCLE," among loving friends who carry her in their hearts.

But we cannot take space to tell of all the good things

in store for next year. Look at the Prospectus, reader, and see for yourself.

And now all you that love the HOME MAGAZINE, and sympathize with its spirit and aims, who believe that its presence in American homes will be for good, will you not so identify yourselves with it and its work as to become its advocate, commending it to your friends and neighbors, and seeking in all right ways to extend its circulation? Will not each of you add at least one new name to its list of subscribers for the Centennial Year? We shall make it as attractive, as pure, as true and as good as in our power lies. You can largely extend the sphere of its usefulness; and may we not ask you to do so?

PREMIUM PICTURES.

THE premium picture business, which, happily for periodical publishers, has nearly run itself into the ground, as all bad businesses must in time, has, during the past few years, robbed us of a large portion of our profits, and we are going to abandon it. So costly a periodical as the HOME MAGAZINE cannot be published at a fair profit for \$2.50 a year, with an elegant engraving thrown in, as we know too well, and we must, if we would keep the magazine up to its high standard of excellence, raise the subscription price to \$3.00, or abandon the premium system altogether. We prefer to do the latter, and so keep our magazine up to its high standard, and still within the easy reach of thousands of people of moderate means, who love its monthly visits. If any wish to possess the beautiful new engraving we have prepared for our Club-getters in acknowledgment of their service, it will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents in addition to the price of the magazine.

In giving up this premium business, it is but just to ourselves to say, that we have never offered our subscribers a cheap chromo, but always pictures of merit and value, each of them worthy to grace any parlor in the land. Indeed, a large chromo manufacturer said to us only recently, that our premium pictures had, from the first, been nearly the only true works of art presented to subscribers. We have always known this to be so; but the admission coming from the source that it did, was specially gratifying.

And now with this wasting and useless expense taken off, we shall be able to give our readers a magazine of still greater excellence and beauty. See our new Prospectus in this number, and note the feast of good things in store for 1876.

"PIPSEY" ON PREMIUM PICTURES.

AFTER we had decided to give no more premium pictures, we received the following letter from our own and the reader's good friend, "PIPSEY POTTS," which is so much to the point, that we publish it:

"MR. ARTHUR,—I have a suggestion to make. Don't give a premium picture with the magazine next year. Our country is flooded with cheap chromos and tolerable steel engravings, and I feel like seeing a new leaf turned over.

"Now, instead of a picture, let us all go to work in real earnest and try and make the magazine better than it has ever been before. Let us make it so bright, and good, and cheery, that women will take it right to their hearts and love and appreciate it as one of their best friends.

"I think that the dear women will bear me out in it, when I suggest that you put the worth of the premium picture for the year 1876 into good, sound, practical reading matter; the kind that will prompt your readers

of the HOME to say with bright eyes and earnest tones: "Oh, I hope I shall *always* be able to take that dear old friendly magazine!"

"Believing that I speak for the majority of, your women subscribers, I remain yours and theirs, right cheerily, "PIPSEY POTTS."

Just the right kind of talk, "PIPSEY," and, with your help and that of our large corps of talented writers, we are going to make the HOME even more than it has yet been, a loving friend and companion of the people, and a welcome guest in every true American household.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Never since the HOME MAGAZINE was published has it received such cordial words of praise from those who have taken it as it is receiving at this time.

"I cannot," writes one of our correspondents, "close without a word in praise of my favorite magazine. Ever the champion of the true, the good and the beautiful, it has long been, and still is, doing a great and good work. I know more than one home where the courtesy, good habits and Christian refinement are largely attributable to the influence of your magazine. For several years it has been my most valued Christmas gift, and its monthly visits are most welcome. The August number, now before me, is a feast of good things. 'Lichen's Weaving' is so good, and—but I must not tire your patience even with words of appreciation. Many kind wishes for the magazine, its editors and all who help to make it what it is."

Another says: "I feel grateful to the kind friend and neighbor who placed your magazine in my hands and thus induced me to take it. I began to take it in January, and only regret that I did not commence sooner. I love its pure and noble teachings and would that it were in every household; for truly 'it goes to the homes of the people a power for good.' I feel thankful for such a work to place in the hands of my children as they grow up, instead of the many hurtful and trashy ones which flood our country. I shall take it just so long as it is published."

"Pipsey, Chatty and others are real blessings. Every housekeeper should read their comforting words of cheer—they make the rough places in life's pathway seem smooth, and we feel more like striving to fulfill the mission whereunto we are sent. May the great reward be yours, I say prayer."

And another: "I have been a reader of your HOME MAGAZINE for several years past, and I can never tell you how much good it has done me. I need not add my thanks to the thousands that have already been offered for the good things with which its pages are always brimming over."

We could add pages of like pleasant words for the editors and publishers of the HOME, but these will suffice to show how heartily their work is being appreciated.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	- - - - -	\$100
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As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or

in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

1776 Centennial Ode. 1876

We have received from W. H. Boner & Co., No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, a piece of music with the above title. The words, by Samuel C. Upham, are patriotic, and have the ring of the true metal. The music, by Adam Gelbel, the blind composer, is particularly good, and will add another laurel to his brow. A copy of this patriotic song should have a place in every household in the land. Enclose 35 cents, and the publishers will forward you a copy, postpaid. Address

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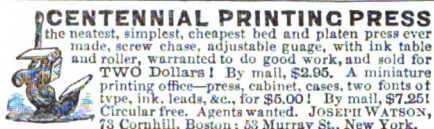
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the neatest, simplest, cheapest bed and platen press ever made, screw chase, adjustable gauge, with ink table and roller, warranted to do good work, and sold for TWO Dollars! By mail, \$2.95. A miniature printing office—press, cabinet, cases, two fonts of type, ink, leads, &c., for \$5.00! By mail, \$7.25! Circular free. Agents wanted. JOSEPH WATSON, 75 Cornhill, Boston; 53 Murray St., New York.



FOR THE HOUSE
THE AUTUMN NUMBER OF VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, containing descriptions of Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies and all Bulbs and Seeds for Fall Planting in the Garden, and for Winter Flowers in the house—just published and sent free to all. Address

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All sizes, English Brussels, Three-ply Ingrain, very cheap, at the old place,
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LOOK AT THE RUINS!!

Aye! look at the ruins of what were once magnificent sets of teeth to be seen anywhere in society. Is it not marvellous that such destruction is permitted, when, by using that delightful dentifrice,

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any teeth, however fragile, may be preserved from decay or blemish? There may have been some excuse for this havoc in days gone by, when there was no safeguard against dental decay in existence, but there is no apology now, as **SOZODONT** preserves the soundness of the teeth from youth to old age. Don't neglect to use this antiseptic dentifrice, as it not only makes the teeth glitter like pearls, but also purifies and sweetens the breath. One bottle will last six months.



[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

For Description see next page.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

The suit illustrated by this engraving is made of plain and plaid cashmere, and consists of a polonaise and under-skirt. The latter, which hangs with all its fullness at the back, where it is confined by tapes passed through a shirr, was cut by pattern No. 3900, price thirty cents, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. It has a medium-width front gore, a wide gore at each side, and two straight back-breadths, the latter gathering to the belt while the remainder is joined without fullness. The back-breadths are trimmed with a wide flounce cut in deep rounding points at the bottom and laid in a festoon, the top being gathered to form its own heading. A plaid flounce, also bias, passes across the remainder of the skirt, and is surmounted as illustrated with a double-headed ruffle of plain goods, which passes up the skirt over the ends of the two flounces and terminates at the shirring of the skirt. The latter requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make it for a lady of medium size.

The over-dress has a deep double-breasted front cut from plain goods scantily shirred, and decorated with a broad facing of plaid. It is quite loose, but is drawn in to the waist by belts attached to the under-arm seams and closing over the front with a fancy buckle. The center of the back as far as the

waist is made from shirred goods, but the fan portion below, which is formed of extra widths laid in plaits, is of plain goods, bordered with plaid. The side-backs are cut from plaid goods and below the waist form sash portions, which are fastened as represented over the back by bows and loops of plain goods lined with plaid. They also conceal the gathered back edge of the front, which is joined to the skirt portion of the front at each side. The sides and ends of the sashes are corded, and underlaid as illustrated with handsome fringe. A deep plaid collar similarly finished completes the neck, while a plaid bordered cuff surrounds the wrist of the coat sleeve. Bows of ribbon are disposed upon the waist as shown by the picture, while dainty ruffles edge the wrists and neck. The pattern used in cutting this over-dress is No. 3640, price thirty-five cents. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and requires $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make a garment like it for a lady of medium size.

The hat is of felt, with a rolling rim, faced with silk plaitings and underlaid at the front with silk loops and a tiny vine: while an ostrich feather, with loops and long ends of ribbon, trims the outside in a stylish manner.

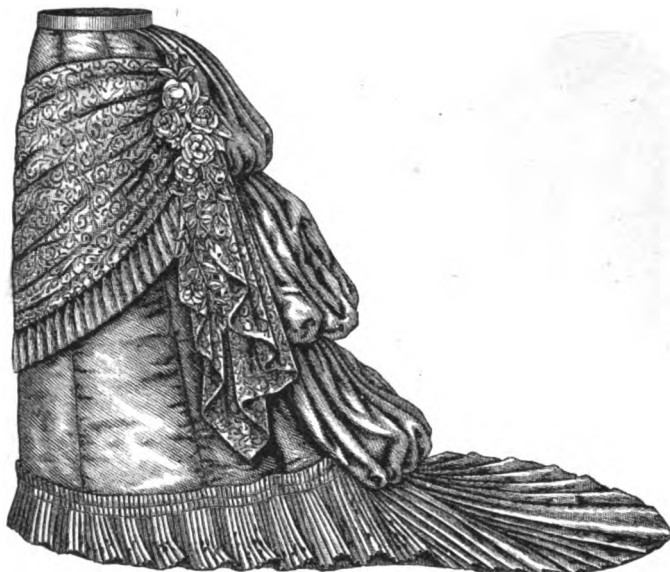


4148

BABY'S SHAWL HOOD.

No. 4148.—This charming pattern can be used for flannel, cashmere, Sicillienne, merino or even silk. In the latter event down would decorate it handsomely, while fringe or bands would be suitable for

the other materials suggested. To make the article a yard of goods, 36 inches wide, will be required, and any material may be used. There is but one size of the pattern, which costs 20 cents.



4146

Left Side View.

LADIES' TRAINED SKIRT, WITH PUFFED BACK.

No. 4146.—The pattern by which this elegant garment was made up is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, with $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of India silk, will be required. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



4131

Front View.

4131

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4131.—This handsome garment can be made of any suit material or combination of materials. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4145

Front View.

4145

Back View.

LADIES' FRENCH SACK.

No. 4145.—This elegant garment is made of *drap d'été* and trimmed with silk. The pattern, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, is suitable for heavier goods, and costs 30

cents. Of material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards are necessary in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Titan braid forms a very handsome decoration for this style of cloak and is found in various widths.



4117

Front View.

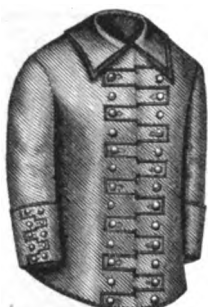
4117

Back View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED CLOAK, WITH DEEP FRONTS.

No. 4117.—To make this handsome garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. The pattern is in 13 sizes for

ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. It can be used for cloth, velvet, or suit goods with a very pretty effect.

**4157***Front View***4157***Back View.*

MISSES' CLOAK.

No. 4157.—The pattern to the natty little garment here illustrated is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the cloak for a miss of 13 years, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Cloth, cashmere, serge or *drap d'été* are materials suitable for its style.

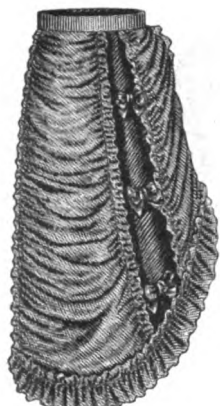
**4154***Front View.*LADIES' CLOSE-FITTING,
GORED BASQUE.

No. 4154.—The pattern to the stylish garment illustrated by these engravings is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The garment may be trimmed as illustrated or otherwise as preferred.

**4154***Back View.***4134***Front View.*LADIES' POINTED BASQUE,
OPEN IN THE BACK.

No. 4134.—These engravings illustrate a very stylish pattern, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents. Serge, camel's-hair, cashmere or any suit material may be satisfactorily made up by the pattern.

**4134***Back View.*



4159

Front View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4159.—To make the pretty little over-skirt illustrated, for a miss of 12 years, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4159

Back View.

4141

LADIES' SLEEVE.

No. 4141.—The sleeve illustrated may be made of plain and plaid goods, light and dark materials, or of one shade. It will require for a pair of sleeves $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



4137

MISSSES' LONG, HALF-FITTING CLOAK.

No. 4137.—In making the cloak illustrated for a miss of 12 years, 5 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. The goods represented is cloth, and the decoration *matelassé*. Bands of fur or feather trimming are suitable.



4137

Back View.



4155

Front View.

MISSSES' HALF-FITTING, FRENCH SACK.

No. 4155.—The pattern to this charming little garment is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the sack for a miss of 12 years, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. It is particularly suitable for street wear and may be made of any appropriate material, such as cloth, cashmere, *drap d'été*, or camel's-hair.



4155

Back View.

4152

Front View.

MISSSES' HALF-FITTING SACK.

No. 4152.—The pattern to this garment is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. Of material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards are necessary in making the garment for a miss of 11 years.



4152

Back View.

4161

Front View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4161.—To make the graceful garment illustrated by these engravings, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed for a miss of 13 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. Silk, made up in this style, drapes handsomely and may be elegantly completed with velvet decorations or marabou ruching.



4161

Back View.

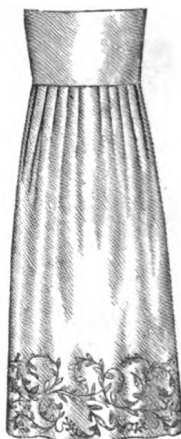


4127

Front View.

INFANTS' PINNING BLANKET.

No. 4127.—This useful accessory to a baby's wardrobe can be made from $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide. There is but one size of the pattern which costs 20 cents. Embroideries of braid or silk floss are desirable decorations.



4127

Back View.

4132

Front View.

4132

Back View.

4166

Front View.

4166

Back View.

CHILD'S LONG, SHAPELY CLOAK.

No. 4132.—The pattern to this elegant little garment is in 7 sizes for children from 6 months to 6 years of age. To make the cloak for a child of 4 years, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

CHILD'S APRON, WITH SASH, AND KILTED FLOUNCE.

No. 4166.—The pattern to this pretty little garment is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the apron for a child of 4 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4140

Front View.

MISSES' SPENCER BLOUSE.

No. 4140.—This pretty pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4140

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.



THE SONG OF MIRIAM.—Page 687.

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References

And:

History, Geography and General Literature.



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1. *Hydrolysis of the polymer* 10. *Yield*
 2. *Chlorination of the polymer* 11. *Unsaturation*
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point only twenty-four miles distant from the source of the Rhine, is a fertile country, particularly in the valleys, which are numerous and well watered. The scenery is highly diversified, and in the district of the Black Forest, part of which

constructed of wood, and often rises to a great height. In earlier times, when the country was a dense forest, with only here and there a cleared space around the villages, or by the river-side,

(635)



THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

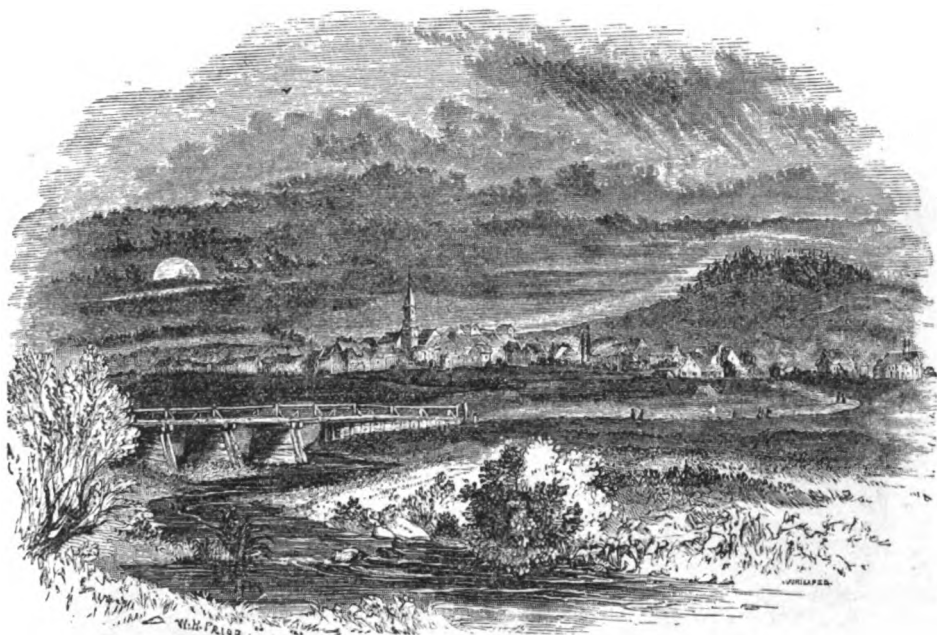
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 11.

History, Biography and General Literature.



GEISSINGEN.

VIEWS ON THE UPPER DANUBE.

IN our January number we gave an interesting article on the Danube, accompanied by a series of fine views taken at various points on this grand, historic river, which, rising in the Black Forest of Germany, flows eastward to the Black Sea through a distance of nearly eighteen hundred miles, receiving in its course not less than sixty tributaries, and passing through Swabia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary and the Tures, Russian provinces of Servia, Bulgaria, Moldavia and Bessarabia. It enters the Black Sea by twelve different mouths. We now give our readers two or three charming views near the head waters of this magnificent stream.

Baden, in which the Danube takes its rise at a point only twenty-four miles distant from the source of the Rhine, is a fertile country, particularly in the valleys, which are numerous and well watered. The scenery is highly diversified, and in the district of the Black Forest, part of which

belongs to Wirtemberg, there is a continued succession of classic sites and striking landscapes, which have all their place in history, and awaken many interesting recollections in the mind of the traveller as he follows the widening channel of the Danube.

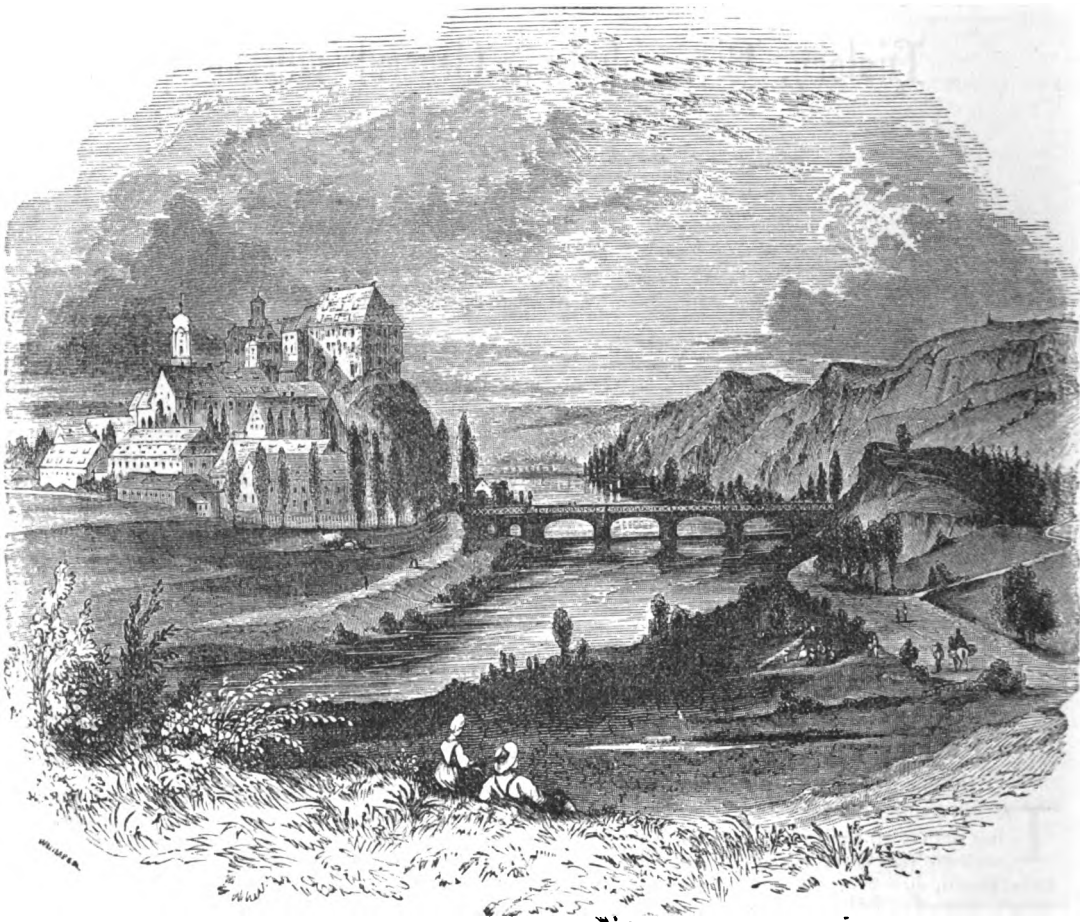
The first view we present is that of Geissingen, a few miles below the place at which two or three small streams unite to form the river which then takes the name of the Donau, or Danube. It is a village of no great importance, but prettily situated, and affording a good specimen of the towns of this part of Germany. The river, which is of diminutive size, is crossed by a wooden bridge. The church spire, rising like a landmark from the centre of the town, is an object that frequently meets the eye in these regions. It is uniformly constructed of wood, and often rises to a great height. In earlier times, when the country was a dense forest, with only here and there a cleared space around the villages, or by the river-side,

(635)

such landmarks were indispensable. By climbing a tree or rock, and marking the church-spires as they rose in particular directions, travellers and others were enabled to find their way, or determine their course. Towns, villages, castles and churches were known from each other by some peculiar features, which, standing above the forest, pointed out their own districts.

Several miles below Geissingen, and where the river begins to broaden into a more important stream, Sigmaringen occupies a beautiful position on the Danube. The bridge that here spans the

navigable until it reaches Ulm. The town is in Wirtemberg, and being on the great road through the Black Forest to Schaffhausen, enjoys the advantages of a national thoroughfare. The old castle of Homberg, which forms a bold feature in the landscape, is an interesting relic of the feudal ages, and occupies a position which was long considered impregnable. In the "Thirty Years War," however, it shared the fate of its numerous contemporaries, and having served for three centuries as a fortress that overawed the districts, its towers were dismantled, and its lower bulwarks



SIGMARINGEN.

stream is an elegant structure, consisting of five elliptical arches. A feudal chateau crowns the isolated rock that rises sheer from the river. This chateau was the town residence of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who held the sixteenth place in the old German Confederation, and had one vote in all questions that came under his supreme cognizance. The soil here is not very fertile.

Our third view is that of Tuttlingen, a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Danube, which is here increased to a large volume and depth, but does not become

levelled with the ground, so that what was long an object of terror became transformed to a peaceful element in the beautiful landscape.

"No banner floats upon its keep;
No warders line its wall;
The shouts of war and wassail sleep,
In Homberg's roofless halls:
The furze and lichen flourish wild
In love's neglected bower,
And ruin frowns where beauty smiled
In Homberg's lofty tower."

From the height of Engen, a short distance from Tuttlingen, is obtained one of the finest views that

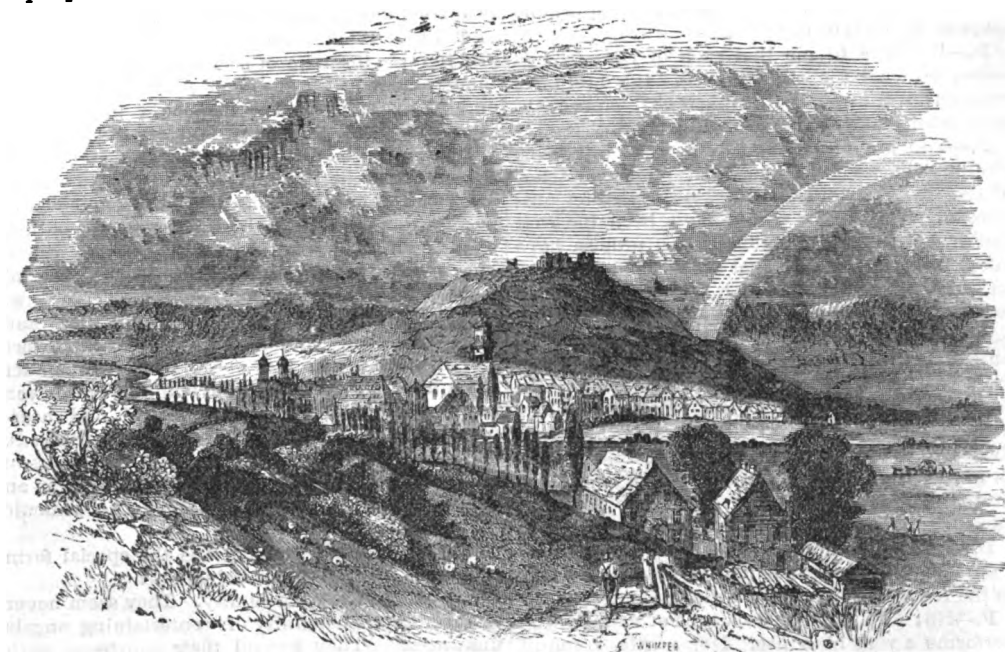
can be imagined, taking in among its grand and imposing features the snow-clad Alps bounding the distant horizon, the frontier mountains of Tyrol, the lake of Constance, and the ruined castles of Hohentwail and Hohencracken—each crowning the summit of rock precipices—with towns, wood and water filling up the foreground.

The territory in which the Danube takes its rise, and through which it performs the first stages of its rapid course, is rich in memorials of the feudal ages. Numerous chiefs who figured in the Crusades, or by daily practice with their neighbors kept up a love of the "knightly art" at home, had

a calamity to have one type of character universal or even general. Indeed, calamity is too mild a word. It would be utter destruction to society.

D.—I don't see how the prevalence of a sweet, pure type of character could destroy or even injure society. I should think it would be just the reverse.

F.—My child, you have but looked over the rim of the home nest. I have flown widely abroad and seen much of the world, therefore I have gained some idea of the beauty, the importance, nay, the absolute necessity of there being many distinctive types of character in the world. All



TUTTLINGEN.

their family fortalices among the recesses of the Black Forest. From one or another of these ancient strongholds, men have descended who still hold influence in the country, and point with pride to the donjon and embattled walls on which was mounted the original standard of the family.

STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

No. 1.

[Conversation between a father and daughter.]

FATHER.—What are you reading so intently, my daughter?

DAUGHTER.—Oh, I am reading a letter from my dear friend, Mrs. Ellyson, and it is so much like her that it seems to bring her right before my eyes. I do think she is the gentlest and sweetest woman in the world! How I wish all women were like her!

F.—Heaven forefend such a calamity!

D.—Calamity! Why, father, I thought you liked and admired her.

F.—So I do, heartily; nevertheless, it would be

these different types serve to keep up the social equilibrium and they either directly or indirectly co-operate with each other. The field of the world is so vast, and its labor so complex that but for its almost infinite diversity of laborers, the mighty machine could not go on an hour, and the more distinctly a man develops his individuality, the more he is fitted for his place in this great field.

D.—You remind me of what Emerson says in his essay on self-reliance, about the importance of maintaining one's individuality.

F.—Yes, as Emerson says, a man ought to insist upon himself, by which he does not mean that a man should be arrogant or self-assertive, but that he should fully and freely live out his individual life, not imitating others and forcing his bent into an unnatural channel.

D.—Who was it I heard you speaking of a few days ago, as possessing such strongly-marked individuality?

F.—It was my friend, Colonel —, "a strong, heroic soul," a man of great firmness and decision, even sternness at times, reserved and somewhat cold on the surface, though a person of deep feel-

ing. He is capable of heroic deeds and well fitted to be a leader of men in any great crisis. He is the most intimate friend I have ever had except Dr. —.

D.—And what kind of man was Dr. —?

F.—I used to call him and Colonel — my Greek and Roman. He was one of the most genial, frank, warm-hearted persons I ever saw. His presence was like sunshine, and in social qualities he far excelled Colonel —; yet I loved them equally well, though in a different way, for, as Sydney Smith says, "One's friends are like the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, etc. Each has a distinctive place and office. A cannot supply the place of B nor B of C."

D.—It seems to me that each of your friends possessed what the other lacked. It would have been an advantage to both if their characters could have been shaken together and blended.

F.—You are widely mistaken. Each one was a strongly-marked, well-defined type of character. There were no blurred tints, no indistinct outlines about them, as would have been the case could such an amalgamation as you propose have taken place. It is said that nature seldom forms an universal genius, to which I add that she *never* forms an universal paragon; so if a man or woman develops some one special form of good, we must be satisfied and not expect them to excel in all; for it pertains to one Being alone to do this. The rays of goodness and truth that proceed from this infinite source fall on myriads of souls, who reflect them in a thousand different forms and hues, even as objects in the natural world which owe their multiform tints and other properties to their various modes of reflecting the solar rays.

D.—I understand your drift now very clearly. I see you did not mean to detract from my friend, in the remarks you made a little while ago.

F.—No; Mrs. Ellyson is a type of woman who performs a very high use. Her gentle, tranquil presence always suggests the idea of moonlight to me; yet I have seen quick, impetuous women whom I admired equally as much. True, these impetuous persons are apt to be more frequently in fault than a serene, sedate person like Mrs. Ellyson, yet these persons, though hasty and sometimes even rather stormy, are the ones who are peculiarly capable of loving deeply, of making active exertions, performing generous deeds and redressing wrongs. The first type reminds me of a white lily, the second of "the red, red rose that's newly sprung in June." Each is a fine type of womanhood and each reflects a ray of that supreme excellence in which infinite tranquillity and infinite activity are blended.

D.—I think the governess I had last year was a very sweet type of womanly character.

F.—Yes; she belongs to a not unusual type of patient, gentle woman, and reminds me of the character of Helen Darley, so admirably depicted by Holmes. Every artist knows the importance of neutral tints in a picture, and in the grand picture of humanity, these sweetly grave and patient characters afford the subdued tints so essential to all fine pictures. They are like the soft, gray tints which streak the western sky and contrast

so exquisitely with the crimson and saffron clouds of sunset, or like the tender, dark purple shades that steal over the side of a mountain range whose summits glow in rosy or melt away in pale azure tints. I know two young sisters who afford this sort of contrast to each other. One has something of the Quakeress about her, being grave, thoughtful, retiring, patient. The other is overrunning with vitality, enthusiasm and buoyancy. The two set off each other like a pearl and ruby.

D.—I think Aunt Cornelia is a high type of female character.

F.—So she is. I have never seen any one who possessed more exquisite sensibility and delicacy of feeling. Such women do much to refine life and to raise the tone of society, and yet there are many offices in life she could not perform so well and many emergencies she could not contend with so well as persons devoid of sensibility. I will describe you a family of this latter sort whom I knew well in my native village. They were kindhearted and, as far as their obtuseness would permit them to enter into your feelings, they would sympathize with you. They were gifted, however, with "a healthful dullness and cheerful insensibility" beyond any people I ever saw. Whilst they were devoid of the high tone and nicety of feeling your aunt possesses, they were so constituted that they could stand firm under trials and mortifications that would have driven her mad or killed her. Their aplomb and cheerfulness never failed under any circumstances. They had a certain robustness and sturdiness of nature which made them valuable adherents in an unpopular cause, for neither obloquy nor ridicule moved them.

D.—What would you say was the special form of good of our next-door neighbors?

F.—I should say hospitality. They seem never to miss any opportunity of "entertaining angels unawares." They extend their courtesies with such graciousness, such hearty good will that it is really a beautiful sight, and especially when they bestow their kind offices, as they frequently do, on persons who can make them no recompense. When I say that I believe hospitality to be their special form of good, I do not mean to give the idea that they are deficient in other virtues, but only that this is a peculiarly prominent one with them, and this trait gives us a clue to the rest of their character, as qualities exist in groups and have their consanguinities distinctly marked off; for instance, the generous hospitality of our neighbors affords us strong presumptive evidence of their being genial, warm-hearted and liberal, and any other prominent trait we may observe in a person will generally serve as an index to a group of kindred qualities, as a lock of golden hair escaping beneath the drapery of a closely-veiled figure will lead us to conclude that the possessor has blue eyes and a fair skin, or as the sight of one feature will enable us to form an idea of the rest of the contour, since there is generally a harmony between the different tints and a congruity between the different features of the face. Occasionally, however, by some caprice of nature, we see an anomalous face, one with golden hair and black

eyes, for instance, or with Grecian nose and large, coarse mouth. In the same way, we sometimes see incongruous, anomalous characters.

D.—I don't see how there can be such a vast variety of types of character; because, although there is a great variety of traits in human nature, still this variety is not inexhaustible.

F.—The traits themselves are not inexhaustible, but the combinations of them are. We might divide mankind into a few large general classifications, but in all these classes, despite a general resemblance, you would not find two human beings, even though they were twin brothers, in whom there existed the same combination of qualities. Nay, even in the larger multitudes of Heaven, you could never find two angels whose qualities were similarly combined and developed. These multiform combinations of qualities are like the myriad combinations in music. There are but seven notes in all music, and yet these seven notes can be repeated and combined in such a way as to produce a variety of melodies and harmonies scarcely short of infinite. According to the combinations of these seven notes, we have the stately march, the mournful adagio, the joyous allegro, the lightsome waltz, and all the boundless variety of melodies that greet our ears. Do you remember what your music teacher said when you played him some negro melodies you had caught by ear on a visit to the South?

D.—Yes; he said that even the simplest music was valuable, if it was characteristic.

F.—In music, as in all things, individuality is of the highest importance; and even a simple negro melody, welling from the heart and individual life of the negro, is full of value, and is not deposed by classical musicians; and Gottschalk, for instance, set so high a value on characteristic music that he was very fond of negro melodies, and made beautiful arrangements of several "Camp-town races" amongst the number, a melody pervaded by a certain charming, child-like, irrepressible gladness. You have heard the lovely, touching negro song, "Way down upon the Swanee River," which, simple as it is, possesses a certain distinctive sweetness that renders it a general favorite. In the same way, a simple, sweet nature that lives out its own life, and embodies its own thoughts and feelings in its own peculiar way, possesses a very great charm—the charm of genuineness and individuality.

A WISE man is a great monarch; he hath an empire within himself; reason commands in chief, and possesses the throne and sceptre. All his passions, like obedient subjects, do obey; though the territories seem but small and narrow, yet the command and royalty are great, and reach further than he that wears the moon for his crest, or the other that wears the sun for his helmet.

IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

THE traveller who visits the once "Holy City"—alas, how fallen now and shorn of its beauty and splendor!—finds much to awaken his profoundest interest, though hurt and shocked he cannot fail to be at every turn with the ruin and wretchedness seen everywhere. That sorrowful cry of our Saviour, uttered nearly two thousand years ago, when He wept over the city, seems still ringing in the air: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! * * * How oft would I have gathered you under my wings as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!"

Desolate indeed, naturally as well as spiritually, is this old Jerusalem, once the perfection of



THE VIA DOLOROSA.

beauty—the joy of the whole earth. But few of the old places made so dear to the hearts of Christian readers through their association with the life and labors of our Lord when upon earth, can now be identified; though many are pointed out. Within a few yards of St. Stephen's Gate, one of the entrances to the city, is a large tank over three hundred feet long, thirty broad and fifty deep, which is claimed to be the Pool of Bethesda. The old porches and everything like ornament are gone, and nothing remains but the rough walls of this great bath.

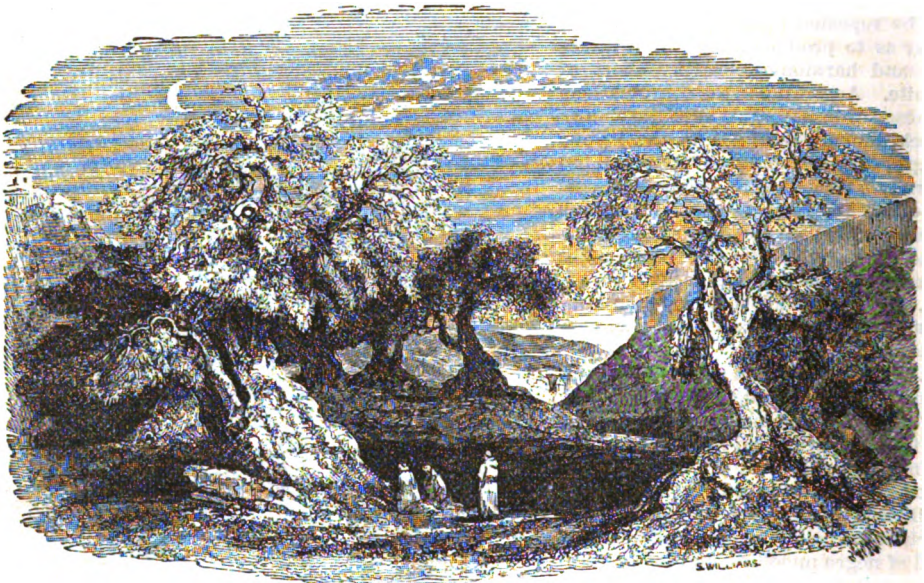
A little to the left of this Pool, about fifty yards off along the city wall, a narrow gateway opens into a wide space where once stood the Temple. No remains whatever of this magnificent edifice exists above ground. Every atom of its dust, as

far as can be discovered, has been swept from the surface of the earth. Literally, not one stone has been left upon another. Nevertheless, the site has been determined, it is believed, with perfect accuracy; and a portion of the wall that once surrounded the Temple area is still standing. This is called "the Jew's wailing place," for here may be seen every day some Jews kneeling toward the place where they believe their temple once stood, and kissing the great stones in the wall, as has been done since the third century at least, and probably ever since the Temple was destroyed. A traveller, speaking of this spot, says: "On my way out one day, I visited the Jew's wailing place, certainly one of the most remarkable spots in the world. No familiarity with the scenes enacted at this place made it hackneyed to me. To see representatives of that people meet here for prayer—to see them kissing these old stones—to know that this sort of devotion has been going on since the

our Saviour, and wait there in confident expectation of His personal appearance. "I heard," says Mr. Macleod, "of more than one such who took up their abode in sight of Olivet, daily watching for the Saviour's personal return, and daily preparing to receive Him or some of His followers as honored guests. On every other point they were, I believe, sane and sensible people. One old man had for years lived in eager expectancy of the great event. His hair grew white, but his hopes were ever fresh and young. He lived alone. At last one day he was missed, and when search was made he was found dead in his solitary room."

Outside the walls of Jerusalem, the sacred localities can, in a larger number of cases, be more certainly identified. The "Pool of Siloam" is one of these. There is no question whatever in regard to its site.

"The moment," says Rev. Norman Macleod, "one leaves the gate of St. Stephen, which leads



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Temple was destroyed, and down through these teeming centuries which saw the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and all the events of the history of Modern Europe—to watch this continuous stream of sorrow, still sobbing against this old wall, filled me with strange thoughts."

Not far from the site of the Temple, and leading into the heart of the city, is a narrow, roughly-paved street, hemmed in by ruined walls, called the "Via Dolorosa," or "Sorrowful Way," along which tradition says our Saviour walked, bearing His cross, as He went to His crucifixion. Pilgrims have pointed out to them "the window from which Pilate addressed the people;" "the place where Pilate declared his innocence;" "where Jesus fell down under the weight of the cross;" and the spot "where Simon had the cross laid upon him."

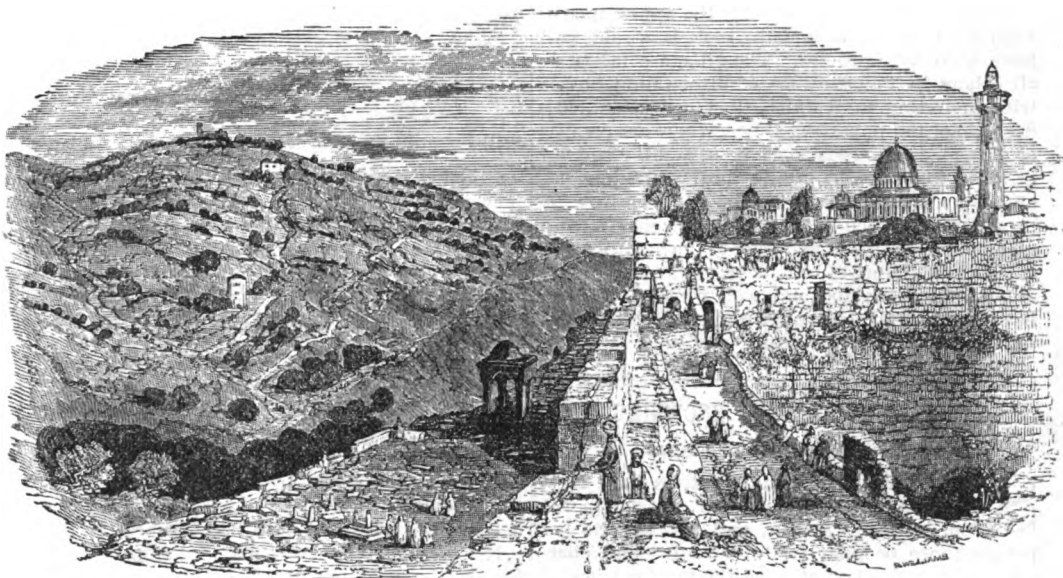
Among those who visit Jerusalem are some possessed with a monomania on the second advent of

down to the Kidron, and thence to Olivet, he is struck with the unartistic roughness of the road. The last thing on earth one would expect to see would be a city gate without a road leading to it. Yet there is no road here but a path steep and rough as one on the face of a highland hill. A cautious man feels uneasy in riding down it, unless his horse be very sure-footed. It has to all appearance been left to take care of itself since history began. But it is nevertheless the old highway to Bethany and Jericho. Fortunately, the descent is only two or three hundred feet. At the bottom, when the dry bed of the brook Kidron is passed, one finds himself in the angle between the road which leads directly over Olivet to Bethany and that which leads to the same point along the side of the hill to the right. At this spot tradition has placed the Garden of Gethsemane—an unlikely place, in my humble opinion, from its want of seclusion; for those roads must always have met

here. It would have been great enjoyment could I have sat alone, under those patriarchal trees, with the rough hill-side or a bit of greensward beneath my feet. As it was, I preferred an undisturbed and quiet look over the wall at the grand old olives. It was something to think of all they have witnessed during the centuries in which they have been silently gazing at Jerusalem and on passers by.

"I ascended Olivet for the first time by the road which rises almost directly from Gethsemane to the mosque on the top of the hill, and which from thence descends to Bethany. This is the road along which David walked in sorrow when he fled from Absalom, to take from the summit of Olivet his last sad look, for a time, of the beloved and holy Jerusalem which he had himself conquered—where he had reigned as the first obedient king 'according to God's own heart'—and where he had contributed to the Temple-worship those

Sea, we see the Wilderness of Judea—bare, bleak and desolate, as would be the rocky bottom of the sea if upheaved and left to bleach beneath a burning sun. We see also a bit of the Dead Sea—more than three thousand feet below us—"lying dead in its trough." Though about twelve miles off, it looks very near. It appears hot and steamy, with a misty haze hanging over it. One cannot but associate all that is wild, lonely and mysterious, with this dismal lake. It does not suggest one noble thought, one act of greatness or goodness, done by man or woman alive or dead, to shed over it a redeeming ray of glory. We can also trace the course of the Jordan, from its line of green vegetation. The memories of the great and good which it recalls are a relief to the mind. Its entrance into the Dead Sea seems like life losing itself in death. There rises also before the eye—bolder and grander than when seen from Neby Samwil—the great eastern wall of the ridge of



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, FROM THE WALL.

songs of praise which have been more enduring, more expressive of the sorrows and joys of the Head of the Church and of all its members, than it was given even to himself to know; and which will be sung by generations yet unborn. It is a rough ascent—a commonplace country road—in no way associated with kingly processions of any kind, any more than was David's own humble attire as a shepherd lad in the days of his youth with his splendor as a king or his immortal fame as a man.

"The view from the mosque on the summit of Olivet, or from a Waly a short way beyond it to the east, is famous. All travellers make a point of seeing it. If not the most extensive or commanding in Palestine, it is on the whole the most interesting, although familiarity with Jerusalem takes away from the effect which it would have on any one who could see it as his first great prospect. Towards the east, and between us and the Dead

Moab, the separation between modern civilization and almost unknown Arabia, with its ancient cities, far-spread pasture lands, arid wastes, powerful tribes and primeval traditions. Standing on Olivet, one fully realizes the contrast between East and West, with Palestine as their connecting bridge.

"From this point one also takes in at a glance, informed no doubt by some previous observation, the general topography of Jerusalem. He is struck with the sort of promontory abutting from the general table-land on which it is built; with the wonderful defence against ancient modes of warfare afforded by the valleys that, like deep ditches, surround it on east and south, hindering any enemy from coming near its walls; with the strong military positions which were afforded by the principal eminences within the city—such as the Temple area, separated from Zion by the valley of the Tyropoan, and the high ground of

Acra and Bezetha—eminences distinctly visible. The hills that surround Jerusalem are also visible, not only in the circling sweep of Olivet and its spurs, but further off in the ridge of which Neby Samwil is the highest point, and which is seen as a wall between the city and the heathen tribes dwelling by the sea. One can see how it rested like an eagle's nest on a rocky eminence, or like a lion's lair, visible from every side, yet not to be approached with impunity. The compactness of the city must also have been one of its marked features. There were no human habitations beyond its gates. There it lay like a chess-board, with its men, bishops, knights and castles, within the walls, while all beyond was painfully empty and bare;—limestone everywhere, with little of green to relieve the eye. The inner eye alone is satisfied.

"I descended to Bethany by the same road as that pursued by David, when Hushai met him, and when Shimel cursed him.

"I was not disappointed with the appearance of Bethany. Had it been bare rock it would still have been holy ground. The village consists, as all others in Palestine do, of brown mud hovels with encircling mud walls—dust, confusion, children, dogs and poverty. But yet there are patches of greenery and trees to be seen, and the singing of birds to be heard; while the broken ground, and glens, and 'braes,' with the glimpses into the deep descent which leads to Jericho, save it from being common-place, and give to it a certain wild, sequestered, Highland character of its own. When it was well cultivated and well wooded, it must have been of all Jerusalem the most peaceful, as well as the most picturesque."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

SOME of Mrs. Browning's letters have been given to the public by Mr. Horne in the *Contemporary Review*, and reveal, like her poems, those peculiar traits of genius and character that make her at once the most celebrated and beloved of woman-poets. They give also occasional glimpses of that inner life, bound down to the tedium of a sick room and overshadowed by affliction, yet sending forth into the world outside messages of truth and inspiration. Who ever bore such testimony as hers to the supremacy of spirit over matter? With what courage she conquered bodily weakness, and put aside thoughts of self, in her love for art and humanity! How like a poem was her life, with its strains of "perplexed music," rounding at the last into such perfect harmony.

Elizabeth Barrett was born at London, in 1809, just a year before Tennyson. The daughter and idol of wealthy parents, she grew up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, favorable to the development of her remarkable gifts. We find her a rhymist at the age of ten, dedicating verses to her father, who, she tells us afterward, was both her public and critic. Of her early training we only know that she studied Latin, Greek and

Hebrew, the philosophical works of Plato and Bacon, and was "educated like a boy," to use Mr. Higginson's phrase in his celebrated essay, "Ought Women to learn the Alphabet?" That her reading was promiscuous we infer from certain passages in "Aurora Leigh" that, like the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," are, doubtless, in part autobiographical.

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good
At once: (good aims not always make good books;
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards even,) books that prove
God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line,
Made atheist by suggestion; moral books,
Exasperating to license; genial books,
Discounting from the human dignity;
And merry books, which set you weeping when
The sun shines,—ay, and melancholy books,
Which make you laugh that any one should weep
In this disjointed life for one wrong more.

* * * I lost breath in my soul sometimes,
And cried, 'God save me, if there's any God,'
But, even so, God saved me; and being dashed
From error on to error, every turn
Still brought me nearer to the central truth."

Gifted natures alone have this young girl's power of assimilating the good, and rejecting the bad, in the "world of books," recognizing here, as elsewhere, only that which has real vital truth at its heart. They strike out a clear path, even through the midst of doubts and difficulties, and light the beacons that shall guide forward others less fortunate.

Miss Barrett's first work betrayed the extent of her reading and her acquaintance with abstruse subjects. It was entitled, "An Essay on Mind," and published in her seventeenth year. "What a subject," says one, "for this girl-poet to choose!" Yet from it we learn by what early discipline of the thinking faculties she climbed upward toward heights never reached by woman before.

Her next venture was a translation from the Greek, the Prometheus of Æschylus, which she referred to afterward as an early failure, and, lest it should be remembered against her, replaced by an entirely new version. We have a picture of the youthful authoress at this time from the pen of Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life."

"My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett," she writes, "commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translator of the Prometheus of Æschylus, the authoress of the Essay on Mind, was old enough to be introduced into company."

In 1837, Miss Barrett, whose health had always been delicate, broke a blood-vessel in the lungs. The physician thought it would soon heal, but it failed to do so, and she was ordered to a milder climate. Torquay was the place chosen, and there occurred the fatal event that shrouded her life in darkness, and breathes like a wail through her poems. Her favorite brother, who had accompanied her thither—"a brother in heart and in

world outside as if in a cloister. Books were her chief solace, and when Greek was at one time forbidden, she kept a copy of Plato under her pillow, bound like a novel. This was to prevent her physician's remonstrances, who could not understand how Greek and Plato were anything to her but studies, arduous and difficult. She was now reading, Miss Mitford says, "almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and



MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

talent worthy of such a sister"—was drowned within sight of her very windows, off the bay of Torquay. It almost killed her. She was so utterly prostrated, that nearly a year elapsed before she could be removed to London, and during all that time "the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying."

Returned to London, she entered upon the life of a couch-ridden invalid—a life that continued for seven years. Confined to a large but darkened chamber, she saw only her own family and a few friends, and was almost as secluded from the

giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess."

Some few personal allusions occur in her letters to Mr. Horne during this interval, that show the beautiful unselfishness of her character, and the strength of will that enabled her, amid sickness and discouragement, to accomplish such results. "Half the day, all the morning," she writes, "I am just able to read lazily in that low, spiritless, lack-lustre state which shows the quenched embers of opium and things of the sort, said to be necessary for me just now; and the uncomfort-

able, uncertain excitement before and afterward, though pleasant as a sensation, is more congenial to dreaming * * * than to any steady purpose of thought or fixed direction of faculty."

Nevertheless, she and Mr. Horne projected a lyrical drama, to be written jointly, concerning which she thus speaks a few days afterward: "Remember, you suggested Greek instead of modern tragedy as a model for form. My idea, the terror attending spiritual consciousness—the man's soul to the man—is something which has not, I think, been worked hitherto, and seems to admit of a certain grandeur and boldness in the execution. The awe of this soul-consciousness breaking into occasional lurid heats through the chasms of our conventionalities, has struck me, in my own self-observation, as a mystery of nature very grand in itself—and is quite a distinct mystery from conscience. Conscience has to do with action (every thought being spiritual action), and not with abstract existence. There are moments when we are startled at the footsteps of our own being, more than at the thunders of God."

Again, referring to a cough with which Mr. Horne was troubled, she writes: "I fear your light words may be bubbles at the top—that it may be darker underneath. I know the secret of *that*, you see." Ah! who better?

Miss Barrett published "The Seraphim, and other Poems," in 1838, and the next year a volume of ballads, entitled, "The Romaunt of the Page." These works drew out some severe criticisms, and among others those of a periodical with which her correspondent, Mr. Horne, was connected. To show how generously she bore this, we give an extract from her letter on the subject: "When Socrates said that it was worse to suffer, being guilty, than being innocent, wasn't he right? And am I not like Socrates? * * * At the same time, it does seem hard—hard even for Socrates—to drink all this hemlock without a speech—to die, and make no sign." Afterward, referring to "The Seraphim," she added: "I wonder to myself sometimes, in a climax of dissatisfaction, how I came to publish it. It is a failure in my own eyes; and if it were not for the poems of less pretension in its company, would have fallen, both probably and deservedly, a dead weight from the press. Something I shall do hereafter in poetry, I hope. Hopes which have fallen dead from all things, are thrown in a heap *there*—perhaps like withered leaves! We must hope in something, however, if we live."

In 1844, Miss Barrett, being then in her thirty-fifth year, and still an invalid, published a collected edition of the poems written by her up to that time, prefaced by these noble words: "If it were not presumptuous language on the lips of one to whom life is more than usually uncertain, my favorite wish for this work would be, that it be received by the public as a deposit, ambitious of approaching to the nature of a security for a future offering of more value and acceptability. I would fain do better, and I feel as if I might do better; I aspire to do better. In any case, my poems, while full of faults, as I go forward to my critics and confess, have my life and heart in

them. They are not empty shells. * * * I have done my work, so far, as work; not as mere hand and head work apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain; and, as work, I offer it to the public, feeling its faultiness more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration, but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should protect it in the thoughts of the reverent and sincere."

This preface, and the extracts we have given from Miss Barrett's letters, reveal, as no words of ours could have done, the truthfulness and energy, yet tender beauty of her character. With all her strength of intellect, it was a woman's heart that throbbed through her poems—a woman's experience that gave to her conceptions such vigor and spirituality. Her genius was of a type essentially feminine, penetrating to the mysterious sources of man's emotions, and giving us pictures of the inner, invisible world rather than of the outward and actual. This introspective tendency was perhaps heightened by her peculiar life, and yet one is forced to the conviction that even under other circumstances she would still have put herself into her books, and found the human heart a more interesting study than inanimate nature. She had the sensitive organization that made her a sharer and sympathizer in the woes and experiences of others, so that to her they became as real as her own; and she could draw thence high and solemn meanings that lifted up the soul, and, as it were, exalted the thoughts. One curious result of her indoor life was the absence of trees, or skies, or bits of landscape, in her poems; except in "Aurora Leigh," written after her marriage, she seldom describes external nature, or uses it as a background for her pictures.

Her style, from the first, was disfigured by many obscurities, and has always been the chief point of attack with critics. She seems to have found expression difficult, judging from her own testimony, in the sonnet, commencing thus:

"With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night,
With dream and thought and feeling interwound."

Her verse seldom moves along in smooth, harmonious numbers, but is full of passionate breaks and quaint turns, and along with its strength has a certain ruggedness, the more striking when contrasted with her spirituality and fineness of feeling. She uses a multitude of words to express her ideas, and it is a proof of her greatness that, in spite of this defect, she can yet impress us so powerfully. Some of her metres are badly chosen; others are exquisite, and seem by their form to suggest the very sentiment of the poem. Her refrains are delicious, "Margret, Margret;" "The River Floweth On;" "Toll Slowly!" "Pan, Pan is Dead!" and, perhaps most beautiful of all, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved sleep?'

"What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And 'giveth His beloved sleep.'

"Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

The year 1846 was a memorable one in the life of Elizabeth Barrett. Love came to her at last, like the angel of the resurrection, and she was drawn back from the brink of death into the happiness of a new existence. The story of her marriage reads like a romance, or one of her own poems. It has been differently told, but the following is Robert Browning's own version, as related to a friend. Inspired by her poetry with an intense desire to make her acquaintance, he wrote her a letter, requesting an interview. This was reluctantly granted. "He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost; love became oblivious to the presence of any save the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured out his impassioned soul into hers, though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream. Infirmary had hitherto so hedged her about that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed, she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course, he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand; on the contrary, to repeat it by letter, and in such wise as to convince her how much in earnest he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced and overcome. But here began the tug of war. Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of

disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or anything in him, or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her—it conquered."

Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning were married in November, 1846. They proceeded at once to Italy, where they resided henceforth, with the exception of occasional journeys to Paris and London. Borne from her couch to the altar, Mrs. Browning, as if by a miracle, recovered health and strength. To use her own impassioned words, she

"Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm."

Of that love who may speak with irreverence? The anointed priest only passes beneath the veil, hiding the "Holy of Holies" from the common gaze. She has uttered the unutterable—we listen, and are silent.

"Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Would'st thou miss any life in losing mine,
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my beloved, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But * * so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range!
Then, love me, love! look on me * * breathe on
me!

As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with
thee!"

We have a pen-picture of Casa Guidi, the home of the Brownings;—"of the square ante-room, with its great picture, and piano-forte at which the boy Browning passed many an hour; the little dining-room covered with tapestry, where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle and Robert Browning; the long room, filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat, and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room, where *she* always sat, opening out upon a balcony filled with plants. There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and old pictures of saints, that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Large book-cases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving, selected by Mr. Browning, were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gayly-bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante's grave profile, a cast of Keat's brow and face, taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, little paintings of the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand musings. A quaint mirror, easy chairs and sofa, and a hundred nothings that always add an indescribable charm, were all

massed in this room. But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair near the door. A table, strewn with writing materials, books and newspapers, was always by her side."

In 1851, five years after her marriage, Mrs. Browning published "*Casa Guidi Windows*," the same volume including her "Sonnets from the Portuguese." As Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*" has for its one theme grief, so these sonnets, the outpourings of a woman's heart, have for theirs love, of all human emotions the divinest and most ecstatic. Here the singer rose to inspired heights, unattainable by man, and never reached before by her own sex. Screened by her title, she threw aside restraint, and so fused together passion and thought, feeling and intellect, that each exalted the other. Not only is poetry richer by this soul-revelation, but human nature itself is elevated, and its divinity made visible. We are thrilled with awe in the presence of this pure yet passionate heart, this high intelligence, to whom God and His angels are ever living realities, and spiritual truths the clearest of any. Had Mrs. Browning written nothing save these sonnets, she would still have taken rank as the greatest of her sex, and the poet who of all others has given us the highest manifestation of love.

"*Casa Guidi Windows*," as we are told in the preface, "contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany, of which she was a witness." An enthusiastic lover of freedom and of Italy, she has painted so vividly that fair land's beauty and sorrow, and plead its cause in such eloquent verse, that our own hearts kindle with the same glow as hers, and feel a like scorn of oppression and tyranny. The poem opens with a burst of music, a child singing, "*O bella liberta, O bella!*" and closes in a glorious strain of prophecy, commencing thus:

"The sun strikes through the windows, up the floor:

Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!

It grows along thy amber curls to shine
Brighter than elsewhere. Now, look straight before,

And fix thy brave, blue English eyes on mine,
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so,
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for, what the angels know,
When they smile clear as thou dost."

The experience of maternity was the crowning grace to Mrs. Browning's womanhood, and seemed the one gift necessary to perfect her genius. It was this that strengthened her faith, and kept her from despair, at the downfall of her hopes for Italy. A child's song could waken hope and aspiration; a child's smile cheer failure and defeat. How beautiful this union of intellectual strength with womanly tenderness, and to what serene heights it lifted the soul of its possessor! As a woman among poets—as a poet among women—Mrs. Browning stands unequalled.

"*Aurora Leigh*," the last, and, without doubt, the greatest of her efforts, was published in 1856.

She herself calls it the most mature of her works, and the one into which her "highest convictions upon life and art have entered." Critics, looking at it from an esthetic point of view, have pronounced it a failure; but how few are capable of failures like this! The subject ranges over such vast fields of thought and observation, and is everywhere illustrated by ideas, metaphors and suggestions, so striking and original, that, overwhelmed by its grandeur, defects at first pass unnoticed. Yet defects exist, and are inseparable from a work, planned upon a scale so magnificent that to have executed it rightly would have required a genius as many-sided as Shakespeare's. What though this wonderful picture of modern life, of its social and intellectual problems, is at times as confused and chaotic as the themes it treats? In this age of progress and transition, who expects poetic utterance to be always clear and definite? Even though no remedy be suggested, a keen sense of existing wrongs, and a power of making those wrongs visible, in their manifold consequences, is a rare gift. That Mrs. Browning possesses it is manifest in "*Aurora Leigh*," which, with all its shortcomings, remains a masterpiece of poetic achievement.

In June, 1861, five years after the publication of "*Aurora Leigh*," Mrs. Browning lay dying in Florence, the "City of Flowers." Her cup of joy was full; her dreams were all realized; Italy, the country of her heart, was again free and united. At the last some vision of glory passed before her eyes, and, lifting herself in her husband's arms, she murmured: "It is beautiful!" With those words, "It is beautiful," her great soul passed from its tenement of clay into that diviner sphere of which she gave testimony, equally in death as in life.

"Life, love and beauty are intense, indeed,
But death intenser, death is life's high need."

FIFTY YEARS AGO;

OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 11.

THE old school-house. I stood on its site to-day. Fifty-nine years ago one could follow the path through the thickets of hazels, crab-apple and plum trees, and soon come to the new, low-roofed little institution of learning, but to-day you search among fertile fields vainly, and you close your eyes and endeavor to determine the location by the bend in the creek, by the range of hills, the spring, the grove, the road along the bank of the stream, the warehouse and the great walnut and wild cherry trees. You open your eyes and they are sparkling bright with the thought that now you can locate it precisely.

Ah, me! you forget the mill-dam that raised the water until it covered the wayside spring, and rendered impassable the beautiful river road that wound in and out of the woods, and, now in sunshine, now in shadow, made you think that road veritable poetry. Only bare pastures to-day, with a margin of black swamp and stagnant waters.

The picturesque river road is obliterated, not a sign remaining save in your memory. The great walnut trees, and the fruitful wild cherry, that, to your childish imagination, seemed to reach to the fleecy clouds, are gone, and not even a stump remains to mark the spot.

You smile, I know why; I know what you are thinking of, but I don't put my arm up over my face at sound of your merry laughter, as I did when you were my boy-playmate and teased me for telling my mother that Louis Carroll's eyes were sunken into his head fourteen inches, when he was sick from eating too many wild cherries from the big tree near the school-house.

The old warehouse that stood among the alders, looking gloomy as a Bastille, is gone long ago, the grove is no longer there a great bower of jubilant bird-song, and the range of hills where poor, plucky 'Diar Smith once raised cucumbers for the New Orleans market, bore a second growth of timber since, but now the smoothly-shaven hills are golden with waving grain, and soon the reapers' humming song will go up from among the yellow sheaves.

I went alone to-day and found the site and stood upon it. Here had been the wide, old, cavernous fireplace, there the door, there the two long greased paper windows, here was the corner where they put their dinner baskets, there the row of pegs for sunbonnets, and there for hats. The great thorn-tree, white with blossoms, stood there, and the delightfully fragrant crab-apple trees grew there, and here grew the pretty but poisonous and prickly vine, with its clusters of purple-black berries.

When I came home I said: "Father, I was on the site of the old log school-house to-day, but there is no vestige of it now, save that one can detect little fragments of slate and slate pencils, and broken bits of delf, and such things on the spot where it stood. Can you remember in what year it was built?"

"Oh, yes; it was in 1816. I was at the raising and remember it well. Whisky flowed as free as water that day. I can see old man Jones, sitting on a stump, singing in a fuddled way, when he wanted the jug passed to him:

"We had a black hen that had a white foot,
She made her nest by the mulberry root,
She ruffled her feathers to keep her eggs warm,
And a little more whisky will do us no harm."

"This little ditty was very common on such occasions, and it was generally sung with spirit. We thought it was right to the point, too, but now-a-days it would seem like going a great ways round just to ask for the grog in such style as that. Then there was another verse that we thought very pithy and cute:

"What's become of the little brown man
Who used to bring us rum?
He's stayed away so long
That he's ashamed to come."

"Our first teacher was John Smith, but, poor fellow, he didn't turn out well. He left his wife and children and ran away with one of Dawson's girls, Betsey I think it was, and I suppose they're

living together yet. His wife and children went back to Washington County, Pennsylvania. There used to be a great many elopements in early days; I'm sure I can't see why it was, but, really, they were common. I often think about the day that Smith's school closed. The boys and girls were all so anxious to know when it would be so they could dress up, but John never told any one except Betsey Dawson, and she didn't know of it until the night before. The first intimation we had of it was when Bet came blowing into school that bitter cold morning in February, wearing a white dimity dress that had been her mother's. She had on a wide blue ribbon, I remember, put around her neck, crossed in front on her bosom, and carried round under her arms and tied behind. Her hair was looped together in some sort of queer braids and pressed down flat against the sides of her face. A little blue camel cape with red fringe was pinned over her shoulders and fastened at the throat with a red bombazine rosette. All the other girls were angry and jealous and felt envious of Betsey's good looks. Oh, Bet did flirt about amazingly that day! No one seemed to think then that her white dimity was out of season.

"The teacher gave a treat that day; butternuts and whisky. I remember well how he sat out on the fence with us boys; we were all in a row, and the fence must have been nine rails high, but we managed to sit on it like a chattering flock of rooks, and we passed the bottle around, each one taking a drink and giving it to his next neighbor.

"Afterwhile we began to drop down like ripe apples, and though the ground was covered with snow, and the winds blew bitter cold, we preferred to sit on the ground. It was cosier than up on the fence.

"After supper, Smith and a few of the boys met at the tavern and caroused around until nearly morning. I was with them, for I was young then, and thought that whatever the schoolmaster did was right. We had a great deal of fun. I remember of buying liquor and pouring it on the boys, and of sliding in the puddles on the smoothest puncheon, and pouring it into their pockets. The teacher laid aside his dignity, and led off in all manner of fun and foolishness. Just then we thought he was a capital fellow."

"Did you have good teachers in those early days?" I asked.

"Well, yes, as Jenks would say, 'fair to middling.' Be sure, some of them had not good habits; some were addicted to swearing; some would knock down with a billet of wood or a slate; some would smoke in school nearly all day; but often they were good men, and some of them became eminent and useful. One of our teachers, poor fellow, met with a terrible sorrow. He kept some dry goods and groceries and such like at his home in the country; it was a matter of convenience to him and to the neighborhood that he dealt in such articles of merchandise. He had a wife and two beautiful children. One day, when the little ones happened to be alone, they played with fire, and a keg of powder exploded, and their little bodies were blown to atoms and hurled through the roof of the house. The shock was felt for

miles, and the sound was heard away off where the family had never been known. It was a very severe affliction for the poor husband and father. I never pass that spot—which is now in Benny McGuire's orchard—without the whole scene coming up before me vividly and painfully.

"Another teacher in early days was William Maxwell Adolphus Johnson, an old man, who was an inveterate story reader, and, strange to say, he remembered every tale so well that he could relate them charmingly. Only a few years ago I came upon a story in manuscript that he had copied from memory for the benefit of persons of his acquaintance who were similarly inclined. It was an old love story, written in the stiff, precise style of Evalina and Miss Burney's other books; you remember them."

"What did you do before you had any school-house?" I inquired.

"Oh, well somebody taught in somebody's house three months in a year; and then when we had no school, why we met once a week some place or other and read pieces, and wrote on little slips of paper and compared them; and we studied arithmetic, and talked about geography, and kept learning a little something all the time. Three or four of the oldest men in the neighborhood looked after the education of the young people in a general way. You see at that time two or three of our men filled with honor our highest county offices. And I often think of the responsibility that rested on them just because they were the leading men in the neighborhood. If a cow was choked on a turnip, a boy bestrode a horse and went like lightning for the judge or the associate judge; if a yoke of oxen were bewitched and refused to move, the owner scratched his head a minute or two, then sent a boy post-haste for one of the judges; if a man and his wife quarrelled, and she left his bed and board, the irate husband struck a bee-line for the judge's cabin; or if two neighbors disagreed, and a knave lane was likely to be the result, one or both of them referred the knotty case to the superior judgment of the judge.

"I remember when Richard Conine was at work on the road with his father and the supervisors, six miles distant from home, a tree fell aslant and broke one of poor Dicky's legs. The men made a comfortable resting place for him up against a rock, and then started another boy off to borrow an old gray mare that belonged to the associate judge. He had to walk five miles through a dense woods, and it was late when he returned, and poor Dickey was suffering extremely. His father mounted old gray and took his boy on behind him. His leg hung dangling, and he could hear the broken bones grating, the while it pained him intensely. As usual in extreme cases, the two leading men of the neighborhood, the judges, were on hand with some old barrel staves, and some strips of muslin, and a cup of strong vinegar. The nearest physician lived twenty miles away, and the family were poor, and the judges were willing, and as capable as they could well be. The broken leg was mended, and in a few weeks Dicky was able to get out doors on crutches and hobble down to the pen to see the young pigs. But before

he reached the house he fell and broke it over again, and again were the judges sent for, and the unskillful performance gone over the second time. Then, before he wholly recovered, the pioneers had to flee to block-houses for safety and refuge from the Indians, and there, within its dreary, bleak, lonesome walls, Dicky's young mother died, with no physician near to save or help—none but the two ministering judges, hardy and sympathizing men and weeping women. Her little baby lived and grew to be a beautiful, sad-eyed woman. You see Dicky's mother died in 1812, and was the second one buried in our graveyard."

"Well, if you poor pioneers were huddled together in the fort or block-house, I should think you would have been afraid to have ventured out on account of 'the Indians,'" I said.

"Oh, we went armed; the men carried their muskets and we boys carried sticks just the same as we would have carried fire-arms. We walked straight, and kept step, and did just as our fathers did.

"When Mrs. Conine was buried, there was no road or path to the new burying-ground, and the coffin, a very rude, rough sort of a box, was made by the men in the fort. It was nailed together by nails that our blacksmith made a little like horse-shoe nails, they were clinched on the inside. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of two men. We didn't form much of a procession, we couldn't for the thickets of low brush and brambles made the way almost impassable. I remember that while we stood about the lonely grave, men were posted as sentinels a few steps distant, for we did not know what minute the Indians might attack us. Two families had been murdered a few weeks before, about seven miles west of us."

"Was there no burial service whatever on that occasion?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; one of the judges offered a prayer, but we did not dare sing a hymn, it would not have been safe. An Indian trail lay within hearing distance of the grave. The Indians never did attack us, however.

"Ha, ha! I often have to laugh yet, after all these long-gone years, when I recall some of the incidents that transpired while we neighbors lived together in the block-house.

"We had military drill frequently; there were no regular soldiers with us, so that it was merely a parade of the militia. All the men and boys would assemble in the dusk of the evening in the vicinity of the fort near the apprehended point of attack. Such as had real rifles and muskets, shouldered them, and we boys substituted wooden or Quaker guns, and some of us used mullein stalks. My daddy would call the roll and the men would respond for themselves and for us boys who had not manly voices, and they would answer to the names of a multitude of mythical men besides, thus leaving the impression upon the minds of the concealed foe, if such were in sight and hearing, that an immense force were defending the block-house. I used to be so amused at some of the names daddy would call, odd names that he manufactured impromptu, and sometimes

the dear familiar names of our old neighbors in the East.

"I remember that our mammas were annoyed and concerned about two of the girls who were such romps and so fearless that they would almost have made faces at the Indians had they been in sight. These girls would slip out and both of them mount the judge's old horse, without a saddle, and then they would ride up and down a steep knoll near the fort, and trot the old horse up and down the creek until they were splashed from head to foot.

"Those were serious times, and yet a little fun would bubble out occasionally. We were never molested by the Indians, however. One morning, I saw a moccasin track beside the fort, in the soft, black loam, and found a little silver brooch lying near it. The Indians often wore such little ornaments dangling about them. I kept it for many years to fasten the collar of my tow-linen shirt."

"Were any of the dusky girls kind of pretty, did you think?" said I.

"Oh, some of them, especially those of mixed blood, were really attractive!" said father, his eyes growing very blue and bright. "There was Sally Williams, a half-breed, that girl could have married any young man she pleased! Oh, her eyes were like stars, she could run like a deer, she was as quick as a steel-trap, and her complexion, though dark, was so clear and rosy and healthful! Sally could have had her pick and choice from our young men if she'd wanted. She was the prettiest girl on horseback that I ever saw, and she could ride like the wind. She always sat so easy and graceful, and all her movements were so natural and pretty. There was Dick Conine and John Oliver, who were both dead in love with that Indian girl. They never got tired watching her, and she was just as modest and blushed as readily as any pretty white girl would have done. I always thought when Dick married his Peggy that he hadn't a whole heart to give her."

"Were you acquainted with any of the young Indians? Wasn't you friends with any of the brown boys and girls?" said I, smiling over his enthusiastic description of pretty Sally Williams.

"No, I never felt drawn toward any of them," was the reply; "I couldn't make them seem like my kind of folks. In the spring of 1811, some of us boys and girls went to a great Indian festival held at Greentown, one of their villages about two miles west of us. The village stood on the bank of the creek and contained probably two hundred inhabitants. There were sixty or eighty little cabins, or wigwams and bark shanties, all standing in order and regular line like dwellings in a city.

"All the Indians for miles around were there. The meeting was held in their council-house, a spacious building, sixty or seventy feet long. In the centre a temporary altar was erected, and upon this a large fire was kindled which burned with a lurid brilliancy. Around this fire the principal speakers performed their solemn marches, speaking and singing alternately, while the rest of the audience were arranged in rows, two or three deep, around the walls, inside of the house.

"During the performance the audience kept up a kind of grunting exercise accompanied by a variety of gesticulations and singular contortions of the countenance, indicating that the occasion was one of solemn interest. Frequently some one would cast a piece of fresh meat into the fire, on which a general pow-wow would be heard for a few moments. The dress of the prominent chiefs was singularly fantastic, being ornamented with various colors arranged in such a manner as to produce a striking effect. Deers' hoofs were also attached to their leggings and made a rattling noise as they moved around the fire.

"I remember one old chief, who was stricken in years, Captain Pipe. He was tall and graceful and quick, and his keen black eyes told of the fire and ardor of other years.

"This meeting must have been one of no ordinary importance, for a profound solemnity characterized their devotions, and during some particular parts of the ceremonies the whole Indian audience were moved to tears.

"These ceremonies lasted about two hours, then there was a general shaking of hands, indicating the utmost good feeling among the worshippers. After all was over, the Indians, to show their respect to their white visitors, gave each of us a piece of meat which had been boiled without washing or cleansing, and not even seasoned with salt. We pretended to eat, but embraced the first opportunity of throwing the pieces away slyly. One of the girls, a frolicsome daughter of the judges, received for her delectation a bear's foot. She was one of the girls who would ride so fearlessly while we were all living in the fort. I could see that her shoulders shook with the pent-up laughter.

"Before we started home, the stalwart braves and their Wyandotte and Delaware visitors were jubilant out on the beautiful greensward, jumping, pitching horse-shoes, running races, and pulling each other up from a sitting posture on the ground."

—
One Saturday afternoon last summer, when we were all at home, I proposed that we would ride out and look at the old Indian village, and get father to locate places of interest. It is now sixty-three years since the poor broken tribes left that spot which was so dear to them—left the graves of their dead and their familiar hunting-grounds, and sought a home on a Western reservation. That beautiful place has been cultivated ever since—the village green—the plough has turned over and over the rich old soil, and yet after all we picked up from that smooth, fallow field several relics. One of the boys found an old battered, smashed, brass bell; another the snow-white tooth of a bear; another a peculiarly-shaped stone that was used in pounding corn, and another stone implement used in dressing skins. Father picked a bullet out of an old tree that was peppered full of bullet-holes. We presumed that it had been a target at which they fired for amusement. I found several darts of different shapes. The old graves could be distinctly traced yet. The woods, in which was the burial ground, has never been

molested, though sacrilegious hands have rifled many of the graves.

More than twenty-five years ago a bright-eyed, chirruping little schoolma'am found in the house

of a decamped physician a quantity of Indian bones, and the innocent little witch asked me in all sincerity if I didn't want them to put in my cabinet of curiosities.



EDITH.

EDITH, whose tresses, golden-pale,
Are blown about an open brow,
Or glimmer through their misty veil,
Like yellow primroses in snow—
Tell me what tender fancy lies
In those blue lakes, which are your eyes!

Those treacherous lakes, wherein my soul
Is drowned, sinking hopelessly—
Yet would not (could it fate control)

Be rescued; happy so to die:
Content to draw its last breath there
Rather than live—less blest—elsewhere!

You smile! and in those arching brows
I see the bow of promise gleam;
Whereat my heart this thought allows—
“I am less hopeless than I deem!”
I would those rounded lips would tell
What those blue eyes have told so well!

SORRENTO AND CAPRI.

BY MARY S. DEERING.

[The *Portland Transcript* has been publishing for some months past a series of letters from Europe of more than usual interest. They are from the pen of a bright, sensible, intelligent American girl, and are better worth going into book form than one in ten of the many records of foreign travel that are given to the public. The following narrative of a visit to Sorrento and Capri is very pleasantly told.—*EDS. HOME MAG.*]

FOR days we had looked over from Naples at the limestone hills and their ravines and bays, and at the plain which holds Sorrento. We knew that in the little *marinas* or fishing villages that peep out from the ravines, beautiful girls are weaving nets and singing songs, and that old women with white hair and with faces brown and seamed like a walnut, sit in the sun and spin. We knew that the valleys and bays are sweet with blossoms and green with vines, and that luxuriant orange groves hold out to us hands laden with gleaming leaves and golden fruit. It seems to us that the sun always shines full upon Sorrento, and a wonderful light rests like a blessing upon plain, and cliff, and bay.

At last, one April morning, we and our Scotch-Pompeian friends found ourselves upon the little steamer which, out in the stream, was apparently just on the point of starting for Sorrento. I say found ourselves there, for the ways and means by which we came there must remain a mystery. I remember that a beggar woman on the shore offered me snuff from a corner of her apron, and that we were jostled, and bullied, and worried by boatmen and beggars, till, without any agency of ours, we were whipped into a crazy little boat and off to the steamer. A clamor for tickets and begging for centimes followed, till we were looking over the steamer's side into that wonderful water whose color men paint, and sing, and tell all in vain.

A little old boat lay just under our bows, and in it were two boys, perhaps six and three years old, handsome, dirty, happy and ragged. For nearly an hour after the time of starting, the steamer lay basking in the sun, and the six-year-old boy rowed back and forth by its side singing and begging, occasionally laying aside his oars to turn a somersault or two. The baby laughed and shouted, and tried, by means of his ragged cap, to fill the old boat with the sparkling blue water. The older boy sang continually, often amidst a shower of small coin from the steamer, and when at length a man came on board bringing a guitar and singing gay Neapolitan songs, the boy's voice chimed in so sweetly that even the baby listened. The man conquered his little enemy's attractions, however, by singing the air, "Champagne Charlie;" the English words, of course, he could not attempt. Fancy "Champagne Charlie" ringing out over the Bay of Naples under the brooding shadow of Vesuvius!

When one lands at Sorrento he sees only a tremendous precipice of soft tufa rock rising sheer from the sea and overhung with vines. But the rock is tunnelled, and climbing through the steep tunnel to the level of the plain, we emerge in the midst of orange groves and gardens.

We drove to Massa, along a road winding upon a terrace high above the sea and far below the cliffs. Between us and the sea are orange and lemon groves, terrace after terrace, like shelves with fringes of flowers; between us and the top of the cliffs rise orange groves terrace after terrace again. Here and there a sweep of gray olive trees runs down a green slope to the sea; here and there an almond tree drops its petals in soft, pink heaps upon the terrace below. Figs, acacias, magnolias, an occasional dark ilex, idle men more motionless than the trees and only like them a part of the picture, women in brilliant dresses and handkerchiefs yellow or red, over all the sleepy, permeating sunshine—this is Italy. It is all color. The vivid green of the grass is one; the green of the solemn ilex is another; the soft silver gray of the olive slopes another. Between two gray limestone cliffs, half a dozen stone pines hold aloft their green umbrellas; nut-brown natives flaunt their red and yellow rags everywhere; and everywhere, from the glittering foliage of the orange and lemon, gleaming fruits reach out for a deeper drink of sunlight and a broader look at the glorious world. "Through His garden walketh God." Out to the open sea, powdered with grains of foam, and bearing upon its bosom many a tiny white sail, tosses the sparkling, dancing, eager bay, deeper in color than all the rest. The very Italy of my dreams. There is something appealing in this strange, rich beauty, and ever in my thought lies the face of a woman not long dead, one with whom for years I taught side by side, and to whom Italy had been a goal which we had promised, as girls will, to reach together. But to-day, when I find my girlish plans accomplished, snows cover her grave in cold New England, and I have only deep regret for the beautiful life closed so early, yearning for the sweet presence that I loved so well, and gratitude for the influence that shed good into all my life, and for her memory holy and sweet, to be kept sacred through the changes of coming years.

We went to Capri from Sorrento, six sailors rowing us through great blue waves that would have done no discredit to the actual Mediterranean. At the landing our party of five was met by at least fifty men, women and children, with seven donkeys. For an hour I had been too seasick to care what became of my personal effects, but refused numerous offers of a "beautiful donkey for ride," and went slowly up the hill to the hotel. Our party passed me one by one. Presently I became aware that my travelling-bag had also gone by under charge of a man whose slouched hat and scarlet shirt I noted for future identification. Next came my thick shawl borne by another brigand; then by thin shawl, carried by a woman. My umbrella followed. Then my shawl-strap, which ten minutes before had held all the other things in the neatest of bundles. At last a man in scanty clothing lifted his tattered cap to me in passing, and as he did so I saw that he was ostentatiously carrying my note-book. Who shall accuse of idleness a race of men all too ready to climb a steep hill for a probable fee of two cents? At the hotel stood six people in a row,

waiting for six little fees, while the seven donkeys looked patiently on.

The hotel looks over the very edge of a precipice into the sea, and all night we heard the waves beating against the rocky shore, wearing the ledges into those caves and grottoes so many and so curious. For the Blue Grotto my mind had been quite prepared; so I was not disappointed, but I can only say of it, as somebody else has said, "I have seen pictures of it that were far finer."

Early next morning we climbed to the summit of Monte Solaro, three or four thousand feet high, and looked out over the bay and the Mediterranean, surely bluer that morning than ever before. We passed, in going up, the ruined castle of the robber Barbarossa; gathered flowers enough and beautiful enough to satisfy the most ardent botanist, and threw them away to make room for more; stayed for a minute within a little old church, one tile of whose Majolica floor would be alarmingly expensive in America; visited the antiquated little villages of Capri and Arracapri; and went, or at least I went, to a funeral. I was, in truth, sole mourner. Through the open gates of a little cemetery, two men carried a painted pine box, with loose, rattling lid. A white-gowned priest followed with book and candle, twenty boys and girls ran laughing and chattering beside, and I joined the rabble. The cemetery is scarcely larger than a small room, but high stone walls enclose it, and a wee chapel nestled under the trees in one corner. All the air was heavy with the fragrance of laurel, and would have been darkened by trees but for the persevering sunlight that stole through branches and blossoms and leaves, glinted upon marble headstones, and danced over gravelled walk and blossoming grave. The red pine coffin was put upon the chapel step. We all crowded about it, and the priest began the service, looking wonderingly at me the while. Suddenly breaking off his reading, he exclaimed in French: "Mademoiselle is an American, is she not?"

I nearly crossed myself in horror at this sacrilege, but remembered my Protestantism in season, and only nodded.

"Wouldn't you like to see monsieur?" he asked, pointing at the coffin. "We shall have him here awhile. Then he will be put in another box and buried—to-morrow, perhaps."

"Who are these children?" I inquired.

"Nobody," was the reply.

"But had the man no friends?" I persisted.

"No, he was a stranger in the island. Do see him!" and he roughly lifted the coffin lid. I shrank from it at first, but something—I think it was pity for a stranger all alone—led me to look. A bundle of straw served as a pillow. The box was too short by several inches, and the man's head was thrust forward till his chin rested upon his breast. His clothing was coarse but fresh and clean. The features of the dark face were delicately cut, and their expression singularly winning, while long brown eyelashes and brown curling hair and beard made a picture in strong contrast with the rude surroundings. I looked so long that the children began again the talk which

they had suspended, and the snuff-colored old priest went on with the service. The dark cypress trees whispered among themselves, but from the laurel trees bending over the steps a shower of petals fell upon the poor brown face, and the sunlight kissed it softly. The priest moved to brush away the petals with his careless fingers, but I stopped him and replaced the lid myself, to the great amusement of the children. When I came away the rude box still lay upon the step, showered with flower petals and flecked with shadows. The bells of a near monastery rang solemnly out, and with them chimed the bells of Ischia across the bay, for it was Sabbath morning.

Wrapped round and round again is Capri with the richest vegetation, a luxuriance of growth such as northern nations never dreamed of. The very region of sentiment is Capri, with this Monte Solaro for its culminating point. Amalfi, Sorrento, Castellamare, Resina, Naples, Pozzuoli, Camaldoli, the Elysian Fields, Lake Avernus, Ischia, Proccida and the Mediterranean far-reaching in its waves, its history and its romance—all these, with all that they suggest, lie before us under a golden light that defeats description, the light of spring in Italy.

"TRUST."

BY L. A. M.

SEARCHING for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson, and large, and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet
Deep in the green hillside?

Four brown sparrows; the cunning things!
Feathered on back, and breast, and wings;
Proud with the dignity plumage brings;
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching their motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a tree near the old stone wall,
High up on the topmost bough of all,
The poor little mother-bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to the slender bough she clung
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.

"Ah, Birdie," I said, "if you only knew
That my heart was tender, and warm, and true,"
But the thought that I loved her birdlings, too,
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.

But, oh, if we only, only knew
That God was tender, and warm, and true,
And that He loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

The Story-Teller.

ANDREW CAMPBELL, OF CAMPBELLTOWN, VA.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

CHAPTER I.

IN order to understand the character of my hero, you must first observe the background of the portrait. It is a country neighborhood in the mountains of Virginia, where the roads are at best only adapted for riding, and in winter are rendered almost impassable by rains, snows and mud. The consequent cessation of social intercourse for so large a part of the year produces a state of isolation which tends largely to the development of individuality, and sometimes oddity, of character. Even if visits were frequent, they would scarcely enlarge the ideas, and soften peculiarities of temper, for all the community are so related by blood and connected by marriage that they possess the same family prejudices and reflect each other's opinions and feelings to an astonishing degree.

At one time they lived in affluence, but at the present day the gentlemen and ladies of highest cultivation and refinement are frequently found amidst the barest and most meagre surroundings.

Andrew Campbell, the head of the old and aristocratic family of Campbells, still lived in the old family mansion, which overlooked the small, and now dilapidated, village of Campbelltown. The house was greatly in need of repairs. Indeed, the roof was so bad that in case of a shower or sudden storm, the family peregrinations from one chamber to another in search of a dry bedroom, were frequent and embarrassing. But they themselves treated this phase of experience with great gaiety, and were wont to speak of their home in familiar parlance as the "ancestral sifter."

Several planks had also fallen out of the long flight of steps leading into the front porch. The two younger boys of the family, being fond of gymnastic exercises, found a sportive delight in overleaping the chasm, and ascending by the side railing; but to visitors and strangers it was a task of delay and peril, and the house presented, on the whole, as accessible an appearance as a castle of the Feudal Ages with the draw-bridge up.

The floor, also, of the porch had its pitfalls and snares; and if a young and enthusiastic admirer of Miss Rose should chance to become rash and poetical, under the combined influences of the soft, southern moonlight, and the melting, half-arch, half-shy, blue eyes uplifted to his, he was apt to be interrupted in the most tender phrases by the voice of one of the more wary elders from the hall with a timely warning, "My dear sir, that railing is not *very* secure." Or the half-suppressed chuckle of a small darkey would issue from the steps below, "Massa better take care, de hole's dat side, sir."

Mr. Andrew Campbell himself had good reason to remember its dangers. He was much addicted to long and rather involved political harangues on

the rights of the people and the tyrannies of governments. After the close of the war a northern friend of his came on to see him, and during the visit a hot debate on the subject of colored citizenship arose. At last Mr. Campbell's excitement grew too strong for him to sit still. He sprang to his feet, and pacing backward and forward, waving his hand, he exclaimed, in a sonorous tone: "I see a chasm opening before me."

"My dear," said his gentle little wife, softly, "you had better take care!"

"I see a chasm opening before me, which shall engulf—" but at this eloquent period his leg suddenly disappeared through the fatal hole.

The chickens and dogs below fled cackling and barking from the spot. The old gentleman was extricated unhurt, with shrieks of laughter by his sons and friend, and declared that he chiefly regretted the accident because it interfered with his convincing his friend of the dangerous tendency of his political views.

His fondness for theological controversy was very marked, but his enthusiasm of manner was such that it encouraged many a jest at his expense. For instance, a waggish friend related that he had discoursed for three hours and three-quarters to an old lady, stone deaf, and was enraptured by the liberality and freedom from prejudice with which she listened to his remarks.

But, one day, in a chance reconnoitre he met with such decided encouragement that it must serve as an offset to this apocryphal anecdote.

Riding leisurely along toward the county courthouse, he overtook a pleasant, intelligent-looking young man of twenty-three or four, walking in the same direction. His social tastes were too strong to allow him to neglect this opportunity of companionship, so drawing his bridle-rein, he accosted him with a pleasant salutation, nor was it long after the usual remarks in regard to the bright spring weather had been exchanged, before he asked his inevitable question: "In regard to doctrine, my dear sir, what do you believe?"

Much to his surprise, the stranger answered, readily: "I believe, sir, what you believe."

"And how do you know what I believe?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"I heard you speaking with some gentlemen at Merton Court-house on this subject last Saturday, and I thought your views the clearest, strongest and most rational I ever heard. I should be glad to hear more."

So encouraged, Mr. Campbell spake on, and after half a day's journey together, he parted with regret from his new friend and convert.

"He was a fine-looking young fellow, too, my little girl," he said, relating his adventure with great delight to his daughter Rose, who had installed herself on one arm of his chair. "I wonder that he should have been walking. He had a fine air about him; old blood, I could see that!"

"Papa considers him a prince in disguise," said Rose, mischievously.

"Papa's daughter thinks so, hey, Polly?" and he called a rosy girl of five to his knee. "Perhaps she would like to be the princess! But my Polly is a good girl—*she* shall have the sweet-hearts!"

"A new reward of merit," said Rose, with a little pout.

"A very popular one with your sex, miss, at any rate," rejoined her father, with a chuckle.

"I don't see why you should all talk so much about a strolling traveller, who was very likely imposing on papa. Papa, did he borrow any money?" and Andrew looked the impersonation of worldly dignity and prudence. (Andrew was only thirteen.)

"Andrew thinks it is not *decorous* to talk of strangers," said Rose, with a demure little imitation of her brother's tone.

"I dare say the young man was Robert Gorden, the mining engineer, who is boarding at Merton Courthouse," said Ernest, quietly.

He had been studying logarithms intently at a side table, but now joined in the conversation.

"I met him—or at least a young man answering to papa's description—last Tuesday. But he is going to Colorado soon, so you will not see much more of him."

"By the way, papa, have you seen Mr. Jones?" began Andrew. "He says he must have his twenty dollars."

"Bother Jones!" exclaimed the old gentleman, irascibly, springing to his feet. "If I had your great-aunt's fortune, I should soon settle these low-bred creditors!"

"My dear, you should not annoy your father," said Mrs. Campbell, reprovingly, to Andrew, whose common-sense often swept ruthlessly away his father's enthusiastic visions.

Mr. Campbell possessed, in truth, all the hopefulness and sanguine anticipations of a boy. His revenues were unlimited in imagination, and his aunt's fortune, which he was sure had been bequeathed to him in some will yet unfound, and his Western lands with their undiscovered mines of untold wealth, had become proverbial among his relatives and acquaintances.

It was a joke that never failed to excite a laugh among his rougher neighbors, when Jones would ask, with a wink: "How about them Western mines, 'squire?"

This it was which stirred the friendly heart of the old Virginia gentleman to wrath whenever Jones and his small debt were mentioned. It was gall to him to have his fair castles in Spain so roughly laid bare by the hand of an unimaginative barbarian, who wanted his money.

"Zounds, sir, if it were fifty thousand it would be respectable, and I could stand it; but to be dunned for *his twenty dollars*! It is insufferable, sir!"

The truth was that Mr. Campbell's artless and unsuspicious disposition had already involved him in many large as well as small moneyed difficulties, and a sheriff's sale was no rare occur-

rence. But his buoyancy of temper seemed to over-ride all.

He was indeed as much of a child in heart as any of the plump, rosy-cheeked and lisping train of bright-eyed toddlers by whom he was always escorted both at home and abroad. His idea of Paradise, he declared, was to live perpetually in the midst of children; and from the urchin of seven with the dirty face, to the crowing baby in arms, all recognized him as a compatriot, and would laugh and run riot at the sight of "Uncle Andrew's" gray horse, until the house rang with their glee and noise. He was "Uncle Andrew" to all the children; they regarded him as only second in dignity and rank to Santa Claus himself. Indeed, one little fellow promulgated the theory that he was his double first cousin, which became a very popular theory among his juvenile friends.

In confirmation of it, a venerable-looking infant, on seeing him for the first time, suspended its usual avocation of weeping, and delivered a series of winks and blinks, with contortions that greatly surprised the recipient of the attention.

"Cause the baby knew who he was, it did," said the small boy before mentioned, and his lucid explanation was accepted.

As for the young people of the present day, they were much too prudent and unimpressible to satisfy the boyish heart of this old gentleman.

"Girls, will you have a slice of ham this morning, or will you have a sweetheart?" was a cannibalistic method of presenting love, which had been a favorite of his, repeated at breakfast for many years, and always failing to call a blush to the now hardened faces of sixteen and seventeen.

The elder people looked shocked at the new figures which he was fond of introducing into the Virginia reel, such as "Press your partner's right hand;" "Turn the one you love best," etc., etc.; and his hilarity on these occasions was only welcomed with reciprocal glee by his infantile followers.

He often complained that the world had grown too old and deliberate. "Rose," he said, "would never have any lovers like her mother's." Upon which his golden-haired and blue-eyed daughter always arched her eyebrows in pretty incredulity, as if she at least entertained no misgivings.

One day in April, a dark, "misty, moisty" morning, Rose and her mother were seated by the fire in the sitting-room.

"Mamma, I think Milly" (the cook) "looks very badly to-day. She says she can't cook dinner. I do trust we will have no visitors, for I am sure Phillis cannot supply her place."

Mrs. Campbell did not seem to have heard what Rose said, for she did not reply, but sat looking sorrowfully into the fire.

"Mamma," said Rose again, still more anxiously, "what makes you look so sad? I am afraid *you* are not well, either. Are you ill, mamma?"

"No, my daughter. But—"

Here the door opened with a burst of chill air, and Mr. Campbell entered, dripping and wet, and unusually depressed.

"Wife, I believe the old place *must* go at last, and we will be beggars in our old age after all."

Mrs. Campbell turned very pale, but though it was a great pain to her, it was evidently not the surprise and shock that it seemed to be to the rest of the family, who had gathered around their father with dismayed faces.

Polly burst into tears; Andrew bit his lips hard and frowned; while Rose stole to her mother's side, and began caressing her.

"This was your trouble, wasn't it, mamma?"

The mother nodded assent.

"Can there be no arrangement by which we can keep the old home?" asked Ernest. "Mr. Moncure has been very forbearing about his mortgage. Perhaps some delay may be obtained."

"And after that, what is to be done?" asked his father. "No, but I should think it would make the ghosts of your ancestors rise from their graves to see the old place knocked out at auction to the first bidders."

"I would be willing to see my great-aunt's ghost," said Rose, laughing through her tears, "if she would only bring a will in our favor."

Suddenly a rapping, clear and distinct, was heard at the hall-door. Polly ran to her mother's side for shelter, and Rose, in spite of her boasting, turned a little pale.

"Nonsense," cried Ernest, "it is only some visitor," and he went to the outer door.

Presently they heard him speaking to some one, and Rose thought he used the name "Gordon."

"Well, it is not our fortune," said his father, ruefully, as if he had fully expected Aunt Judith to step in with the will in her hand.

"And such a dinner! O mother!" exclaimed Rose, half-crying, half-laughing. "It never rains but it pours. What shall we do?"

"I will try to direct Phillis, my dear," replied Mrs. Campbell, but she did not look very sanguine as to the results thereof.

"Father," said Ernest, returning with a brighter face, "Mr. Gordon says he wishes to see you on some very important business."

Rose looked up with eager curiosity, but Ernest was in too great haste to explain further.

CHAPTER II.

THE arrangements about dinner proved more satisfactory than poor Rose had expected. Aunt Betty, an old family servant, came up from her little home in the village to see her "young mistress," as she still called Mrs. Campbell, and consented to cook, which she understood doing to perfection.

The dishes were delicious, but the drawbacks remained of a very mutilated set of glass and china, and the awkwardness of Phillis as a waiter.

Dessert-plates, dinner-plates, breakfast-plates were served together; finger-bowls and wine-glasses were invisible, and had not Rose looked so bewitchingly pretty with her golden curls and dimpled chin, Mr. Gordon would have found it hard to repress a smile at the motley and diverse array of saucers, soup-plates, and even cups, which were used for the soup.

His gravity was, however, to sustain a more severe trial.

"My dear, some cream for these peaches," asked Mr. Campbell, as the dessert was put on the table by Phillis, after many dodges and false starts toward windows and doors in pursuit of dishes which were plainly visible on the sideboard.

"The cows cannot be found," said his wife. "We have had Ned and Tom looking for them all day."

"Don't you know it is court-day, papa?" said the irrepressible Andrew. "Tom says they have gone to court to be sold."

His mother looked embarrassed, but Ernest went on with the subject as a jest.

"You must know, Mr. Gordon, we have had so many sales that it is a favorite *bon-mot* with our negro wits that our cows, oxen, horses and pigs on every court-day form themselves into a long procession and march off to the court-house to be sold and bought in again."

The story struck Mr. Gordon's risible faculties so keenly that he could no longer restrain his laughter, although he saw both his host and hostess look surprised at his excessive mirth.

Ernest, in pity, looked at his mother for the signal to withdraw, and they moved toward the parlor. But Mr. Gordon, in his amusement, failed to see that Phillis had eccentrically deposited the dishes of the first course on the floor when she removed them, and stepping inadvertently into the mutton-hash and salad, was almost precipitated to the floor.

"My dear sir, you should not have told so good a story! See what my awkwardness has done!" and he looked down ruefully at his splashed clothes.

Ernest carried him to his own room, and in the fullness of his heart offered his newest suit, in which the handsome young Scotchman made a still more impressive appearance as he returned to the parlor.

Rose looked at him with half-reproachful eyes. She had been greatly mortified both by the anecdote and Phillis's *gaucheries*.

Mr. Gordon felt eager to bring back the smile to her pretty eyes, so he commenced on what he concluded would be an acceptable topic.

"Do you know, Miss Campbell, that I am going to discover a silver mine for your father in the West?"

"I do not understand you, sir," Rose replied, with a slight accession of dignity, for she was very sensitive to every jest at her father's expense.

"At least I hope to do so. I am in earnest, indeed, Miss Campbell," and the bright-faced young Scotchman drew a map from his pocket. "Here, you see, that a silver vein—a very rich one, my brother writes—has been struck. There are your father's lands. Now, I should judge from the slope of the land, and the general indications, that it must run precisely in their direction."

Rose's face flushed and her blue eyes sparkled with delight.

"Oh," she cried, forgetting that she was speaking to a stranger, "then we may keep our dear old home!"

The expression of joy and trust in her guileless eyes sent a strange thrill through the young man's heart.

"You shall, if I can secure it for you—for your father," he added, as she blushed at his earnest tone. "Your father says that he will give me the power to attend to it for him, and I am going to Colorado next week," he said, although his manner seemed to indicate that this journey had already lost its charm. "At any rate, this new hope will gain time for him."

"I am so glad!" said Rose. "How I shall hope for your success! So you may bring our fortune after all." And she related the morning's incident.

"I shall wish it more earnestly than you, for then I should hope that you would pardon my awkwardness and rudeness."

Young people are not so slow after all, Mr. Campbell, if you only knew them! But the old gentleman is absorbed in explaining to his wife the European education which Andrew should receive as soon as the mines had been fully set in operation.

"I was not angry with you, Mr. Gordon," answered Rose, demurely.

"Then, if I am successful, may I not hope for a welcome from you when I return?" asked Robert Gordon, eagerly.

This was not the first time he had seen Rose. He had often gazed at her sweet, bright face in the village church, and her soft blue eyes had in truth already become the haunting lights of his dreams.

But Andrew's entrance prevented Rose from replying.

When Robert Gordon came again to say farewell to the family, he found an opportunity of asking Rose "not to forget him entirely."

"I shall be far away in a wild, rough country," he said, "and you will have all your friends around you. All who wish to please you can see you, and hear your voice in response to theirs; but I can have only remembrance. Will you not give me those blue violets you wear as a pledge that you will not quite forget me?" Then, as he took them from her little hands, "They shall be a good omen for me," he said, and smiled tenderly.

He promised as he left that they should hear from him again in two weeks.

"Father," said Ernest, a few days after his departure, "let us make Bill mend those porch steps while he is working here. He is a good carpenter, and they are not safe."

"Why should I have them mended when I intend having new porches? Indeed, the whole front of the house shall be altered. There are some very neat plans in this new work on architecture."

And the enthusiastic old gentleman entered immediately into a discussion of balconies, arched doors, verandahs, etc.

For the next month this was his favorite topic, and his table was continually covered with rough designs of his own, involving the most lavish outlay.

He received one letter from Robert Gordon, written immediately after his arrival, which con-

tained no decisive information; but this cast no chill upon his glowing anticipations of wealth.

In reply to his wife's regret that they could no longer afford to send Andrew to his old tutor, he remarked, with a radiant countenance, that he greatly preferred educating him abroad. The German schools were so much more thorough.

Another month, however, passed without a second letter, and the rest of the family began to wonder at the protracted silence. The creditors had been very kind in promptly granting the desired delay, most of them being relatives of the Campbells, and willing to give them the best terms; but some of them now began to look grave, and serious inquiries were made by them as to the reliable character of Robert Gordon, mining engineer and metallurgist.

His landlord could tell nothing except that his bills had been punctually paid. It was rumored vaguely that he had brought letters of recommendation to Mr. Scandeeth, an old and wealthy resident of Campbelltown; but Mr. Scandeeth, with all his family, was at the Springs, and no information could be obtained from them.

At last, one sultry, oppressive day in August, affairs reached their climax.

Andrew burst into his mother's room, his face scarlet with rage and indignation.

"I will never speak to Mr. Jones again! He is a mean, insulting old rascal!"

"Andrew, my son," said his mother, "what is the matter? You should not speak so harshly of our neighbors."

"I don't care, mother; he is mean. I went to the post-office this morning, and before I could ask for our letters he wanted to know what news we had had from that chap out West who carried off my brother's new pants."

Ernest whistled ruefully, and looked down.

"And when I told him that was none of his business, he asked with a grin if I could not tell him what was my father's income from the mines. I hate him!" and Andrew clenched his fist wrathfully.

"A rude jest makes very little difference," said his mother, sighing, "while your father's real difficulties are so serious. I fear the sale will have to take place."

"I almost begin to think that Gordon was an impostor," said Ernest. "It has been so long since we heard from him."

Rose stole off quietly to her own room to conceal the tears which would not be kept back. She did not believe what Ernest said; but her poor father and mother—oh, if she could only help them!

There was an old-fashioned, quaint secretary of dark wood, curiously carved, which had once belonged to her great-aunt, Judith Fordyce, standing near the foot of her bed; and as she glanced at it, all the stories which she had read of concealed wills and secret drawers came into her mind.

"At any rate I will get up and search," she thought, springing to her feet with a sudden impulse. "It can do no harm; and such things have happened before. Why not now?"

As she began to remove the drawers, a cloud of

dust flew in her face, so that she could scarcely see; but she persevered, looking behind every one into the most remote nooks and corners of its dark recesses. At last nine drawers had been taken out, and she had seen nothing but cobwebs and dirt.

"After all," she reflected, "I should be sorry for the poor Fordyces to lose the fortune which they have thought theirs so long. But then if there should be a will in our favor, papa and mamma *ought* to have it; and they do need it so much! Poor mamma!" And at that thought the pretty fingers set to work with renewed energy.

The tenth drawer was rather hard to unfasten, but she gave one determined pull, and it, too, gave way. There certainly was an old package of papers in the farthest corner.

"Perhaps my impulse was a presentiment," she said, pausing, and almost afraid to touch her new discovery. "The poor Fordyces! I shall be so sorry for them. How I wish Mr. Gordon had discovered the silver mines! But I do not believe he is false!" and her sweet red lips closed tightly. "I think he will explain his silence."

Then she slowly and cautiously put in her white hand and drew out the package. The papers were old and yellow and much worn.

"But what a funny place to put a will!" she thought. "Aunt Judith must have been *very* queer."

The first two papers were old accounts with Richmond merchants; then came some family letters; and last of all, one carefully folded, with the words, "*Written by Judith Fordyce, May 7th, 18—*," inscribed in a precise, stiff, old-fashioned handwriting.

Rose's hands trembled as she untied it, and she actually closed her eyes tightly in her excitement as she opened it. Then opening them she saw:

"RECIPE FOR ELDERBERRY WINE.—*Take three pounds—*"

But Rose read no more. She threw herself back on the bed and cried heartily. She must have wept herself to sleep, for she presently found herself waking up with a confused noise of voices outside, and Andrew calling her.

"Wake up, sister, and hear the good news! Mr. Gordon is here, and the silver mine is found! O sister!" and Andrew paused, speechless with delight.

"Mother, do tell me, is it true, or am I dreaming?" she asked, running into her mother's room.

"Yes, darling, it is all true. We are really rich people. But I think you should dress, dear, and come with me to thank Mr. Gordon for bringing the happy news."

Rose was stopped by her father, who kissed her, and looked at her bright eyes and rosy face admiringly.

"My love, you *are* a very pretty girl. And I believe Mr. Gordon thinks so, too. By the way, he has been asking for you. Did you know he had come into possession of a large estate, too?"

Rose ran off in great confusion.

"Wife," continued Mr. Campbell, turning around with a laugh, "I must go this evening and tell Jones about my Western lands. And I

think I will ride by the store and get some toys for his children."

The happy, innocent-hearted old gentleman rode gayly off on his white horse, singing in a broken voice some old love-song of his youthful days.

POOR LITTLE THING.

BY MADGE CARROL.

DASEE LACY was summoned to the family presence. There had been an arrival of some sort, she did not know what, for Mr. Dannel always answered the front door-bell himself. Entering the sitting-room, she saw Mr. and Mrs. Dannel, their widowed daughter Mrs. Stryker, and the bachelor and maiden lady Dannel, standing aloof from a pyramid recently erected in the middle of the floor.

"I was born with a horror of them! What in the world possessed Newell Bradshaw to send such a creature here?" cried Mrs. Dannel in aguish accents.

"To send, too!" struck in Mr. Dannel. "Bad enough if he'd come himself; but send; and then coolly inform us he don't exactly know when he'll be along! If it wasn't a matter of dollars and cents with us, I'd bundle out the whole concern."

"It'll tear our eyes out before we're done with it; I know it will," added Mrs. Stryker.

"I know it will," chorused Annabella.

"You women hold your tongues, can't you?" thundered Mr. Dannel, junior. "Didn't I make the only sensible suggestion that's been made? Didn't I ring for that girl? Here, you take this creature to your room and keep it there."

Thus bidden, Dasee, too long and too mercilessly drilled to make full use of her eyes before, turned them in the direction indicated, and saw four trunks of graduated sizes, the smallest uppermost, and upon that perched a cage containing a bright green parrot. Seeing her mount the lowest trunk and stretch her diminutive figure to reach the cage, its inmate suspended certain hostile demonstrations, half-sobbed, half-sighed, and murmured: "Poor little thing!"

Only the utterance of a trained parrot—but for twelve years no such language had singled her out—dropping like dew on the fainting flower. Somehow it seemed to cover her lone head, tired body and coarse raiment, just as her mother's "My only one" did in the long ago.

The lovely, rock-brown eyes brimmed with tears. It was all she could do to hide them from the cold scrutiny of five unsympathetic gazers. All, and more, the quivering mouth and heaving breast, warned her to make haste, obey orders, and get out of the room.

"Watch her!" exclaimed Mr. Dannel, senior, always a prey to the meanest suspicions. "She'll make way with it!"

"Watch her yourself," was Mrs. Stryker's undutiful reply.

Not a pleasant family picture this, but it serves to show our poor little thing's surroundings. A needy relative of Mr. Stryker's, the age of seven, found her in Mrs. Stryker's power. To say that

this person was a woman of stone, and did her best—or worst—to crush humanity out of the heart throbbing in the orphan's tiny body, is to say enough. Mr. Stryker dying, the childless widow returned to her father's house, and laid great stress on the fact that Dasee would not leave her. But where could a nineteen-year-old girl go, whose every near relation slept under the sods? She knew no world beyond four walls. A broken-winged bird, she lingered because unable to seek a kindlier clime.

She carried her treasure to the garret, this Dasee of ours, and knelt a moment on the carpetless floor, her cheek against the cage, pleading, and not in vain: "Say it again, Polly dear, for I'm really a poor little thing! The poorest of all poor little things! Say it again."

It was only a moment's respite. Mrs. Stryker's call came sharply up the stairs, and she returned to her daily drudgery. Facing that just in the old way, and as wearily, she became conscious of an odd feeling of exhilaration, one that she failed to define, and feared to welcome lest it should reveal itself and be dragged forth, a possession of which she was not worthy.

This was the secret of that new, strange emotion, at last, she had something to love! A living, breathing pet with a language she understood, whose first words were those of compassion, whose last, regret. Under any other circumstances her child-like joy in these utterances would have seemed absurd, all things considered, a certain grace and dignity characterized her very foolishness. It was like leaving a baby when Polly called after her: "Come again! Fancy my feelings! Oh, come again!"

Once upon a time, a bit of animated gold dropped in at her attic window, and brightened her bleak room three memorable days, then, betraying itself with a song, was seized and sent away. Next, a hungry kitten claimed her hospitality. She concealed it in her room, it shared her bed and meagre board until, in an evil hour, it brought her to grief and itself to an untimely end. Here, at long last, was something she could keep. Life that had dealt so hardly with her as to be a cloud of to-days with no to-morrow's silver lining, served her well for once. Polly was hers. No thought of the wealthy nephew, Newell Bradshaw's coming, crossed her content. Polly was hers to care for, feed and, in her few spare moments, fondle, that was enough.

Out on the country side autumnal colors gave way to winter's neutral tints, and Dasee and Polly shivered together many a night in the cold garret. Everything that fondness could suggest, or ingenuity supply, was done for the poor bird's comfort. Still he suffered terribly. For his sake, more than her own, she rejoiced when spring came around again. One night, after the day's work was done, the pair were together, in the radiance of a May moon that drew so lovingly near that lowly casement. Silver wavelets bathed Dasee's tired brow, ran down the aching shoulders and laved the little, rough hands. She looked an uncertain picture waiting to be fixed and painted, and a very pretty one, too.

"Say it again, Polly, say it ever so many times, poor little thing."

"Is my Polly here?"

A wee, warbling voice, but Dasee started as though a shot had been fired, and Polly screamed, "Oh, oh, fancy my feelings!"

"Yes, it's my Polly! My own, own Polly!" and a tiny figure, crimson-clad, darted forward.

"Are you Newell's little girl?" asked Dasee, her face turning to marble in the moonlight.

"I'm Mr. Newell Bradshaw's only child, Bianca," answered the mite, with the mien of a duchess.

"Then the parrot is yours," and, with a gasp that swallowed her rising heart, Dasee laid her feathered friend in the eager hands.

"Are you sorry to give him up?" The duchess air dropped off, this was a tender-hearted child coming close to Dasee, her crimson figure silver-girt, her large eyes lifted, her hair adrift.

For answer Dasee crouched on the floor and gave way to a very tempest of tears.

"Don't cry." Bianca's arms crept around her neck. "They told me he was up-stairs, and while they talked I slipped away and hunted in every room until I found him. I've loved him ever so long, and missed him awful, but," here Polly's moss-warm breast was laid against a tear-stained cheek, "if you love him, and want him, you may keep him. I've got loads of things beside."

They made it up together in the May moonlight, and when voices were heard calling "Bina, Bina," the child ran away, leaving Dasee in undisputed possession of her pet, yet hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

Two days later, another claimant on her love and care was sent to the garret, and again she did not know whether to be glad or sorry. During her father's temporary absence, Bianca was taken ill with a fever, and, dreading infection, the Dunsells had her carried up-stairs. It was some horrible disease caught on shipboard, they argued, closed every avenue between themselves and imaginary danger, and threw the whole responsibility of nursing upon Dasee, but, for safety's sake, relieved her of every other duty.

No, she did not know whether to be glad or sorry, and was both by turns, as the motherless child grew worse daily, yet daily loved her dearer.

Telegrams were sent in every direction after Newell Bradshaw, and failed to elicit a response, so day after day Bina was Dasee's just as Polly had been. Hers to watch, weep over, caress. No hand but hers to take the tangle out of the long, black tresses, bathe the heated brow and dew the parched lips with kisses. No ear save hers to listen in the night-watch, no other voice to answer the wild call for "papa" out of startled dreams.

"Brave little woman," the doctor said, "she'll be sure to get well and reward you."

On the eighth day, as Dasee was going up the back stairs, she heard loud talking in the hall. Some one rattled hurriedly at the locked door between the front of the house and that portion she was obliged to use in her solitary errands up and down.

"My darling dying in your garret!" cried a strained, pained, indignant voice. "She shall leave this house this very hour!"

"But, Newell, hear me."

"I've heard enough! Open this door at once!"

"I will when I can find the key. You distract me so I can't remember where it is."

Contending emotions stayed Dasee's feet a moment; then she flew up-stairs to prepare Bianca for her father's arrival.

The doctor positively forbade his patient's removal, declaring it would be certain death.

She, with eyes that took in the bare walls, and came to rest on Dasee's face, said: "We've had nice times here for all. We're so far up, the noise in the street don't worry me. It is like a nest in the tree-top, isn't it, Daisy? She's Uncle Dannel's Dasee, papa, and my Daisy. I want her to be yours, too."

Having lived under another roof up to the year previous, this girl, who was to be his Daisy, had never met Newell Bradshaw until this present return of his from that foreign shore where the roses of a third summer budded over his young wife's grave. They were meeting now face to face for the first time; yet, timid, shrinking as she was, it never occurred to her that he was a stranger. Nor was he aware that her beauty and quaint, old-fashioned garb interested him. An humble couch, a little, white child, drew and led them. No other thought found entrance to the heart of either.

Yes, Bianca remained cradled in the house-top nest, but for how long before lifting her spirit-wing for flight to a safer resting-place, seemed for many days only a question of time. There were two watchers now, two with one thought—the child. Newell's fair and Dasee's dark hair often touched. Newell's hand and Dasee's often clasped; yet their one absorbing idea was still the child. A little white thing lying there, a broken lily bud, whilst in and out of the window came and went airy whisperings of roses reddening far away, of breeze-blown boughs and singing-bird and brook.

At last, after what seemed ages of anguish, the crisis came, passed, and the danger was over. Bianca smiled again, a white, weak smile, yet tears of rapture from Newell's blue and Dasee's brown eyes greeted it. Then Dasee, stepping to her garret window, and lifting her arms toward the cloud-flecked blue, did the strangest thing for her to do that ever mortal did. She sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," in a voice so full, so sweet, it thrilled her listeners' hearts, drew Newell beside her to join in, and when they ended he kissed her—kissed her, and for the first time in her presence remembered there was such a thing as marrying and giving in marriage.

"Going to Europe for Bianca's health, and want Dasee for her companion! Newell Bradshaw, are you aware that such a proceeding would be highly improper?" and Mr. Dannel drew his spare figure to its loftiest. "You are twenty-six and she nineteen. What would the world say?"

"She is nineteen, is she?" answered Newell, surprised, yet casting an assuring smile upon our poor little thing, who stood trembling and flush-

ing under the fire of the Dannel eyes. "I didn't suppose she was a day over fifteen, with that short dress, and hair braided down her back. If it won't be proper for me to take her as my daughter's companion, she might, perhaps, go with me as my wife. Dasee, are you willing?"

Such was Newell Bradshaw's wooing. No word of affection had passed his lips; still, when Dasee crept into his arms, and the breath of her answer, fluttering upward, touched his cheek, she knew that here at last was love, rest, home.

"Oh, yes, we must take Polly along, although he persists in being a perfect absurdity with his 'Poor little thing,'" and Dasee shook her matron finger at him.

"That's what papa used to call me, over and over again, just in the same way, after my mother died. I remember it so well, and I was only three years old. Polly took it up, you see. I wish he'd stop. I've got a new mother now, and we're both as rich as rich can be."

"Yes, both as rich as rich can be," said Newell Bradshaw, encircling them with his arms. "And do you want to take Polly along to remind you of former poverty?"

"I couldn't reconcile my heart to leaving him," and the rock-brown eyes grew luminous. "It seems as if my past days were spent in prison. Polly opened the door, Bina came in, then you; next the walls went down; and now I shall soon see the big, white wings that are to carry me to a new land and a new life."

The white wings carried her safely over the broad sea-bosom, and in that new land and life Dasee's eyes were quick to recognize, her voice to cheer, her hand to help, every hard-tasked child—the poor little things of every clime and nation.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXV.

EVERY day Philip Cheston was at the bedside of Deborah Norman, held there by a love that grew purer and holier all the while. The fire into which his natural affections were now cast was burning up much of the dross that had become mixed with the purer elements of his character. He saw a beauty in goodness never seen before; and the wise and tender administration of a loving providence where once to his blind eyes only a baffling chance had appeared.

Not again, in all his many interviews with Deborah, did the maiden go down with him to the level of their old love; but he knew by a hundred signs that he was dear to her, and that nothing held their souls apart but his own worldliness and self-seeking. The atmosphere in which he lived was too full of malignant vapors for her to breathe. It would have poisoned her lungs, and suspended the purer life of her soul by a kind of spiritual asphyxia. And so it was impossible for her to go

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

down to him. He must rise to her level or she would be lost to him forever. More and more strongly did he feel this at each recurring interview.

"We shall meet again, Deborah," he said to her one day, tears not to be repressed blinding his eyes. Very rapidly was her life waning. At each visit Philip saw new signs of her early departure. But as her body grew weaker, her spirit became more tranquil. She seemed to be already in Heaven and breathing its finer airs.

She raised her large, tender eyes, and he saw the shadow of concern which had so often appeared when she talked with him.

"That will be as thee wills," she replied. "It has not been possible for us to walk side by side in this world, because thee chose one way in life and I another. We stood very near together once, Philip; but as the years passed, we drew farther and farther apart. It was very hard for me—harder than thee will ever know, Philip!"

Her voice did not break nor show any signs of weakness; but it was inexpressibly tender. Almost unconsciously, as it seemed, one of her small, white hands moved toward the young man. He took it up gently and kissed it, tears falling over it as he did so.

The maiden's lips shut closely, and her eyelids fell. She lay motionless as one asleep, for almost a minute, her hand still held in that of her lover. When she drew it away, she said, with the old calmness of tone: "God is very good to His children, Philip. If they go away from Him, He is not offended as men are, but loves them just the same. Because we turn from Him He does not turn from us. He knows that in turning from Him we turn away from the infinite blessings He desires to bestow upon us; and in His love He goes after us and seeks to bring us back. In that touching parable of the lost sheep, we have a representation of the Lord's true character. The shepherd leaves the ninety and nine who are safe, and goes searching in the wilderness for the one that has gone astray. And when it is found, he lays it upon his shoulders and bears it back to the fold. Philip, thee has left the fold, and thy feet have gone into the wilderness. But the Good Shepherd has been calling after and searching for thee. His green pastures are still cool and sweet. Will thee not hearken to His voice? Will thee not let Him take thee in His arms and bear thee on His bosom? O Philip! there is nothing in the wilderness of this world that can satisfy thy soul. Its fruit may look fair to thee, seen at a little distance, but thee will find it all bitter to thy taste and unsatisfying to thy soul."

She paused, showing signs of weariness.

"Thee must not talk any more," said Philip, laying his fingers softly on her lips.

Deborah closed her eyes, the lids falling heavily. Neither spoke again for some time. Philip broke the silence.

"If the good Lord would only let thee stay, Deborah!" He broke into a sob; and his frame shook with a strong spasm of feeling. He bent down and kissed her pure forehead with a passion he could not restrain.

"The good Lord knows what is best for thee and me," returned the maiden. "All our ways are in His hands." Her voice had lost its steadiness.

"It is not best for me that thee should go away," Philip answered, trying, but vainly, to compose himself. "Oh, stay, Deborah! I will come back from the paths in which thy feet cannot walk, and we will go side by side."

"Thee does not know thyself, Philip," answered Deborah, growing calm again. "But the Lord knows thee altogether, and if thee will hear His voice and walk in His ways He will lead thee into everlasting joy. I am going away. In a little while, thee will see me in the body no more. But I would not have thee forget me, Philip."

"Forget thee! O Deborah! Deborah! How could such a thought come into thy mind?"

"If thee goes back into thy old love of the world, Philip; if thy heart is set on riches and the honors that come from men, thee will forget thy Deborah."

"No, no, no! Thee wrongs me sorely!" the young man answered, his face convulsed with pain. "Thee does not know how dear thee is; nor into what darkness I shall fall when thee goes away."

"The Lord give thee light and comfort," said Deborah, in a tremulous voice, as one who pronounces a benediction. "O Philip! Philip!" she added, a few moments afterward, with almost a wail of solicitude in her tones. "If I could only feel sure that thee would take another road in life, walking heavenward, I would die content. The shadows of thy uncertain future are resting on my spirit. I am not going away to forget thee, Philip; but to care for thee with a purer and a diviner love than that which once drew me to thy side. I will come very close to thy spirit, if thee will let me; and be near thee in all thy goings out and thy comings in, to comfort thy soul and to lift thee heavenward."

Mrs. Conrad, who had left Philip alone with Deborah longer than usual, came in now and closed the interview. She saw a new expression in the maiden's face, and wondered what it meant.

"Shall I see thee again to-morrow?" asked Deborah, as Philip arose and gave her his hand.

The young man was too much agitated to speak; he only bowed his head and then moving across the room went out with unusual haste.

As he retired, Deborah closed her eyes and turned her face to the wall. Mrs. Conrad understood the sign, and did not speak to her. For more than half an hour she lay as quiet as one asleep. At the end of this time a servant came up and said that a lady had called and wished to see Miss Norman.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Conrad, who stood holding the door partly open.

"She didn't tell me her name," was answered.

"I'll come down and see her," said Mrs. Conrad, but before she could leave the room, Deborah's voice held her back.

"Thee will let her come up?"

"You are not strong enough to see any more visitors this morning," was objected.

"Thee must not feel troubled about that," returned Deborah, the old quiet in her tones. "All the strength I need will be given. If any, led by the Spirit, come asking to see me, shall I say nay?"

Mrs. Conrad left the room. In a few moments she came back, accompanied by a young lady handsomely dressed. The visitor crossed to the bed in a quick, agitated manner, and bending down laid her lips softly, almost reverently, to those of Deborah. She tried to speak, but the strength of her emotions carried her away. Her frame shook violently, and, though struggling hard to regain her calmness, she broke down and sobbed for a few moments.

"Thee must not do so," said Deborah, her voice so sweetly calm that it stilled this tempest of feeling. But when her visitor uncovered her face so that she could see it clearly, she exclaimed: "Why, Fanny! Fanny Williams! Is it thee?"

The girl saw in her countenance, and felt in her voice, a painful surprise. She answered quickly: "Yes, it is Fanny Williams; and I have come to tell you all the good news. I am no longer a weak, friendless, half-starved girl, lost like a poor lamb in the wilderness and hunted by wolves. O Miss Norman! it was your hand that saved me when I was nigh being lost—when a cruel wolf stood ready to devour me, and I knew it not."

She fell again into strong excitement. Deborah laid a hand upon her, and said: "Thee must be calm, dear. I am so glad for thee. And now tell me all about thyself."

What a power there was in Deborah's voice, though its tones were soft and low, and scarcely moved by a pulse of feeling! The young girl felt its influence, and the current of her emotions dropped to an even flow.

"Tell me all about thyself," repeated Deborah, her face lighting with the interest she felt.

"There isn't much to tell," Fanny replied. "I lost my mother when only nine years old, and then my father went away, leaving me among strangers. He sent money for awhile; but that stopped after a year. I've never seen him since. I think he must be dead. When I was a little over twelve, I was set to work in a factory, and the people I lived with took all the money I earned and gave me such poor clothes that the girls were ashamed to be seen with me. Some of them pitied me, and talked very hard about it; and one and another advised me not to stay with them any longer, but to get a boarding-place and take care of myself. As the people had no authority over me, I took this advice, and went out into the world a lonely and friendless child. I got boarding with a kind-hearted woman, who took some motherly interest in me. My wages paid all she charged, and left a dollar and a half over each week to spend. Not a cent of this was wasted foolishly. I did not buy a candy or a cake, but laid out every dollar for clothing. It was not a great while before I was able to make as good an appearance as any of the other girls; and better than most of them."

"I stayed in the old place for two years, and then there came a bad time, and more than half

the work-people were discharged, I among the rest. We heard that hands were wanted in a town nearly two hundred miles away, and five or six of us went there and got work. I stayed a year, and then drifted off to another town, a friendless girl, with no one to even think of, much less care for me. I knew that I had an uncle, my mother's brother, living somewhere—the people with whom my father left me told me so—but I did not even know his name, for my mother had never spoken of him in my hearing. She was a poor, sickly, unhappy woman. I never saw a smile on her face. Death was kind to her when he took her out of the world."

Fanny paused, showing much feeling, but went on again after a few moments.

"At last I came here. I had not even heard of the place a month before I saw it; but I received a letter from a girl with whom I had worked in one of the mills, and she seemed so cheerful and light-hearted that I wrote and asked if there were any mills in Kedron. I got an answer right away, saying there were two or three, and that there'd be no trouble about getting work. So I came, led hither by the kind Father, of whose loving care for His children you have spoken to me so many times. O Miss Deborah! I have found my uncle!"

"Thy uncle, Fanny! Who is he?"

"Mr. Spangler is my uncle—my mother's only brother."

"Mr. Spangler! Thy uncle!" Deborah raised herself on her arm and leaned toward the girl. There was a look of yearning anxiety, mingled with doubt, in her face. "Is thee sure of this, Fanny? Has thee undoubted proof?"

"Yes; so clear and strong that no doubt remains. I have seen a letter, written to him from the town where we lived, and signed, 'Your unhappy sister, Fanny Williams;' and she spoke in the letter of her 'baby Fanny,' and of other things that make it sure she was my mother. Mr. Spangler did not like her marriage. He had a bitter grudge against my father, and hated him so badly that he would have nothing to do with his sister. He says that he sent her money after getting this letter, but heard nothing more from her. He did not know of her death until two years after it occurred, and then, taking it for granted that I was with my father, made no inquiries about me. It was my dangerous acquaintance with Victor Howe that brought me to his knowledge. He and my uncle used to meet often, and when Howe happened to mention my name, he was startled by hearing that of his sister. He wrote immediately to a person in the town where we had lived, and then first learned of my mother's death. It was he who sent me money anonymously, warning me against having anything to do with Victor Howe, and telling me to confide in you. He was not then entirely certain that I was his niece, but soon had sufficient evidence to make it sure; and then he came and told me the good news. If you had seen the tears come into his eyes when he first looked into my face, and had heard him when he said, 'O Fanny! Fanny! my poor dead sister's child; and so like her when she was a girl!' you would not feel any doubt."

"The Lord make thee a blessing to him," came fervently from the lips of Deborah, at Fanny's closing words. Then she took both the girl's hands in hers, and, with a wistful tenderness in her face, said: "Thee must not forget, dear, that it was a loving Father in Heaven who led thy steps hither, and made this way plain before thee; nor that all thy ways are still in His hands. He has not lifted thee up to this higher place just for thy own ease and pleasure, but that thee may have better opportunities for doing good. Other duties lie now at thy door. If all I have heard of thy uncle be true, he does not live in the fear of God, and makes light of religion."

"I have heard him speak of you," interrupted Fanny, with much feeling, "and of your good life in Kedron, most warmly. And he said, only this morning, when some one told him how sick you were, that you came nearer to his idea of an angel than—"

"Nay, dear! Thee need not repeat his words," said Deborah. "It isn't what he thinks of me, but of God and his fellow-creatures, that should be our concern."

"And that is just it," answered Fanny. "He says that your work in Kedron, at which he made sport at first, has set him to thinking in a way he never thought before; and to feel that it wasn't just right to go through the world caring for nothing and nobody but yourself. Yesterday he gave me fifty dollars, and told me to join the 'Deborah Norman Mission,' and to do all the good among the sick and poor people in my power."

The eyes of Deborah closed quickly, but not quickly enough to intercept the tears that Fanny saw shining under the closing lids.

"If I could only be like you," said the girl. "But that is impossible."

"The best thee can do for humanity," returned Deborah, looking at Fanny through a veil of shimmering tears, "is all that will be required of thee. Not every one is called to do the work that was laid upon me. I would not have thee walk where I have walked; nor attempt to lift the burdens that have been too heavy for my weak shoulders. But the Spirit said unto me 'Go,' and I could do no less than obey the divine command."

Mrs. Conrad, who had not left the room, interposed now, saying, in an unsteady voice: "You have talked enough, Miss Norman."

Fanny drew away from the bed instantly, and made a movement to withdraw. A smile rested on Deborah's lips as she put out her hand to the girl, who came back, and taking it up pressed it to her lips. She tried to speak, but her feelings were too strong.

"Come and see me again," said Deborah. "Thy visit has done me good. Say to thy uncle, from me, that God has been very kind in giving thee to him, and that he must do all in his power to make thee a blessing not only to himself, but to every one that comes near thee." Then in a more serious tone: "Thee will be assailed by many temptations in thy new life, Fanny; and so thee must be on thy guard. The vanities of this world are very beguiling; but they bring no real happiness.

Keep thyself free from them. Be an earnest, Christian woman in thy new sphere, and choicer blessings than any yet bestowed will surely be thine. And now farewell. The Lord protect thee, and make thy daily life sweet to all who come within its influence!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FEW weeks more, in which the light of Deborah's natural life grew feebler day by day, and then the end came. All Kedron seemed to pause in its busy life and await the sorrowful event with a sense of coming bereavement. Of those who had the sacred privilege of entering the little chamber where the girl's pure spirit rested in peace with God, none ever wholly lost the impressions there received. The world, with its restless cares and selfish aims, removed itself far away; and Heaven came sensibly nearer.

One thing was noticeable. Deborah's interest in the good work that was going on in Kedron did not in the least abate, but seemed rather to increase; and her countenance would so brighten and glow at times, when told of its progress, that those who looked upon it wondered at what they saw. It shone as it were like the face of an angel.

Every day Philip Cheston was at her bedside; remaining with her sometimes for hours. She was able to talk to him, in her low, quiet way, with little apparent fatigue; and, when she found him responsive in any true sense to the high aims in life with which she was so anxious to inspire him, the gladness that filled her heart gave a new light and beauty to her gentle face. She talked to him of her going away, as of one about taking a journey into a pleasant country not very far off, where loving friends awaited her arrival; or as of one who was very tired, and ready for a long, sweet sleep, out of which she would come refreshed and strengthened.

"It will be so pleasant," she said to him, not many days before her departure, "to find myself on the other side, and in company with the angels who watched over and cared for my spirit in its mortal sleep, and then awakened me with a kiss."

She saw tears come into Philip's eyes.

"That is all of death," she added, smiling sweetly. "No mother ever laid her baby to sleep in her arms more tenderly than I shall be laid to rest by the angels into whose care the good Father commits His dying children. The nearer I come to the hour of mortal slumber the nearer I shall come to them, and the more sensibly I shall feel their loving presence."

"And then," answered the young man, almost bitterly, for his thought turned to himself, "I shall be left alone in this evil world, while you will be with the angels, into whose presence I am not worthy to come."

"Make thyself worthy, Philip," answered Deborah, firmly, but tenderly. "Worthy through self-denial and a life made pure by good deeds unselfishly done. I am going, at the call of our Heavenly Father, into the company of those who find their highest joy in doing good. Love is their life—not the love of self, but the love of blessing others. I

shall reach down my hand to thee, Philip, and try to draw thee up. Thee may take fast hold upon it, if thee will."

"How shall I know of this? How shall I find a hand that no mortal eye can see? O Deborah! I am blind! I am lost in this great wilderness. When you pass out of it, I shall be in utter darkness."

"No—no, Philip! The Light of the World will shine into thy heart if thee will but open its windows. Thee may walk safely if thee will. My hand will take fast hold upon thee when thee tries to keep the divine precept, 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' When thee so tries, think of me, and thee shall feel my presence, and I will walk by thy side and strengthen thee."

As Deborah said this, she saw a light break into Philip's countenance, as if an inner revelation had come to him.

"Thee knows the way," she added, with increasing earnestness. "Set thy feet firmly therein. Think of me as having gone that way only a little while before, and as looking and waiting for thee at the end. O Philip! if thee should not come! If my waiting for thee should be all in vain!"

Her voice lost its steadiness, breaking into a sob. Philip caught one of her hands, and, pressing it to his lips, said with deep emotion: "Thee shall not wait in vain, Deborah! God helping me, I will meet thee at the journey's end!"

"I shall look for thee, Philip," was all the maiden's reply, as she fixed her eyes with an expression of unutterable tenderness on Cheston's face.

A little while, and the heavy lids fell slowly, until they lay close upon her cheeks. Philip arose from the bedside where he had been sitting, and stood looking down upon the calm, sweet face of the saintly girl, that was pure as the face of an angel. She did not look up at him again, though he lingered for several minutes waiting for another glance of loving recognition. At last her deeper respiration told him that she was sleeping. Then he left on her pale forehead a kiss so light that it did not break her slumber, and went out noiselessly. As he shut the door, and was turning away, he started at the sound of her voice, saying, "I shall look for thee, Philip!" He went back hastily. But her sleep was unbroken, and she did not stir as he bent over her and called in a low voice, "Deborah! Deborah!" Yet he saw, or thought he saw, a faint smile playing about her quiet lips.

When word came to Deacon Strong that Deborah was actually dying, he became greatly agitated.

"I have so wanted to see her," he said. "Oh, I must see her!" he added quickly, rising in his chair, and making an effort to walk. His countenance had a new expression—eager and yearning.

"But that is impossible," said his wife. "She cannot come to you, and you cannot—"

He interrupted her with: "I must and I will see her! Send for Mr. Trueford and Mr. Gilbert,

and have the carriage ready by the time they come. They can help me down-stairs; or lift me bodily if needed."

"No—no—don't think of such a thing, Andrew!" objected his wife; at which the natural impatience of the deacon flashed out, and he commanded her, with something of his old hard imperiousness of voice and manner, to do as he said. And so she went to do his bidding; the deacon's sudden anger at being opposed dying away as she left the room, and giving place to a feeling of regret for the momentary loss of that better self-control which he had gained of late.

Deborah was alone with Mrs. Conrad, lying with closed eyes, in the half-sleeping state in which life was peacefully waning, her respiration like that of a slumbering infant, scarcely perceived, when the sound of men's voices aroused her. She opened her eyes widely, raised herself from the pillow and bent to hear. Mrs. Conrad left the room, but came back in a little while with a look of mingled astonishment and perplexity on her face.

"It's the deacon," she said. "Deacon Strong! They've taken him into the parlor; and he wants to be carried up here. He can't walk the least bit, you see. Poor man! He's been dealt with mighty hard! But I guess the Lord knows what's good for him. He'll have to come up, I suppose, after all this trouble. But you're not well enough to see anybody to-day, much less Deacon Strong. I wish he'd kept himself at home. It's all his fault that you're here in this room now instead of well as you ought to be. I'm—"

Mrs. Conrad was forgetting herself; but Deborah's sweet, earnest voice restored her to a better mind.

"It is of the Spirit," said the dying girl. "God is leading him."

"Shall he come up now?" asked Mrs. Conrad. She knew that further opposition would be vain.

"Yes," Deborah sank back, closing her eyes.

Mrs. Conrad left the room and went down-stairs. In a few moments the heavy tread of feet was heard, as of persons carrying a burden. Then the door of the chamber opened, and Deacon Strong was borne in by two men—Mr. Trueford and Mr. Gilbert—and placed in a chair close by the bed, on which Deborah was lying.

"I am glad thee has come, friend Strong," said the maiden, speaking first, and in a voice singularly free from excitement. She extended her hand to the deacon as she spoke. "The Spirit of God has been leading thee, and is leading thee still. I have heard of the good work thee has been doing, and it has rejoiced my heart."

Then she looked at Mr. Gilbert, and gave him a hand also, saying as she did so: "The Lord is caring for thee, friend Gilbert." A glow of pleasure came into her face. "I told thee to trust in Him, for He is one who sticketh closer than a brother; and now He is comforting and sustaining thee; and in doing so He is blessing this His servant, upon whom in His loving care for human souls He has laid a discipline hard to be endured. I am glad that help came to thee in thy sore extremity, through this our suffering friend; for in,

as much as he has done this to thee, led by the Spirit, God has remembered him and blessed him."

To Mr. Trueford, whom she had never seen before, but of whose noble character she had heard, Deborah spoke with much feeling.

"Let me take thy hand, also," she said. Mr. Trueford placed one of his hands in hers. "Thee has been true to honor and to duty. Thee has remembered the poor, and cared for the weak, and lifted the bowed down, and made the bread of toil, once bitter to the taste of many, sweet and refreshing; and in that thee has done it unto the least of these, thee has done it unto Him!"

With the closing words of this last sentence, signs of weakness became visible. A shade of languor spread over Deborah's countenance; her eyelids dropped heavily, and her head sunk lower in the pillows against which it reclined.

A glance from Deacon Strong, which was understood by the two men who had brought him in, caused them to retire, and he was alone with Deborah. He did not speak to her, but sat gazing on her peaceful countenance, waiting until the closed lids should be lifted again. It seemed to Deacon Strong that an angel looked at him out of the tender eyes that were in a little while unveiled. The smile that rested on the maiden's lips was sweet with the peace of Heaven.

"I have heard of thy good works many times. Yes, the Spirit is leading thee; and if thee walks as the Spirit leads, thee shall walk in safety, and God will comfort thee."

"But," answered the deacon, going back to the old problem of faith and works that rested as a stone of stumbling in his way, "good works are of no avail. We cannot earn the right to enter Heaven. Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, I am as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. And I have not charity. There is no true love of doing good in my heart. I have looked into it very deeply; I look into and question it daily, and find only self-love and the hope of reward. My good deeds are not the outgrowth of a true charity. O Miss Norman, I am as a ship tossed on a stormy sea! I am in doubt and darkness. I have lost my way and cannot find it."

"I am the way, the truth, and the life," said Deborah, in a clear voice. Then paused, with her shining eyes fixed on the deacon's face. But she saw no responsive break in its veil of shadows. She spoke again, using, as before, the words of our Lord: "'I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.'"

"Believeth!" exclaimed the deacon. "Oh, I do believe on Him. I have always believed. But what avails belief? The devils believe and tremble; and so do I!"

He uttered the last sentence with a bitterness that was half despairing.

"The Lord is very nigh unto thee," said Deborah, speaking with a sweet confidence that fell like a very breath of Heaven on the deacon's troubled spirit, "and he is saying to thee, 'Behold! I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice,

and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.'"

"Open the door! Oh, how shall I open the door and let my Lord and Master come in?" cried out the deacon, his face quivering with excitement.

"It is all very simple," answered Deborah, smiling. "The word of Scripture is divine truth; and the Lord said, '*I am the truth.*' When, therefore, any truth from the Bible is in thy thought, the Lord Himself stands knocking at the door of thy heart; and thee opens the door when thee does the good that truth enjoins, or shuns the evil it forbids."

A swift light flashed into the deacon's countenance, breaking through all the shadows.

"If by obedience to the Truth which the Lord has spoken, we open the door at which He stands knocking, He will surely come in, and where He abides is Heaven," added Deborah. "There is no mystery about all this. Nothing hard to be understood. It is so plain that a child may comprehend it. Do the truth and ye shall live. That is all. And living the truth is all summed up in this one sentence, 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.' If thee is tempted at any time to wrong thy neighbor, the command to 'Do justly' will be the Lord knocking at the door of thy heart; and if thee is tempted to be hard and un pitying in thy dealings with thy fellow-men, He will knock in the requirement to 'Love mercy'; or, if to be puffed up in thy own conceit, in the injunction to 'Walk humbly.' If thee refrain thyself from doing evil because to do evil is to break God's law and sin against Him, then thee will open the door and the Lord will come in and purify thy heart. O friend Strong! thee need not sit in doubt and darkness. Open the door and let the Light of the World come in. Are thy hands so weak that they cannot remove the heavy bars of selfishness that keep it shut against thy Lord? Then call upon Him, and He will surely give thee strength. In thy own strength thee can really do nothing; but in the strength God will give, if thee call upon Him in the hour of thy soul's need, thee can do all things."

Deborah ceased speaking, and while the sound of her voice was still in his ears, Deacon Strong saw a change pass over her face, and knew that the time of her departure was near at hand.

"Will thee ring that bell?" she said, faintly, glancing toward a small table that stood near the bed.

The deacon's agitated summons brought Mrs. Conrad, who was followed by Mr. Trueford and Mr. Gilbert. As the former bent over the dying girl, the two latter prepared to lift Deacon Strong from the chair in which he was sitting and remove him from the chamber. But Deborah beckoned to let him remain, and then said something in the ear of Mrs. Conrad, who whispered to Mr. Trueford: "She wants to see Philip Cheston. He is at the hotel. Go for him as quickly as you can."

As Mr. Trueford left the chamber, Deborah put her arm about the neck of Mrs. Conrad and drawing her face down, kissed her. Then she looked

at her lovingly and said: "Thee has been a mother to a friendless girl. May God bless thee!"

She saw the strong convulsions that broke across the face of Mrs. Conrad, and the tears that fell over her cheeks.

"Nay, nay! Thee must not do so. It is all right. My work here is done; and I am only going at my Father's summons. I have tried to do His will, and now He has sent His angels to lead me up to His visible presence. Make His will thine, dear Mrs. Conrad! and when thee comes to the river of death, which so many fear to cross, thee will not even see its dark waters, nor feel their chill; thee shall lie down on its soft margin, going gently to sleep, and waking up on the other side."

"Oh, if I could so lie down when my end comes!" exclaimed Deacon Strong, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"If thee opens the door and lets the Lord come in, He will make thy bed in peace when thy work is done," said Deborah, turning her eyes upon the deacon. "'Behold I stand at the door and knock! If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in.'" She gave the passage in tones of such impressiveness, that it seemed to Deacon Strong vital with a new and deeper meaning than it had ever borne to him before. It was as if the Lord Himself were speaking to him face to face, and calling upon him to open the door of his heart that he might come in and dwell there. The old haunting fear of God as a stern exacter of penalties, as a being who punishes every infraction of His laws, gave place to a sense of His wonderful compassion. He saw the divine Saviour, almost as in a vision, standing before him, His countenance sweet with pity and love.

Deborah's eyes were upon his face. By the changes that were passing over it, she knew that a clearer light was shining into his soul. She put out her hand toward him, and he caught it with a fervent grasp.

"Thee has been chosen to a great and a good work in Kedron," said the dying girl; "and if thee will do it for thy Lord who hath called thee to the high privilege, and not for any gain to thyself—not even spiritual gain; for to do good that we may receive good is from self and not from love to God and our neighbor, and has no reward—He that stands knocking at thy door will find it open, and come in and dwell with thee. Then thee will have no care about faith, or works, or acceptability with thy Lord and Saviour; for He will abide with thee, filling thy soul with light and thy heart with joy."

"O Miss Norman!" cried out the deacon, with a new feeling in his voice: "how shall I ever be thankful enough to God for sending you across my way? I see it all now! The dark veil has fallen. It was not in His anger that He afflicted me, but in love. Only through this hard discipline could He lead me so near to Himself that I could see the beauty of His countenance and feel the warmth of His divine compassion. And you have been His chosen agent—the angel sent to warn at first, and then to lead me out of the wilderness wherein my tired feet have strayed so

long. The Lord being my helper, I will see that the good work you began here shall not die."

Deacon Strong spoke with an earnestness that sent a glow to his face. He was deeply moved.

"Thy words have done me good," answered Deborah; "more good than thee can know. I was not strong enough for the work to which I set my hands. But the Spirit of God led me on, and I followed, knowing that all was right. I was led to thee, and spoke to thee as the Spirit gave me utterance. Thee knows the rest. And now, folding the hands that have lost their strength across my bosom, I go to sleep as a weary child, and leave the work I could not do to others—and, may I not say, chiefly to thee?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes!" answered Deacon Strong, with a fervor of speech that showed how deeply he was in earnest. "And if at any time I grow faint or weary, or am tempted by self-love, I will think of this hour, and of the hands that lie folded across your bosom too weak for the tasks they were so ready to perform."

"Nay," she replied. "Think rather of Him who will then stand knocking at the door of thy heart; and do not fail by some good deed, or some self-denial, to open the door and give Him entrance."

As Deborah ceased speaking, she closed her eyes with a weary air. The light faded out of her countenance. She seemed going to sleep.

And now there came the sound of hurrying feet below. A few moments, and the door was opened, and Philip Cheston entered the room. A single glance told him that the long-dreaded hour had come when he must take his last look at the face of his beloved, and hear for the last time on earth the sound of her voice. At sight of him, her spirit stayed its departing steps. All the living beauty of her saintly countenance came back. It shone with a marvellous light. Those who were privileged to look upon it never forgot the vision of loveliness that was revealed to their wondering eyes. Deborah lifted her hand to Philip, and as he took it tenderly and reverently, holding back all signs of human passion, she smiled upon him as an angel might smile, then drew him nearer, and as he bent over her, said for his ears alone: "Remember, Philip, I shall reach down my hand to thee. Keep thy soul unspotted from the world. Be just, and pure, and true. I shall wait for thee: and Heaven will be brighter for me when thee comes in."

For a few moments her large, bright eyes, flooded with an almost divine tenderness, were fixed upon his face. Then the lids fell slowly, slowly, until the quiet fingers lay at rest upon her cheeks. How sweetly she slept!

I do not know how many hours went by ere she opened her eyes again, but when she did unclothe them, it was to look into the faces of angels. She was on the other side.

THE END.

HE that fears God truly, serves Him faithfully, loves Him entirely, prays unto Him devoutly, and distributes to the poor liberally.

A LITTLE LADY.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY G. DE B.

GRACE and I were sitting in the cool of summer twilight at the parlor window. Cousin Maude had finished playing the "Traumerei"—which was our every evening twilight treat—and her hands still held down the last chord, letting its echoes die away in soft silence. Grace sat in the chair opposite me, leaning her head upon the window-sill. A passer-by caused us both to look up at length, and I saw a pretty, sweet-faced young girl look in and smile and bow to Grace. Grace evidently saw nothing, however, for there came a cold, calm stare into her soft blue eyes, quite changing the expression of her usually amiable face, and neither the bow nor smile were returned, I noticed; and, as though the stare had *hurt* her, the sweet, pretty face of the girl outside flushed scarlet.

"Who is she, Grace? She seems to know you," I asked, already half reading a riddle in the haughty look and manner of my little niece.

"The idea of her bowing to me in that familiar manner! Why she's the store-girl down at the corner, auntie," and the words fell from the compressed little lips like pellets of hail, so hard and cold.

"Well, you *know* her, do you not?" continued I, looking closely into Grace's now flushed face.

"I know her behind the counter, in her place, certainly; but I do *not* know her any other way," and Grace's voice trembled a little with something like anger.

"Why, Grace Howell!" exclaimed I, "are you such a snob! I always believed you to be a little lady. Surely it could not harm your status in society to acknowledge the polite recognition of anybody, no matter how much lower socially she may be than yourself. '*Noblesse oblige*,' you know." And I also grew warm in my tone, as I felt quite warm in my indignation at my little niece's new assumption of arrogant ideas and manner.

"But, Mrs. Wylde," interrupted Cousin Maude, now coming over to the window where we sat, "are you quite wise in advising Grace to put herself upon an equality with a store-girl? She is Grace's inferior, you know—her position makes her such. Why, then, need Grace, who is a little 'lady,' I am sure—why need she acknowledge her acquaintance with this girl, except, as she says, 'in her place behind the counter?'"

"Why?—you have given the reason *why*, Cousin Maude. Because Grace is a little lady. I ask you now do *you* think it would injure Grace's position in society at all to acknowledge the polite greeting of any one—store-girl or washerwoman even. General Washington took off his hat to his negro servant. It never lowered him in any one's estimation that I ever heard!"

"O Mrs. Wylde, you are such a radical in your ideas," replied Cousin Maude, with a smile and a shrug. "I must say I think it best to keep inferiors in their proper places—the line must be

drawn somewhere, and were Grace *my* niece, I should say, draw it at store-girls."

"Take care, Maude," I cried now, growing a trifle angrier, "such ideas and opinions demand strong foundation from whence to proclaim them. People whose grandfathers stood behind counters must speak warily of those who stand in stores to-day. Now I, who am the granddaughter of a general and physician, do *not* feel above acknowledging the bow—ay, or shaking the hand and kissing a store-girl."

Maude colored as she answered: "But don't you know the 'people of to-day' are striving to be such ancestors of those who shall come after as shall make them not ashamed to look back? Therefore, if we are in a position *now* above the shopkeeper, need our daughters *stoop* down to be their friend and companion?"

"You misconstrue my 'radical ideas' altogether, Maude," answered I. "I have not said to Grace, 'make a friend of this girl,' although she may be in every way worthy of even that honor! There is a nobility of the *mind* as well as of position. Kings have been proud to call their inferiors 'friends,' and have not stooped in doing so, either. Socially—if you will have it—this girl may be Grace's inferior—in all other respects, for aught I know, she may be her superior. I do not say to Grace, 'make her your friend,' however; but I *do* say, prove yourself a little lady by returning her bow. It can harm no one to be polite, but to look and act in the manner I am sorry to have seen Grace act this evening, shows indeed a little, narrow mind, and a selfish, arrogant nature!"

Grace was listening attentively to our little argument, and I hoped, judging from the shamed look that fell upon her face at my last words, that she felt all the weight of *my* side of the debate.

Cousin Maude made no reply, but went back to her seat at the piano, where she played us all in tune again.

I was pained to see so charming and lovable a young woman as Cousin Maude, possessing a fine character in all other respects, yet marring all by this ridiculous affectation of believing in "drawing a line somewhere."

She was not our cousin really—only so in name—but was always welcomed among us as one of the family. She had lived some time in the south, and I judged had picked up her ideas on society "*lines*" in her sojourn there. I, knowing that her ancestors did not "come over in the Mayflower," or, if they did, they measured tape, molasses and sugar from "behind a counter" after they landed! I, knowing this, felt a trifle provoked and disgusted at her parvenu airs, and determined she should not inculcate any such very ill-bred ideas into Grace, who, I had always hoped, would be a lady!

That night, up in our room, Grace said to me: "Auntie, I am *real* sorry I 'cut' Annie Wilson as I did this evening. She is a real nice girl, and very intelligent. Her father died last winter and she is standing in Ware's store until there shall be an opening for her as teacher in the Keystone School. I always laugh and chat with her in the store, and I suppose she thought, of course, I

would smile and bow at the window, but Cousin Maude talks so much about store-girls that I just felt as though I did not care to recognize her out of her place. I'm ashamed of feeling so now, and I wish I had not been so little and mean in my thoughts and feelings."

Ah, she was my little lady after all!

I kissed the crimson cheeks and answered: "Grace, Cousin Maude says a great many silly things; always do what your own nature prompts you to, and be not directed or governed by others where your own heart tells you it is wrong or foolish. I hope you will adopt none of Maude's foolish ideas of 'aristocracy' and 'caste.' In this country *worth*, not *birth*, makes the man, and although there is no one who thinks more of 'good family' than I, still I consider good breeding quite as necessary to make a *gentlewoman* or *gentleman*! If Annie Wilson is a store-girl it is her misfortune to be so poor as to be obliged to earn her own living in that way. It is your *good*

fortune, on the contrary, to have rich, indulgent parents—a mere matter of dollars and cents, you see—for she is, no doubt, every other way quite as good as you are!"

"But, auntie, ought I to make her my friend?"
"Not necessarily; if you like her and she is ladylike and refined in her manners there is no objection whatever. But what I want you to bear in mind is this, in *good* behavior and conversation treat *everybody* as becomes you, as a *lady*—*Noblesse oblige*—which truly means, true nobility *obliges* one to live up to its smallest law."

Grace received my little lecture with a penitent air, and begged my forgiveness for forgetting she was a lady, by behaving as she had done.

I felt my strong words had sunk deeper than Cousin Maude's light fancies; and I was right, for to-day there is no prettier-mannered girl, none more polite or more beloved by high or low, by rich or by poor than my niece, Grace Howell—My Little Lady!

Home-Life and Character.

OUR IRISH GIRLS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the significant title of this article, I wish to begin it by saying that I have no fresh theory on domestic service—not the ghost of one—to propound.

Mountains of paper and oceans of ink have been spent on this subject, and the great, vexed problem which lies at the basis of American home-life to-day seems to me no nearer a solution than ever.

Perhaps the Chinese are coming with their grave, olive faces, and their small, twinkling eyes to solve the question; and Asiatic hands are yet to make the wheels run smoothly in American homes; but that can hardly be accomplished in one generation.

Meanwhile, the women have done the best they could; great numbers of them have taken to pen and ink, and dealt with this subject, until one has been fain to cry with Hamlet, "Words! words! words!" How many columns of daily papers, how many pages of magazines have been devoted to this topic of Celtic shiftlessness and incapacity! Nothing, however, in the whole talk was more amazing than the number of theories which was to relieve the grievance. Why, the remedies were as many as the mistresses!

It was remarkable, too, that among these sensible, practical American housewives who solemnly laid down on paper their rules and practices which would be certain to abate the great grievance, and promote order, comfort and economy in our kitchens, there should be so little convergence of ideas and convictions. Every one, of course, wrote from her own standpoint; but the theories and observations of one housekeeper flatly contradicted another. One held to a strict regimen, to rules and authority; another believed in mild

measures and privileges, and in no unreasonable demands on untrained fingers and brains, and each was apt to fortify her theories by the relation of her own experiences.

Then the men came to the rescue. But, of course, they made a dreadful boggle of it. They always do when they bring their cut-and-dried arguments to matters which, in the very nature of things, belong largely to woman's domain, and which require her fineness and delicacy of perception and execution.

The great masculine remedy for Hibernian sluggishness and inefficiency was, of course, American service. Let our own educated young women heroically put down all those silly notions about the social degradation of labor, and enter into honorable service in pleasant homes as cooks and chambermaids, and the domestic problem would be at once and forever triumphantly solved.

How loudly and eloquently they rung the changes on that subject. It was precisely the same in their talk, too. An instance in point occurs to me.

I remember conversing with a friend of mine, a man noted for his good sense and kindly heart on this very topic. He made it all clear as sunlight that a revolution in the false American ideas and notions on the matter of household service, was all which was necessary to supply our homes with skillful, economic native talent. Let our own educated girls only once be convinced that there was nothing degrading in the act, and no loss of social equality involved in entering any respectable family and cooking the meals, washing the dishes and making the beds, and our homes would no longer be at the mercy of imported ignorance and carelessness.

The talk sounded well; and there was no doubt the speaker honestly believed every word he uttered. At last his wife entered the room.

"How would you like," I said, turning to her, "to have a well-educated, well-brought-up American girl take Bridget's place of maid-of-all-work in your kitchen? Could you put just the same sort of drudgery—for in a house like yours there is inevitably a good deal—on your countrywoman's shoulders? In short, give precisely the same orders to, and make the same demands on her that you do on your Irish girl?"

"I shouldn't want the well-educated, well-brought-up American girl in my kitchen," was the prompt reply of the lady, herself a most efficient housekeeper. "It would be most embarrassing. I should always be afraid of wounding such a person's feelings; whereas Bridget, with all her faults, has no sensitiveness about her station, and is willing and expects to be recognized as a servant."

I merely relate these facts, making no comment. Who is right or wrong is not the question now. Only you see here was a very nice theory at once exploded in its practical application under the speaker's own roof.

But when all is said and done, what a tremendous factor these Irish girls are in our American life! How much daily comfort and prosperity depends upon their capacity, their faithfulness, their diligence.

How often my heart has ached when I have seen the peace and comfort of a whole household temporarily destroyed by the temper, the caprice, or the dullness of some Bridget or Kate! She had taken it into her head to leave at the worst possible time, when illness in the household or impending company placed the family especially at her mercy. She had had a fit of temper, or obstinacy, or laziness; perhaps she was dishonest, perhaps she was intemperate; but the well-being of the family hung upon her willingness and capacity.

I have seen very good women, and very sensible ones, too, utterly unnerved and prostrated by the impudence and vociferation of an Irish girl. I have seen others reduced to a mood of pitiable despair, which of course made a whole household miserable, because a girl had unexpectedly given warning and marched off in a huff.

This lack of fortitude may seem hardly to the credit of the mistress of a family. Perhaps it was not; and yet there is much to be said on her side.

Many of these women were delicately organized, and heavy household burdens had been laid on slender shoulders. American housekeeping, especially in cities, has become a complicated matter. It sounds well, of course, to talk of being independent, and quoting the examples of our grandmothers, who often did their own work; but housekeeping in the American Revolution and housekeeping to-day are two totally different things. It may be very desirable that we should go back to our grandmothers' short gowns and linsey-woolsey petticoats, but we never shall. All those pretty theories about returning to the simplicity and independence of the past are woven of gossamer, and float off before the faintest breath of fact.

I suppose that the very worst being granted on

the servant's side, it may be admissible to insinuate that the mistresses do not always reach the standard of ideal perfection; that some of them are unreasonable, selfish, exacting.

I remember a well-authenticated story which I heard some time ago of an Irish girl, who, on applying for a servant's situation, inquired of the lady of the house, "What privileges do you allow your girls?"

Perhaps it was not altogether a wise question, but really I think if I had been in that Irish girl's case I should have been very likely to put the same inquiry. I, too, should probably like to secure my "afternoon out," opportunities for social pleasure and companionship among my friends and neighbors, as well as my mistress would among hers.

The lady's answer, given with a tone and air of marked displeasure, was simply, "The privileges I allow my girls is to work in the kitchen mornings and to stay in the attic afternoons."

I do not think that was a generous or humane reply. But that was not its only fault. It did not meet the Irish girl's question. Doing her work, staying in her attic, were hardly "privileges" in any conceivable interpretation of the word.

Perhaps there is nothing which tries the souls of American housekeepers more than the inherent wastefulness of Irish servants. This is an inveterate and most deplorable fault. Thrift, economy, are not in the Celtic blood. It seems to be less the fact of making free with other people's things than the habit of wastefulness, for in their own homes the same girls show the same unthrift.

This fault is especially trying to a conscientious mistress, for economy is a necessity in most families, and not one has a right to be wasteful. Where there is a constant struggle, as in the majority of homes, to make "both ends meet," and with the enormous advances of late years in the prices of all kinds of food and household providings, this recklessness throughout the whole kitchen economy is a terrible eyesore to the mistress. I believe it has helped to wear many a good woman into her grave. The "constant vigilance" into the daily economies, which partly remedies the matter, is sure to wear the temper of both mistress and maid.

"I suppose I might save from one to three hundred dollars a year by keeping a vigilant scrutiny over everything which goes on in my kitchen," said one of the most careful and capable of housekeepers to me. "I tried it for years. It constantly chafed my own temper and my girls. It broke down my health. At last I gave up in despair. On the whole, it is cheaper to let the girl have her own way."

But, after all, the wonder is that these Irish girls are as competent, as faithful, as diligent as they are. They do manage to carry on the domestic machinery of our homes in a fashion—some with their hands, some with their brains. For it is no use denying there is a large amount of capacity, trained and untrained, in these Irish hands and heads. They land on our shores, coming from the cabins where they have lived, from the potato-fields in which many of them have worked, to do

the complicated and delicate work of our American households.

Skilled cooks, deft-handed chambermaids do not grow in a day. And the process of learning is trying enough to the unused hands and the sluggish brains; and every mistress who has had the training of a "green Irish girl," knows what the trial is, and in what a long patience she has to possess her soul.

Yet, when all is said and done, I think the Irish girls' aptness, considering her antecedents, is something quite wonderful. What capital cooks some of them make; what snowy bread, what delicious coffee, what appetizing vegetables, what well-cooked meats have we all eaten at their hands! Let us be honest about it, and give them fair credit for good performance.

I must admit that these Irish girls sometimes take the palm from my own countrywomen. This fact has been "borne in upon me" with sufficient vividness during the last few years, for I have passed a great deal of time in a region where Irish service is nomadic and uncertain, and domestic "help" is largely supplied by young women from American households among the farming districts for miles around.

Now, I had a profound belief that all American women were natural born cooks, that they took to all culinary preparations as ducks to water, as birds to air, boarding-school misses and fine ladies, of course, excepted. I supposed when one of my own countrywomen, brought up in a mountain farm-house, came to help my hostess bear the burdens which her hospitality imposed every summer, that the meals would alight in a state of absolute perfection, almost as in those medieval banquets which used to descend by some ingenious machinery out of clouds overhead and reach their appointed places on the table, before the eyes of the admiring guests, as though all was done by magic. I had a general belief, too, that all the household machinery would run with that smoothness and perfection which Mrs. Stowe so charmingly describes, where a single girl does the work of a large family with such noiseless ease and skill that one might well fancy a company of good fairies had been detailed to take the whole management into their cunning fingers. The sweetest of bread, the goldenest of butter, the mealest of potatoes—only these I fondly imagined were ever known on a New-England farm-house table.

Well, I found the difference between my fancies and the reality was as great as that which ordinarily exists between fact and fiction.

But a single instance will serve to illustrate the general character of my experience in this regard.

My friend had secured an American girl in a crisis of domestic affairs. It was mid-summer and she was about to give a family party under circumstances which made the occasion more than an ordinary social ceremony.

Relatives who had not met for years had made a happy conjunction in the mountain town, and a goodly company of old and young were to assemble at a New-England tea-drinking under the cottage roof.

Hurried and crowded with many conflicting

duties, my friend was about making her own bread for the party, when the new girl kindly volunteered.

"Never mind the bread; I can make that myself."

"But are you sure you can make it good?" asked the doubting lady of the house.

"Oh, yes'm; I've done it a great many times."

After some more questions and very positive asseverations on the girl's part, my friend at last concluded to leave the matter in the girl's hands.

Well, the guests assembled, the supper came off; the sandwiches were served. I will not say that bread was sour or soggy, but I think it was generally regarded as a failure.

This fact did not spoil the feast, of course, yet poor bread is never agreeable at your own table or your neighbors.

I thought of many a Bridget whose light, sweet, snowy loaves would tempt any palate. After all, my countrywomen, though they were bred on New-England farms, in the midst of plenty, and trained in household work from their childhood, had not always the advantage over those who came from Irish cabins and took their first lessons in service under our roofs.

I have found, too, in many an Irish girl, a kindness, a generosity of feeling, an instinctive delicacy which would have done honor to a fine lady. I know all the Hibernian faults. I have had my share of suffering from Irish carelessness, negligence, dullness and incapacity.

Occasionally, I have found a girl false as water, or dishonest, but these are the exceptions in my own experience.

How many hours of weariness and pain have been lightened, how many disinterested attentions, how much thoughtfulness and honest sympathy I have found at the bungling hands and kindly hearts of these Irish girls!

And, remembering all this, I cannot choose but have a word to say in their favor. I can never join in that wholesale condemnation of the race which one is often obliged to listen to.

I will close this article with a little history of the affectionate fidelity of one Irish girl, and I can vouch for the entire truthfulness of the story, as I was on terms of personal intimacy with the household where it happened. She came to it a half-trained, uncouth Irish girl. Her name was Catharine. She had the Celtic physiognomy, the broad, coarse features, and a large and by no means graceful figure.

The fortunes of the family did not, however, allow it to be fastidious. It could not command the highest-priced service, and was content with moderate capacity and honesty.

Catharine stayed on year after year, and became a kind of fixture in the family. It was largely composed of young girls, and she was full of eager curiosity and interest in all their young hopes, ambitions and prospects.

She had her own private estimate of the character and bearing of the young gentlemen who visited the house, and these opinions were often wonderfully acute, considering that her opportunities for observation were limited to the few

moments during which she ushered the guest into the small parlor, and went gayly off in search of the young ladies.

It was a household where there was a constant strain to make both ends meet. Catharine entered with generous, wholesouledness into all its anxieties and wearing economies; and, Irish girl as she was, her sympathy and solicitude often relieved some worry of its sharpest sting.

As time went on, Catharine gave indications of more than average ability. She could barely read when she came to the family. One and another of its members instructed her in the elementary English branches, and her proficiency was quite remarkable. She soon learned to write a fair hand, and her growing eagerness to read and study interfered seriously with her various duties as maid-of-all-work.

As Catharine improved, she used to indulge in pretty projects of returning to Ireland and setting up an infant school in her old home. She was certain the lady in whose service she had lived in the mother country would encourage and assist her in this laudable undertaking.

But the wild little programme, like many a larger and grander one, was never carried out; yet it was a pleasant subject for Catharine to dilate on with the young girls when they went down to talk awhile in the quiet old kitchen, where they were always sure of a welcome.

But Catharine's "sluggish Celtic blood" was always in the way of her advancement. She was by no means one of the "pretty Irish girls," with bright eyes and glowing complexions.

Her figure at the best was, as I said, clumsy, her gait heavy, and her face rather homely than otherwise—the most which could be said for it being that it was an honest, kindly one.

Despite the Irish clannishness, I believe that, as the years went on, the household whose servant she was grew dear almost as her own kin to Catharine. She knew and shared its sorrows and its joys, its griefs and hopes, its intimate family life.

Not that Catharine was by any means an ideal servant. I suppose there are plenty of households where they would have discharged her with the first month of service. The wheels, so far as she had their management, run by no means always smoothly. She often wore to its last thread the patience of the gentlest and most forbearing of mistresses. Her work often lacked thoroughness, her habits diligence, and perhaps she sometimes forgot what is technically called "her precise place" in the family economy, and was apt to deliver her opinions with an abruptness and freedom hardly becoming her position; but this last fault could be easily overlooked. And I heard one of the members of the family long afterward, when summing up Catharine's merits and defects, conclude the whole with: "After all, she was probably quite as good in her line of servant as we were in ours of mistress."

The time of separation came, as it comes for all human relations, at last. A brother of Catharine's from the old world fell into more or less loose habits in the new one. His sister had a great in-

fluence over him, and it was felt that her constant presence and care would alone save him from habitual intemperance.

A good situation opened in a hotel in the town where the brother was at work, and Catharine at last concluded to enter the new place.

But it cost the warm Irish heart a terrible wrench when the hour came for parting with those around whom so many tender fibres of habit and affection had gathered during these years. It seemed as though she could not tear herself away.

I have heard Catharine's mistress relate the touching story of that last interview. When it was all over with, as everybody posed, Catharine burst suddenly into the room, where the lady was quite alone, and her agony at the parting was almost like that with which we go away from the dead.

It was not in this case a wild burst of Celtic emotion, soon over and forgotten. Catharine maintained for years a correspondence with the young girls of the household she had left, her reports being always favorable, and her fortunes seeming to prosper.

At last she became urgently desirous of seeing her old friends, from whom she was separated by less than a hundred miles. She wrote with eager importunity for some of these to come to her, if they remained over but a single train.

She was a favorite servant at the hotel, and she would ensure them every care and attention; and she added, with a kindly thought for the family fortune, "If they would only take a carriage and ride up to the house, she would gladly pay the hire for a sight of the faces of her young ladies."

This last offer met with immense merriment in the family conclave. Catharine had shared the household makeshifts and economies, and had a sympathetic remembrance of them. But pretences and affectations were not in its line, and the younger members of the family had a world of fun among themselves, drawing a ludicrous picture, in which they figured conspicuously, driving up in grand state to the hotel, and alighting amid a flourish of trumpets, and referring the driver to Catharine to pay the expenses of the play!

It is not necessary to say that they decided not to "keep up appearances" on so flimsy a foundation; although Catharine never had a suspicion of the merriment her honest offer had afforded her friends.

The correspondence on both sides was kept up at rare intervals; and when Catharine at last, tired of her hotel-life, went into a private family, she duly forwarded her address in New York.

Several years had passed, when the youngest of the household, a mere slip of a girl at the time Catharine lived with it, was in the city, and resolved to hunt up the old servant, from whom she had not heard for a long time. She found, after a good deal of effort, Catharine's last mistress, an intelligent and kindly lady, of whom the girl herself had spoken in warm terms.

The young lady was greatly shocked to learn that Catharine's health and mind had failed to

gether, and that she was then an inmate of an insane hospital, and the prospects of her ultimate recovery were very doubtful.

There was nothing to be done but to accept the facts. Her last mistress still retained some kindly supervision over the girl, but the letters which she occasionally received, although they still bore traces of the old shrewd sense of Catharine, were sure to end in a vagueness and flightiness which afforded strong grounds for fearing that her shattered reason would never be restored.

What was Catharine's fate in the end, I am unable to say, but I have related, so far as I know it, the history of one warm-hearted Irish girl.

I know of others who, at least, in faithfulness and native kindness, resemble her; and with all my sympathy for the worries and trials of mistresses, I am sometimes, when I listen to their talk and denunciations, reminded of the man from the country encountered on the streets of the city by his friend, who inquired what errand brought him to town.

"I am sent"—it is Emerson who tells the story—"I am sent," said the man, in laconic reply, "into the city to find an angel to do the cooking!"

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 11.

I SAID to the girls last fall, "Now let us have some stockings knit this time on the machine, large, and knit out of white yarn that has been well boiled in soap-suds; and let us tell Becky if it is possible, and she can set her machine right, we will have them knit kind of loosely."

The yarn was boiled and the hose were made to please us every way, but, would you believe it? when we came to put them on one frosty October morning, they were full up so we cannot wear them, and Cousin Sally's little girls will get them after all our managing.

There is an old saying something like this: "Don't hallo until you are out of the woods." Now, if I have halloed while I was yet in the woods, and told you women-readers that if you did so and so with your white yarn hose they would not shrink nor full up—well, you must believe that I thought I was correct, though a longer experience proved my mistake. I prefer to do this part of the washing myself, but sometimes I was busy and let the girls do it, and I think they were not careful—perhaps let them lie in the suds too long, did not stretch them sufficiently and did not hang them where they would dry as soon as possible.

Very much depends on the way and manner in which such washing is done.

In some country—I forget what—the peasant-women are noted for doing work of this kind remarkably well, and they always dry their newly-washed hose on a thin board, or shingle, cut out into the size and shape desired. Their stockings never shrink and go out to do service among the little girls.

Seems to me one's big brothers, while sitting on the porch on a rainy day, would like to whittle out a lot of stocking-lasts from shingles. There could be a hole bored in the top of each last and a string put through, and they could be kept together in pairs, and on washing-day hung across the line to dry. I suggest this plan to those who may labor under the same difficulty we do.

I was in Dr. Bodkin's office the other day, when a woman and her fifteen-years-old daughter came in. The daughter has been afflicted for years with sore mouth, little spots on her gums and in the roof of the mouth and under her tongue. At first the sore would be red, then yellow, and as long as it continued yellow, it was eating, and cankerous, and very annoying. No wash ever did any good; alum, tannin, borax, nothing until it had run its course of about nine days.

I listened to hear what the doctor would say. He said: "Oh, it is little use to treat these sores the way it is commonly done. They are caused by acidity of the stomach, though people in general are not aware of it. Now, I will give you a very simple prescription—a real old woman's cure—instead of any drug or medicine. Take some dead coals out of your stove and pound them as fine as you can get them—in an iron mortar if convenient—then put the pulverized coal in a can or bottle away from the air, and give your daughter a tablespoonful three times a day immediately after eating, for three days. She can mix with a third of a teacupful of cold water and swallow it easily. And twice a day give her a teaspoonful of sulphur. The acidity of the stomach will be corrected, and these troublesome little cankerous sores will soon get well. Then she must be careful what she eats, and, in time, this prescription, with frequent bathing and plenty of exercise, will change her sallow complexion to rose and lily. This is a better cosmetic than any which are heralded in the papers, and is simple and efficacious, while they are poisonous and hurtful."

I thought that was so sensible of the doctor, and my heart warmed toward the honest-hearted physician as the mother returned her cadaverous little purse, unopened, to her pocket, and smiling her thanks, walked off, while beside her the young daughter, grateful for the pleasant prescription and the probable results, walked like a princess of the royal blood.

Speaking of a princess, reminds me of the one who called here early one frosty morning last week. She could not talk intelligibly; they never do until they forget themselves or get angry; she stood inside the door and made gestures, and muttered queer noises, and handed me the inevitable little printed slip that tells the sad tale of shipwreck, and disaster, and loss by fire and water, and of the large family, and the poor, helpless mother-in-law—everybody knows the story. It began, "The bearer of this, Mrs. Collackly, is a poor sick widow;" but I thought I'd have a little fun and make the girls laugh, and I read in a distinct voice, right before the woman, "The bearer of this, Mrs. Colicky," then I peeped over at her

but her rosy face and sparkling eyes never changed at all.

The last quarter had just been paid out for stamps, and I told her, and said I was sorry. The chubby old princess sniffed unbelief, and her brown eyes looked so sparkling, and I so admire beauty, that involuntarily I said: "Oh, you are a real pretty woman! Your cheeks are like roses, and your brown eyes are so winsome, and you look so healthy, that I can't help admiring you!"

She forgot herself, and she said: "Just you go out in the cold and walk like I do, my lady, and you'll be handsome, too. That's what you need," and she flung her big pack on her back and walked off as royally as a queen. Her step was firm, and light, and proud, and the swing of her faded old skirts was admirable!

Ha-ha! I scolded father gently a little while ago when I was out in the kitchen. I do not think he will take it to heart much, however, for he was laughing heartily when I came in here. I wanted to laugh, too, but waited till I was safely out of his sight.

We were talking about peculiarities as hereditary in families. Ida said she would know one of Carters anywhere by the mole on the left cheek. I said I would recognize Sellinger blood anywhere by the strange droop of the eyelids. Lily said she would know a Wilson by the toes, that two of them were grown together on the right foot of every born Wilson. Father said he would know a Wallace by the singular click in the voice—something that struck down like a little hammer and cut off articulation for an instant.

That was my golden opportunity to have a little fun—half earnest—at the deacon's expense, and I said I would recognize a Potts if I found him in my pie; not by the nose or mouth, nor the twinkle of the eye, but by an ugly fashion for which they are to blame—calling every man they know by his Christian name. I said if one of the Potts men were speaking of the governor he'd call him Billy, 'cause it would appear so wise and familiar; or of Washington, he'd call him George or Geordy.

Father got as red as a beet, and drew his hat down over his eyes, and I saw his broad shoulders shaking with laughter; but I walked off with dignity, and kept my face straight until I was out of his sight.

Yesterday there was a shower, and the wind veered round into the north and blew so cold that I suggested winter clothing, and my hint was acted upon. I think when there is a sudden change from warm to cold, a woman should dress accordingly, at least while the weather remains cold. When it moderates, she can leave off the extra garments when she rises in the morning. There is no danger in changing one's clothes if it is done at this time, and not much danger of catching cold if we dress according to the weather. Colds taken in the fall are dangerous; one is made more liable then to take cold thereafter; it seems like a gate left open or a fence thrown down. I have always thought that women did not dress warmly enough in cold weather; that they neglected themselves

to care for their families, forgetting that they, the overworked, and perhaps jaded and broken and feeblest of all, needed the warm clothing and the woolly stockings far more than did the frolicsome, rosy, buoyant sons and daughters, so full of vivacity and vitality, and warm, rich, red blood, that they never really felt the cold blast that chilled the poor mother from head to foot.

We wrote to a distant friend last fall, saying: "You will receive a box about Thanksgiving: what shall be put in it for yourself? Let us know."

The reply was: "You know best."

Yes, we knew what would be best for a pale, thin, woman living in a prairie home, where the relentless sweep of a pitiless wind was unbroken and almost unceasing. The first thing we thought of was two suits of merino underwear, costing only four dollars and a quarter. Other clothing was sent, but the two soft, warm, friendly merino suits seemed to eclipse all the rest, for every letter during that bleak winter was jubilant in their praise.

We have talked and written so much about women dressing warmly, and taking thought for themselves, that we feel ashamed to urge the merits of warm and abundant underclothing.

Does any poor woman, with tears in her eyes, say: "Oh, Pipsey don't know how many dear little backs we have to clothe and mouths we have to fill, or she wouldn't talk that way."

O you poor dear! we must manage according to the limits of the family purse, must we? Well, presuming you are *very* poor, let us look around a little and see what we can substitute. It is the poor woman's arms that get so cold in the changeable winter weather, and her back between her shoulders; and then her breast needs extra protection. Have you nowhere among your worn-out, cast-aside clothes the sleeves and waist of an old water-proof dress? Nearly everybody has; you know they take the skirt and put a hem about the frayed bottom, after taking out the front breadth, which is the worst worn, and that makes it into a petticoat. Now I'll tell you what to do. I told one poor woman this, once in a strait, and she said it was an admirable plan. Just turn that wrong side out, with the soft flannel in, and wear it next to you; let the flannel be next the skin, and the usual garment outside of that, and be sure and make long sleeves to it. See, that makes three thicknesses now over your poor, blue, chilly arms and back; and then comes in a snug little garment that in your case is indispensable, and it is cut out of flannel if you can afford it, and if not make it out of good, heavy, unbleached muslin. Cut it like a basque, sloped so as to be half-fitting, and let it extend down below the bands of your skirts. Put them on the outside of it, and you will be as snug as a mummy, and the searching winds won't find one place to make cold and shivery. The sleeves of the new basque make four thicknesses over your arms, and then comes the sleeves of the dress, or polonaise, or redingote, and they make six thicknesses, and that is none too many for such winters as last winter was. You will not chill every time you go out doors,

or whenever the wind changes to the north-west and blows steadily.

No poor woman need be ashamed to go to her more fortunate neighbor and tell her what she needs and ask her to look among the clothes in her closets and see what she can spare. And very frequently it would be better if she would ask her advice and let her plan and contrive for her.

Not one poor woman out of a dozen would think of the comfort there is in the little jackets, sleeveless or with sleeves, that are worn in the winter, unless some one would tell her. She would be surprised to know that a remnant of goods, if properly adjusted under patterns of the right size, would cut a jacket that would be warm, and nice, and neat, and, withal, hide the waist of a dress beginning to show the ravages of time. How often we hear people say, complainingly, of a poor widow: "Why she has no knack at managing, or planning, or getting along at all." It is not the fault of the woman any more than is her red hair or pug nose—it was born with her, it is hers by inheritance—either her father or her mother gave her that easy, careless trait of character, and she is to be pitied instead of blamed. You who know better should instruct her, you can give out of your fullness and never miss, and she will be assisted and benefited.

At this season of the year, when the winds begin to chap, and fair complexions become rough, it is advisable to keep bran or oatmeal convenient and use it frequently. If bran, put some in a soft cloth and wet it in warm water and squeeze it until it will not drain, then rub it on the hands, face, neck and arms. It is very softening and agreeable, and makes the skin as soft and white as a baby's. Oatmeal is pronounced to be better yet than bran. Wet it in warm water and let it stand until it is sticky or gelatinous, and then wash thoroughly in it. Use it as you would soap-suds, and you will be delighted with the result. After using bran or oatmeal, wash in tepid water.

Instead of washing with soap on Sabbath morning, let it be done the afternoon or evening previous, when you have plenty of leisure. It is this thorough ablution preceding one's going out that is so damaging to the complexion. That is why one becomes red, or brown, or freckled, and why the skin grows rough and cracks easily. Just here an innocent cosmetic suggests itself, and we place the pen ready to write it, and we shake our head and say it might lead to worse; perhaps some one woman would be led into temptation through our words, and next to downright sin, do we abominate cosmetics. They make lies and liars, and we will in no case sanction their use. Painted, powdered faces! In spite of all we can do, we think of souls painted, and enamelled, and powdered; souls that should go up to the Judgment wearing only honesty and integrity.

I wonder if good people ever think when they are talking to children how silly they are not to simplify their language, especially when dwelling on religious subjects. A lady told me once that, when she was little, her father was anxious that

she should become converted at an early age, and he told her not to forget to ask the Lord to take away her heart of stone and give her a heart of flesh. The poor child! She could not understand how the exchange could be made without hurting her; and she said when she did pray that way, it was with a hope all the time that things would remain as they were—comfortable. She said she frequently pressed over the region of the heart with her hand, and imagined that bumping stone doing duty day after day with a surprising promptness.

Now, how much better if the father said: "Jesus loves little children, and when He was a poor man in this world He took them in His arms and loved them and talked to them, and He wants them to love Him, and when, after death, they go to live in that lovely land where He is, He will be glad to see them and have them near Him."

Something like that would have been better.

Oh, these things should be made plain and simple, and brought in range with the child's capacity for comprehending.

A very pious lady was conversing regretfully on this same subject once, in my hearing. She had heard a minister talk about bread cast upon the waters, and, one time, when she was about a dozen years of age, in company with a little friend, she was returning from a visit to an aunt. Auntie was over-kind, and gave the little girl some biscuit to carry home in her apron, but it was growing late and the way was long and the biscuit began to be burdensome. While they were crossing a swift little brook the child stopped, a new and bright idea had come to her, and she said: "I've thought of it now! don't you know the Bible says, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee after many days,' now I am going to throw this in the water, and then, some of these days, it will come back to us. This is not bread, it is biscuit—better than bread—so, very likely, when it does come back, it'll be sweet-cake. I shouldn't wonder!"

No wonder young people shrink from the subject of religion; the old, old story is always draped in gloom, and so many people shun it in their families with the same chill that they would approach a coffin or an open grave.

The words regeneration, and salvation, and sanctification, and faith, and grace, have no meaning—are as sealed books to so many people. Why I, woman that I am, don't understand half the terms that our preachers use, and my thoughts, in spite of me, will go a-wandering away to the woods among the shadowy places, and will seek out mossy nooks, and, before I am aware of it, I will be smiling and having a good time. I often think, if the truth were known, people would comprehend and appreciate simple sermons, and more talks from the pulpit about this daily life of ours, with all its multiplicity of cares, and sorrows, and struggles with temptations that beset us on every hand.

But people are ashamed to say that they do not understand, they want to appear wise and learned.

It is very common, in our church at least, to hear the old deacons say at the church door, as

they shake hands with each other, in a limp, mechanical way: "Yon was a very good doctrinal sarmon;" or, "He's all right on the p'int's o' doctrine, fur's I can see;" or, "R'aly, none o' the other persuasion can hole a candle to Brother Busby—he's a good match fur the best of 'em." Positively, I do not believe that half our members know the meaning of the big words Brother Busby uses. And when he brings in a phrase in Latin, the old fellows like Brother Van Doodle and the old brother who likes Newton's grease—you remember him—they look at each other approvingly, as much as to say, "Did you ever!" And the responsive glance says, "No I never!"

I don't want to complain. I'm a member in good standing in the reg'lar Baptist church, but I must protest against this high-flown style of preaching. What do you say, my good sisters? Instead of hearing all the particulars about the disputed genealogy of Melchisedec, wouldn't you rather hear your pastor dwell more on the love of Christ, on the beautiful character of Christ, and tell us again and again that He was a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, and that He had infirmities like ours, but was without sin? Wouldn't we rather hear encouraging words, and hopeful and helpful; and suggestions that would aid us in bearing the little trials and annoyances of every day—sweet counsel as to how we could

curb our tempers, and keep back the stinging rebuke, and strengthen and build up and make beautiful a Christian character? Don't you like to have thoughts to carry home with you from church, to think about and ponder over during the week, when your hands are full of work? I know you do.

Now this little talk does not mean that you are to be dissatisfied with your preacher, and find fault, and become captious and ill-disposed. Not a bit of it. Every one's pastor says good things, and enough for us to think about and put in practice. We were only telling that we liked to hear good things that we could comprehend.

Oh, the world is full of hungry hearts, lonely, and misconstrued, and suffering; yet the eye flashes, and the lip curls, and the voice thrills like music, and we daily pass them by, little dreaming of the woe within. They make no sign, they utter no complaint, they speak no word of blame—they hide it all. Alas, alas! but God who is over us sees and hears and takes note of all.

O eager eyes which gaze afar!

O arms which clasp the empty air!

Not all unmarked your sorrows are,

Not all unpitied your despair.

Smile, patient lips, so proudly dumb,

When life's frail tent at last is furled,

Your glorious recompense shall come,

O hearts that hunger through the world!

Religious Reading.

A JOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

BY E. C.

MANY look forward to the time of old age as a season of weariness, in which life will have few pleasures, because the capacity for enjoying them will be so greatly impaired. Social intercourse will have few charms for one whose dull ear can catch but half the words spoken. Travel will be a source of but little pleasure, when "fears are in the way," and "the grasshopper is a burden." And so of all the enjoyments that come to us chiefly through the senses.

But there is a luxury one may enjoy even down to the very verge of life's sloping hill-side. It never palls on the taste, and we never grow too old to appreciate it. It is the joy that springs from acts of benevolence. The heart that has learned to give according as God has prospered it, will find the joys that spring from it to be an ever deepening and widening river of delight. It cannot fail, for it springs from the throne of eternal love. Not only will the capacity for enjoying increase, but the ability to exercise it will be also enlarged. "He giveth grace for grace." I do not know of any so sure provision for old age as to have invested largely in this bank of the Lord as one passes along through life.

"I have no one to make a Christmas for," said an old lady, regretfully, as she thought of the scattered household that had once been gathered under

her roof. No doubt the thought was saddening, but a little effort with her ample resources would have made many poor hearts around her dance for joy on Christmas morning, and would have brought a flood of reflected light into her own bosom. In a world so in need of cheer and help, we need never sigh for work to do, nor pine for a source of unalloyed joy suited for every age and place.

THE SPIRITUAL.

WHAT is this spiritual which discards empires and philosophies? What is this spiritual, within which lies the kingdom of God? The spiritual is that in which the soul or spirit is chief actor and possessor. When one hates sin and loves holiness, he is within the confines of the spiritual. The child, the beggar, the slave, the statesman, the king may do this, and here they are one. When tears of deep penitence fall over sins committed, the mortal who sheds these tears is standing in the spiritual land. When the heart accepts of Christ as its complete Saviour, then that heart is moving only amid the spiritual, for child and king, simplicity and learning, are one here, because the realm is not of intellect but of soul. And when beyond the cross and the grave the soul looks still forward and sees Heaven, and loves it as Bunyan saw and loved it, this, too, is spirituality. In these states of soul lies the great invisible church of God, the only church triumphant. It is invisible, because man cannot

detect the beginning or end of its creed; cannot see its vestments, nor hear its loud debates, nor find its outward self-righteousness, nor hear it saying, "I am holier than thou." It is all within, like the happiness of the heart, which no one can transfer or express. The external visible church is valuable as a chariot that may carry man from the earthly to the heavenly shore: Elijah's horsemen, but not his Heaven.

As the world advances, this spiritual will disentangle itself from state, and from metaphysics, and from ritualism and sectarianism, and will rise the better toward Heaven because of its release from weights and bondage.

PROFESSOR SWING.

SABBATH REST.

BY M. L. RICKER.

O H, sacred rest from every worldly care!—
When to the Rock's cool shadow we may flee,
And casting down our heavy burdens there,
Take heart again, through thy sweet ministry.

Through many troubled ways we walk forlorn,
Footsore and faint, with faltering steps, and slow;
Our hands are torn and wounded by the thorns
That hedge our pathway, wheresoe'er we go.

So oft our faith grows dim—we are so weak—
In daily contact with the busy throng.
So oft in whitening harvest-fields we seek
For idle ease where earnest deeds belong.

But with the dawning of the Sabbath morn,
Gentle and still—as from an angel's wings—
Descends the power that with the day is born,
Which gives new strength to bear life's many stings.

While mingled with the chiming of the bells,
We hear the promise of His gracious word
Joyfully through their deep-toned music swells,
The eternal glory of the risen Lord.

Soft breezes wafted from the crystal sea,
Fan our hot brows, and cool the fevered brain;
Our ears are gladdened by the melody
Of distant harpers on the heavenly plain.

Afar, beyond life's tumult and its whirl,
Celestial visions greet our longing sight,
The walls of jasper and the gates of pearl
That guard the city where there comes no night.

By quiet waters in the pastures green,
We see loved forms we've mourned for many years,
With faces glorified and eyes serene,
From which God's hand has wiped away all tears.

Over us bending from the streets of gold,
Their yearning glances watch our pathway still;
Their tender hands reach downward to our hold,
While love's sweet benedictions through us thrill,

Helping us onward to that brighter shore,
Where flowers unfading bloom in fairest bowers,
Where we shall toil, and strive, and *sin* no more,
And God's eternal Sabbaths shall be ours.

Mothers' Department.

DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN.

CURIOSITY is one of the first, and most troublesome characteristics manifested by a young child, and yet he would be an idiot if it were not for this particular trait. It is this quality of its brain that makes it hunger for knowledge, and it should be given as patiently, continuously and judiciously as necessary food. Mothers sometimes appear to be unconscious of the fact that the child is a strange visitor to an unknown country, and that its exploring propensities crave gratification, and cannot be resisted by the child itself. The child cannot comprehend why it should not gratify its eyes and also its hands—the two senses of vision and touch, always go, necessarily, together, with children. Of course it does not reason with itself and say, what I see does not convey to me its consistency. I only recognize by my vision that it has size, form and color; but the child instinctively proceeds to find out that which it wishes to know by feeling the thing that interests it.

"Meddling" is one of the habits which some young mothers especially abhor in their children; but if they only pause to consider that this some-

times inconvenient and not unfrequently destructive habit is the real basis of the greatest successes in science, philosophy and art, they would guide, and increase, rather than thwart the keen interest that the little strangers manifest in their small, but to them, mysterious world. If a child carries his curiosity too far and too unpleasantly, and refuses to submit to control in his pursuits, the vicious habit of slapping his hands and hurting his body to punish a condition of his mind, is too foolish and undignified a process for a sensible woman to adopt. Of course there must be some room in every house, or some space outside of it, where the child can be, at least for a time, entirely harmless, and he should be made to comprehend that he has gone beyond the proper limits of liberty by being instantly removed from his late realm of mischief. A few banishments of this sort will establish in his mind the idea of proper limitations to his investigating tendencies.

A positive refusal to obey a comprehended request—and a command should rarely if ever be given to either a little child or one that is fully grown—should be followed by a similar banishment from the social circle. Solitude, where there

is no fear, though the company of a silent companion should be secured when the pernicious idea of indefinite dread has been established in the mind of the child, is the safest and surest of subjugating processes. The term of banishment should only continue while the spirit of disobedience lasts, or as an adequate punishment for an improper act.

Limitations of the child's food is another barbaric infliction. It is injurious to its health, and sometimes it is positively dangerous; but the withdrawal of luxuries, and the substitution of a strictly plain diet, is certain to bring the young criminal to a willingness to return to the pleasant atmosphere and the attractive conditions of the domestic circle. He soon prefers the restraints that properly belong to a well-regulated household.

We have known of children who preferred to remain in banishment for days rather than comply with the laws and regulations that should govern small people, but the salutary effect was finally deep in proportion to the time required to bring about entire submission. Of course all this process is one of utmost pain to a fond mother, but it does not involve the loss of personal respect in the child. It is only an opportunity for reflection, and when his mind has had sufficient time and experience, he weighs the value of his liberty with obedience against retirement and self-denial, and generally makes up his mind permanently; therefore his troubles about that especial sin are usually ended forever.

Of course other causes and occasions for insubordination occur, and perhaps there may be many varieties to this particular child's disobedience, and each one may require the same constraint and solitude, but it is an unflinching discipline, if the spirit which directs the infliction and carries out the sentence "be lofty, sorrowful

and just." Sometimes the deprivations of customary pleasures are chosen as a means of discipline, but they should be rare indeed. The days of our youth live on in our memories, and the pleasant spirit that surrounded them follows and controls many a man's conduct in after life; and therefore we would take away as little as possible of the sunshine of happiness which home delights to pour over the head of the little child.—*Metropolitan*.

THANKS.

WILL "Grandma" and Mrs. "M. O Johnson" of the July HOME, and Celia Sandford of the September number, please accept my most earnest thanks for their kindly answers to my "Queries?" They have helped me. I would like to take them by the hand, and face to face tell them how much. That may never be here. But in the "great hereafter," I think I shall know them and love them, too. Because they had sympathy with, and help and cheer for me, I hope I may be a better mother and Christian woman.

VARA.

IF a child wants a light to go to sleep by, give it one. The sort of Spartan firmness which walks off and takes away the candle, and shuts all the doors between the household cheer and warmth and the pleasant stir of evening mirth, and leaves a little son or daughter to hide its head under the bedclothes, and get to sleep as best it can, is not at all admirable. Not that the mother means to be cruel, when she tries this or that hardening process, and treats human nature as if it were clay, to be moulded into any shape she may please. Probably she has no idea of the injury and suffering she causes, or perhaps her heart aches; but she perseveres, thinking she is doing right.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A MODEL PAPA.*

BY OLIVE THORNE.

SOLOMON sends us to the ant to learn, and I don't see why we should not take lessons from other little creatures in the world.

There's a modest little fellow in the sea now, who sets a most beautiful example of paternal affection and care, yet I never heard that he was set up as a model. To be sure he's never more than four inches high, but that is sixteen times as high as an ant, and virtue does not depend on size, either.

The name of this interesting creature—the scientific name, I mean—is Hippocampus, but he is better known out of the books by the name of Sea Horse; and doubtless most of you have seen dried up specimens of the family in museums, or in private collections of sea wonders.

His wife—well, we won't say much about his

wife, for she isn't a model by any means. In fact she shirks all the time-honored duties belonging to a mother, hands the young family over to their father, and swims off to have a good time in the world.

Papa Hippo seems not at all troubled or cast down by the unnatural behavior of the mother. To tell the truth, he prefers to attend to the babies, and is very nicely adapted to the work. Indeed, I don't suppose he would allow the mother to interfere in his nursery arrangements if she wished. What do you suppose he does with all the eggs he has charge of? He has no nest, nor house of any kind, and there are a thousand or two of them—for fishes, you know, never do these things by halves. Well, he has no trouble, for nature has provided him with a pocket, thickly lined with fat, and into that convenient nursery he receives the family, and there they stay—nourished, as some naturalists think, by his fat—till they are big enough to look out for them-

* From Christian Union.

selves. There! isn't that an example for the world?

And that is not all. Ordinary parents of the fish family eat the eggs and little ones, not only of their neighbors, but of their own family, while this admirable little papa of four inches high never was known, however hungry, to even so much as taste one of his own children. That is a very rare virtue, I can assure you—in fish life.

When this self-denying father thinks the little ones are big enough to take care of themselves, he starts them in life by bending his tail around like a hook, pressing it against the bottom of the pocket, and just coolly shoving them out to take their chances in a cold, wet world.

This very unusual care for the little ones is not the only strange thing about the Sea Horse. His looks are as strange as his manners. He has the droll fashion, as somebody says, of living inside instead of outside of his bones. So he looks as though dressed in a suit of mail. His bones are not ghostly-looking white things, like the bones of those who carry them inside—they are of a soft gray color, ornamented with dainty carving.

He receives his name from the shape of his head, which is comically like that of a horse, and is always carried partly erect in the water. He has a fin on his back, which looks like a beautiful fan tipped with yellow, and is of course a graceful ornament. His eyes are the color of gold, with an edge of blue, and are not slavish twins, as most eyes are, looking the same way. On the contrary, they are entirely independent of each other, so that he can look two ways at once.

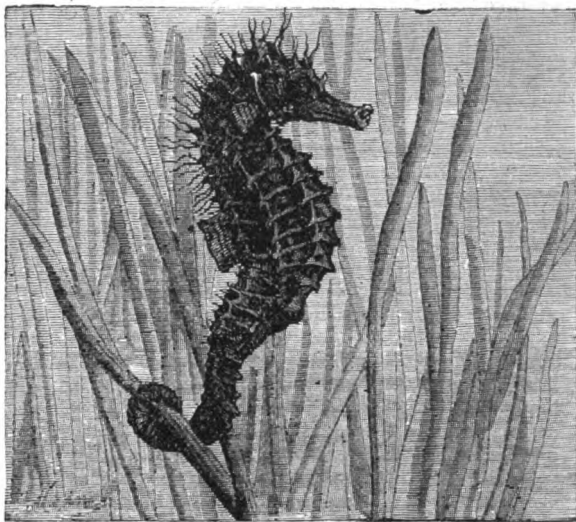
The favorite attitude of this little oddity is holding on to a weed with his tail, from which position he can dart on his food as he gets sight of it—either worm, fish egg, or some such delicacy. He has side fins, by means of which he can swim, always standing up, as you may say, in the water. But he is not a great swimmer; he prefers to rest holding on to a weed, as I said.

Perhaps his tail is the most curious thing about him. It is four-sided, like a square file, and is covered with scales, like the rest of his body. It is long and prehensile, like the tails of some monkeys; and to hold on to something seems to be the delight of his life. If two of them meet in the water, they are sure to grab each other by the tail. Even tiny atoms of Sea Horses—sea colts, you might call them—with tails no bigger than a bit of thread, will seize each other, and hold on for dear life, never giving up till tired out.

Little was known about the Sea Horse till a naturalist—Rev. Samuel Lockwood—kept several in an aquarium, and, by closely watching them, found out their wonderful ways.

Fishes generally have little trouble with their babies; they just put the eggs into some place that they fancy is safe, and leave them to their fate. But there's another little fellow living in the water who is as fussy about his young family as any

land creature in the world. It is the Stickleback, and he goes so far as to build a nest. He not only takes care of the eggs, and fights every fish, big or little, that dares to come near, but he drives away the very mother of the babies, fighting her in the most disgraceful way, if she insists on taking an interest in the family. In fact, he is



THE SEA HORSE.

one of the most fidgety, quarrelsome little wretches you ever heard of, quite unlike the dignified Sea Horse.

When the babies are big enough to get about, he rules them with a rod of iron, swims after them, and brings them home in his mouth—thousands of them there are, too.

There's some excuse for all this care, for Stickleback babies are very nice to eat, and every fish bigger than themselves is sure to be an enemy.

MORAL courage enables young men to wear old gloves, hat and coat till they can honestly afford another. It requires an effort, but it will have a good result. Men schooled in such deeds of heroism will refuse to endorse bad bills, will not vote for scamps, nor make obeisance to scoundrels who give lavishly what they have made lawlessly, nor take with pride the hand of a villain, however exalted.

"I EXPECT," said a worthy Quaker, "to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or anything I can do for my fellow-men, let me do it now. Let me not neglect or defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

OF what good is it to learn? That we may become modest; that we may occupy life with something better than those things to which our vanity prompts us; that we may make ourselves of some little use to our fellows, without exacting gratitude from them.

RICHES profit not in the day of wrath; but a consciousness of well-doing will refresh our souls even under the very pangs of death.

The Young Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 11.

SATURDAY.—Elsie Mayland's mother was passing through Millwood in the cars and stopped off to visit her daughter. We all liked her very much. One day, while she was here, as we all sat at table talking after dinner—that is one of our times for visiting—she told us an incident that we will always remember.

We had been speaking on the subject of kind words, was how the little narrative came in so opportunely. One of the girls happened to say that she had not felt quite right in her mind since her return in September, because of parting from one of her brothers in anger when she left home.

"Oh, my dear girl, what a pity!" said Mrs. Mayland.

Then she told the incident. A lady living beside her in her village home, one day at dinner, complained to her husband about a new shawl that she needed or wanted. He told her his salary would not possibly admit of such luxuries, but as soon as he could afford it she should have it. She remonstrated, and he answered her kindly and told her he was troubled about financial matters and wished if she could say nothing to cheer and encourage him, that she would not speak at all. This only angered her and she called him niggardly, and mean, and miserly, and said if she had known his true character she never would have married him. His face grew deadly pale, but he made no reply. When he rose to leave, instead of the usual good-bye kiss she sat with her back to him and sulked and sobbed.

After he was gone, she regretted most deeply her unkind words. His pale, sad face haunted her, and the mournful voice in which he had replied to her demand followed her wherever she went.

She resolved to beg forgiveness for her words when he came home to tea, but before that time arrived, his mangled body was carried home on a shutter. A scaffold had fallen while he was passing under it, and his life went out instantly, and the wife who had wronged him past recall was left worse than widowed, and more than sorrowing all through the rest of her stricken days and nights.

No pen can describe her grief, no words portray her sorrow.

Then she related another instance of a couple who loved each other, but, not realizing the magnitude of the fault, they frequently became angry and did not speak for days. During one of these sulking spells, the husband took sick; neither supposed it was serious, and neither spoke, and the malady was fatal, and soon the husband was past speaking or even recognizing his wife's face, and then her speech was vain babble, for it fell on

deaf ears, and eyes dimmed by the film of death beheld not her agony of remorse.

Josephine said our little circle around the dinner-table reminded her of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," because each one had a tale to tell.

And then I told my story, with Kitten Karnahan curled up in my lap and Tudie and Midget cuddled down beside me, feeling of my hands; my nestlings!

I knew a young lady who had been away from home attending a boarding-school, and who returned to her home, feeling as though she were something better than the rest of the family. She was dissatisfied, and proud, and hated all the old family customs and habits, and was all the time wishing that her surroundings were the same as they had been at the seminary. She was particularly ashamed of her father and brothers, who were men of good sense, though lacking the culture that could hardly come to them in their quiet country home.

One day, a carriage drove up and two of her acquaintances from the seminary called to spend the afternoon and stay for tea.

Her parents were away from home and her brothers were ploughing at some distance from the house. How to manage she did not know. She wanted her brothers should not be seen by the ladies, she was ashamed of the noble, frank, sunburnt, bashful boys, and she arranged that when they came to the house they were to sneak in at a back door and go up-stairs and keep quiet until the ladies were gone. That was the best plan she could think of.

The brothers worked unusually late that evening that they might finish the field, and when she saw them turn out and water the horses at the brook, she ran round by a back way and met them, and told them, without any shame or hesitancy, that some ladies were there for tea, and they were so nice and cultivated, and were used to seeing such *fine* gentlemen that because they were dressed in dirty, dusty cotton clothes, and were so sunburnt, that maybe the ladies would make fun of them; and that, as they were her brothers, they had better keep out of sight a little. She told them they could tip-toe softly up-stairs and stay there until the company had gone.

Now, the eldest brother was almost sick, but he had been so anxious to finish the field that he had kept up as long as possible.

Poor boy! he was worth a seminary full of such giggling, silly girls as those, whose laughter fell upon his ears as he lay on the floor with blood-shot eyes, and aching limbs, and quickened pulse. For the sake of his father and mother and sisters had he given up all high hopes, and aspirations, and the aims of his childhood, because they needed him and could not spare his strong arm and unselfish heart.

He was stung, and mortified, and humiliated with the words of his sister; the poor, silly girl

who was ashamed of her eldest brother and would drive him aside, like a dog, for the sake of these comparative strangers; silly, twaddling girls.

After they had gone, the brothers were called down to partake of the unappetizing remains of a cold supper. The eldest seemed half asleep when called, and as he rose and sat up, and looked around him, he was dazed, and lay down again.

The impatient voice of the sister called louder, but no answer greeted her.

The younger brother was at table, and looking up sullenly he said: "Charlie's not well."

"Oh, I know how sick he is," she replied; "he is only angry because he did not get to see those ladies, and I shall not call him again," and she went about her household duties with heightened color and springier step, thinking how all the country girls would envy her because city ladies had taken tea with her, and had invited her to visit them.

The parents came home at bed-time, and the mother missed her noble boy and inquired for him. With elated spirits the daughter gave her version of the story; but with a pained countenance the mother sought the low, close chamber, and found her son very ill. At midnight he was raving in delirium. He said in a half whisper, while he clung to his mother with burning hands: "She said I must creep in softly, so the ladies would not see me in my old clothes. I am afraid they will see me, and then Sade will be so ashamed. She often says she is ashamed of us. Listen, mother! do you hear them laugh? How silly it sounds! Dear mother, are you ashamed of your poor boy? I would have been a good scholar, and have been in college by this time, only I could not leave father and the rest of you to manage alone; you all needed my strong arm. It cost me many silent tears to give up my plans and see my youth pass by undeveloped. Dear mother, are you ashamed of me?"

He wept and laughed alternately in the fever of delirium. A physician came, and pronounced the disease typhoid fever; said it had been long coming, and slowly fastening itself in his system.

For two weeks the fever preyed upon the stricken boy, and the physician shook his head hopelessly. He said there had been a sudden shock to the whole nervous system. The family knew what the shock was, but they did not even glance at each other.

The giggle of the visitors haunted him days and nights; their affected pronunciation and silly twaddle had so burned itself into his brain that it remained there all the time. He never rallied from the severe attack. The rage of the fever was never allayed, and his piteous cry of, "Sade's ashamed of me! Do you love me, mother? Oh, I wish they would go away!" never left that chamber until the poor, unselfish, injured boy found rest in death.

His sister was changed from that hour. We hope that the beautiful aspirations of the dear lad's boyhood were more than realized in the blessed change that came when he laid aside mortality and the common clothing of the perishable body and put on immortality, and the robes that are

pure and undefiled, and a gleam with a glory which no eye hath seen outside the shining portals of Heaven.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

THE crimson, and brown, and gold are paling, and the time of the "sere and yellow leaf" fast approaches. Again the golden rod blossoms on the hills, and the brook murmurs softly as it wanders amongst the willows, or ripples over the pebbles in some rocky glen. The scarlet berries cluster thickly over the vines which wind their slender arms around the forest oaks; the leaves lie in a rich mosaic over the ground beneath the forest trees, where the squirrels are gathering their winter hoard of nuts. "Passing away" is written on all the beauty which yet lingers with us, and it makes us sad in the midst of its loveliness. The mocking-bird's song is seldom heard now, and only a few late fall flowers adorn the gardens. But the sweet violets and scarlet salvia bloom in the window-sill, to brighten the occasional gloomy day, and Roy and Jessie gather choice grasses, and mosses, and bright-colored leaves for winter bouquets and hanging-baskets. From my window I watch the gradual changes, day by day, and the thoughts which come are so many, that I want to share them with others.

It is the time for the gathering in of the harvest again, and the question, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" comes back, as it ought to us all, steadily, persistently, forcing us to look into our lives, to study our actions and motives, to think what seed we have been sowing, and what we are gleaning in return.

There is so much diversity in the "work and the reward" of those toiling side by side in the world's great harvest-field. And perhaps the All-seeing one judges very differently from what the most of mankind do in such matters. Some, who seem to lookers-on to have done very little, may have earned the praise bestowed by our Lord on the poor widow with her two mites. There is one class of my sisters whom I so often think of with sympathy, as those most worthy of honor and encouragement. I know there are earnest, self-abnegating women, with broad spheres of labor lying around them, who have done noble, telling work in the cause of humanity, and whose names are loved and honored everywhere that the story of it has spread. There are others who, in the community where they live, are ever employed in deeds of love and charity toward those who need such ministrations from stranger hands. But there are *many more* who, struggling along in a narrow way, bounded by wearying daily duties, that leave little margin for anything else, look out upon the labors of these others, and sigh to think that there is so little that *they* can do, and almost feel sometimes that they do no real good in the world, though they would gladly help their fellow-travellers on the road.

These are the ones whom I mean—patient, humble women sometimes, who never think that what

they do is anything of consequence, but who in their own homes, where the world sees not nor hears of them, are often devoting their lives to as noble, self-sacrificing work as that of those whose good deeds have made them famous. Then while we treasure the name of Florence Nightingale as a sacred one, and love and revere Elizabeth Fry, and give due honor to many others whose large humanity has blessed so many suffering ones, let us not forget those unknown ones who sometimes faint by the wayside, for lack of the appreciative word from those nearest and dearest ones, in whose service their entire energies are spent. To such, however, the divine commendation, "she hath done what she could," should be a sweet consolation; for these women *will* do what they can, whenever they see an opportunity, however small. And who knows how such work will be weighed, in a balance that has truer weights than our earthly ones?

Reader, where hast thou gleaned to-day? and art thou satisfied with thy gleanings? Has thy year's harvest yielded wholesome grain and sweet fruits? Have the flowers thou hast planted, or nurtured, repaid thee with bloom and fragrance? Are any weeds rooted out that threatened to crowd and choke more valuable plants? Have the tender vines been nourished and trained so as to make them more beautiful and luxuriant? What an eventful year it has been to many within my small range of observation. Little, new lives have opened into existence, bringing joy and brightness into the homes which hold them. Young hearts have linked their fates together and entered hopefully the fields where they are to labor, side by side, through a lifetime, if their present hopes are realized.

And how many in our own community have gathered their last sheaves, and laying them at their Master's feet, have followed to the eternal garner.

And of those that remain, are there many of us who have sown the seed and are reaping the harvest which we would be contented with as our last one? Or does the injunction, "Be ye always ready," make us tremble or shrink with mortification from the thought of this year's work being looked on as such? Or does it fall on dull ears, grown careless of any such warning?

Out upon the apple boughs the red fruit is hanging, rich and juicy, ready to be gathered for winter use. Did you ever read Dr. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet," and notice the dissertation on apples and cider in its pages, and the application made to real life? I remember liking it very much when reading it several years ago. A few weeks ago, a friend sent me a small basket of apples which had ripened earlier than ours. I seized a beautiful, rosy-cheeked one off the top, and eagerly bit into it. Alas, it was hard and tart, and on reaching the centre, I found it rotten at the core. I laid it down in disappointment, with a mental comment on its likeness to so many things in life, and, as is frequently the case in matters of much greater importance, after being so deceived, I felt no immediate disposition to try again.

But mother, after looking carefully over the basket, took up a light, greenish-colored one, with dark specks over it, and a rather rough skin. After cutting into it, she offered me a piece, and I found it juicy, tender, delightful in flavor and sound throughout. Another example of the truth that it is not always the handsome exterior of persons or things which prove their worth, and it is best not to be too hasty in judging from the outside appearance.

How the autumn wind blows through the trees, sweeping down bright showers of leaves to the ground. Ah! how we longed for such breezes last summer, when the sick, weary frame languished through long, hot days. Now, it makes us almost sigh to hear them, and think that so soon they will bear away all this rich, ripe beauty, although we know it will come again another year. Even so it is with us about life. We grieve to see those we love grow old and fade before our eyes, even though confident that in another world, ere long, they will be clothed with new beauty and eternal youth. Where the full ripe sheaves change no more, nor perish, and the young fruit growing into perfectness, knows no decay; and the angels sing the Harvest-home in strains of heavenly music, that bring such rapture to immortal ears, as our earthly ones can never hope for.

MR. ARTHUR:—I have enjoyed a pleasant surprise in the reading of several of your late magazines. My impression had been that they were chiefly filled with good stories, and so I was quite unprepared for the rich store of valuable articles on all varieties of subjects interesting to intelligent people, that I find crowding its ample pages. I think it just the magazine for all classes; it meets the wants of all—the price as well as the style.

The "Home Circle" is a charming department. If I only knew the password how gladly would I enter.

If you feel disposed, Mr. Arthur, you may tell "Angie" to spread putty over the foundation, and sink the shells while soft, and she will find no trouble in their falling off. I have a stand and vase on the top of it covered with shells, in putty, made eighteen years ago, and it is good condition at the present time.

If "Pipsey" only knew how to avoid, she would not have to overcome, the difficulty of smoothing selvages. When I first began housekeeping, a friend said to me: "If you always fold your sheets crosswise when you wash and wring them, you will never be troubled with rolling edges hard to iron." I have found it true from many years' experience.

Let me just say, in closing, that my first personal acquaintance with the HOME MAGAZINE is so very agreeable, that I shall endeavor to extend its circulation as much as possible.

ETHEL.

MR. ARTHUR:—Please admit me into your "Home Circle" for information how to make a hanging spice basket. Also how to make an agricultural wreath.

FANNIE.

MENTAL STIMULUS.

AS Herder lay parched with fever and wearied with suffering, in his last illness, he turned to his friend and said: "Give me a great thought that I may quicken myself with it."

Who has not felt the inspiration which a great thought gives to the soul? "Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn," are the best stimulus for jaded, wearied powers both of mind and body.

It was said in praise of "Johnson's Rambler," that "it was a book by which a man may be taught to think." And what higher encomium could be paid to a literary production. Thinking must come before doing. We shall never be able to act well our part on life's great stage until we have well studied it. No matter what the work, whether of brain or hands, we shall succeed better by thinking well over it. Then when the mind is all prepared, when its activities are quickened, is the time to strike. We should not wait until the enthusiasm has cooled again. It is hard to reheat chilled iron. We have tastes and habits widely differing, and while one is aroused by one class of thoughts, another would be totally indifferent to them. We need to make our mental states a subject of close study, and apply wholesome stimulants accordingly. Milton was accustomed to prepare himself for composition by reading the old Greek poets. Gay read the poetical portions of the Bible for the same purpose.

Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, when he had a funeral sermon to prepare, read Homer in the original, to raise his style and spirits to an appropriate level. He called it "lighting his lamp by the original sun." Perhaps if he had lighted it more directly from the Sun of Righteousness, it would have ministered more grace to the hearers.

Not many of us have poems to write, or funeral eulogies to pronounce, but we have the opportunity to mix much poetry into the hum-drum prose of every-day life. Good, wholesome reading, that stirs the powers to do their best, is one of our greatest helps. Our precious HOME MAGAZINE is becoming more and more emphatically a *working-woman's journal*. And what higher praise can we give it in this age, when true woman's work is so needed? J. C.

DEAR "LICHEN:"—May I send a few words from my window to yours? For I, too, am a window-watcher, and I think we see much the same visions oftentimes, so I want to tell you how glad I am to know of you, if I cannot know you personally. Yet we have so much in common I cannot feel that you are a stranger. My window overlooks not the busy town, but woodland, meadow and orchard, while just across the way stands the little toll-house, which says to all, "pay as you go." But my eyes see far more than these, when the waters are troubled, and my heart is tossed about, longing for the health and strength to do and be so much that I had hoped, before God said, "*be still.*" The visions of what might have been and what is rise before me with such vivid contrast, and then, while shadows creep silently and the sun's last rays linger lovingly

over the peaceful picture—God's own beautiful picture—dancing among the leaves, kissing the lips of my pansies, verbenas and geraniums, 'till they look up with a brighter glow on their faces, then comes a hush over all and creeps into my heart, while the same sweet voice that calmed the stormy waters of Galilee whispers "Peace." So I send the coming tears back with the whispered word, "*He knows.*"

How precious these moments with Him when He walks with us "beside still waters." How sweet to rest in the shadow after the glare of noon-tide heat.

"For the cloud that I prayed might pass me by,
Was the shadow of His wings."

If I could always feel this quiet trust in Him.

Let me learn of you, dear Lichen, while I give you my hand—the right hand of fellowship—and thank you for telling your thoughts to us. Sometimes when I feel so *alone* in my feelings, I catch from another the same thoughts *expressed*, and they come to me like the warm grasp of a friendly hand.

May not the telling, for others' encouragement, that which to us seems deepest and most sacred, be among the "cups of cold water?" It is such a comfort to poor humanity that their burdens of griefs, and pain, and weariness are shared by others, and sympathy is a golden chain to bind our hearts together, while "*He who was acquainted with sorrow,*" Himself is the clasp.

WOODBINE.

TWO LIFE-PICTURES.

I.—PUT OUT TO WORK.

TWO pictures I have seen in my life—real, living pictures that I cannot forget.

When a little girl, once playing with a neighbor's children, I ran around the house and confronted a group that I have but to shut my eyes to see again. Our neighbor, a well-to-do farmer, hearty and bluff, leaning over his front yard fence, talking with a thin-faced, poorly-clad woman, who nervously twists a coarse white handkerchief in her hands as she talks, while beside her stands a lad perhaps twelve years old, bright-eyed, but looking furtively about, and digging his bare toes into the warm sand. Back of them all was the great square farm-house, with the old lilac trees in full bloom about the door. As I came upon them, the woman was saying: "Of course I expect he will have to work, and I think he will be willing to."

I did not hear another word, for my little play-mates came trooping after me.

"That is Polly C—," said one; "she wants to put out her boy to father this summer."

And we ran off together. But by and by I saw the woman pass down the road alone; and as she walked she wiped her eyes. In my little heart I pitied her, though but little I could fathom her sorrow.

I know the boy lived with the farmer for a time. Plenty of work no doubt he had. I do not think they were ever really unkind to him. But, oh! I

pray my boy may never be put out to work while a tender lad.

Let us have a kind word, a sympathizing and encouraging word for the working-boys on the farm. Let us remember they have souls and hearts as well as our own boys.

II.—GOING TO THE ALMSHOUSE.

THE second picture is this. An old, old man, with long, thin, gray hair, standing beside a fence, holding it with trembling hands, as though to keep himself from falling. Beside him a middle-aged woman, dressed in black, with her hand on the old man's arm, looking with tearful eyes into his face. My own eyes fill with tears as I see them. I cannot bear to look, and I run into the house, for I know the woman in widow's weeds is telling the old man, her father, that he must go to the almshouse.

I know very little about either the man or his daughter. The old man is the relative of my landlord. "Uncle," they call him. And they tell me that once he had quite a little property of

his own. His wife died. He had one son and one daughter. The daughter lived miles away, was a widow, and worked hard to support herself. The son was married, and to him the old man gave up his little property, expecting to be cared for the rest of his life. God alone knows where the blame lies; but the son and father quarreled, and the old man left and came to his other friends, thinking, childishly, he could yet earn his living. But the winter was coming. There would be no more work out doors the old man could do, and, well, he must go away. They send for the daughter to tell him he must go to the almshouse. And this bright October morning, with the leaves of trees scattering over them as they talk, she is telling him. Poor old man! he looks as though she had cut him to the heart.

I rush into the house to my room, catch up my baby daughter, and cry out: "O my love, how many hard things there are in this world! God help us all!" She pats my cheeks with her little hands, and coos as though there were no sorrow ever to come to her. Thank God! none ever did, for my little daughter is in Heaven. VABA.

Evenings with the Poets.

TINTORETTO'S LAST PICTURE.*

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OH, bitter, bitter truth! I see it now,
Heightening the lofty calmness of her face
Until it grows transfigured. On her brow

The gray mists settle: I begin to trace
The whitening circle round her lips: the fine
Curve of her nostril pinches—ah, the sign
Indubitable! I dare thrust aside
No longer what ye all in vain have tried
To force upon my sight—that day by day
My Venice lily drops her leaves away,
While I have seen no fading—I, who should
Have marked it earliest.

Only thirty years
For this rich-fruited, gracious womanhood
To reach its culmination! Oh, if tears,
If prayers, could bribe, how quick my worn four-
score

Should take the thirty's place! for I have had
Life's large experience, and I crave no more.
But she! She just begins to taste how glad
The mellow clusters are, when, see!—the woe!—
One blast of ghastly ravage, and here lies

Before my startled eyes
The laden vine, uprooted at a blow!
My "Paradiso"† does not hold a face

That is not fairer through my darling's gift.
One angel has the rapt, adoring lift
Of her white lids; another wears the grace
That eddies round her dimpled mouth; and one
—The nearest to the Mother and her Son—
Borrows the tawny glory of her hair.

And yet—how strange!—as full, united whole,
Her form, her presence, all the breathing soul
Of her, I have not pictured elsewhere.
Tomaso, bring my colors hither. Haste!

We have no time to waste.
Draw back the curtain: in the clearest light
Set forth my easel: I am blind to-night—

* The portrait of his beautiful daughter, Marietta Robusti, as she lay dying.

† Tintoretto's masterpiece.

Blind through my weeping—but I must not lose
Even the shadow's shadow. Now they prop
Her for the breeze. There! just as I would choose,
They smooth the pillows. Dear Ottavia, drop
Your Persian scarf across her couch, that so
Its wine-warm flecks may interfuse the cold
Blanch of the linen's dreaded snow.

Nay, hold!
Give her no hint: 'twere grief to let her know
That the old, dotting father fain would snatch
This phantom from Death's clutches. O my
child!

How can I gaze thus, and be reconciled?
Heart sinks, hand palsies, while I strive to match
Such loveliness ineffable with blot

Of earthly color. All my touches seem
Ashen and muddy to reflect the gleam
Of those enkindling eyes, fast fixt on what
Spirits alone can see. Ah, now she smiles!
Tomaso, look! Unless my hope beguiles
My vision, I have caught a glimmer here
Of the old shine that used to flash so clear
Across our evening circle, like the last

Long sunset ray aslant our gray lagunes,
When she would lean, with Veronese anear,
Over the balcony to catch the tunes
Of gondollers who floated, dream-like, past.

Now softly bid Ottavia loosen out
The golden trail of hair, and bring a rose
From yonder vase, and let her fingers close
—Poor fragile fingers!—the green stem about.
Yea, so; but all is blurred through rush of tears;
Only the gay and joyous long ago,
Frescoed with memories of her happy years,
Betwixt me and the canvas seems to glow.

And now—and now—
Her hair rays off, an aureole round her brow.
And see, Tomaso, see! I understand
Not what I do; for in her slackening hand
I've put a palm-branch where I meant the rose
Should drop its spark of warmth the whiteness
o'er.

How wan she looks! Meseems the pallor grows.
Nay, push the easel back: I can no more!

Lippincott's Magazine.

MORNING LAND.

SO near the goal, so near!
The portals open with a sound like song;
The path is lost in brightness that so long
Wandered mid shadows! Oh, my soul, be strong
And do not fear.

Do you, too, feel the woe;
The mist that blinds my eyes, all cold and gray.
The fog that settles round my troubled way—
The clouds that settle? But they cannot stay—
Rise up and watch them go!

So near the goal I stand;
Oh, weary heart, thy task 'tis well nigh done!
I see far off the golden setting sun;
The work well wrought that was so sad begun;
Welcome! O Morning Land.

DYING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

LIGHT comes no more to thy weary eyes
When moons are filling, or morn unfolds;
Thy feet have struck on the path that lies
Bordering the Eden that faith beholds.

Why dost thou linger and backward gaze
To the hills now lying so faint and far,
Where ploughing a furrow through golden haze,
Came up the beautiful morning star.

That star that paled in the sky and fled,
Ere yet the blossoms of spring were blown;
The stormy wings of the night o'erspread
The mists of glory that round it shone.

But though the light of the day is gone,
The valley of shadows is bright with dew,
And where the river of death moans on,
The angels are waiting to take thee through.

I think of the visions of bliss we wove
In the faded beauty of years o'erflown,
That thou hast been crowned with a crown of love,
And I am a dreamer of dreams alone.

I think of the children that climb thy knees,
And how dim the light of the hearth will be,
In the time that prophesy plainly sees
When the circle is narrowed away from thee:

And question the bodiless shapes of air
That hover about when the soul is sad,
To know why the angel of death should spare
The worn and weary instead of the glad.

But they answer not, and I only know,
Seeing thee wasted and pale with pain,
Where the rivers of Paradise sweetly flow,
They never say I am sick again.

A LOST HOUR.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

A GOLDEN hour on a Summer morn,
When half the world was still,
The dew was fresh on the new-mown hay,
And the bridal veil of the fair young day
Hung o'er the purple hill.

The sheep-bells tinkled across the slopes,
Sweet as an elfin chime;
Butterflies flitted athwart the down,
Bees went murmuring, busy and brown,
Over the fragrant thyme.

A languid calm and a dull content,
Silence instead of speech;
The wind sighed low, and the lark sang high,
But the golden hour of our lives went by,
And drifted out of reach.

We both went back to an eager life;
But in its pause to-day
The dream of that golden hour returns,
And my jaded spirit frets and yearns
For one chance swept away.

The years creep on, and the heart grows tired
Even of hopes fulfilled,
And turns away from the world's strong wine
With fevered lips that must ever pine
For that pure draught we spilled.

And yet perchance when our long day wanes
(Age hath its joys late-born;)
We shall meet again on the green hillside,
And find, in the solemn eventide,
The hour we lost at morn.

Housekeepers' Department.

ORIGIN OF THE SPICES.

NUTMEG is the kernel of a small, smooth, pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in the Molucca Islands and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg, or kernel, is a bright, brown shell.

The shell has a soft scarlet covering, which when flattened out and dried, is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked with a pin.

Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the

roots, which are always dug in winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old.

Cloves—native to the Molucca Islands, and so called from resemblance to a tail (clavis). The East Indians call them "chahgkek," from the Chinese "techengkia" (fragrant nails). They grow on a straight, smoothed-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms, gathered before they are quite unfolded.

Allspice—a berry so called because it combines the odor of several spices—grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bayberry tree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe.

Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berry of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries freed from their husk and rind. Red or cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in all parts of the world.

OATMEAL GEMS.

SOAK over night one cup of oatmeal in one cup of cold water and a little salt; in the morning, add one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda and *fine* oatmeal, enough to make them as stiff as fritters, (wheat flour will do to thicken it, but oatmeal is better.) This will make two cakes if you wish to bake it like "Johnny cake," we like it that way.

I would like to say, also, that in making "strawberry shortcake," it is a good plan to divide your dough equally in two parts, roll each one half as thick as usual, now spread butter over one of them and put the other on top of it and bake. You will not need a knife to split it when done, and, consequently, it is much lighter.

Yours, truly,

EMILY.

RECIPES.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, two ounces of flour, two eggs. Put milk, butter and sugar into a saucepan to dissolve (not boil), beat eggs and flour together till quite smooth, then add the other ingredients and well mix. Divide this quantity and put it in four saucers to bake for twenty minutes; lay two pancakes on a dish, spread preserve over, and cover with the other two pancakes. Serve hot.

TO MAKE UNFERMENTED CAKES.—Soak one

pound of oatmeal for ten or twelve hours in one pint of sour buttermilk. Then rub one quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, and a little salt, into one pound of flour, and mix with the oatmeal. Roll it out to any thickness required, and bake in a moderate oven.

PEA SOUP.—Soak a pint of split peas in water for twelve hours, drain off the water, put the peas into a saucepan with three pints of cold water, a piece of bacon (about half a pound), two sprigs of dried mint, a bay leaf, some parsley, an onion stuck with two or three cloves, some whole pepper, and salt to taste. Let the whole boil three hours, then pass the *purée* through a hair sieve, make it hot again, and serve with dice of bread fried in butter.

BAKED MUTTON CHOPS.—Put each chop into a piece of paper with pepper and salt, and seasoning of such herbs as are agreeable. Add a little butter; put each into another piece of paper before baking. When done sufficiently in a quick oven, serve, having the outer paper removed, the first paper being left in order to retain the heat and gravy.

STEWED FRUIT FOR BREAKFAST.—Stewed fruits are excellent for breakfast, not only for children, but also for grown-up men and women; and yet how few families ever think of placing them upon their tables! Prunes, apples, pears—all are available for the purpose, and all cheap, and prepared with very little trouble.

A NEWLY married young lady, anxious to conceal her inexperience in culinary matters from her cook, persisted in ordering a leg of mutton for dinner every day. The cook growing weary of the same cooking and the same fare, at last ventured to suggest, "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?" "Yes, let us have a leg of beef for a change."

Health Department.

CARE OF THE SICK.

Why should the greatest attention be paid to the bed of a sick person?

Because, as he passes most of his time in bed, and the body is more susceptible of impressions during the period of sickness than at any other time, his present comfort and future recovery may be greatly influenced by the regulation of this matter.

Why should attendants upon persons suffering under contagious diseases wear glazed gowns and aprons of oil silk?

Because textures of wool, fur, cotton or any loose or downy substance, have capabilities of receiving and retaining the air, which being charged with the poisonous exhalations, the infection is by this means communicated to the body.

Why should the curtains of the sick-bed, or the paper of the sick-room, not have patterns of a prominent or monotonous character?

Because when the eye of the sick person is constantly meeting with certain figures his brain becomes disturbed, and his mind wearied, by tracing and following them.

A gentleman who was ill of a low nervous fever, accompanied by fits of mental aberration, would lie in his bed, with his eyes fixed intently on the opposite wall, continually muttering to himself, "Fourteen up, thirty-three across—fourteen up, thirty-three across." Notwithstanding the best medical advice, and every other effort that was made for his recovery, he still continued to lie in the same dreamy state, uttering repeatedly the same words. At length it struck the physician that the incessant reiteration of these words must be connected with some image presented to the mind through the eye, and it further occurred to him that the paper of the room might afford a solution. The pattern of the room consisted of lozenge-shaped figures, which followed each other

at regular intervals. On counting these, the physician found that the number exactly tallied with the patient's ceaseless *refrain*, namely, fourteen lozenges from the floor to the ceiling, and thirty-three from one end of the room to the other. Acting upon this discovery, he immediately ordered the removal of the patient to another room, where the paper was of a totally different pattern. This was done while the patient was asleep, and when he awoke he commenced mechanically with "Fourteen," but suddenly stopped, looked puzzled, and then smiled. From that moment he never uttered the old burden, his recovery came gradually and slowly, and he finally became convalescent. This gentleman used afterwards to relate that he had an indistinct recollection of certain figures which commenced with the lozenge form, but afterwards assumed a variety of shapes and colors, never, however, losing the identity of number, namely, fourteen up and thirty-three across.

Why is wetting the floor of a sick-room injurious?

Because the slow evaporation from the boards operates in the same manner upon the surface of the body as exposure to damp or foggy weather, and the increased sensitiveness of the body to outward influences during sickness renders every evil doubly dangerous.

Why should glasses from which medicines have been taken be cleansed when they are done with?

Because many medicines when they are exposed to the air rapidly undergo changes which alter their properties, and this alteration having been undergone by the small portion which is always left in the glass or cup, *communicates the tendency to decomposition* to that which may be next poured into the cup; and thus the properties of medicines may be altered, and their efficacy wholly neutralized.

Why is speaking distinctly better than whispering in a sick-room?

Because whispering stretches the attention to listen, or else gives the trouble of asking what is said; and it may be injurious to the sufferer by exciting many inquiring ideas.

Why should persons in a sick-room be careful not to jostle the furniture, disturb the curtains, rustle the leaves of a book, etc.

Because, trifling as these accidents may appear to a person in health, to an invalid they impart the acutest pain; disease has awakened in him a high degree of nervous sensibility, which extends the personality or identity of the invalid to everything which he touches, or which is nearest him; so that if, for instance, the sofa on which he may be lying is rudely pushed against and shaken, he feels just as though he himself had been struck.

Interesting Miscellany.

HOME OF THE POET LONGFELLOW.

A WRITER in the *Methodist*, who visited Mr. Longfellow at Cambridge, Mass., gives an interesting description of his home. He says:

"The house is peculiarly attractive. In its style of architecture, it takes you back more than a century. It combines that cheerful elegance and simplicity of beauty which go far to make a pleasant home residence. It is roomy, airy, bright, admirably constructed and every part of it seems to be adjusted to and arranged for some special convenience. You are struck with its neatness and simple elegance.

"But what gives it its especial attraction is the fact that it was once the headquarters and home of General Washington. And what is of special interest, it remains now as it was then, with no change except what was necessary to keep it in perfect repair. Some of the articles of furniture have given place to more modern styles, but not all of them—some are just as Washington left them. The grounds are the same in extent, and the drives and walks wind along the same courses; the trees and shrubbery are about the same in quantity and kind, those which have fulfilled their time having given place to others. Some of the trees have stood the changes of the century, and remain as when Washington sat and counseled under their branches, and their shadows scarcely growing less.

"The piazza, running on two sides of the house, has a charm about it. The front was then a vast open field, on which the American army was encamped, and from the piazza the entire army might be seen. From his position here the general was wont to review it. Here, too, have promenaded many of the most brilliant characters in the world of letters—what multitudes of these *savants* have been here as the honored guests of the present occupant!

"The rooms are all of them full of interest; each has a history of its own. Unchanged in dimensions and finish as when Lady Washington presided in them and delighted the multitudes of honored guests. The room occupied by Washington and his private secretary, even in its furniture, remains the same; the same old chairs and table are there. The reception-room has a

thousand tongues, and tells of wonderful scenes there a century ago. What characters in all departments of life have experienced its amenities and enjoyed its convivialities! Distinguished visitors of all lands have mingled in the scenes of that room.

"But the library room—how can we describe it? That has special attractions; but the library—that we cannot describe, so we will only say it is probably one of the best, largest, choicest, private libraries in this country. The library was not there a century ago. Washington never saw it; the room was there, but most of the volumes in it were not then in existence. This vast collection of volumes belongs to the great poet, and it is worth the while to examine it and learn what a mass of lore a diligent student can gather in a short lifetime. We hardly dare take the reader into the room of sculpture and paintings. Numerous and choice specimens of Italian and American artists are there, and some are held in high estimation as gifts of distinguished character to the poet.

"Nor will we say much about the honored poet, only you will enjoy greatly an interview with him, and when you leave you will feel that it has given you one of the richest pleasures of your life. The poet is now sixty-eight, verging to seventy, yet hale and robust, active as ever, and, Providence permitting, will accomplish great things before he goes hence."

THE CAMP-MEETING AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

FOR over forty years the Methodists have annually held a camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard, at first dwelling in tents, but in these later times erecting cottages on broad avenues, and making for themselves a summer city beautiful to behold and pleasant as an abiding-place. The name given to this camping-ground is Oak Bluffs. A correspondent of the *Portland Transcript*, who paid a visit to the "Vineyard" during the past summer, gives an interesting account of what he saw there, a portion of which we copy:

"The leading attraction of Oak Bluffs is its array of neat and tasty cottages, and the artistic arrangement of the grounds. The title, 'City of Cottages,' is most

appropriate. To come upon it for the first time, as we did, in the evening, when all the thousands of cottages were lighted up, was like a visit to fairy land. The avenues are paved with concrete; flowers, flags and transparencies abound. The broad doors of the cottages are all wide open, and the brilliantly lighted parlors thus revealed show endless diversities of taste in upholstery and ornamentation. Some of these interiors are marvels of beauty, and they compel the passer-by to pause and study them, as he would a work of highest art. Suites of rooms divided by looped-up curtains of lace stretch back, a charming vista. Families sit at their ease, thus publicly, in picturesque groups. There is music and laughter without and within, and the groves are vocal with the metallic whirr of the strident locust. Far off we hear the thousands of voices in the tabernacle, led by Tourjee, to the accompaniment of cornets, singing, 'Nearer my God to Thee.' The world does not present another such scene of enchantment. It is a world within a world. The tabernacle is the centre of the religious circle, and in the immediate vicinity to this are many of the old-fashioned tents and huts, which remind one of the good old times before Christians grew luxurious. Now and then one gets a whiff of musty straw in this quarter. But in the outer circles of the Wesleyan grounds are to be found some groups of cottages not excelled in the world of fashion just outside the gates. Clinton Avenue is a charming street, gay with flowers and flags, and with the richest specimens of cottage architecture. A transparency spans it, with these inscriptions: 'With light and song we greet you,' and 'The Vineyard is our Resting Place, Heaven is our Home.'

"Two of the avenues are named for Maine rivers, Kennebec and Saco. The first-named avenue is one of the most charming in this city of cottages. It was on this avenue we found our home for the few days of our stay, in company with the delightful family of singers, the Hutchinsons. They sing as naturally as they breathe, wherever they are, and it was pleasant to watch the gathering of delighted groups of promenaders on the avenue, as they broke forth into song from their balcony, to greet the opening day, or to welcome the cool shades of evening. Sometimes their impromptu audiences would number hundreds, while a song or two were being sung. Bernard Covert, the veteran minstrel, now over seventy years old, was with them on one of these occasions, and he sang with them also in a concert given after our departure. When gathered at the table for meals, they say grace with a hymn, and with loving farewell songs they speed the parting guest. In the great tabernacle they join heartily in all the hymns. The only applause we heard in the mammoth tent was an involuntary burst of enthusiasm called out by their matchless harmony in rendering a religious song of the freedmen.

"The Martha's Vineyard cottage is *sui generis*. With the greatest diversity in minor details, they are all alike in some respects. They are all one and a half stories high, and contain six to eight rooms, some of the larger ones many more. The front doorway is very wide, nearly as wide as the parlor into which it opens, and every door and window is arched in some way, and ornamented. The doors are all wide open throughout the day and evening. Over the front door is a balcony, upon which open the doors of the upper chambers. The parlor is divided from the sleeping-room back of it by just such an arch as that of the front door, and this arch is hung with curtains, which are looped up when privacy is not desired. The average cottage costs two thousand dollars, though there are many which have cost five or six times as much, and some are cheaper. They are all made of boards, planed and matched, and are neither clapboarded without nor lathed and plastered within. But they are elaborately and carefully painted, without and within, in the greatest variety of harmonious tints. Comparatively few are stark white. They are not habitable in winter,

or late in the fall, as they have no conveniences for warming, except in the kitchens. In many of them no cooking whatever is done. There are a multitude of restaurants in every direction, of every variety of price and every shade of neatness.

"Outside of the religious circle, the life is that of a gay and worldly watering-place. One meets splendid equipages whirling about on the smooth black asphaltum of the avenues. At the edge of the bluff, overlooking the wharf, is a large hotel, so picturesque in its architecture as to be well in keeping with the cottage-back of it. A wide plank walk, a mile in length, with a hand-rail and seats all the way, extends from the hotel along the bluff, making a delightful promenade overlooking a wide stretch of open sea, whereon sail great fleets of yachts, merchant vessels and fishermen. For this is on a great highway of commerce. Holmes' Hole, so well-known to all sailors as a port of refuge, is a harbor in Martha's Vineyard very near Oak Bluffs. It has lately adopted the more euphonious title of Vineyard Haven.

"As to the religious meetings at Oak Bluffs, they are not attended by such crowds as one might expect from the multitudes flocking to the Vineyard while the camp-meeting is in session. The tabernacle, which seats not more than five thousand, comfortably accommodates all the worshippers we saw gathered together, and we were there on the last Sabbath of the feast, when the largest number were in attendance. The fact is, the other attractions of the gay watering-place keep the majority of visitors away from the meetings. We heard two remarkably eloquent discourses on Sunday, delivered by Rev. Mr. Meredith, of Springfield, and Rev. Mr. McChesney, of Chelsea. There were many other able men in attendance, and their efforts to awaken religious interest were not all in vain, though it was pulling against wind and tide, with the gay worldly current ebbing and flowing, as it does, around and even through the inner circle of the Wesleyan camp. Our memory of the four days at Oak Bluffs will ever be a thoroughly pleasant one, spiced with a great variety of enjoyment. Strains of rare music float through the whole of it, and nothing could be tenderer and sweeter than the farewell song our hosts sang for us, as they gave us their hands at parting on board the steamer that was to bear us homeward. It went straight to the heart, it came so evidently from the heart."

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

MENTION is often made of the encounter of ships with icebergs in crossing the Atlantic; but we have never seen a more graphic description of one of these perilous encounters than the following by Miss Mary S. Deering, which we find in the *Portland Transcript*:

"Always on the sunshine of Paris lay the shadow of our journey home, and well might it cast a shadow. Three or four seasick days of the voyage are a blank. Then comes a gray fog winding round and round us its cold coils till we are helpless. Gradually we come to know that we are in a very forest of icebergs, groping our way through them. Then for days we lie quite still save as we drift in the current, rising and falling with the waves like seaweed. How we longed for the sound of the screw that before we had execrated. How we longed for and dreaded the sound of another whistle answering our own constant calling through the fog. As often as once in five minutes icebergs went drifting by, and at last one morning we found ourselves sixty feet away from a mass of ice covering acres of surface and towering far out of sight in the fog. Face to face with possible shipwreck one comes to know what life is and to feel what death may be, and that morning every soul on deck, seven hundred in all, stood in perfect silence, while reversing her engines, our ship crept slowly back and the ice swept by. That afternoon a

ship faintly outlined through the thick fog, asked us, "Have you seen a wreck?"

"No!"

"The Vicksburg struck on an iceberg four days ago and went down in sixty fathoms. We are looking for her boats!"

"A sharp cry from the steerage told us that some poor body's friends had sailed in the Vicksburg, and as we watched the ship go as she had come, like a spectre, we looked at our own little boats and knew with a shudder at our hearts what they would be to seven hundred people. Every heart went out to Captain Ritchie as his honest, earnest face came among us, and everybody felt that if manliness, courage and caution could bring us through our voyage, it would be done. Two days later the fog rolled up as a curtain rises. Blue and tranquil and bright, lay the sea. Against the sky icebergs stood out like the spires and domes, and huge buildings of a near city, flashing under the sunlight midst faint tints of gold, and rose, and blue. We gladly looked our last on their splendors as we cut our way swiftly and smoothly among them, and I have no great pleasure in the idea that at the end of a year's sight-seeing I have probably more accurate, available knowledge of icebergs than anything else."

WORK OR IDLENESS—WHICH KILLS?

AN interesting paper, by Dr. Samuel Wilks, Physician to Guy's Hospital, has lately appeared in the *Lancet*, on "Life at High Pressure," and the effects generally of the overstrain to which public men and other men are often exposed in these times. Without entering on particular cases, each of which must be regarded on its own merits, Dr. Wilks declines to admit the truth of the common impression that disease and death are making splendid harvests out of the overwrought bodies and overstrained nerves of large numbers of persons. "If the question be put broadly, Are people suffering from overwork? I for one should have no hesitation in saying, No; but on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say that the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons are suffering from idleness than from excessive work. Medically speaking, I see half a dozen persons suffering from want of occupation to one who is crippled by his labors."

In the case of girls, instead of work being injurious, he says he could instance numerous cases of recovery on the discovery of an occupation. A large proportion of their ailments is indeed due to the want of occupation. Let a girl occupy herself neither with amusement nor with useful work, she falls into bad health, becomes a prey to her own internal fires or forces, and every function of her body is deranged, as well as her moral nature perverted. These cases are very difficult of cure; mothers are terrified to let their daughters do anything, they are so delicate, work would kill them—what they need is doctors' visits, physic and alcohol. This is ruinous. It is quite remarkable what a delicate young lady can do under the power of stimulus; as, for example, a gentleman lately expressed his surprise to see how his daughter, who could not walk many yards for a long time, owing to a pain in her back, was soon able to walk many miles a day when she procured the support of a lover's arm. Dr. Wilks would gladly give employment to the half million of unmarried women. The human body is made for work, the amount it can do is proportioned to the power of the machine; but, unlike other machines, it can be kept in vigor only by use; it is sure to rust and decay from disuse.

These views are of supreme importance at a time when growing wealth is so quickly adding to the number of those to whom work is not a necessity. A well-known writer on the poor some time ago divided the community into four classes: those that can't work, those that won't work, those that do work, and those that don't need to work. These last are apt to be sup-

posed to be the happy few, and many is the effort made to get into the favored class. Science, however, is reversing the popular impression. We are learning from experience what was so long ago shown in the case of Sodom, that fulness of bread and abundance of idleness are too often the parents of grievous evils. "Better to wear out than to rust out," is finding a new verification. If it were for nothing higher, our flower-missions and singing-missions are doing important service to the health of many a hitherto unoccupied girl. The dignity of labor is getting a fresh illustration, and we may quote with increased confidence the lines of a song of labor:

"Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do."

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

UPON the sands of Egypt's sea they stood;
The waters, which had parted as they trod
Its bed so lately, now in whelming flood
Came pressing back, no more restrained by God,
And Egypt's haughty king and all his host,
With horse and chariot, were swallowed up and lost.

Then Israel's leader, mighty in his power,
And of majestic presence, raised his voice,
In ringing anthem, in that wondrous hour,
Bidding the sons of Israel rejoice
For their deliverance, and united sing
A song of praise and thanks to God their Guide and King.

Then sweeps the exultant music through the throng
In one tumultuous wave, till rocks resound,
And hills give back the echo, and the song
Swells louder still. Yet are the women found,
In spite of swelling breasts, their peace to hold,
Lest, singing, they should seem unwomanly and bold.

But Miriam, the prophetess and maid,
Stood with enraptured face and kindling eye;
Forgetful of herself and sex, she laid
Her hand upon her timbrel; silently
She paused a moment; then with ringing song,
She sent exultant answer to the chanting throng.

Her body swayed it to the music's tone,
And gliding footsteps marked its joyous time;
Her brow with inspiration's glory shone,
While the rapt maiden sang her song sublime.
Then came the women in an eager crowd,
And joined with dances, and with timbrels ringing loud.

Thus sang the mighty host their song of praise;
And when they ceased, then Miriam answering sang.
Nor thought of coy reserve, nor maiden grace
Preserved by silence. Loud her anthem rang;
But mindful, she in these supremest hours,
That she must thank her God with all her strength and powers.

Thus shall we find it in the coming years:
When man shall sing, then woman's answering song
Shall not be lost through woman's bashful fears;
But both together shall the strain prolong,
In chorus, loud, and full, and clear, and free,
United in a sweet, full-sounding harmony.

A Page of Varieties.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

AS HE that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste.

HARD words are like hallstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops.

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labor.

ONE of the great things in art, and in practical life, is to know when a thing is complete. Over-doing is often as bad as under-doing. In practical life we must do our best, and move on, "leaving the things that are behind."

OF all the blessings enjoyed by human beings, there is none better or more desirable than a cheerful, happy home. It is therefore the first duty of every one to endeavor to promote the most amicable relations in the home circle.

SOME minds suffer from rough contact with the world, as does the bloom of a peach. Cowper is a type of them. Others are improved like a stone in which the finest veins lie hidden till friction brings them into view. We should be careful how we handle natures till we know something of their constitution.

THERE is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which by kindly thought may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest amount of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it.—RUSKIN.

AS FROSTS unlock the hard shells of seeds, and help the germ to get free, so trouble develops in men the germs of force, patience and ingenuity, and in noble natures "works the peaceable fruits of righteousness." A gentle schoolmaster it is to those who are "exercised thereby." Tears, like raindrops, have a thousand times fallen to the ground and come up in flowers."

It is a fact well attested by experience that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. A regulated exercise, short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we should refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands. Parents and teachers should bear this fact in mind.

FRANCES POWER COBBE says: "I think the appalling example of how completely it was possible for that 'intellectual ruffian,' the elder Mill, to extirpate his son's religious sentiment, must prove a very impressive warning to every teacher and every parent of how vast is the responsibility in their hands to cultivate or to check all such feelings in the young—and indeed to all of us, lest we allow those feelings by our carelessness and unfaithfulness to die out in our own breasts."

"I HAVE come to believe," says an eminent writer, "that a man may cast himself too passively upon the bosom even of his God. Our Creator wants a man to be manly. One thing I do know; there are cases where He refuses to answer importunate prayer by anything in return, outer or inner—repels, casts off the suppliant. Not only because that suppliant is selfish in his seeking, but whining, and whimpering, and indulging in a sickly sort of dependence, when he ought to stand up like a man, bear troubles silently, and do known duty stoutly whatever the duty may be."

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.—A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations

about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

NO COMPULSION IN MARRIAGE.—Parents cannot make a more fatal mistake than to suppose that the happiness of their children can possibly be promoted by compelling them to marry against their wishes. There may be cases in which a match had better be broken off, even though the disappointment renders one of the parties permanently unhappy; because even a lasting sorrow may be better than to be tied for life to a dissipated and depraved man, or to a scheming, selfish, heartless woman. But, while it sometimes seems wise to rupture engagements, it can never happen that a marriage should be compelled. When we speak of compulsion we do not, of course, mean even intimidation by threats, but we mean that exercise of moral influence and control which is not less effective, and by which many a young girl has been goaded on to enter into a marriage utterly distasteful to her, and in which the happiness of her whole life has been thrown away.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man, and he becomes a reliable, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances and scenes, and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern, "Time for work!" but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunshine!" Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to deck their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

"LITTLE CONJURERS."—"I am fond of children," said the late Dr. Binney once. "I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurers, with their 'natural magic,' evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is 'to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,' and to draw 'the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.' A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of life, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage and vivify and sustain the charities of life."

Centennial Notes.

PROGRESS OF THE BUILDINGS.

THE construction of the Centennial Buildings is progressing rapidly, some three thousand men being at work, and surely advancing toward completion. At this date, October first, the eastern front of Machinery Hall is completed, with the exception of the gallery and space between the two towers. The greater portion of the framework of the cross section is in place, and the entire building will be covered over in a short time.

One of the two buildings which are being erected by the English Government is nearing completion, and, with its tall chimneys, is an odd and picturesque feature of the landscape in the immediate vicinity of George's Hill. The foundation and a portion of the brick work of the other building are also laid, and the framework is under way.

The United States Government Building presents a very advanced appearance, notwithstanding the recent date of its commencement. The framework of the two side aisles and the cross section is already up, and the work of plastering the exterior of the base has been begun. At the Sawyer Observatory, Belmont, the scaffolding has been erected around the trunk for the construction of the truss work, and the gallery encircling the upper portion of the tower has been finished.

The work of grading for the foundation is nearly completed at Agricultural Hall, and a force of workmen is employed laying a handsome promenade from Agricultural Hall to the Main Exhibition building.

The site of the Women's Pavillion, occupying one of the most attractive positions on the ground, has been staked off, and work will be begun forthwith.

The roof of Horticultural Hall is nearly finished, and the interior of the building will soon be ready for the plasterers.

One side of the main picture gallery of the Art Gallery has been plastered, and the east and west galleries and rear rooms have each received one coat. There is a great deal of ornamental stucco work on the ground, which will be put in place at an early day. All the figures for the building, except one, have been cast, and will be placed upon their pedestals early in October.

At the Main Building, the iron work for the north front of the cross section is up two stories high, and the south front will soon be in place. The contractors expect to finish the cross section in about eight weeks, without much trouble. The woodwork on the west front is nearly finished.

The framework of the main building and wings of the Globe Hotel, on Belmont Avenue, has been completed, and the workmen are now engaged at sheathing and tinning the roof. At the Trans-Continental Hotel, at the intersection of Elm and Belmont Avenues, the walls on the west and south sides are up above the first-story windows, and on the north side nearly as high.

Adjoining the United States buildings, about five hundred yards north-west of Machinery Hall, the Government has begun the erection of a small, light frame building, to be used as a post hospital. It is the intention to put this under the charge of a hospital squad, and to fill it with patients from the military hospital. Everything will be conducted as if the hospital was in actual service, so that strangers may see the workings of the Government hospital service, which is thought to be the best in the world.

THE ADMISSION FEE.—It has been decided to fix the price of admission to the Centennial Grounds at fifty cents, and to sell no season tickets. A board fence, nine feet high, is to enclose the grounds, and the one

admission gives a free permit to all the buildings, there being no extra charge inside, except for what is bought from the restaurants. It has been proposed to have no tickets, but to take the money at the gates.

EGYPT'S DISPLAY NEXT YEAR.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes from Cairo, Egypt, that the exposition of Egyptian antiquities, curiosities and institutions at the Centennial Exhibition will be thorough and exceedingly interesting. The entire embassy will amount to two hundred persons, and will include representatives of every department of native life. The officer under whose direction the embassy will act is Colonel Brooks Bey, who has had charge of national antiquities for some years. There will be learned scribes to exhibit the process of writing in Arabic on parchment or paper; soldiers will show the uniform of the Turkish army; an Arabic band will play the national music; merchants and husbandmen will exhibit the products of town and country, while the interior life of the people will be shown in full detail. There will also be a band of genuine Bedouins from Arabia Petra, and others from the neighborhood of Cairo. The donkey-boy will not be omitted, and a troop of dancing-girls will illustrate the recreations and diversions of the harem.

A full representation will be made of all the lower live stock of the country. The mummy will occupy a conspicuous place with the stuffed specimens.

A complete exhibit will be given of the native industry, water from the Nile and Red Sea will be brought here in tanks, and all the primitive processes of irrigation and cultivation will be explained. The cereals of the country and the national vegetation will also be on exhibition.

After having noticed the growth of the native productions under the influences of the Nile, the visitor to the Exhibition can follow the grain or fibre of fruit through the processes of manufacture, and thence to the Turkish bazaar.

Then he will find robes and rugs from the skins of native wild and tame beasts, ostrich feathers and eggs, swords and silks from Damascus, fruits, slippers and peculiar trinkets.

No less complete or interesting than the exhibit of the business life of the natives will be that of their religious and domestic life. A mosque will be erected, to which the infidel visitor will be admitted on his donning the immense slippers provided for the occasion.

Examples will be given of both exterior and interior domestic architecture.

One of the most significant features of the Exhibition will be that of the literary and educational departments. Copies of the Koran and the Arabic standards, specimen manuscripts, etc., will be displayed. The department of education will show the system and textbooks adopted by the Khedive, and particularly the system of female education, which will be of special interest to all who understand the condition of women in the East.

The immense hippodrome at Cairo is filling with accumulations from all parts of the country, and in a few months the work of transportation will begin.

OHIO'S HEADQUARTERS.—The Ohio Centennial Commissioners have decided to erect a building for the use of the State, and it will be one of the handsomest State buildings on the ground. The location chosen for the structure is a good one, being opposite the Government building, and between the Pennsylvania and New Jersey headquarters. The building will be built on a lot one hundred feet front and two hundred and fifty feet deep, and the stones entering into its construction are to be dressed in the various styles they are susceptible of, and so placed as to make the building an

attractive one. The roofing will be put on by various parties in Ohio free of charge, and the whole house will be handsomely furnished by private parties. Next winter the Commissioners propose to ask the General Assembly for a liberal appropriation, sufficient to allow Ohio to make a proper display of her products.

THE BATH OF BEAUTY.—Miss Foley's design for a fountain, which she intends to send to the Centennial Exhibition, is described as follows: It is intended to represent children in the bath, and it might therefore be appropriately termed the "Bath of Beauty." The children are life-size, of the ages of four, six and nine. The fountain consists of an artistic arrangement of two basins, measuring about seven feet from the lip of the upper basin to the base of the lower one. The diameter of the lower basin is seven and a half or eight feet. The fountain is the first work of Miss Foley on a large scale.

A CENTENNIAL QUARTZ MILL.—There is a proposition on foot in Nevada to send Hon. C. O. Stevenson to this city to make arrangements concerning the erection of a quartz mill on the Centennial grounds. It is estimated that eight thousand dollars will be amply sufficient for building the same. It is also proposed to erect a building in the Park expressly for the accommodation of Nevadans. It is considered that such a house could be built and furnished for three thousand dollars. Nevada has appropriated twenty thousand dollars for Centennial purposes.

THE ART DISPLAY.—Mr. John Sartain, Director of the Centennial Art Department, says that the enormous demands for space in the gallery from nearly all the countries of Europe, will make it necessary to place the department on a much larger scale than was intended, and that the display of works of art will doubtless be one of the finest in the world.

Fashion Department.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

NO very striking difference in points of style from those of last year are announced.

A Paris correspondent says: "Cloaks are to be worn either very long or very short. They are either half-loose sacques falling below the knee, or else jaunty little half-fitting jackets very short behind and falling in long pointed ends in front. Velvet and dark brown or black cloth are the materials chiefly used, the light, fanciful drabs and grays and fawns, once so much in vogue for out-door garments, being apparently discarded. Cashmere has lost its vogue and is replaced by a host of heavier and more fanciful woollen materials, such as thin mixed cloths and plaids in neutral tints. Rich dark brown and slate color will be among the fashionable tints for out-door wear and demi-toilette." The waists of basques and wraps are made very long, reaching to sixteen or seventeen inches, where fifteen was the measurement heretofore.

There is a renewed effort to popularize dresses that fasten behind; as these require the assistance of a maid, the latest plan is to trim the back of the basque to imitate a laced or buttoned back. The cuirass basque is not changed in shape, but is trimmed more than it was last season. Sleeves are very close-fitting, and those for midwinter are interlined with flannel, and in some cases slightly wadded to make the arm look round and plump. The fancy for having sleeves different from the basque continues. The long square overskirt is of such simple, stylish shape, that it promises to become one of the favorite styles. Among useful new costumes are those of black cashmere, a fabric that is now as low-priced as good alpaca, and is more graceful and pliable, though it does not endure hard usage so well. It is made up in conjunction with black gros-grain.

A suit of cashmere that will serve as a model is thus described: "It has a single bias flounce shirred near the top, and edged top and bottom with silk knife pleating. The long square overskirt, open up the back, is trimmed across the front with three bias bands of gros-grain placed quite far apart, and each band edged with fringe. The basque has two side bodies, one of which is very long, and begins in the shoulder seam. The Byron collar and the sleeves are of gros-grain; three lapping folds form the cuff, and a row of six buttons is set on these. A second black cashmere suit has a square overskirt that does not meet behind, but has three puffs of silk set in down the back, with a wide fringed end below. The edge of the overskirt is trimmed with a knife pleating of silk, and this extends up the back on each side of the silk puff. The basque has silk sleeves, collar, silk forms down the back, and some-

thing like a vest of silk in front. A pretty suit of brown cashmere has a sheath overskirt, close and narrow, caught up on one side by a reticule pocket, and edged with ball fringe. The brown silk skirt has a pleated flounce that is partly silk and partly cashmere."

Another novelty "is a double apron that is different on each side of the figure, and laps in the front. Sometimes these aprons are plain on the left side and striped on the right. A suit of three materials, plain brown Algerienne, striped Algerienne and brown silk, is made in this way. A plain apron laps from the right side over another on the left, which is striped; both are edged with striped knife pleating. The basque is of plain wool, with striped sleeves. The brown silk skirt has striped wool and silk pleatings."

The felt hats of the coming season are fine, and soft as velvet to the touch, there having been a great improvement in the manufacture of this fabric for ladies' use since its introduction. These show all the new shades of cream, unbleached white, grays and browns, and are designed to be trimmed in combinations of extreme colors. Black and dark colors prevail among the chips and straws, which are largely trimmed with velvet, and show in some parts a touch of red. The English walking hat, the Derby and a bonnet with a halo brim and rather low crown, are three of the leading models. While felt hats will be almost universally worn throughout the fall months, and after that continued for ordinary wear, velvet is anticipated as the material for the regular winter hats and bonnets.

A FRENCHWOMAN'S TOILETTE.

A PARIS correspondent of the *Metropolitan*, who witnessed the "getting up" of a fashionable

French woman, gives the following account of the performance, which will interest our lady readers:

"I had the pleasure, yesterday, of 'assisting,' as the French idiom has it—that is to say, looking on, not helping—at the *toilette* of a French woman, a genuine Parisian. I was a good deal surprised, that I admit; and she was a good deal surprised at my surprise. She imagined that the extremes of artificiality arrived at in Paris—making a sort of dual woman, as it were, out of one—were known to us; and she considers us semi-barbarians since she discovered how much nearer the natural state we are than her *compatriotes*.

"She began, my *Française*, by submitting herself to her maid, who, on her part, began by subjecting her to a face-friction of elder-flower water. This accomplished, the previously sallow face became of a clearer

hue, an ivory yellow. Every particle of impurity in the pores had yielded to the influence of the elder-flower water; with which half a goblet of warm water had been mixed. The throat, neck and hands partook of this refreshing dew, adding a lustre to the freshness given by a tepid bath of twenty minutes and a shower-bath of five, gone through with a half-hour before the beginning of what that day ceased to be the mysteries of dressing, or the 'getting-up.'

"Next came a rubbing of a scented iris-powder in the dark hair, which was short—that is to say, not more than a foot and a half long—and rather thick. When the iris-powder was brushed out, and carefully removed at the temples and the nape of the neck, a delicate *crème*, similar to cold-cream, but without lard—the juice of lettuce being its main ingredient—was laid over the whole skin of neck, face and hands, and allowed to remain ten minutes. This, I was informed, was intended to do away with the contraction of the features arising from want of sleep, which want of sleep had arisen from too much *café noir* at dinner. I had not observed any '*contraction des traits*,' and thought within myself how much fancy would do. The Parisian informed me that camphor and *crème* had a similar composing effect upon the features, especially after the fatigues of a ball.

"The next thing done was the removal of every trace of the *crème* with an extremely fine linen cloth. This was a skillful operation, for, while rubbing the skin into satin-like smoothness, the *femme-de-chambre* did not make it red or in any way roughen its surface. She seemed to polish, and in polishing to whiten her mistress' complexion.

"The next process was the application of *veloutine*, a compound of bismuth and rice-powder, having the *fixative* quality of the first and the delicacy of the last ingredient. But ah! the care with which the maid applied the preparation. It was absolutely impossible, in being laid on as this 'neat-handed Phillis'—whose name was Liset!—applied it, to detect the presence of any foreign aid. The skin had the firm, clear whiteness of alabaster, with a suggestion of sunny luster and creaminess to subdue it.

"Then came the grand affair of the eyebrows. These were brushed with a minute soft brush with dark bristles and a handle inlaid with mother-of-pearl—*ne vous en déplaie*—and the least possible tracing of *fard indien*, from a small stone jar, laid upon them.

"Under the eyes—very fine eyes and needing no aid from art—an *estampe* of leather, upon which the *fard indien* was lightly rubbed, laid now a dusky shadow,

which increased the brilliancy of the eyes to a great, and, to my mind, unpleasant degree. What was to become of this appliance in case of emotion, I cannot say. Perhaps a Frenchwoman only cries when she chooses.

"The neck and hands now partook of the bismuth powder whitening, and after that the hair was dressed very low on the neck, frizzed a little over the forehead, and with less addition of false hair than has been customary for years. A small *natte* of permanently crimped black hair, looped with a white ivory comb cut in cameo-medallions, made up this part of the toilet, only one small ringlet being suffered to play about the neck.

"But it was when the large *peignoir* was removed, and the under-toilet began, that astonishment claimed me for its own.

"First, a corset, of course, you will say. But, let me remark, there are corsets and corsets. The one placed above the delicate garment of flesh-colored raw silk, which takes the place of linen with the *élégantes* of Paris, and clings to the form so as in no way to increase the size by bulk of folds around the waist, was a corset of gray silk stitched with rose-color and edged with Valenciennes on the hips and about the shoulders. But, in the make of this 'article of female wear,' as the advertisements have it, there entered art that amounted to genius. For, set in at the hips and making the bustle, were curved bones that stood out in a swell of several inches and formed an incorporate part of the corset itself, impossible of detection when the skirt of the dress was placed over it.

"Then the flesh-colored silk stockings; the short cambric skirt with myriad tucks, insertions and flutings of lace; the delicate bottines of black satin; the white muslin dress, without assistance of color except a rose at the throat, and made so extremely short in front as to display the entire foot; the one long hair-pin with its head *une grosse perle fine*, and the careless drawing up of the draping at one side to display the underskirt of raw silk; this, and the *toilette*, was an accomplished feat and fact.

"Let me not omit to say that the muslin sleeve was so extremely tight to the arm that it seemed like a second skin. It terminated two inches above the well-rounded yet delicate wrist, where a quaint bracelet of West Indian beetles, the *cadeau* of a lady admirer from Cuba, completed the ornamentation of so much studied simplicity.

"It was really very pretty, and the lady looked charming—let us say thirty years old. Her age? Oh—well, *fifty*."

New Publications.

Personal Reminiscences, by O'Keefe, Kelly and Taylor. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. No preceding volume of the Brie-a-Brac Series has excelled this in vivacity and interest. It carries the reader back to the dramatic and musical celebrities of a past generation, and gives innumerable incidents and anecdotes, and bits of biography, which will be found exceedingly entertaining. The names of Sheridan, Keen, Kemble, Colley Cibber, Peg Woffington, Garrick, Mrs. Inchbald and almost numberless other men and women famous as actors, actresses, artists or poets, are found within its pages, and their owners introduced in their familiar, everyday characters, just as their intimate acquaintances knew them. The book is for sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Temperance Leaflets. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This is packet number one, containing one hundred and twenty-eight pages, and eight tracts on temperance.

These tracts are intended for general circulation, and are practical in their subjects, and of a character likely to arrest the attention, and furnish food for thought.

Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Allen, Lane and Scott and J. W. Lauderbach. Parts 3 and 4 of this elegant work are fully up to their predecessors. Part third is especially rich in its illustrations of scenery along the Wissahickon and Creshelm Creek. The "Devil's Pool," on the latter creek, is a most charming bit of landscape; while "Summer on the Wissahickon" is a picture worthy to be reproduced in oil. Part fourth gives a number of fine views in the city, and also at Cape May. In all respects this publication is equal, and in some things superior, to any work of its kind yet attempted in this country.

Prohibition Does Prohibit; or, Prohibition Not a Failure. By J. N. Stearns. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, 58 Reade St., New York. The National Temperance Society

have just published a new 12mo pamphlet, of 48 pages, giving full and reliable testimony from a hundred different authorities, as to the workings and success of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. It contains the testimony of ten Governors, several United States Senators, Representatives in Congress, Clergymen, Attorney-Generals, Judges of Supreme Court, District Attorneys, State Constables, Secretaries of State, Mayors, Editors, Chaplains, Chiefs of Police, Internal Revenue, Prison and Poor House Statistics, all being emphatic and conclusive testimony that "Prohibition does Prohibit." Price 10 cents, \$1.00 a dozen.

Statement of Reasons for embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg. By the Rev. George Bush, late Professor of Hebrew in the New York University. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. New York: E. H. Swinney, No. Cooper

Union. Professor Bush, whose adoption and able advocacy of the doctrines of Swedenborg made no little stir in religious circles a few years ago, was one of the profoundest scholars and ablest Biblical writers of the day. His works on the antiquities of the Bible, on hermenutics and criticism, and especially his Notes and Commentaries on the Pentateuch, are standard books in the libraries of scholars and thinking men of all denominations. After adopting the theological views of "The New Church," he published a carefully-written statement of his reasons for changing his religious views, which had at the time considerable circulation. We have before us now, in a pamphlet of 120 pages, a re-publication of these "Reasons," to which is prefixed a biographical sketch of the author by S. Beswick. Professor Bush remained until the day of his death a firm believer and advocate of the new doctrine.

Editor's Department.

Moody and Sankey.

IT is yet to be seen how far the remarkable religious excitement which attended the labors of these two earnest and devoted men in England, will be reproduced in this country. A beginning will soon be made, and we doubt not that in all places where they appear, and bring to bear upon public feeling their peculiar methods and influences, great waves of religious emotion will be borne in upon the people, and that we shall have exhibitions of spiritual phenomena both surprising and difficult to explain. That good will be done, no one can doubt. Anything that leads the mind away from selfish and worldly things, and lifts it to the consideration of things spiritual and heavenly, gives a beneficent result. But mere emotion is not religion; nor a good resolution a good life. The work of these men can go no farther than to arouse the conscience and lead men to think of their duty to God and the neighbor, and to resolve to lead better lives. Out of the vast numbers so aroused and quickened, very many will make a new start in life, and become truer and better men and women—Christians in the right sense of the word; but the ratio of that number will be large or small according to the zeal and faithfulness with which the teachers of religious doctrine all over the land urge upon those who are drawn to hear them the absolute necessity of leading honest, faithful, self-denying and useful lives, without which all spiritual sentiment and emotion are utterly vain.

"There never was," says a writer in one of our daily papers, "a time when a higher sense of the value of moral and Christian obligations was so necessary as it is now. Our politics are sordid and corrupt, and even business principles are wanting in business men. The teachings of religion and the chidings of conscience seem to have lost their hold upon the hearts of the people. This downward tendency of public and private morality is not only to be deprecated, but, if possible, to be remedied. Only a great awakening can show the people the dangers of their situation or make them earnestly strive against the evils which surround and threaten to destroy them. A religious revival, come in whatever form it may, will prove a blessing."

But only in the degree that the after lives of those who are thus awakened are conformed to the strict precepts of the Gospel. A man cannot overreach in a bargain, nor oppress the weak, nor pass over to the other side, like the Priest and the Levite, turning deaf ears to the calls of humanity, and be a Christian. He cannot gamble in wheat or stocks, nor enter into combinations to defraud the people. He must be something more than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

Dr. Cuyler, in one of his recent utterances, speaks clearly to the point, when he says:

"The revival we need is not only a revival of sounder scriptural preaching, but a revival of true Christian living. We have had quite a surfeit of the religion which luxuriates in the devout fervors of the prayer-meeting and the camp-ground, which sings sweet hymns and applauds sweet sermons, and then goes straight off to its money-grasping and its pleasure-seeking, and its panderings to self and sin. God forbid that we speak lightly of true spiritual emotion. But the Christianity which Christ demands is something deeper than a song or a sermon or a sacrament. It is the holy and the humble imitation of Himself. The revival, then, which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth and sticks to its promises; which pays twenty shillings to the pound; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which votes at the ballot-box in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes, and chasten our press, and purify our politics, and cleanse our business and commerce from roguery and rottenness would be a boon from Heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible knowledge but a *Bible conscience* to all is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want to-day is more Christ-like men and women. The preaching it needs is—*more sermons in shoes.*"

Endowment of Women's Colleges.

THE editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, referring to the fact that "there is not a woman's college, or an advanced public institution for the education of women, that is not to-day in need of a large endowment for the purpose of bringing its advantages within the reach of those whose means are small," strongly commends the subject to the rich women of our country who are desirous of doing some good with their money. "Let the boys alone," he says. "They have been pretty well taken care of already, and the men will look after them. It is for you, as women wishing well to your own sex, and anxious for its elevation in all possible ways, to endow these institutions that are springing up about the country in its interest, so that the poor shall have an equal chance with the rich. You can greatly help to give the young women of all classes as good a chance as their brothers enjoy, and you can hardly claim a great deal of womanly feeling if you do not do it."

We second this suggestion most heartily. Give the girls an equal chance with the boys. Let all the schools

established for their higher education be largely endowed, so that the college advantages may be cheapened, the best talent secured, and the most liberal expenditures be made in furnishing these schools with libraries, philosophical apparatus, cabinets and collections.

And to whom shall the poor girls of our land look for such a generous provision of their mental culture with more hope and confidence than to our rich women? Rich men are giving their millions for the endowment of schools and colleges for boys. Let the rich women imitate their good example, and make equal provision for the girls.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

WE present in this number our Prospectus for the Centennial Year, and our readers will see that it is one of more than usual attractiveness. Two new serial stories will be given; one by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, the author of "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON," which was pronounced the best magazine story of the season, entitled

"EAGLESLIFFE."

And the other by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "DEBORAH NORMAN," entitled

"MIRIAM,

And the Life She Laid Down."

Both of these serials will be commenced in the January number.

ROSELLA RICE will open the year with a new series of articles on Pioneer Life in the West, under the title of

"OLD HEARTH STONES, And the Tales they Told."

And the reader's wise, gossiping, quaint old friend, "Pipsey Potts," is busy with her

"POTTSVILLE PAPERS."

By the way, we will just hint that "Pipsey" has been on a visit this summer to the old homes and graves of the Pottses in New England, and that something may come of it. We don't find her family name associated with Plymouth Rock or the Mayflower, but then everybody didn't come over in that famous little vessel, nor land on that celebrated rock; and the Pottses may have, for all that, as fair a record as the Brewsters or the Aldens.

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, whose articles on "WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES," published a few years ago in the HOME MAGAZINE, gave such general satisfaction, will write another series next year, with the title

"WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD,"

in which she will offer practical advice and suggestions as to the various remunerative employments in which women may engage. These articles cannot fail to be exceedingly valuable, as Mrs. Duffey is a woman of wide experience, careful observation and strong common sense, and writes from the standpoint of one who has made her own way in the world,—of that of a woman who can set type as rapidly as a man; who can

write a book or edit a periodical; compose a piece of music or paint a picture; make a dress or cultivate a garden. But we cannot catalogue all of her many accomplishments; and only refer to them here in order to show her fitness for the task she has undertaken in the preparation of these articles.

"CHATTY BROOKS,"

It will be seen, is going to tell about "THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD," and gentle "LICHEN" will keep her quiet corner in the "HOME CIRCLE," among loving friends who carry her in their hearts.

But we cannot take space to tell of all the good things in store for next year. Look at the Prospectus, reader, and see for yourself.

And now all you that love the HOME MAGAZINE, and sympathize with its spirit and aims, who believe that its presence in American homes will be for good, will you not so identify yourselves with it and its work as to become its advocate, commending it to your friends and neighbors, and seeking in all right ways to extend its circulation? Will not each of you add at least one new name to its list of subscribers for the Centennial Year? We shall make it as attractive, as pure, as true and as good as in our power lies. You can largely extend the sphere of its usefulness; and may we not ask you to do so?

THE PREMIUM PICTURE BUSINESS.

As mentioned last month, we have abandoned the premium picture business, and for reasons then given. Our magazine is worth all, and more than all, we get for it; good enough to make its way among the people without the bonus of a chromo or engraving. The temporary rage for premiums forced us, against our better judgment, to adopt the bad system; but we could never bring ourselves to offer a cheap chromo, preferring to give, if we gave at all, a work of art fit to grace the walls of any household in the land. But to do this costs us so heavily that a large part of our profits have been absorbed during the last two or three years in the production of these pictures.

Other publications, and among them the very one that lead off in the chromo business, have seen their error and abandoned all premiums, now charging fifty cents extra for their pictures, and giving subscribers the option to take them or not. This is only fair and equitable.

The low price at which magazines and papers are furnished does not leave a margin of profit sufficient to pay for gift-pictures, or premiums of any kind.

If a periodical is not worth taking for its own intrinsic excellence, it is not worth taking at all; and no picture, good or bad, can make it worthy of public favor.

THE FLEETWOOD SCROLL-SAW.

Of all the appliances which modern invention has placed within reach of the amateur mechanic, of either sex, we are inclined to regard the Fleetwood Saw as the best. The range of artistic production in scroll and "Sorrento" work, of which it is capable, is almost infinite. A variety of articles, of taste and utility, such as book-racks, brackets, match-boxes, screens, wall-pockets, easels, photograph frames, dissected pictures, etc., give the most ample scope for elaborateness and beauty of design and perfection of finish and workmanship. We have seen articles, made entirely with this saw, that were so exquisite in pattern and so elegantly finished as to constitute the most admired ornaments of a well-furnished room. The use of the machine can even be made a profitable industry, as the demand for this work, especially for original designs, is always active.

The mechanism operates with but little friction or noise, and may be used in an ordinary room.

The saws are very small, and may be taken out and replaced with extreme readiness. The finer saws may be used for sawing brass, copper and similar metals. The machine is admirably suited for pattern-makers and other mechanics who need to do fine work, as well as for amateurs who wish to exercise their ingenuity in ornamental sawing. As an indication of the avidity with which the public have adopted this welcome addition to the sources of home enjoyment, we would mention that upwards of two thousand were sold during the last year, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Manufactured and sold by Trump Brothers, of Wilmington, Del., at a price within the reach of all.

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Quarter " " "	- - - - -	35
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"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

Book-Buying Department.

We give below a list of new books, any of which will be mailed, postage free, on receipt of the price.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited by Hon. Charles Francis Adams. Vol. VII. 8vo. Extra cloth, \$5.00.

SCHMITZ'S GERMAN GRAMMAR. A Text-Book for the Practical Study of the German Language. By Prof. J. Schmitz, A. M., and H. J. Schmitz. 12mo. Half roan, \$1.50.

CLAYTON'S RANGERS; or, The Quaker Partisans. A Story of the Revolution. With Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

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LOG-BOOK OF A FISHERMAN AND ZOOLOGIST. By Frank Buckland, M. A., Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales, etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$3.00.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' COSTUME.

(For Description see next page.)

LADIES' COSTUME.

The skirt to this pretty toilet hangs gracefully, with all of its fullness at the back, where it is laid in a large triple-box-plait. It is composed of a wide front gore, a similar gore at each side, and two plain back-breadths forming a short train and having a ribbon bow tacked over the seam at the center as illustrated. The skirt was cut from silk, by pattern No. 3966, price 35 cents, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The over-skirt has a long square front gore, to which is joined the shirred front edges of the wide gores, shirred together at the back edges and shirred again midway between the seams for the drapery. It is prettily trimmed as illustrated with ribbon bows, and plaitings of the material, which is camel's-hair. The pattern used in cutting it is No. 4035, price 30

cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The basque, which has sleeves and decorations of silk, fits the figure very prettily by the customary seams, and closes at the back with hooks and loops. The sleeves are widened and left open at the outside seam over the wrist, while a folded cuff of the camel's-hair stands above the opening. The pattern to the basque is No. 4005, price 30 cents. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and may be used for any material made up into dresses.

To make the costume for a lady of medium size, $14\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required; $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards being necessary for the skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ for the basque, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the over-skirt.



4194
Front View.



4194
Back View.

LADIES' LOOSE CLOAK, WITH DOLMAN SLEEVES.

No. 4194.—This charming garment may be made of any cloaking material, beaver cloth perhaps being the most suitable. In the engravings the decorations of Titan braid and silk embroidery, as well as their arrangement, are faithfully delineated. The

pattern to the cloak is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4199

Front View.

4199

Back View.

LADIES' PROMENADE BASQUE.

No. 4199.—The stylish basque represented by these engravings is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make a basque like it for a lady of medium size, 5 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4176

Front View.

4176

Back View.

LADIES' MANTLE WRAP.

No. 4176.—This elegant mantle is very nearly like the "Arab wraps" worn some seasons ago, consisting of a long breadth so doubled and seamed at the center as to form the hood illustrated. Cashmere is used in this instance, though silk or any suit fabric is equally appropriate. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, thirty-six inches wide, to make the wrap for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4204

Front View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED STREET SACK.

No. 4204.—This comfortable garment may be made of cloth, velvet, plush, cashmere, *drap d'été* or any suitable goods; and the pattern to it is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Titan braid, fur bands, fringe, folds or embroideries are appropriate decorations, and may be applied in any style preferred. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4204

Back View.

4208

Front View.

4208

Back View.

4197

Front View.

4197

Back View.

CHILD'S DRESS, WITH YOKE, AND KILTED FRONT.

No. 4208.—This pretty little dress is made of cashmere and trimmed with the same and Hamburg embroidery. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, in making the dress for a child of 4 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

MISSES' GORED JACKET.

No. 4197.—This stylish wrap can be made from 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, for a miss of 12 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. In the present instance the garment is made of cloth and trimmed with braid.



4215

Front View.

BOYS' HUSSAR JACKET.

No. 4215.—The pattern to this handsome jacket is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make a garment after it for a boy of 7 years, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4215

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.



AN ENGLISH COUNTESS.—Page 749.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 12.

History, Biography and General Literature.



MOUTH OF THE CROTON.

UP THE HUDSON.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

TO be gliding up the Hudson on one of the magnificent day boats which ply between New York and Albany, seems to afford about as much unalloyed pleasure as can be crowded into one day's existence. Americans may well be proud of this noble river. Even foreigners do not hesitate to bestow upon it due praise. Charles Wentworth Dilke, in his "Greater

Britain," published a few years since, says of this river: "Those who say that America has no scenery, forget the Hudson, while they can never have explored Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Mohawk. That Poole's exquisite scene from the 'Decameron,' 'Philomena's Song,' could have been realized on earth, I never dreamed, until I saw the singers at a New Yorker's villa on the Hudson grouped in the deep shades of a glen, from which there was an outlook upon the basaltic Palisades and lake-like Tappan Zee. It was in

(695)

some such spot that De Tocqueville wrote the brightest of his brilliant letters—that dated ‘Sing Sing’—for he speaks of himself as lying on a hill that overhung the Hudson, watching the white sails gleaming in the hot sun, and trying in vain to fancy what became of the river where it disappeared in the blue ‘Highlands.’”



AUDUBON'S RESIDENCE.

We steam out of the dock, and up the river, past the almost numberless wharves, crowded with shipping from all parts of the world. We come in sight of various points of interest, all of which are dutifully pointed out in the guide-books. Not far from our starting point we see on the Jersey side the Heights of Hoboken, made historically famous as the spot where was fought the duel between Hamilton and Burr. We try to be impressed, but somehow it occurs to us that this is the identical place where resided the “girl with the gingham umbrella,” famous in modern song, and the seriousness of the historical occurrence is lost to us in the grotesqueness of the remembrance.

The western banks of the Hudson rise for the most part abruptly from the water's edge. On the eastern sides are grassy and wooded slopes, crowned with magnificent country residences of New York merchant princes, and literary men whose fame belongs to the whole country.

A few miles above New York, the traveller reaches the sites of Fort Lee, on the western bank, and of Fort Washington, on the eastern bank of the river. Nothing now remains of Fort Lee but the spot where it once stood. These two forts played an important part in the Revolutionary War.

At Fort Lee begin the Palisades, a precipitous wall of basaltic formation, bordering the Hudson

on the west for many miles above New York, and varying in height from two hundred to five hundred feet.

A little below Washington Heights we pass a pretty village, nestling on the eastern bank of the river, and nearly embowered with trees. Here the traveller may plainly see a handsome residence, with lawn sloping down to the river's edge, which was once the home of Audubon, the naturalist.

Passing swiftly by fine country residences, which are palatial in their grandeur, presently the mouth of a little creek is reached; and this constitutes the northern boundary of the Island of Manhattan. This is called Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and for this name Irving accounts, in Diedrich Knickerbocker's “History of New York.” Anthony Van Corlear, the trumpeter of Governor Stuyvesant, attempted to swim the creek during a violent storm. The chronicler says: “The wind was high, the elements in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vaped like an intelligent ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand (to arouse the people to arms), he took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle;

swore most valorously that he would swim across in spite of the devil (*en spyt der duyvel*), and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Anthony! Scarcely had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and, giving a vehement blast, sank forever to the bottom! The clangor of his trumpet rang far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, who had been a witness to the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow in giving belief), that he saw the duyvel, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg, and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place has been called Spuyten Duyvel ever since.”

Not far above the mouth of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and on the same side of the river, is Font Hill, a castle of gray stone, built by Edwin Forrest. It is picturesque in appearance, and, when it had the green slope of the hill behind it, must have been beautiful. But the place has been bought by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and a huge and ugly edifice of red brick built immediately behind it, out of all harmony with either landscape or castle. This red-brick pile is the Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent, and

the castle is now used for the purposes of the school and convent.

Nearly opposite Font Hill rises "Indian Head," the highest point of the Palisades, five hundred and fifty feet above the river. As we round the point a little above "Indian Head," the river broadens into the Tappan Zee. The Palisades here lose their wall-like character, and break away into little headlands. Around the point, in a most romantic situation, is located the town of Piermont, where the pier of the Erie Railroad juts out into the river for the distance of nearly a mile.

The location of Piermont is not, however, any more beautiful than that of Tarrytown, which lies nearly opposite on the eastern bank of the Tappan Zee. The engraving gives a view from the heights above the town. On the left, in the distance, are seen the Palisades, the highest point being "Indian Head," already shown in another engraving. On the right is Piermont with its pier.

Before we quite reach Tarrytown we see the pretty village of Irvington, so named in honor of Washington Irving, who had here his residence. "Sunnyside," the home of Irving, is somewhere here, embowered in trees, which so completely hide it that the tourist can only locate it in his fancy. This house is the identical "Wolfert's Roost," made famous by Irving before he ever thought to become its possessor.

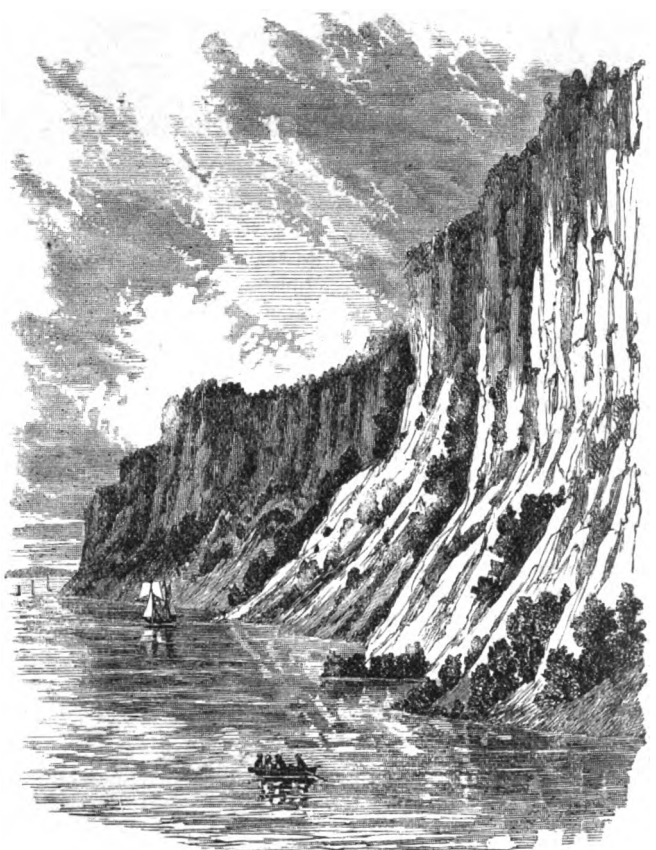
Above Tarrytown is the old post road where Major Andre was captured, and we are told that an appropriate monument marks the spot, though this is not visible from the river. Tarrytown and its vicinity were the scene of unusually stirring events during the Revolution. Here, Irving tells us, were the two opposing marauders, the Skinners and the Cow-Boys—the former rebels, and the latter tories. Irving says: "In the zeal of service both were apt to make blunders, and confounded the property of friend and foe. Neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity, nor when they wrung the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George."

Tarrytown is interesting for more than this. A little above the village, and about half a mile from the Hudson, is the far-famed Sleepy Hollow, haunted of old by the headless horseman; and here is still the brook over the rustic bridge spanning which the same horseman pursued Ichabod Crane, the luckless suitor of Katrina Van Tassel. The old Dutch church still stands in the valley, and in its peaceful church-yard Washington Irving is buried. The following is Irving's

beautiful description of this valley: "Not far from Tarrytown there is a little valley, or rather a lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley."

Nyack lies a short distance above Piermont on the western side of Tappan Zee. Here the Palisades break again into abrupt precipices; while further on rise the undulating outlines of Point-No-Point, as the Ramapo Mountains are called. The best view of these mountains is from above, when descending the river.

The traveller's attention is attracted by Sing Sing, which lies in a bend of the river on the



THE PALISADES—INDIAN HEAD.

eastern side. Although the town is a pleasant one, the special object of interest is the State Prison, which lies along the margin of the river. It is built of white marble, and is a large edifice, or rather cluster of edifices; but when seen from the centre of Tappan Zee it dwindles into insignificance. In the engraving, the view of the

prison is given from the hills above the town, the Ramapo Mountains are seen on the opposite side of the river, and Croton Point, at the mouth of Croton River, at the right of the picture.

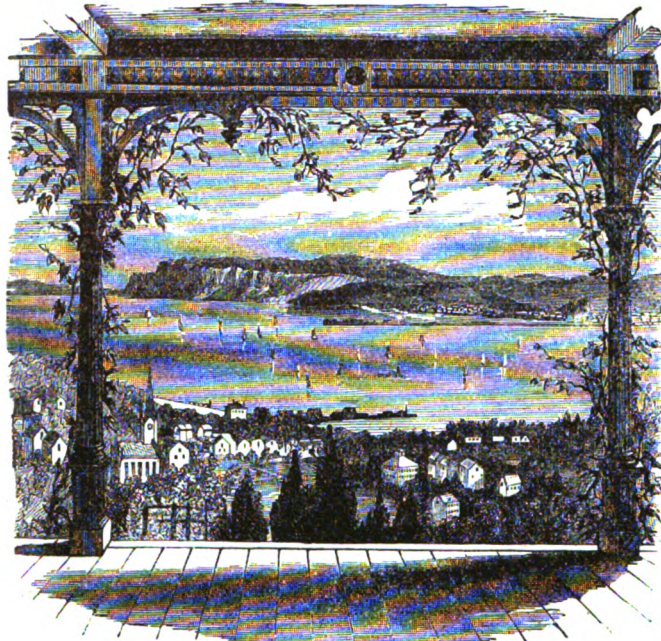
tured the British garrison entire. This was on July 15, 1779.

The river opposite Haverstraw is five miles wide—its widest point. The view above Stony Point, looking downwards, is one of the finest upon the Hudson.

Rounding Verplanck's Point, the town of Peekskill comes in sight. This town was named by one Jans Peek, a Dutch skipper, who, mistaking a tributary of the Hudson for the main river, here landed, and finally settled. In 1797, Peekskill was the headquarters of Israel Putnam. Here is the farm and summer home of Henry Ward Beecher.

It is not strange that the old Dutch skipper should have made the mistake he did, for the Hudson looks here like a land-locked sea without an inlet. Suddenly the steamer rounds a promontory, and through a narrow channel we enter the Highlands. The point around which the Hudson takes this sudden bend is Kidd's Point, or, as it is now called, Caldwell's Landing. It is a bold promontory, its lower banks dotted here and there with a scant growth of evergreens, while the higher portions are densely clothed with the same trees. This Point is famous

in history by its association with Captain Kidd, the renowned pirate, and it is here that his ship is supposed to have been scuttled, and immense treasure lost. The higher ranges of this moun-

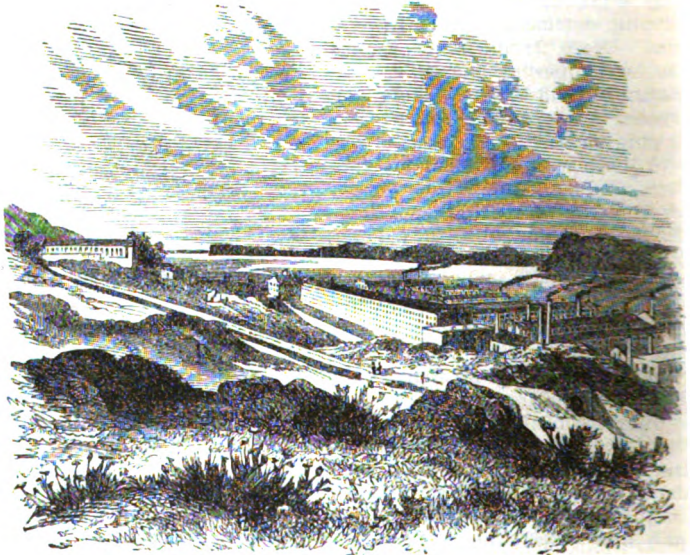


DISTANT VIEW AT TARRYTOWN.

Croton Point is a picturesque bluff, which extends into the Hudson, on the north of the mouth of Croton River, and divides Tappan Zee from Haverstraw Bay. The mouth of Croton River is itself so broad that it makes a kind of bay, and is dotted with green islands, and broken by tongues of land. The view given in the engraving is from a point on the Croton, with the Hudson visible in the remote distance.

A little above Haverstraw village, which lies at the north of the Ramapo Mountains, is to be seen Treason Hill, where Andre met Arnold at the house of Joshua Hett Smith. The house still stands, and is plainly visible from the river. As we had no means of identifying the precise house, we concluded that one house would do as well as another, and so located the incident in the most prominent house we saw.

Above Haverstraw is Stony Point, a sharp, stony bluff extending into the river. There is now a light-house upon its summit, but during the revolution it was the site of a fort. General Wayne, or "Mad Anthony," as he was called, with a company of picked men, scaled this cliff at midnight, and cap-



STATE PRISON AT SING SING.

tain are called the Donderberg, where in early times resorted the imps and goblins which were the terror of the Dutch navigators of the river.

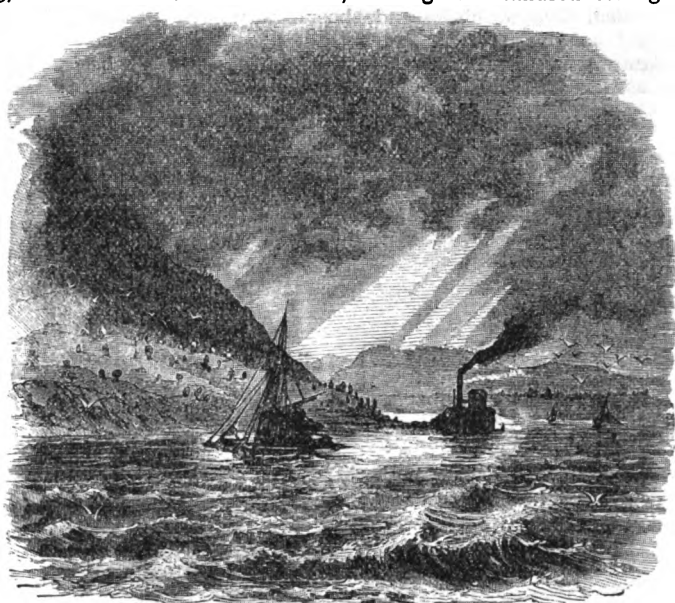
Irving gives a very precise description of a certain little Dutch goblin in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, who made this mountain his home, and who was especially dreaded by all who made the passage of the Highlands.

A little beyond the Donderberg, and still on the left of the ascending traveller, is a pretty island of about three hundred acres in extent, nestled quietly among the mountains which tower around it. It is called Iona, and is a favorite picnic ground for excursion parties from New York.

Opposite stands the bold projection, fifteen hundred feet high, which is known as Anthony's Nose. Irving gives an humorous account of the manner in which it was named. Rounding Anthony's Nose, the traveller sees Sugar-loaf Mountain in the distance on the right. Objects of interest now begin to crowd upon us. Opposite the point of Anthony's Nose, Montgomery Creek empties into the Hudson. Fort Clinton was on one side of this creek, and Fort Montgomery on the other. Further on, Cozzen's Hotel stands boldly on the bluff, and announces to the traveller that he is approaching West Point. Just before reaching the hotel, the attentive traveller may see a foamy cascade dashing down the side of the cliff, which from its whiteness has been called "Buttermilk Falls."

Soon the steamer makes her first landing at

ner, author of "The Wide, Wide World." Further on is Mount Taurus, one thousand five hundred and eighty-six feet high. On the southern slope of this hill is "Undercliff," the home of the late George P. Morris. Beyond Mount Taurus is seen Breakneck Hill, over eighteen hundred feet high.



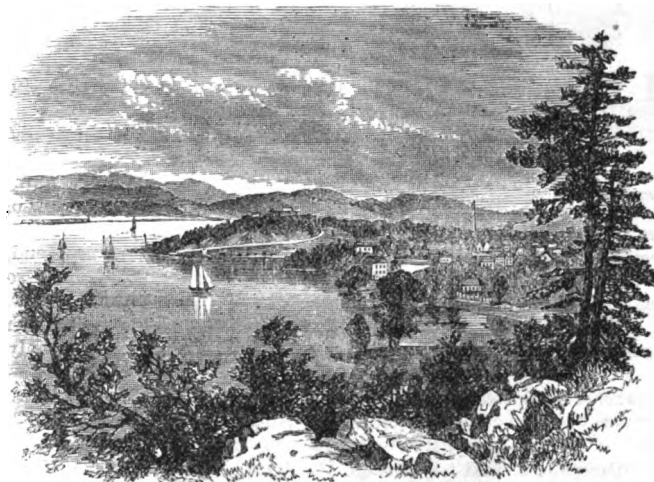
KIDD'S POINT.

West Point will take much of the traveller's attention. It is the most commanding point on the Hudson. There are the Military Academy, the Parade Ground and Barracks, more or less visible from the river. Beyond are the ruins of old Fort Putnam, on a point five hundred feet above the river. A monument in memory of Kosciusko has been erected still farther up. Then comes the West Point Light-House, on a pretty cliff jutting out into the river.

The engraving of West Point gives a view of the location looking down upon the town from a point above, with the Breakneck and other mountains we have mentioned in the distance. The view is one of the finest on the river, although the picture hardly does it justice.

Beyond West Point comes another range of hills, of which the Old Cro' Nest is the first. This is a rocky, precipitous mountain, nearly fifteen hundred feet high. It is the scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay," and is referred to in that poem in the following manner:

"Tis the middle watch of a summer night
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
The moon looks down on Old Cro' Nest—
She mellowes the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."



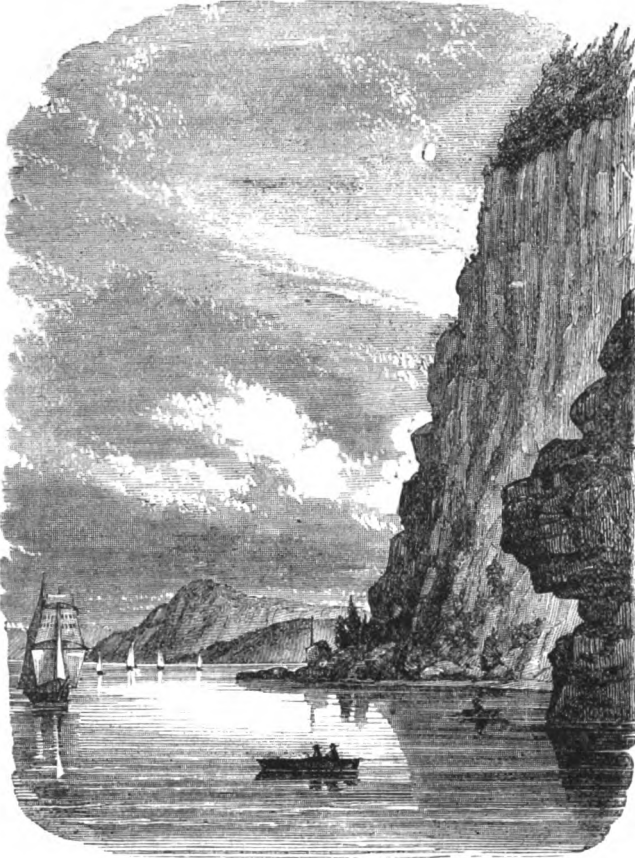
WEST POINT, FROM THE CEMETERY.

West Point. There are few more beautiful views in America than that from this place, whether looking up or down the river. Opposite the Point is Constitution Island, where may be discovered glimpses of the cottage home of Miss War-

One or two hills intervene, and then comes Storm King, the highest mountain of the Highlands. Its present name was bestowed upon it by N. P. Willis, whose country home of "Idlewild" is situated upon its northern terrace.

The engraving gives a good view of the precipice of Storm King, which descends sheer to the water's edge; but the mountain itself rises far above the highest point seen in the picture.

At Newburg a lion came on board, and travelled



FOOT OF THE STORM KING.

with us as far as Hudson, where he was to roar that evening. He kindly took a seat at a table near us in the dining-room of the boat, and we were enabled to eat, and survey him at our leisure. It was a pleasant incident of the day, and we hope we may be forgiven for staring, since the lions are intended to be stared at.

We pass towns and villages along the river bank "too numerous to mention;" all of them beautiful, and worthy of being remembered if not visited. We finally draw near Poughkeepsie, a thriving city upon the right bank of the river, and especially interesting to us as being the place where Vassar College is located. It is a place of twenty thousand inhabitants, and is called the Queen City of the Hudson. Its location is beautiful, and it contains many institutions of public interest.

Still onward and upward we go, past Hyde Park, past New Paltz, past John Astor's summer residence, past Rondout, and we know not what beside; for now our attention is taken by a blue pile on the northern horizon, which we know to be the first faintly visible outlines of the Catskills. Nearer and nearer we approach them, and they loom up higher and higher before us, sometimes lost behind an intervening hill, but presently re-appearing. Beautiful, grand, magnificent Catskills! My first view of real mountains, though I have crossed the Alleghenies many times. The Alleghenies make so gradual an ascent from the sea, that one never realizes half their altitude. But the Catskills rise sheer up from the plain which stretches back from the Hudson, and their entire height above the sea is at once discovered. Nearer and nearer we come, and grander and grander they rise, until we plainly see the Mountain House upon the face of the cliff, and the cleared fields upon the mountain sides. The Mountain House is about twelve miles from the landing, and at an elevation of three thousand feet above the level of the river, while the mountains behind rise a thousand or fifteen hundred feet higher. These mountains were called by the Indians the Mountains of the Sky, and here, according to Indian belief, was kept the treasury of storm and sunshine.

On a high point on the opposite side of the Hudson, Church, the artist, has made himself a home; and surely no fitter place for a student of nature could be found, where he may study the ever-varying faces of the mountains.

We are approaching Hudson, and just before we reach the city we pass a beautifully rounded, cultivated hill, called Mount Merino. It is a charming spot, and from its summit no doubt an extended view of

the neighborhood can be obtained.

We are yet many miles from our journey's end, but it is half-past three o'clock, and we are so tired. By a singularly inconvenient arrangement, the windows of these floating palaces are so high that the traveller, seated in the saloon, can only get a glimpse of the sky, and maybe the tops of the distant mountains. The day is so windy we cannot sit on deck. And thus the alternative is to stand if we would see. See we must and will, and so through the long day we stand upon our feet—two of us, at least, who are comparatively young, and who would rather be tired out than miss a single view of the magnificent panorama before us. But nature at last rebels, and calls out for rest. We must sit down, though a succession of Catskills, each grander than the other, were to rise on our way. We now and then take excur-

sions to the stern of the boat, to catch parting glimpses of the now receding mountains. We take a single look at Bear Island, in which meet the four counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia and Greene; where also is the site of the "Castle of Rensselaerstein," from whose wall Nicholas Koorn, the agent of Killian Van Rensselaer, the patroon, compelled all passing vessels to pay tribute, or run the risk of being sunk by the ordnance of the fort. There is now upon the island a long, frowning building, with small apertures, which *may* be port-holes. Some one suggests that this may be the famous old castle. But, alas! we fear it is only an ice house! So tamely do things degenerate in these modern times! We are conscious that we are in danger of being aground on the overslaugh, by the constant rattling of the rudder-chains, and the slow and constantly changing course of the steamer. We look with a certain curiosity upon the extensive dykes on either side of the river. But the scenery is tame compared with that which we have passed through during the day; and for the most part we are all content to sit quietly in our easy chairs until the spires of Albany are visible in the distance, and we know our journey to be nearly ended.

Albany at last, after nine hours of steamboat travel through scenery unsurpassed in America, and scarcely equalled anywhere. Nine hours of delight, which can never be repeated, since every one of them brought fresh and unexpected pleasure, and there can be but one first time upon the Hudson.

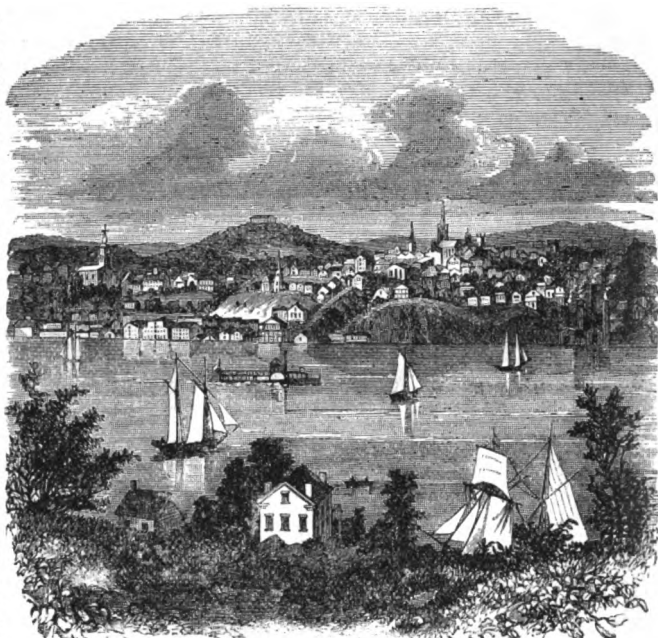
THE LAST SUPPER.

BY C.

IN Milan are many paintings of great merit, especially in the Brera Gallery. But the most celebrated and really the most remarkable and beautiful picture in Northern Italy is "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, a fresco of imperishable renown, although about perished itself. Everybody in Christendom has seen pictures of this picture, from copies made when it was possible to see the original, though scarcely possible to copy it.

To find this picture, you must go to an old cavalry barrack, formerly the convent Santa Maria della Grazie, and find, as best you can, the hall that was used as the refectory of that institution; and there is "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, which was unsurpassed by anything of its kind, but now dim with age. Sixteen years the artist toiled at this fresco. Had it been done on canvas instead of on a wall, often damp, it would to-day rival the "Transfiguration" by Raphael. The first quarter of an hour one stands before it, his feeling is as when in a room where

some renowned and god-like character has lived; the occupant has forever departed. As you see the forms of Christ and the twelve, it is as if you had been led into an ante-chamber in the land of shades; and you become engrossed, not so much



POUGHKEEPSIE.

in what is there as in an effort to see what is not there. Many attempts to restore certain shades, colors and outlines have mostly been strokes of additional ruin; and some such touches are dimmer now than certain others supposed to be those of the great master himself. Yet, as you gaze long and intently at these apparitions, you are conscious of a wonderful power emanating from them; and their attitudes, earnest expressions and gestures, shadowy and somewhat wild, seem to utter ghostly whispers along the rude table. After awhile, without knowing such a thing to be possible, you *do* begin to discern a look—a *see out*, as the German tongue better gives it—in the face of the Lord, which you think could have been produced only by an inspired painter. The air of divine calmness, sorrowing seriousness, and Christ-like tenderness still lingering in that face, seeming to breathe the words, "One of you shall betray me," is something miraculous and indescribable.

"He who observes it, ere he passes on
Pauses again; returns and gazes long,
That he may call it up when far away."

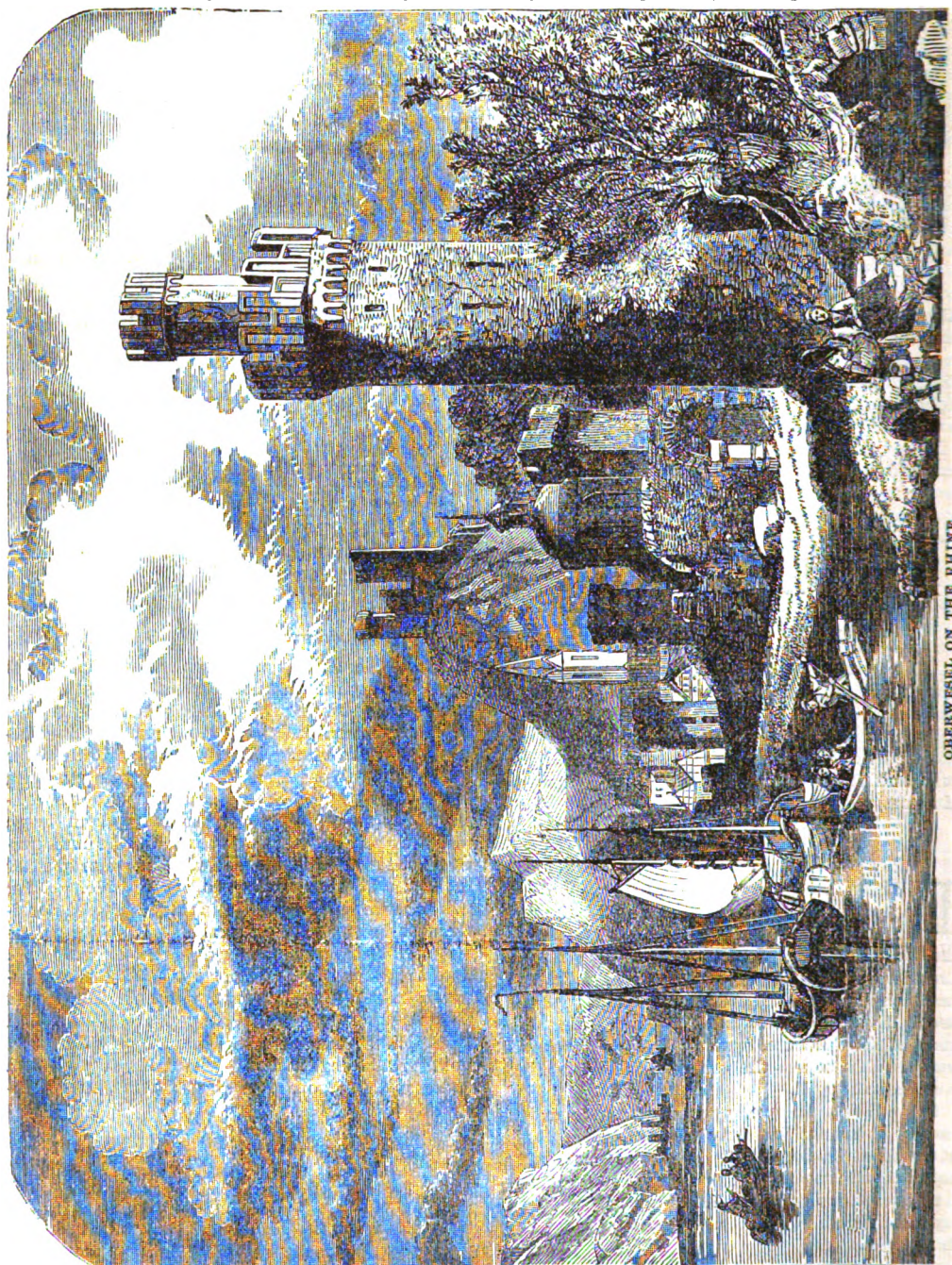
Photographic art is unable to reproduce this marvellous delineation of divine character in the Saviour's face, owing to the decay of the fresco. The finest copies by the cleverest artists also fail to transfer it. No means are known of saving its almost vanished spirit, and the last people who will ever perceive it are the present generation.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

OBERWESEL ON THE RHINE.

"THE Rhine Gau," says a traveller, "is called the Paradise of Germany, and is formed by a freak of the river, which, as it arrives under the walls of Mayence, turns suddenly to the

between Mayence and Coblenz a perfect semi-circle, when it again flows straight on to the north. Within this little enclosure, sheltered by the mountains from the cold winds, are fields, and vineyards, and gardens, teeming with a richness



OBERWESEL ON THE RHINE.

left, and from a northerly takes a westerly course, as far as the little town of Bingen, where it is impeded by a range of the Taurus Mountains, and slowly winds round again to the north, forming

and beauty more like those under Italian skies and stretching away in the most luxuriant verdure, as far as the eye can reach, dotted with villages, farmhouses and humbler cots, while along

the river range the remnants of old feudal walls, churches, castles, convents and abbeys, teeming with the legendary lore of eighteen centuries."

Situated on the right bank of the Rhine, nearly twenty miles above Coblenz, stands the little town of Oberwesel, overlooking this magnificent Rhine valley. It is most picturesquely placed, bold spurs from the adjacent mountains coming down to the very river banks, their summits not infrequently crowned by the ruins of some castle or convent. Oberwesel is in the very midst of the richest and most beautiful of all the regions of Germany. In the valley, which the river encloses, are innumerable vineyards, the products of whose wine-presses have some of them a world-wide reputation. The most noted of these is the vineyard belonging to the castle of Uohannioberg, which is the property of Prince Metternich. This vineyard is sixty-three acres in extent.

The whole region round about Oberwesel is rich in historic associations. Not far off is the Strahlenberg, and at its feet the little village of Hattenheim, still surrounded by forests and impregnable fastnesses, for there dwelt the lords of Scharfestein, who for centuries were the terror of the haughty bishops of Mayence.

The Rhine Gau was the scene of the ravages and devastations of the "Servile War." The peasants had nothing to lose and little to gain, and so they revenged themselves upon their tyrants for long centuries of oppression. This rebellion originated in the neighborhood of Mayence, and extended far and wide, so that half a century elapsed before the country recovered from the blight which it cast upon it.

A few miles above Oberwesel is the town of Bingen, so celebrated in the poem "Bingen on the Rhine." Not far from Bingen is the castle of Ehrenfels, and opposite the castle a small square tower immortalized by Southey in his poem of "Bishop Hatto," which preserves the tradition of the tower.

The city of Coblenz, which lies at the mouth of the Moselle, is one of the most interesting places upon the river. The Rhine is here crossed by a bridge of boats. Immediately opposite Coblenz is Ehrenbreitstein, the "Gibraltar of the Rhine," capable of accommodating one hundred thousand men, though five thousand are sufficient to man it properly.

There is no point for many miles both above and below the town of Oberwesel that is not interesting and beautiful, and that has not connected with it either history or legend.

AUTUMN IN TENNESSEE.

BY M. T. ADKINS.

THE hills and valleys of Eastern Tennessee, in their robes of summer green, present some of the most beautiful of American scenery. But their beauties are increased ten fold when the woods and hills assume the golden livery of autumn.

The change from the verdure of midsummer to the many tints of October is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to the casual eye.

The first harbinger of the coming change from summer to autumn is noticeable about the middle of September, when along about nightfall you will notice the sound of a low wailing wind, which goes sighing through the woods and over the meadows, bearing upon its wings a stray leaf of russet or brown, of crimson or gold. It is the first faint breath of the new season, and the floating leaves are the first offering of the woods to the autumnal goddess. A few days later, you notice a perceptible coolness in the air at night; the sighing wind is louder and more frequent, and the floating leaves are more plenty.

You wake up some fine, bracing morning, and notice a slight frost upon the ground. Rambling out to the nearest woods, you find the maples and sourwoods have put on a deep crimson; the oaks have assumed a brown, and the chestnuts, here and there, fling to the ground a russet leaf.

About the first of October comes a sharper frost. After this, the woods rapidly take on those brilliant colors for which our autumn scenery is so famous. About the middle of October they are at their brightest.

Standing upon one of our mountain tops, the view, for miles around, is grand enough to enchant a stoic. Far as the eye can reach through the hazy atmosphere is one grand panorama of gorgeous colors.

"The mountains that infold

In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground."

Far away to the eastward, you see the grand, old, smoky mountains, lifting high their mighty crests in the blue ether. To the north the scene is bounded by the bold outlines of the Clinch range; while the nearer foreground is filled in with gold and purple hills, around whose base perhaps flows the crystal waters of a pure mountain stream.

For a week, or ten days, the beauties of this season last; then slowly fade away.

The wailing wind whirls through the trees with a sharper gust, scattering the golden trophies with every breath. They are gathered in heaps, beside fallen logs, and in every hollow. In walking through the woods you sink up to your knees, amid such a rustling that you can scarcely hear.

This is the "Indian summer" season.

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light, the waters of the rill."

The season of "golden mist and haze," The season when summer returns for a few days to linger upon hillside and meadow; when the south wind ventures cautiously back to search out those of his children that the early frosts have spared; and to scatter bright leaves over those that have fallen.

The farmer now hastens to gather in his crops, for well he knows that this is the last of the fair weather.

The swelling ears of maize are heaped high beneath the old shed; the golden pumpkins are gathered into the barn. The woodpile is heaped high, against the coming storm; and the thrifty

But the broken words, and pitiful moans, and stifled cries of the sick boy, mingled with the plashing of the waves, and rustling of the leaves without and straw within, made very lonely the slow hours of the autumn night.

The fever increased; its fatal fire burned brighter and hotter. The lad lay for days on the straw in the shanty. The physician administered medicines and denied cold water, and said: "You will soon be up again; this is nothing serious."

"If I could see some of them at home, oh, it would do me so much good!" was the quivering cry of his sane moments; but only the bare walls of a rude shanty of slabs met his gaze, while without the song, and jest, and laughter of his fellow-laborers, the sound of the mattock's blow, and the rushing of the swift waters, all made a confused noise that blended together.

The wife of the contractor, in going down to the wayside well one day, heard the sharp cry of the sick boy, and putting down the pail she carried, she entered the low shanty from which proceeded the noise. The heart of the poor little overworked woman was touched with pity, and she sat down beside the pallet of straw and talked to Harry. How kind were her words, and how soothing the touch of her woman's hand!

"Have you no home?" she asked; "no friends to come and nurse you?"

"Both," he replied; "a good home and good friends—and, oh, I want to see some of them! I shall die here! Won't you write to them and tell them to come for me with the wagon? Tell them to put a bed and pillows in it. And, oh, tell them to wait an hour, for I am dying in this lonely

Oh, my home! my home!"

"I cannot write," was her answer; "but my James will, and I will tell him what you did in the meantime I will have you taken to this lonely shanty and kindly cared for. Awhile then shall carry you down to mother's, and miss, how attend to you as if you were her own son. moment, now cheer up, and try and be well enough to engaged when your brothers come for you with the and wou. That will be so nice to go to your own sine, w again!" and she soothed him and left him. times, letter was dispatched to Harry's relatives, her being that of his serious illness and his anxiety she be taken home. Then the kind woman asked the men after they had dined the sick boy to the pleasant little cabin home of her widowed mother. There he was properly cared for by her brothers.

But the weary days dragged their tedious lengths along; the fever-fire burned unabated in his veins; his sole desire had possession of his mind, and that was to reach his dear familiar home and friends once more.

But a weekly mail in those days comprised our facilities, and frequently that was delayed. The boy grew worse; the desire to see his home was maddening; his thoughts all centered on that one idea.

His letter reached its destination, but the postmaster was careless, and when the brothers asked if there wasn't a letter from Harry, the grim old man looked up from his newspaper, peered with

white eyes over his glasses, and gruffly responded, "No."

At different times have things unaccountably strange entered into my life for a brief moment, and then passed away and left me wondering, and unable to explain.

The first of these came then, when my best beloved lay sick unto death, a stranger among strangers. I have no pleasure in uncovering these strange and sacred events, and letting passers-by look upon them, as we let our neighbors look upon the dear faces of our dead; I shrink of being called superstitious.

At this time I slept alone in a little trundle-bed near my parents. One night I called: "Papa, here he is! he's come! but, O papa!"

Yes, it was my Uncle Harry, and yet how unlike him. He seemed to float instead of stand, his eyes were sunken and sad instead of bright and laughing, his face was unreal, and white, and fading like a mist. I called out sharply the names of papa and mamma, and wondered how they could lie there and manifest no joy over his unexpected arrival.

They said: "There now, shut your eyes and sleep," and the two treating it as a dream, slept, and the vision came again and again, and the long hours were unbroken save by the lonesome sound of their regular breathing. I remember of my mother asking me questions in a light way on the day following, but my cautious parents were so careful lest their children imbibe superstitious ideas that the painful subject was never alluded to in my presence.

Harry's anxiety became so intense that he had his bed moved near to a window, and his head raised higher, so he could lie and look out in the direction of his home, and be the first one to see the horses and the wagon with the bed in it and the dear, familiar face of the brother who would come for him.

The weary days dragged on. He grew weaker and weaker; the fever fed upon his remaining vitality; at last he could not look out from the window, but he would say: "Tell me the minute you see them coming—a brown wagon and one white and one bay horse. Then I will get up and dress, and get my knapsack, and cane, and my coat with the pretty buttons. Oh, I can ride easily in the wagon on one of Sally's good beds!"

Then soon his mind wandered all the time, and he would say: "Look out, I think I heard the wagon stop; tell me if one horse is white and the other a bay, and if it is, get my clothes, and—I'm so tired that you may put them in the knapsack."

One night, the contractor's wife said to her brother: "He cannot live; you must go immediately for his relatives," and at the lonely hour of midnight the brother started on his mission. I remember the tired young man, and just how he appeared as he stood in the door, dusty and worn with travel, his hat in his hand respectfully, and I very distinctly recall seeing my mother spring to her feet and, with quickened breath, say to the stranger: "Oh, sir, you bring us ill tidings!" How keen are a woman's intuitions. Then he told

her, and after the first rain of tears, she remembered the rite of hospitality, and the stranger was tenderly cared for.

Then, as soon as possible, one of the brothers and the messenger started. They galloped over the rough roads, and through the woods, and up and down the rugged hills, actuated by the desire to reach the bedside of the dying before it was too late. They hardly spoke during the wearisome journey.

"They will soon be here," said the sick boy, in a paroxysm of excitement; "you will know the horses, one white and one bay. Tell me the minute you see them come down the hill. Lay my knapsack here on the foot of the bed; stand my cane there, and put my hat beside it. Oh, I can ride on one of Sally's beds! It will seem so good to get out in the fresh air. I am so tired of digging in the hard yellow clay and standing in the mud and water. But I have to work and earn something. There! there! help me out of this! Give me your hand, Will, heaven-ho! now reach me the mattock and shovel—there—there," and he sank back exhausted, and the breath came with a feeble flutter, and the blue eyes closed and the heavy lashes shut down slowly. The woman wet her palm in camphor and softly slid it down over his face. He revived and seemed to sleep.

In the meantime the brother was hastening on, some of the time leaning forward and standing up in the stirrups. Oh, the agony of suspense! In the sorrowing home, a sister walked the floor hurriedly and wrung her hands in grief; the brothers moved about silently and listlessly, and the old postmaster rubbed his forehead thoughtfully and said: "There's been a letter in the office a good while, somehow, it seems."

Suddenly the dying boy opened his eyes and stared wildly, and then a smile lighted up his face and he spoke joyfully, saying: "There! I heard him say whoa; oh, I'm so glad—you can see them from the window, a white horse and a bay, and the bed's in the wagon, and I'll leave this clay bank and the heavy mattock now. Get my hat, and reach me the knapsack, and you may place it on my shoulders, and where's my crab-apple cane, you know we'll not want to lose any time, they'll need the team, maybe, and—and—have me all ready. I can't see; where is the knapsack? put my hand on it and—my hat—you get it—there's not a minute to lose and—now I'll be off—yes—give them to me—I knew they would come! well, yes, now I'll go; good-bye," and the blue eyes opened wide in a death-stare as he fell back upon his pillow, dead.

Some of the laborers on the canal came in and stood beside the bed. They stepped softly and one of them drew the back of his brown hand across his eyes and said: "Poor lad! he's done with this world," and very gently he lifted the white knapsack from off the foot of the bed, removed the hat from the stiffening grasp of the thin hand, and laid the smooth crab-apple cane away, and he whispered, as he shook his head, saying: "My God! it must 'a' been hard for him to give up and die when he was so anxious to git home."

Hardly was the bitterness of death past until

two galloping horsemen rode up and dismounted. The beasts were flecked with foam. The face of the widowed mother looked out from the window; as soon as her son saw it he knew all, and taking the bridle from the hands of the other, he bade him, in a husky voice, to enter.

The sorrowing brother staggered into the house, glanced around and his eye fell upon the outline of a human figure lying on the bed under a sheet. There was no voice to greet him with expressions of joy; no eye to brighten at his coming; he was too late. His grief was intense; he called upon the name of the dead, he spoke his pet name in tender, loving tones, as if he would bring the light of recognition into the eyes dim in death. It was very hard to give him up and know him in this life no more forever.

I remember his lonely return after the burial. Not a word was spoken when he crossed the threshold and laid down the little burden that Harry had borne away on his shoulders—his poor little worldly effects. The young sister looked at the knapsack and the bundle of clothing, and, with a wailing cry that I never can forget, fell senseless on the floor. My mother turned aside and buried her face among the pillows of her bed and cried piteously. I knew not what death was, so I stood with my hands clasped behind me and looked upon the sorrowful scene, unable to comprehend it. I felt in my pocket and took out the bit of pretty calico, and for the fiftieth time admired it and thought of my cherished plan.

When the knapsack was opened and the bundle of clothing shaken out, I recognized every garment, and went and felt of them and touched the pretty, gray, shiny buttons to my cheeks. A great sorrow filled my heart, but I knew not what it was, I could not define or understand it, but it lay like a leaden weight.

When a little paper was unrolled and all the precious things looked upon by the family for the first time, the sacred privacy of poor Harry's boyish heart lay revealed. There were pretty keepsakes, and bits of poetry, and letters, and most treasured of all, was a beautiful braid of soft, silken, brown hair—a lady's—long, and bright, and flossy. The sisters wept over it in silence.

Next, I remember distinctly of a heavy grave-stone borne into the house by three or four men and placed on a trestle, and then a curly-haired, little, spry stone-cutter, with mallet and chisel, went to work copying the inscription that lay before him. I rarely left the side of the busy workman. I watched the formation of every gracefully wrought letter, and followed the curves with a meddlesome forefinger.

When finished, the stone was lifted into a wagon and hauled down to the creek and put in a skiff, and one of the brothers was delegated to bear it away to that lonely grave in a strange land. It was a somewhat singular mode of transportation, but in early days settlers were driven to devise ways and means.

The young man followed his freight into the skiff, and bidding a low good-bye, took up the oars and silently departed on his sad errand of

love. After a few miles the creek was joined by a tributary which widened and made it deeper, a few miles further and another joined it, and finally it became the Walthonding River and continued so until the end of his journey.

My desire to visit the grave of our beloved dead, as I grew up to womanhood, became all-absorbing, a pain, a grief that was almost unendurable, and, at last, I could brook restraint no longer, and went, almost alone. To me it was the pilgrim's Mecca.

I fortunately chanced to meet the good woman who had so kindly ministered unto him. When I stood before her and, in a voice broken with sobs of emotion, told her my errand and who I was, she laid her palms on my head and slid them down over my temples and smiled sadly and pityingly, and told me the old story all over again, adding: "You resemble Harry; his face comes back to me in yours."

I went across the woods, beneath the shadows of towering oaks, to that precious grave, alone. The woodland was like a great grove, with no small timber. At last, where a travelled road curved beautifully, I discerned a few tombstones, and unconsciously my steps grew hurried, my heart beat faster, the sobs uprose and when I drew near I saw and remembered the familiar stone with the plain inscription that the baby finger-tip had followed in that long-ago time. I could not control my intense emotion; I had felt this visit to be a sacred duty and, with a cry that welled up from the very depths of my sorrowing soul, I ran to the grave and laid my arms over it and pressed my face upon the sod and cried: "Oh, I've come! I've come at last!"

It seems to me that I lay there a long time. I could not endure the idea of leaving him there in that lonely place when he had so agonized to reach his home and kindred; but after a while this sweet and precious promise came to me, as though spoken in a voice, "This sleeping dust shall rise and live again." Then my soul was filled with peace, and I calmly gathered some of the vines and flowers and grasses from the grave, and brought them home to look upon and be comforted. I frequently look at them and press them to my face, but all the bitterness of my sorrow is gone; it is lost in that beautiful promise of eternal life.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY JESSIE GLEN.

THEY have called for a song, for a poem;
Do they know what the words imply?
Will they list for the warbling of songbirds
While the might of the storm sweeps by?
They shall hear the grand old poem
Which is traced in the falling year,
Which whispers among its treetops,
And sighs through its branches sear.

'Tis the song of a nobler triumph
Than the blood-stained warriors sing;
There are notes of a grander psalm
Than ere nation sang to its king.

'Tis a song of the strength that conquers,
Though the heart in tears must weep—
Of a life that *will* shed brightness,
Though the shadows athwart it creep.

For, when dying is all its verdure,
And decaying all its life,
Does it weakly plead for pity
From the world where scorn is rife?
For an answer, look to the banners
That are flung from every tree;
See there not the fall of nature
But her pride and her glory see.

Enough that her pulse beats slower,
Enough that the time is nigh
When the pure white vesture of winter
Will wrap the year which must die.
Why shall she speak of her anguish?
Why shall she tell of the chill
Which creeps o'er her heart's warm fibers,
And seems all her pulses to chill?

For who shall list to her sorrow?
Who care that her life is dead?
Her forces are *not* retreating,
They gather new strength instead.
And, e'en when the struggle is ended,
Brave Autumn uncrowned shall not be,
The angels of cloudland will gently
Bedeck with white garlands each tree.

A PRAYER.

BY J. C. S.

CLOUDS and darkness gathering round me,
All my pathway hide; the rod
I feel; no staff to guide me
Through these waters deep to God.
Yonder, gleams of wondrous splendor,
Flashing through the cloud-rifts, free,
Mountains clad in living emerald,
Palaces and towers I see.

Anthems low, reverberating
Through the tremulous, sweet air,
Sigh along the soft winds bearing
On their pinions perfumes rare.
Golden fruits, forever glowing,
Hang within those love-lit bowers,
Zephyrs bland, forever blowing,
Whisper through their fadeless flowers.

Angel bands with lyres attuned,
Wand'ring through those regions old,
Lofty melodies of Heaven
Tremble from their chords of gold.
White-robed throngs, in glad assemble,
Gather on those flower-gemmed plains,
Life's wild fever stilled forever,
Quenched its tears and ceased its pains.

Clouds and darkness gathering round me,
All my pathway hide; the rod
I feel; no staff to guide me
Through these waters deep to God.
Lift me, Father, from this darkness,
Take me to those regions blest.
Bleeding, broken, from this struggle—
Weary, weeping, let me rest.



THE MUTE CONFESSION.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

NO, no, you're not reading your book, that is plain,

Though open it lies in your lap, for I see
Your thoughts are all wandering afar, and in vain
You will try to impose upon me.

Your eyes have a far-away look in their deeps,
And your mouth shows to me not exactly a
smile,
But something that softens your face while it
creeps

In curves and in dimples the while.

Then darling, come, tell me what is it, I pray!—

How quickly the vivid flush glows on your
cheeks:

Though your eyes are cast down, and your head
turned away,

As I question, that burning blush speaks.

I can guess at your secret, my dear, for I know

There is only one thing which brings light to the
eyes

Of a maiden, and sets heart and cheeks all aglow,
With the start of a sudden surprise.

Nay, nay, do not speak, for I see in your face
That truly I've guessed it, and why should I
chide!

Some lover has stolen the innermost place
In the depths of your heart, to abide.

STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

No. 2.

FATHER.—Most of the men we meet might be divided into two great general classes, though these two classes admit of indefinite subdivisions.

DAUGHTER.—What are the two great general classes, father?

F.—Men of thought and men of action. Of course, all men must exert both thought and action in some degree; but according to the preponderance of the one or the other in the life of a man, we will assign him his place in one or the other class. To the first belong the poet, the metaphysician, the philosopher, and all men whose special vocation is some sort of brain-work. To the latter belong the executive men in all departments of human activity. I have never seen the relation between these two classes more happily defined than in a little poem I came across a short time since—a poem which, though intended merely to describe the connection between poetry and prose, may be taken in a larger sense, as an exponent of the connection between all provinces of thought and action:

"I looked upon a plain of green
That some one called the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen
In movement or repose.

"I looked upon a stately hill
That well was named the Mount of Song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will
The woods and streams among.

"But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known to all the nobly wise,
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities."

JOHN STERLING.

D.—I think the two gentlemen who travelled with us to the lakes last summer might have been taken as representatives of the two classes you have mentioned.

F.—Yes, they might indeed. Our young friend, the student, was gifted with great ideality, and saw everything in

"The light that never was by land or sea,"

He had an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, and, like the poet Wordsworth, saw

"Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

The other one was completely antipodal to our esthetic young friend, being a prosaic and humdrum, though sensible and energetic, man. While our young student looked with poetic rapture on broad sheets of water, our prosaic friend revolved in his mind how they could be utilized in the cause of trade and manufacture, and when our student friend plunged his eager gaze into the deep foliage of a forest which his fancy peopled with naiads and all sorts of charming mythical beings, the utilitarian called my attention to the vast amount of valuable timber that might be gotten out of that forest. Our esthetic friend, dwelling in "that fairy world which is everywhere and nowhere," was a good representative

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of the class that keeps up the equilibrium with the prosaic, matter-of-fact class, affording a counterbalance to utilitarianism, and preventing the dust of material concerns from being blown too thickly over the delicate and lovely blossoms of ideality. I could but honor the high calling of the one class, whilst I equally respected the executive capacity of the other. Were either type withdrawn, the world would speedily return to "chaos and old night." Young persons, and especially if they be of a poetic temperament, are apt to under-rate the commonplace, humdrum element of society, and yet the importance of this class is inestimable, and the uses they perform immense. Do not despise the commonplace man or woman. The world could not get on an hour without them. A lofty soul, raised above the commonplace, is not found as often as a Sabbath among secular days, and much the greater proportion of the active uses of life are performed by commonplace persons.

I am always glad to see and acknowledge any form of good, from the loftiest to the lowest, and every human being who has not totally perverted his capabilities and the purposes of his creation, represents some form of good. In our moral and spiritual life, there is always a ruling bent which, like the secret but powerful channel of a river, bears us onward on its course, whilst all our other traits are but tributaries to this ruling love. As in ancient times, all roads led to Rome, so all the paths of our thoughts, feelings and endeavors lead to the aim or passion that is strongest or central with us, that is the citadel or capital of that empire we name the soul.

I do not think I advocate a narrowing course of development in saying that I think the moral training should be analogous to that mental training which wise parents and teachers bestow on children. If any decided talent is observed, although the child's education be general and he be suitably instructed in all branches, yet everything bends to this talent in which he is fitted to excel. I have lived long enough to see that eclectic excellence does not fall to the lot of a human being, and that it is better for one to fix his eyes steadily on one point than to let them rove vaguely over indefinite space.

When you have seen more of life and are competent to take larger views of things, you will understand how requisite a variety of talents and of traits are to the formation of that mosaic we call society. In my experiences of life, I have seen such diversity of gifts, so many types of character counterbalancing or else blending, contrasting or co-operating with each other, whilst even very imperfectly-developed or even perverted types of character are made subservient to the common good by the wondrous Wisdom above, thus indirectly co-operating with harmoniously-developed types of character.

In the course of my life, I have known and admired many varying, nay, many opposite types of character—the placid, patient, ox-like type—the fiery, eagerly aspiring, urged on by a sublime discontent—the first taking for their motto that nothing is so sweet as contentment, the other that

nothing is so dangerous, and each motto contains a measure of truth, for so vast is the temple of truth that only one line or angle can be seen from one standpoint, hence arise many apparent contradictions. I have noted and revered the measure of truth and good that lay both in the conservative and radical element in human nature, (I do not use these terms in a narrow, political sense, but in a large, general one). I have observed with wonder and delight how the destructive as well as the constructive element in human thought and effort was overruled for the common good.

Many a time I have despaired even in very erring and imperfect characters, some special form of good, feebly struggling toward the light, amid weedy entanglements of evil. Every human being, whether he develop it fully, develop it feebly or stifle it, has a capacity for unfolding a special form of good, and the more distinctly he develops this and the more thoroughly he maintains his individuality, the greater will be his capacity for ministering to his race. What a beautiful writer of the day says about the household is equally applicable to the individual: "It should draw down and instil into its little kingdom some new and peculiar human quality. In short, it should have and inculcate a genius of its own. Some distinctive aims, some peculiarly beautiful ideals, some particular principles held and practised in a particular way, should be seen to govern and color every household."

The love and wisdom of God might be likened to a divine book, and the goodness and wisdom of each man is but one word, nay, sometimes, in the incompleteness of our development, but one syllable repeated from this book. Hence, it takes many men of diverse gifts to represent one sentence from this book, whilst all the men on earth and all the angels in Heaven could never embody the whole volume.

MY MONKEYS.*

"THE HAG" AND "TINY."

I AM sure that we do not take sufficient notice of what may be called the "mind" of animals. There is something which regulates their actions and thoughts, which is certainly a degree higher than instinct; and it is this peculiar faculty which I am so fond of studying. The monkeys at the Zoological Gardens are very interesting animals; but they are not, so to speak, civilized; they have only their own relatives as associates, and they have not learned the elegancies and refinements of polite society, to which monkeys accustomed to the continual company of our noble selves will attain.

I have two little monkeys at home of which I am exceedingly fond. They are really half educated in their way, and are almost fit to go up for a competitive examination. My monkeys' names are "The Hag" and "Tiny." Hag's original name was "Jenny," but she has so much of the

character of a disagreeable old woman about her that I call her "The Hag," and she "answers to" that name. Tiny was originally a very little monkey indeed, not much bigger than a large rat. My friend Bartlett brought her to me from the Zoological Gardens as a dead monkey; she was "as good as dead"—a perfect skeleton, and with but little hair on her. She arrived tied up in an old canvas bag. I put her into "The Hag's" cage. The old lady at once "took to her," and instantly began the office of nurse; she cuddled up poor Tiny in her arms, made faces, and showed her teeth, at anybody who attempted to touch her. Tiny had port-wine negus, quinine wine, beef-tea, egg and milk—in fact, anything she could eat; and "The Hag" always allowed her to have "first pull" at whatever was put into the cage. In time, Tiny, through Mrs. Buckland's good nursing, stood up, then began to run, her hair all came again; and she is now one of the handsomest, most wicked, intelligent, funny little beasts that ever committed an act of theft. Steal? Why, her whole life is devoted to stealing, for the pure love of the thing. "The Hag's" Latin name is *Cercopithecus petaurista*, or the vaulting monkey. Tiny is a "Mona." When pleased her cry is very like the word "mona" prolonged.

Tiny and "The Hag" are dressed like two sisters going to a ball, and it is difficult, for a person who does not know them well, to tell them apart. They are each a little larger than a big guinea-pig, with a long tail. "The Hag" has a green head, a very handsome white beard, with a snow-white spot on her nose and brilliant lustrous brown eyes; the cheeks are beautifully marked with silk-like black hairs; the ears are well turned and very small. I put earrings once into "The Hag's" ears, but Tiny pulled them out and crushed them up with her teeth. On the hair on the top of the head there are markings reminding us of the "plate bonnets" once worn by ladies: the monkeys "wear their own hair," and not chignons. My monkeys are, summer and winter, dressed in seasonable garments: their wardrobe consists of three sets of dresses. First. Their common winter dress of thick white flannel, trimmed with red braid, and peg-top sleeves, with large capes: in these they look like the old-fashioned "Charlies," or night-watchmen. Their "second best" dresses are of green baize without capes, made to fit quite tight, like a friar's frock, tied on round the waist by means of a girdle of ornamental ribbon or a patent leather strap.

They never—like the casuals at the workhouse—attempt to tear their dresses off; but it is a great treat for them to be undressed and put before the fire, and have a good scratch, after which their fur is brushed with a soft brush. They very soon come of their own accord to have their clothes put on again; for they are most sensitive to cold. Their best dress for summer evenings, at tea or dessert, when "company is coming," is a green velvet dress, trimmed with gold lace, like the huntsman of the Queen's staghounds.

Under their dresses, their chests are carefully wrapped round with warm flannel, sewed on. In very cold weather they have an extra thickness of

* From the Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist. By Frank Buckland, M. A. London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.

flannel. I feel convinced that all valuable monkeys should be dressed in this way, and that this plan should *always* be adopted at the Zoological, especially with the ourangs, chimpanzees, spider monkeys and other rare and costly specimens.

There is not the slightest suspicion of any parasites, or of any unpleasant smell, about Tiny or "The Hag." They have two cages—a day cage and a night cage. The day cage is a large wire cage, with a rope on which they can swing; the night cage is like a dormouse cage, only, of course, of a larger size. They go into the box at the end, and tumble themselves up in the hay, with which the box is nearly filled. A cover is also put over the cage, to keep them warm all night.

When the fire is lighted in the morning, in my museum, the servant puts the monkeys in their night cage before it, and directly I come down to breakfast I let them out. They are only allowed to be loose in my museum, as they do so much mischief; and in my museum I alone am responsible for the damage they do. The moment the door of the cage is opened they both rush out like rockets, and "The Hag" goes immediately to the fender and warms herself, like a good monkey, as she, being older, seems to know that if she misbehaves herself she will have to be put back into her cage. Tiny, on the contrary, rushes round the room with the velocity of a swallow, and takes observations to see what mischief she can do.

Tiny steals whatever is on the table, and it is great fun to see her snatch off the red herring from the plate and run off with it to the top of the book-shelves. While I am getting my herring, Tiny goes to the breakfast-table again, and, if she can, steals the egg; this she tucks under her arm and bolts away, running on her hind legs. This young lady has of late been rather shy of eggs, as she once stole one that was quite hot, and burnt herself. She cried out, and "The Hag" left off eating sardines, shook her tail violently, and opened her mouth at me, as much as to say, "You dare hurt my Tiny!" If I keep too sharp a look-out upon Miss Tiny, she will run like a rabbit across the table and upset what she can. She generally tries the sugar first, as she can then steal a bit; or she will just put her hand on the milk-jug and pull it over. If she cannot get at the sugar-basin or milk-jug, she will kick at them with her hind legs—just like a horse—and knock them over as she passes.

Having poured out the tea, I open the *Times* newspaper quite wide, to take a general survey of its contents. If I do not watch her carefully, Tiny goes behind the chair on to the book-shelf, and comes crash, with a Léotard-like jump, into the middle of the *Times*, like a foxhunter charging at a five-barred gate. Of course, she cannot go *through* the *Times*; but she takes her chance of a fall somewhere, and her great aim seems, to perform the double feat of knocking the *Times* out of my hand and upsetting the tea-cup and its contents; or, better still, the tea-pot on to the floor. Lately, I am glad to say, she did not calculate her fall quite right; for she put her foot into the hot tea and stung herself smartly, and this seems to have had the effect of making her more careful

for the future. All the day of this misfortune she walked upon her heels, and not upon her toes as usual.

"The Hag" will also steal, but in a more quiet manner. She is especially fond of sardines in oil, and I generally let her steal them, because the oil does her good, though the servants complain of the marks of her oily feet upon the cloth. Sometimes the two make up a "stealing party." One morning I was in a particular hurry, having to go away on salmon inspection duty by train. I left the breakfast things for a moment, and in an instant Tiny snatched up a broiled leg of pheasant and bolted with it—carried it under her arm round and round the room, after the fashion of the clown in the pantomime. While I was hunting Tiny for my pheasant, "The Hag" bolted with the toast: I could not find time to catch either of the thieves, and so had to go off without any breakfast.

Tiny and "The Hag" sometimes go out stealing together. They climb up my coat and search all the pockets. I generally carry a great many cedar pencils: the monkeys take these out and bite off the cut ends. But the great treat is to pick and pick at the door of a glass cupboard till it is open, then to get in and drink the hair-oil which they know is there.

Any new thing that comes they *must* examine; and when a hamper comes I let the monkeys unpack it, especially if I know it contains game. They pull out the straw a bit at a time, peep under the paper, run off crying, in their own language, "Look out, there's something alive in the basket!"

The performance generally ends by their upsetting the basket, and if they turn out a hare they both set to work and "look fleas" in the hare's fur. I once received a snake in a basket, and let the monkeys unpack it: they have a mortal horror of a snake. When they found out the contents of the hamper, they were off in double-quick time, crying "Murder! thieves!" and it was a long time before they would come down from behind the cast of a very large Loch Tay salmon on the top of the book-shelves.

It is extraordinary to see the love between these two pretty beasts. Tiny runs directly to "The Hag" if she is in trouble, and "The Hag" seems to know Tiny is the weakest, and must be protected.

In a great measure, Tiny owes her life to "The Hag," for when she was very ill, "The Hag" nursed her like a mother does a baby; but, at the same time, "The Hag" gives her a thrashing now and then to keep her in order; and this castigation consists in hunting her round the cage, and making a scolding noise. If "The Hag" is in earnest, Tiny hides her head in the hay, and waits till "The Hag's" temper is over.

The mischief this bright pair do, or are said to do, is appalling. Anyhow, I have tremendous long "Monkey Bills" brought up to me for immediate payment once or twice a week. The damages claimed are for destruction and injury to flowers; bugles and beads torn off bonnets—sometimes alas! whole bonnets; pins broken from brooches; ornaments, etc., taken from tables, that

cannot be found; tea-cups, saucers,—saucers and plates without end; tumblers innumerable, etc., etc. After they have by any chance escaped into the bed-room, and had ten minutes there all to themselves, the bill will rival that for the Abyssinian expedition. It is, moreover, very difficult to catch them in the drawing-room or bed-room, because, if hunted, they run over the mantelpiece and side-tables and knock over the ornaments like skittle-balls, and no amount of persuasion will induce them to come and be caught.

One day a scene of havoc was discovered in the bed-room; it was known the culprit was "The Hag," and that she *must* be in the bed-room: the servants were called up and the room searched thoroughly, sofa and other pieces of furniture moved, and the whole place thoroughly examined; still no "Hag" could be found. The hunt was given up, but a strict watch kept. At last, after she knew the hunt was over, and we were waiting for the old lady to come out from somewhere, just the top of her head and her bright eyes were seen in the looking-glass on the table—the original of the reflection being on the top of the great old-fashioned four-post bedstead, crouched down behind the board like a rifleman in a pit, "looking to see how we were looking," and as quiet and noiseless as a marble bust.

When I go to Herne Bay to attend to oyster cultivation, I take the monkeys with me for the benefit of the sea air. I always put up at Mr. Walker's, the confectioner, in the Esplanade. Mrs. Walker is very fond of the "colored ladies," as she calls them, and allows them to take great liberties.

Mrs. Walker is rather proud of the way she dresses her shop-window with cakes, buns, sweet stuff, etc. One day "The Hag" had crept very quietly into the shop, and was having a "field day" all to herself in the shop-window among the sweets. Mrs. Walker, sitting in the back parlor, was aroused by hearing a crowd of boys laughing outside the window. On coming into the front shop she found "The Hag" all among the cakes, etc., in the window; both her cheek-pouches were as full as ever they could hold of lemon-peel, and she was still munching at a great lump of it. My lady was sitting on the top of a large cake like a figure on a twelfth-cake. Tiny was not in this bit of mischief for a wonder.

Mrs. Walker declared she would send "The Hag" before my friend, Captain Slark, the chief magistrate of the town, for stealing, and have her locked up for a fortnight; but the thief had first to be caught, and this was a difficult task, for she bolted out into the bakehouse, and up-stairs into the loft where the flour is kept. There is a large wooden funnel through which the flour is passed into the bakehouse below. Trying to hide herself from Mrs. Walker, "The Hag" jumped into the open top of it, and, much to his astonishment, lighted on Mr. Walker's head as he was making the bread below: she knew she was all right with Mr. Walker, but she was one mass of flour. Her green baize coat was quite white, and she looked like a miller on a small scale, and the flour could not be brushed out of her for two or three days.

Mr. Walker tied her up, and there she stayed by the warm oven, the rest of the day, chattering and telling him in monkey-language of all her troubles.

The monkeys' principal companions in the house are a very valuable talking parrot and a handsome French Angora cat. Tiny, when loose, renders the lives of these creatures miserable.

The parrot had originally about fourteen handsome red feathers in her tail: *now* she can only muster three feathers. Tiny has pulled all the rest out.

Tiny runs and jumps round and round the cage, and pretends to steal the Indian corn: the poor bird turns round and round, with her feathers all the wrong way, and pecks at Tiny, fighting her like an old woman up in a corner defends herself from a lot of mischievous, teasing, street boys. While protecting her corn, Polly forgets her tail; and Tiny watches her opportunity and tears out a handful of feathers at a time, and off she goes like a shooting-star. When the cat is asleep in front of the fire, Tiny's great delight is to creep noiselessly up behind and pull the fur out; and, if that does not wake her, she will get the end of her tail in her mouth and give it a bite, and this operation soon starts the cat. The cat is, in spite of the persecution she receives, not bad friends with the monkeys; they will sometimes both go and sit on her back and "look the fleas" in her fur.

The worst of the monkeys is that they have pockets in which to pack away the goods they steal. These pockets consist of a pouch each side of the face. When empty these pouches are not observable, but yet the owners can stow away an immense amount in them. It is great fun to see how much they will hold; and this is done by giving them an unlimited supply of acid drops: they immediately fill their pouches as full as ever they can cram them, and I find they can pack away about twenty acid drops in each pouch. One day several things were missing: at once I thought of the monkeys. I caught them and searched their pouches—a pretty safe find for stolen goods: in "The Hag's" pouches were a steel thimble, my own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling and a bit of sweet-stuff.

There is no trouble to catch the monkeys. I have only to open the door of their cage and say, "Cage! cage! go into your cage! quick march!" and they go in instantly, like the good beasts they really are. The parrot has caught up these words, and when the monkeys are running about often cries out, "Cage! cage! go into your cage!" but the little wretches do not care for old Poll. Luckily, the monkeys are afraid of a stuffed Australian animal that hangs in my room. When I have any specimens or bottles that I do not want the monkeys to touch, I simply set down the "bogie" to act as a sentry, as I know the monkeys will not come near it.

My friend, Bartlett, is greatly amused with the monkeys, and he has put it about among our zoological friends that when I want to be quiet, I go into the cage myself and shut the door while the monkeys run loose.

Both monkeys come in to dessert, and get their "monkey's allowance." They will drink wine and spirits: sweetened gin and water is especially a favorite drink. Their great delight is to be near me, one sitting on my knee and the other on my shoulder. I have to keep a sharp look-out, especially on Tiny, as she is particularly fond of watching till a lump of sugar is placed in the grog. She will at once make a jump, alight close to the glass, and put her hand and arm into the glass and steal the half-melted sugar out of the grog.

I fear that if the poor monkeys could read the characters I have given them, they would not be much pleased with me. I must, therefore, say something of their good qualities. They are both very amiable and affectionate, and there is not the least humbug about them. If they steal, it is only because it is their instinct to do so, and for the pure innate love of mischief; and nobody can blame them. They understand every word I say, but at the same time are occasionally most disobedient. Nay more, they understand my thoughts: one glance at me with their little diamond-bright eyes tells them how far they may go with their teasing me; and when they see I am getting out of temper they will jump into my arms, and chatter and look "Don't be angry with us; it's only our fun!" They even know when I am *thinking* of catching them, and this before I have made the least sign of being about to do so; they then get out of the way in the most cunning manner, sneaking round the furniture, like a fox leaving the covert into which the hounds have just been cheered by the huntsman. At other times, they always scamper about the rooms at a "racing pace." I use the words advisedly, as in their gallop they have the exact action of a racehorse just finishing a race, only that they can pull up short in a moment, and take the most wonderful flying-leaps without changing their pace. Frequently, when they have been hunted into the passage to

be caught, and must pass me to get by, they have galloped to within a few inches of my hands, and then, taking a tremendous spring, jumped exactly on to my head, thence slid down my back, and escaped capture.

When I come home in the evening tired from a long day's work, I let out the monkeys, and give them some sweet-stuff I bring home for them. By their affectionate greeting and amusing tricks they make me forget for a while the anxieties and bothers of a very active life. They know perfectly well when I am busy, and they remain quiet and do not tease me. "The Hag" sits on the top of my head, and "looks fleas" in my hair, while Tiny tears up with her teeth a thick ball of crumpled paper, the nucleus of which she knows is a sugar-plum, one of a parcel sent by Mrs. Owen, the kind-hearted wife of my friend, Mostyn Owen, of the Dee Salmon Board, and received through the post in due form, directed, "Miss Tiny and Miss Jenny Buckland."

I must now finish the "Memoir," though, if I had time, I could go on writing for a month describing my little pets.

The dear old "Hag" has been my constant companion, living in her cage in front of the fire close to my writing desk, for nearly ten years. I am sorry to say she is now getting aged and infirm. Tiny has been "The Hag's" companion nearly five years. Mrs. Buckland feeds and tends the monkeys with the greatest care, and they are very fond indeed of her. The monkeys owe their good health entirely to Mrs. Buckland.

Although my monkeys do considerable mischief, yet I let them do it. I am amply rewarded by their funny and affectionate ways.

The reader may wonder that I like to keep my monkeys at all in my house; but I *do* like to keep them, and nothing whatever would induce me to part with them.

My monkeys love me, and I love my monkeys.

The Story-Teller.

MRS. MOSES'S RESOLVE, AND HOW SHE CAME TO IT.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

MRS. MOSES MILES heaved a sigh of dreary discontent. She had been reading a story on a fragment of newspaper which the dry goods clerk at the village store had wrapped around a small parcel of brown shirting that Moses had brought home early in the evening, remarking as he tossed the bundle in her lap that he hoped she would "cut the cloth savin' for times was hard."

But times were always hard with Moses, and the caution to "cut savin'" so invariably enforced by the scantiness of the pattern provided, that Mrs. Moses scarcely heeded it in this instance, but dropped the blue woollen sock she was "footing," and seized eagerly on the half sheet of magical print which enveloped the coarse fabric,

while her provident spouse, producing from his breast pocket a broken, discolored, odorous and odious clay pipe, stuffed it lingeringly and affectionately from the blackish brown contents of a paper labeled "Smoking Shorts," and, lighting it with a pine splinter fired for the purpose, sat down with a swinish grunt, and with a luxurious air of ease and satisfaction began to fill the dingy room with poisonous and sickening exhalations.

With corresponding care and tenderness of touch, Mrs. Moses smoothed out the crumpled bit of paper which the economical storekeeper had prudently utilized, and held it up to the light with a thrill of pleasure at the novelty of the situation, and the prospect of an unexpected and unusual if somewhat slender feast. For Mrs. Moses had not set eyes on a newspaper in many a day. Moses could not afford to indulge in any such extravagance as subscribing for an article so

entirely superfluous and unprofitable as a newspaper. Certainly not, most unreasonable and unsatisfied woman! A poor workingman, with a family to provide for, and times so hard! Moses waxed eloquent and indignant over a demand so clearly outrageous.

Nevertheless, with the beautiful consistency of the male animal of the Moses Miles type, he continued weekly to buy, with the utmost cheerfulness and good humor, divers ill-smelling papers, with the blackish brown contents aforesaid, bringing them tenderly home to feed the stumpy pipe carried sacredly in his breast pocket when not pressed affectionately between his lips, and sitting down benignly in the cloud of unholy incense which he nightly kindled, as though smoking his wife and children were a religious duty which the conscience in him, whatever his other delinquencies, would not suffer him to neglect. If they did not appreciate the kindly office, or sighed unreasonably for other enjoyments, it simply proved to his comprehensive mind the irrational and childish quality of their natures, and he puffed serenely on.

Thus it was that Mrs. Moses, in a land of intellectual plenty, seized with greedy hunger on this bit of mental rubbish which had drifted in her way, devouring it with a relish not easily conceived by those whose cultured tastes demanded finer satisfactions.

It was a story of refined and prosperous life (the opening paragraphs profanely torn off, it is true, but all the more piquant, mysterious and charming for that), with glowing pictures of home comforts and pleasures, with thrilling glimpses of lovers' pains and blisses that softened the poor woman's eyes, and quickened the blood whose currents the hard, dreary actualities of her experience had curdled at her heart; for "all mankind love a lover," says Emerson, and the sorest driven soul has a tender interest in his fate.

It was the sort of story that story-makers love to tell—smooth, easy, harmonious, a record of the romantic and tender experiences of people delicate, cultured, high-bred and surrounded by all the elegancies and refinements of wealth and taste—a kind of story that story-makers love to tell, and I do not blame them. It is infinitely more agreeable to introduce one's readers to the society of the cultivated and refined, and to abodes of ease, luxury and grace, than to take them perforce through hingeless, dilapidated gates and battered back doors into ill-ventilated kitchens with rough, uneven floors, walls with alternate patches of dirty lath and loosened plastering, without picture to catch, refresh and gladden the eye, with even the precious window view marred and broken by ugly rags stuffed in shattered panes that would have let the free, fresh air of heaven in, and with the master of the household and the hero of the tale smoking stupidly by the little, dingy, cheerless cooking-stove, on the other side of which sits the wife and heroine in slatternly dress, with the blue woollen sock sliding unheeded from her lap, while she clutches eagerly the fragment of paper that she reads by the light of a small kerosene lamp, turned low to lessen the expense of illumination, which

she is frequently assured can hardly be afforded with "times so hard."

Ah, the dreary, dreary contrast between the ideal life of the story and the bare commonplaces of her lot of poverty and toil! And yet, in her maiden dreams, she had pictured a life as fair as this, with grand, high aims, noble accomplishments, beautiful and harmonious surroundings, and with companionship as sweet, tender, gracious and ennobling as any ever babbled of in the pages of romance. Was this stolid, stupid man, with every faculty engrossed in the coarse enjoyment of a sensual and selfish pleasure, the realization of her girlish ideal? Was he even a fulfillment of the promise of his youth, and of the golden days when he blandly went a wooing? A deeper observer than a silly maiden with love-blind eyes, that saw him only in his Sunday best, with the tender smirk of the suitor on, might have discerned clearly enough the manner of man which the slow years with their bitter, disappointing experiences had revealed to her. But was she herself the embodiment of her early aspirations, the substantiation of her youthful dream of gracious and beautiful womanhood? Alas, no! Alas, no! And perhaps this was a more harrowing fact than all the rest, yet she viewed it with the misery of utter hopelessness, feeling in a dreary, impotent way that there was nothing she could do now to gain the goal she had missed. One of the multitude of women, you know, who are moulded and developed by the peculiar circumstances of their lot—who, under favorable influences, and with generous support, are capable of becoming wise, noble, active and useful members of the social body, accomplishing, in their day and generation, a vast amount of good; but who, taking just as easily the impressions of lower conditions and more ignoble surroundings, sink into mere non-entities, and drag through life with a miserable, dejected, discouraged sense of everything gone wrong, and of the utter uselessness of struggle, hope, aspiration and ambition. With existence merged absolutely in that of a make-shift man, who had no aims, desires or conceptions of duty beyond a state of simple animal wants and pleasures, it did not appear to Mrs. Moses that there was any use in striving with fate, or in trying to assert the claims of her more aspiring nature, and she had slouched along the thriftless, shiftless ways her lord had led, outwardly submissive, but with inward discontent, and sour, sullen dissatisfaction.

It was the impression of these things which she was vaguely feeling on that evening while, with the torn newspaper still pressed closely and affectionately in both hands and the influences of the wonderful story working mysteriously on her brain, she sat silent and absorbed in the cloud of reflections that this current from the outside world had blown up, heeding nothing until Moses, with a loud yawn, stood up, knocked the ashes from his pipe and laying it with tender care upon the shelf, told her she had better go to bed, for wood was getting scarce and they couldn't afford to burn it out for nothing these hard times. Whereupon, suiting the action to the word, he flung off his coat

and vest, and loosening his suspenders as he went, turned into the little eight-by-ten room at hand, and tumbled himself down to the sleep of the soul content with its husks.

Mrs. Moses looked after him with an expression that was not of hate, neither, most certainly, was it of love. It had not the intensity of either sentiment; it was simply and purely *disgust*, which the man was so happily constituted as never to see.

Then a wild light flashed into her eyes, and with the movement of a mad animal she bent her head and left the imprint of her white teeth deep on either hand. It was the action of insanity, but this harmless, unobserved exhibition brought a kind of relief to the overwrought brain, quickened and cleared the processes of thought, and revealed to her sight the desperate brink on which she stood. Should she let this wave of madness gather force and sweep her out to a sea afloat with the wrecks of shattered, misbegotten lives? Was there nothing for her but meek submission to or insane revolt from the uncongenial, unsatisfying, unrewarding and utterly hopeless routine of the way marked out by the man into whose hands she had ignorantly given the reins of her life? Would she go on to the dreary end in this slack, shiftless, slipshod fashion, leaving to the children she had born, and to those she yet unwillingly must bear, the heritage of ignorance, incompetence and discontent, in the atmosphere of which they were born and bred?

She rose to her feet, and with head clasped tightly between her hands, looked about her with strange, vacant eyes, as though seeking despairingly a ray of light, or a loop-hole of escape. Ah, if out of the cheerless, hopeless void a shining hand would miraculously appear to lead and guide!

Overborne by the intensity of her desire, she sank on her knees, and all her soul uttered itself in a longing, passionate, wordless cry, which God, who knows the needs of souls so sorely pressed, could best understand. It had been long since the dead, sullen calms of her life had been so shaken and broken up by emotion, bringing her face to face with her own spirit in the presence of the Eternal. It is good to come to such supreme moments, by whatever wave we are borne to their sublime heights, and the simple story, which doubtless owed its power of impression, in this instance, to the peculiar circumstances of the reader, served an end, very likely, that was not in the thought of the absent-minded author, to whose ear, perhaps, so seldom comes a note from the heart-strings touched, that the words dropping off the pen seem falling aimlessly, hopelessly into a soundless abyss. It is true, the long, blank, desert stretches of ordinary life, with its round of eating, and sleeping, and petty striving, and tread-mill stepping, will catch the soul again in smothering toils, and all will go on in the same dull, dreary routine as if one had not risen for a single instant into the limitless regions of Infinity, and felt the tender, pitying, promising touch of God; nevertheless, I think such experiences are not lost, but they mark the starting point, often,

of growth and progress in the spiritual life, and serve as milestones on the way by which we walk, with much faltering and wide straying, toward angeldom.

Thinking of it afterward, Mrs. Moses could never tell how long she knelt in that silent yet most eloquent prayer, in which all her needs seemed to utter themselves in speech clearer and more expressive than any her tongue had ever learned. She only recalled the sound that, louder than the voice of trumpet to her heart, brought her to a swift sense of the near and pressing duties at her hand, and hurrying, with feet that needed now no spur, to the little room where her children slept, she lifted in her arms the suffering babe, whose thick, husky cry and hard, laboring breath gave warning of the approach of a danger she had often warded off in the dead watches of nights when only the angels of affliction had witnessed her fear and trembling, and shared her lonely and devoted vigils.

The fire had died completely out in the dark, cold, unfriendly little stove, and the air of the room was damp and chilling; but with haste the aroused mother applied such simple remedies as she had tested on occasions of similar trouble, and wrapping her tiny patient up as warmly as she could, proceeded to kindle a fire which the meagre means at command would have rendered nearly a hopeless task, even had not the child's renewed and imperative cries, of themselves, cut short her efforts.

The symptoms of the little sufferer were, indeed, growing alarmingly worse every instant, and, thoroughly frightened, the poor woman, with the gasping creature huddled closely to her bosom, hurried into the adjoining room to rouse her sleeping husband.

That worthy responded to her first tremulous, scared call with a prolonged snore.

"Moses, wake up, wake up and help me do something for baby," she repeated, urging her demand with a shake of the shoulder.

"Ah-h! Oh-h! Um-me!" answered the sleeper, turning over and snoring more vociferously than before.

"Moses, *do* wake up! O Moses! O dear!" almost shrieked the alarmed mother, every nerve shocked and strained by increasing manifestations of danger.

"Eh? What say? Which? Sary—call me? What—ah—h—what—the matter?" mumbled the sorely disturbed sleeper, turning over in his bed again.

"Moses, don't you hear? Baby has got another spell of croup, and you *must* get up and go for the doctor, or *something*," plead the woman in a voice that might have stirred the dead.

"Eh?—yes—yes!" acquiesced Moses, rousing to a drowsy sense of the situation. "Baby got croup again? Give um goose oil—goose oil, Sary. Ah-h! hum—me—Oh-h! Shouldn't have woke me so sudden. Any need of my gettin' up, is they? Don't be so scared, Sary—no use. Dear me—anything I can do?"

"Yes, yes, Moses! Get up—make a fire—get a doctor—oh, *do* something!"

And so persistently and wildly importuned, the poor man, with an injured air, pulled himself reluctantly out of bed, and slowly drew on his clothes, suggesting this expedient and that for the relief of the suffocating child, whose condition was growing more critical with every breath, leisurely and with unusual care and precision strapping himself up, while he mildly remonstrated against the unreasonable fears of his nearly distracted wife.

"You ought to take things more composed, Sary," he urged, philosophically. "It don't do to get in such a flurry. Dear suz—but the child does make a dreadful ado. Did you say you wanted me to get a doctor, Sary?"

"Moses," spoke the woman, with a desperate earnestness that began at last to impress her sleepy spouse with a sense of his responsibility, "if we do not get help very soon the poor baby will die here in my arms."

And a glance at the pinched, purpled face of the little one carrying to Moses's heart a conviction of this truth, he spurred a little his sluggish movements, and only pausing to suggest a dozen expedients for relief—so maddening when one has proven their utter futility—he stumbled out of the house in quest of medical aid.

Left alone with her suffering charge, a strange peace stole over the spirit of Mrs. Moses. There was nothing she could do that she had not done, she thought, yet all her efforts had proved unavailing, though an easeful change, whose meaning she felt she knew too well, was creeping shadow-like upon the little victim, exhausted by her brief but terrible struggle with the disease that had sprang like a wild beast on her trusting, innocent sleep. The child's large, fixed eyes were upturned to the mother-face with a look in them strange and far away, whose meaning the mother-heart could not read, but only guess, with a thrill of awe. And as if she had a presentiment that this was the last hour of conscious communion between her and the babe whose coming had not made her glad, and whom she had pitied more than loved, Mrs. Moses drew the passive little form closer to her bosom, and, looking into the wide, wondering eyes, prayed silent forgiveness of the blighted and unwelcome little soul to whom she had most unwillingly granted life, denying what she felt she had not to give, the gracious antenatal influences that make existence wholesome, strong and sweet. Would all the ages of eternity make up to the poor, defrauded one the good that she missed as her birthright? Mrs. Moses durst not think. She trusted, as we all must trust, to the wise, loving Father to make that right which we have made wrong, to make that straight which we have made crooked. Remorse could never undo the thing that was done; it might only harrow the soul and fit its soil for the seed of a better harvest.

Not thinking all this clearly, perhaps feeling it only vaguely, Mrs. Moses, sitting with her eyes fixed upon the baby's gray, pallid face, grew slowly conscious of a light like that of the rising sun streaming in upon her, yet strangely unlike any light of this world, it did not bring out more

vividly the barren dreariness and desolateness of the poor surroundings, but seemed rather to shine through them and make the place wide and fair with its own transcending glory. A kind of halo gathered about the head lying still and heavy against her bosom, and, as in a dream, she saw the benign, shining faces of angels hovering over her darling, felt the soft, fragrant air from their sweeping hands, as with slow, mesmeric touches, more tender than a mother's, they drew the fainting soul of the babe to their close, loving care.

How long she sat under this mysterious but tranquilizing spell she could not have told, nor would she have believed that alone and unshaken by any violent storm of grief, she had witnessed the so-called death of her child. Yet so beautiful, and calm, and ill-suited to mourning and lamentation would seem always the change that silences the earthly lives of our dear ones, could we divest it of the terrors with which we are accustomed to regard it, and meet the event, when it comes, with a serenity that would permit the blessed influences of the sacred hour to penetrate with light and healing to our souls.

The thud of heavy, hurrying feet on the steps outside dispelled the heavenly vision of Mrs. Moses, and, with a touch like a benediction on her bowed forehead, the gracious angel, holding the sleeping babe lovingly to her bosom, floated and faded slowly from sight, floated and faded, floated and faded, until, in the dreary, hopeless days that followed, she questioned, with the faithlessness of the human heart, whether it were indeed a reality or only the illusion of an excited brain.

"Well, Sary, I've fetched the doctor," said Moses, stamping in, "and I s'pose the baby's better, ain't she?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Moses, very quietly, never turning her head.

"Yes, that's always the way," complained the worthy man, with a sense of disappointment that, after all, his cold, night errand had been in vain. "You ought to be more considerate, Sary."

And with this mild reprimand he turned to dismiss the doctor, who was just rising from an examination of the child upon the mother's knee.

"Asleep, hey?" queried Moses, with a humorous wink and nod.

"Yes," said the doctor, gravely. "But she will never awaken, Moses."

"Oh, good gracious, doctor, she ain't dead!" burst forth the startled fellow, running forward and taking the limp, lifeless, little form up tenderly in his arms. "Poor little Bessie! poor little baby!" and all the father's heart in him—and it was a good, kindly heart in its way—broke out in passionate lament and sorrowful self-reproach. "I can't stand it, seems to me. O Sary!" and laying the unconscious bit of clay back on the mother's lap, he walked up and down the room with groans and cries of distress quite pitiful, and in strange contrast with the stony calm of Mrs. Moses, who dropped no tear, and uttered no sound of sorrow.

"The most unfeelin' woman that ever breathed," pronounced the sympathetic sisters whom the doctor had sent in to pay the accustomed offices of

respect to the living and the dead. "Poor, dear Mr. Miles, though, he does take the affliction hard, and it's quite touching to hear him go on about the child who makes a sweet, pretty corpse."

The fact was, Mrs. Moses had no need of that feeble consolation so freely offered on occasions of such sort. She had no need to be told that the babe was "better off" that it had "gone where sorrow, and cryin', and wailin', and weepin' are no more." She felt all that sure enough, though she questioned, with the slow uncertainty of a soul feeling blindly after the truth, if God had voluntarily, and with fore purpose, as was said, taken her child from the life it had not learned to live, or whether her own ignorance and neglect had not untimely broken off the young bud and sent it blighted into the other world to blossom under the tender, nurturing Providence that cares even for the sparrow's fall.

It was such reflections—I might better say impressions—which, no doubt, in that solemn time, led the chastened and tried woman to a steely resolution which, for the sake of the children that remained, she bound her soul in sacred covenant to keep.

It came out in words for the first time the lonely evening after the burial, when, with the two little girls laid to their nightly rest, she and Moses sat down, silent and sad, with a strange sense of having been touched by an Unseen Hand, of having been specially and personally signalled from the mysterious, unknown world into whose depths an atom of their life had dropped as a leaf that gives back no sound.

Yearning for solace of a familiar and substantial sort, Moses reached out his hand to take his cherished pipe.

"Stop, Moses," warned his wife, staying the action. "Don't stupefy your thought to-night—I have something to say to you."

He looked at her with a vague, troubled stare, but obeying her command as though recognizing the authority of a superior spirit.

"Do you realize, Moses, what a miserable, shiftless, dragging, aimless life we are leading?" she questioned, with an earnestness that sent an arrow of conviction straight through the armor of sluggish insensibility in which he was intrenched like a snail.

"I'm sure, Sary," he whined, with a feeble sense of injury, "I do the best I can, Sary."

"No you don't, Moses. The honest man's soul in you knows better. The honest woman's soul in me knows better," was the unflinching response. "We are just like two shirky, shiftless old horses on a tread-mill, Moses. We are pulling back, and hanging stupidly by our necks, and complainin' of our hard lot, when a little smart, cheerful steppin' up would lessen our burden, put us ahead with our work, and set us up in our own self-respect, if nothing better. I did use to try to keep goin', and to stand right up to the post of duty, but you kept draggin' me back and draggin' me down, Moses, till I got so tired and discouraged I didn't have heart to step up any more, and I slipped back with you, and made believe I didn't care; but the hurried grinding of life went on, and

went on, and we had to pull up once in awhile, or die, as the wheels of the days turned round. But I have made up my mind, Moses, that I am not goin' to live in this slack sliphod way any longer. I have made up my mind, Moses, that if we cannot walk right up to the mark together, without any shirking and sneaking out of the honest work we have the strength to do, if we can't agree to take right hold, brave and bold, and make something out of our lives, and build up a home that is something more than a place to crawl and burrow into for protection from cold and storm, then I shall take the children, Moses, and start out alone where I shall not feel the constant drag, drag of your weight upon my harness."

"O Sary!" burst forth Moses with tears, looking piteously at the white, determined woman before him, "how can you be so cruel to say such things, and the poor little baby only just laid in the grave?"

"It is the precious baby herself that prompts me to say what I do," replied the unyielding wife, her own eyes filling with tears. "When I looked my last on the pure, sweet face of the dead child, and thought of the miserable life of sloth and ignorance to which she would have been reared, I could not find it in my heart to be anything but glad and thankful that she had escaped it all; and then I felt what a burnin' shame it is to bring children into the world under circumstances that make it a matter of thanksgivin' when they are taken out of it, and I vowed a vow that, as I lived, I would so change our habits, and mend our purposes, and stir up our pride and ambition, as to give us something more to strive for and look forward to than the mere getting from day to day of enough to satisfy our hunger, and cover our nakedness, and that the little ones left us should have some chance in the world to make their lives pleasant and useful, so they would not feel when they come to years of understandin' like wishing they had died with baby Bessie, and like cursing us for having brought them into such a miserable existence. And what I wanted to say to you to-night is this, Moses: if you are ready to take right hold with me and pull steady in the carryin' out of these new plans, we will join hands in solemn pledge to each other to do our level best; but if you mean to stick to the old ways, then, as I said, I shall take the little girls and go away, for I will not live with you and bear other children under such conditions."

"Sary, I'm sure I'll do anything you say, Sary," responded the startled Moses, stirred and thrilled as much as his sluggish blood would permit by the earnest manner of his suddenly resolute wife. "I'll do anything you say."

But with the still urgent clamor of appetite for the accustomed satisfaction, he reached out his hand again for the beloved pipe, wherein he thought perhaps to pledge the new purpose.

"Then you will begin by flinging that vile thing away, and promising me that you will never buy another ounce of tobacco," said Mrs. Moses, taking firm advantage of the situation, and testing at the tenderest point the man's spirit of concession.

"You—you wouldn't rob me, Sary, of all the

comfort I have?" gasped Moses, and in the agitation of the thought the bit of blackened clay slipped from his trembling fingers, and fell with a dull thud unbroken on the floor.

"Put your foot on it," commanded the wife, in her new capacity of captain. And without knowing for the life of him why he did it, Moses instantly obeyed. "Now I shall have faith that you will tread the bad habit under foot as well," cried the too sanguine woman, with an absolute smile. "When you take hold of things with a real live interest and purpose, you won't think of any such 'comfort' as that, Moses. It is a 'comfort' that's stupefied your whole nature for a long time. I've thought often it was worse than whisky, for that does kill a man outright at last, but this 'comfort' of yours just goes on dulling and deadening the senses till there's nothing but a mass of selfishness and insensibility left. Now, Moses, swear to me sacredly that you will never smoke again. It will go hard with you for awhile, but I promise solemnly to help you all I can, and never to find a word of fault with anything you do while you're strugglin' to overcome the habit. Swear, Moses."

"I—I—Sary, I'd rather not," faltered the softened man, who knew the vice-like grip of the habit better than she.

"Swear, Moses," insisted the unyielding wife, as though an oath were a deed. Alas! mistaken woman.

"I—I'll try—I swear I'll try to do what you ask," compromised Moses, wiping the sweat from his face and dropping nervelessly into his chair, from which he had risen to take his obligation.

"Oh, God bless you!" breathed Mrs. Moses, and with an impulse of gratitude that quite bore her over the barrier of reserve and indifference which had grown up in their married life she kissed him on the forehead, blushing like a school-girl at the unfamiliar action, while Moses looked happily foolish.

And then they began to lay plans for the better future, and to mark out paths of honor and usefulness and to pledge themselves to honest, earnest, mutual effort to amend the present unsatisfactory condition of things; at which pleasant occupation we prefer to leave them, knowing well what interminable chapters of discouragements, disappointments, strivings and partial, though not absolute, failures—thank God!—would have to be written if the story went on; yet confident that such hours of high resolve are the golden points of life, raying out through long reaches of darkness toward the ultimate triumph that is certain to crown, at last, all sincere endeavor.

As for the story as it stands, if in the years to come it might be so distinguished as to form the fraction of a pound of waste paper, honestly bought and paid for at current rates by any economical grocer and dry goods man, and, wrapped around a parcel of calico, or a supposed indispensable package of saleratus, it should fall into the weary hands of some disheartened Mrs. Moses, sitting drearily of an evening with her smoking spouse before a low-burning kitchen-fire—I shall be satisfied.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY HENRY W. CLEVELAND.

OUR story opens on a bright morning of the early spring, and its scene is a neat, little, New England village church.

The pews are filled by an unusually large congregation, all standing, attentive and silent. The younger of the children are held up on the backs of seats, that they, too, may see. The people who have chairs near the doors, stand up in them in order the better to look over the heads of those in the aisles.

There is a perfume of the flowers crushed under the feet of those who have now covered the space of carpet which was kept clear all the morning. There are garlands of flowers and of evergreens around the windows, while the pulpit and altar railings are one arbor of the same blending of fragrance and delicate bloom.

The gray-haired minister is praying, with his hands raised and clasped above the heads of the two who stand with their hands joined before him. On the side of the white-robed bride are maidens, also in white and flowers, while the tall, strong-limbed bridegroom, too, has an attendance of youths who are the pride of as many homes.

Bessie Clayton, the only child of that old man with grave blossoms on his brow, has just been joined in marriage to Henry May, the young watchmaker of the village; and amid the holy hush of the Sabbath morning, the father is praying that God will bless his children.

A quiet awe has bowed the heads and closed the eyes of nearly all of those curious people, and while heart after heart joins silently in the prayer which floats up on the incense of flowers to Heaven, let us steal away, that we may meet the married pair at their new home, and learn who they have loved and been loved by in turn, and what they will be in their new state of dual unity.

Bessie had long been deemed the beauty of the village, but so modestly sweet was her disposition that envy never awoke in the breasts of those less favored, and she was that rare thing, a rustic belle with no enemies.

Henry was a warm-hearted man, fond of social enjoyments, and in the village debating society he was considered fully a match for the lawyer and the doctor. The savings of a few years well employed at his trade, had been invested in the neat little cottage, which was now the home of Bessie, and the front room of which served him for a shop and saved rent.

The Rev. Paul Clayton, as Bessie's father was styled on the minutes of the Presbytery, Brother Clayton, as he was known and loved in the village where he had been ministering for thirty years—he had furnished the house, plainly but comfortably, and the great feather beds, and the fat cow with her frisking calf, had completed the dowry of his daughter.

In an old and simple child's poem, there is a little couplet which contains much true philosophy:

"What makes the lamb love Lucy so?"

The wondering children cried;

'Why, Lucy loves the lamb, you know,'

The teacher quick replied."

And as the newly-wedded pair could have laid their hands upon their hearts and said they felt only love and kindness for all mankind; so we feel justified in saying that all who knew the wain loved them.

They enjoyed themselves charmingly in their new home, and the minister, whose wife had died the summer before, found their cheerful abode to be so much more pleasant than the now dreary parsonage, that he moved his library into the watchmaker's cottage, and added his own little salary to the housekeeping income of his children.

Bessie was not entirely exempt from the usual domestic annoyances of new beginners, and was once or twice mortified by the obstinate refusal of her bread to rise and be light, and sometimes troubled by her new cook-book, which contained frequent directions to put in a handful of this, an ounce of that, or a flavoring of the other; which said this, that or the other, were utterly unknown in the precincts of the village provision-store, or the little drug-shop.

But she seemed to have inherited the domestic skill of her dead mother, as well as her sunny face and mild disposition, for soon there was no more inviting table, as there certainly was no neater or more tastefully kept cottage than that of Henry and Bessie May.

She said that the seasons had ceased to change for her as it was always *May*, in-doors, and her rare bloom and bright eyes seemed to tell of some such stop in the wheels of time (the watchmaker's time), as brought to her only perpetual spring. Many a pretty change did she love to ring out of her new name, and when at the twilight hour, her happy soul communed with the mother beyond the stars, it must have been in the joyous and exultant communication:

"I am Queen o' the May, mother, I am Queen o' the May!"

We must pass quickly over this first spring time of wedded love and happy lovers, in which Bessie was seldom absent from her husband; for even while he peered through the microscope, and made or adjusted tiny wheels, springs and jewels with more delicate tools, she was ever by his side, and both found fingers to move faster to the music of kind words.

Only when the work of the day and the evening meal were over, was there a separation for a time; for Henry would always sit on the front porch and smoke his pipe. This was an infant's chubby hand holding a large egg, all beautifully carved, of sea-foam or meerschaum, and which was attaining a richer amber hue than even its gold-mounted mouthpiece. Bessie made many a brave effort to like the smoke which Henry enjoyed so much, but it made her eyes red, and hurt her lungs, as its blue wreaths curled around her and caused her to cough. So she had to give it up, and retreat in-doors, at the time which she half-petulantly styled, "The hour of evening sacrifice."

This was the sole bear to almost perfect happiness, and her only cause of jealousy was Henry's petty bigamy, in being *wedded* to this habit, which was a new one—almost as new as his wife.

As we said, this season must be briefly passed over, for happiness is a light and evanescent thing, like the perfume of flowers, and may not be held to be examined and criticised.

We first saw the two at their union, under the bright, warm sunshine of the early spring. Let us leave them until the Christmas days of that year are come and gone, and then visit them again.

Ten months have passed away, and the shadow and the brightness of two great events rest upon the cottage hearth. The venerable minister, Paul Clayton, has caught upon the inner ear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," of his Master, and gone to his reward. Then a faint hope tinged Bessie's cheek with a softer blush, and grew to a certainty, then bloomed into an immortal reality, for in her lap, contrasting its white robes with her dark mourning garb, is Bessie's baby. It is fair as its mother, and named for the dead grandsire, who never saw it, Paul.

The prolonged confinement of his wife to her room was a hard trial to our watchmaker, and the hours never seemed so long as when seated at his work, with no busy companion-fingers at his side, and no music of a loved voice in the still room, where the great regulator clock beat out its perpetual count of the pulse of time. He now smoked more than ever, always filling his pipe after each meal, and often before. Even when Bessie was at last up and about the house, her step was not so quick, and little Paul took much of her time, besides in his unconscious rivalry winning many a caress which used to find Henry as its object.

Smoking at his work-bench, and getting the ashes among the delicate wheels, or letting the smoke obscure the minute point which must fit in its jewelled socket exactly, was not to be thought of, and Henry was very lonely at times.

Stopping work to play with his velvet-cheeked baby was found to result in a disappointment to some farmer customer, whose great silver watch had a family reputation of regulating the sun, moon and stars; and as punctuality was business, and business was a livelihood, and the salary of the minister no longer aided them, he sighed and kept steadily to his place.

An incident gave him at length a new idea. At a meeting of the village debating society, a motion was made to complete the furniture of the room by the purchase of certain articles of colored stone-ware for the convenience of those members who chewed tobacco. Henry thought that the companionship of the Virginia weed in his working hours would solve the problem as to how he could keep mind and fingers both employed; but it was not to be thought of without the consent of Bessie. After much thought on the subject, and a little envy of those brother members of his society who could sit like so many dignified cows chewing their ends while listening to a debate, he at length asked the advice of his little wife.

Her instinctive sense of neatness and propriety recoiled from the thought of the dirty compound soiling her white floors, or of meeting the sickening odor in the kisses of her husband. But when

he pointed out a gilded spittoon in the village store, and promised to always wash away the smell from his teeth before he approached her, and as she saw him sit for hour after hour at the tiresome work, and look so utterly dull, while she was attending to her domestic duties in other apartments, she choked down the sob that threatened to smother her heroic resolution, and gave a seemingly cheerful consent. She had not been unmindful of the kindness in him which refused to introduce an annoyance to their home unless she gave the permission; but there was something of the self-denial of those women who retire from the world to spend a life in charity; yea, something nobler than any limitation of life to prayers and lonely cells, in this yielding to the imaginary wants of her husband, and taking the last pure kiss from his lips, which might ever mingle with an untainted breath.

As to the pleasant thing which so many loved being a narcotic intoxication and poison, neither of the two believed; and both laughed as he referred to men who had used the "poison" constantly for fifty years; and he asked if that could be very deadly which took so long a time to kill.

One morning he found a paragraph in the copy of *Life Illustrated*, which he was looking over while waiting for breakfast, and read it aloud as follows:

"A FORMIDABLE UNDERTAKING.—A contemporary puts the tobacco question into the following shape: 'Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and that each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug; it amounts to six thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad. Now what would the young beginner think if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and were told that to chew it would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of two thousand and ninety-four dollars?'"

He considered it a capital hit, and even took his memoranda slate to calculate the quantity for a man of his acquaintance, known to consume nearly six inches, or a half plug, daily, of a costly brand; but while both the miles and the dollars made a frightful total, he never thought that the point of the joke might be at himself. If Bessie did, she kept her own council.

Henry May was a man of taste, and as he had paid fifty dollars for such a gem of a meerschaum pipe as had never been seen in that section before, so he selected a box gay with picture of (not too modest) Sultana's, full of little squares of finely-cut leaves, and each square of the delicate "*Solace*" wrapped in tinfoil that shone like silver. It was all very pretty and perfumed, but the compound made in his mouth was horribly filthy, and she could not like it. Then the dirty habit became blended with her secret thoughts of her noble husband, and full many a tear fell in secret, of which he never knew.

The expense of this new habit Henry voted too small to estimate. Bessie, however, did estimate for him, and her calculation of the year's expenditure was something like this:

The total income of her husband from his trade since the death of her father and the cessation of his salary, was not over six hundred dollars a year. With that, she was confident the following bill must be met:

Needful provisions and groceries	\$300.00
Clothing for themselves and child	80.00
Clothing for the hired girl	20.00
New tools and materials of trade	50.00
Doctor's bill already rendered	50.00
Hire of girl at \$5 per month, 12 months . .	60.00
20 lbs. Scarlifaletti tobacco, @ \$1 per lb. .	20.00
2½ squares of " <i>Solace</i> ," @ 25 cents a day for 365 days	91.25
Repair and boiling of pipe	2.00
Total	\$673.25

Or, in a condensed form:

Expenditure	\$673.25
Total income	600.00
Yearly deficiency or debt	\$73.25

But of this the expense of the new habit was about one-sixth of the whole, and if it had not been contracted, her little memorandum-book of expenditures might have summed up the year as follows:

Total income for twelve months	\$800.00
Total expenses for twelve months	560.00
Balance to lay by for use	\$40.00

But instead of the forty dollars to lay by for such contingencies as prolonged sickness, or a dull season, or a rival in business, or a lack of work, there was a yearly deficiency of nearly double that amount, and the one hundred dollars saved during the year her father had been with them was all expended for his funeral and tombstone.

Poor Bessie! what wonder that she cried in secret? Yet, perplexed and tried as she was, there was yet a new trial in store for her.

As she did not gain strength rapidly enough to prove a healthy nurse for little Paul, the physician advised that a new one be had, and that the child be reared by hand. In conformity to this suggestion, a woman of some forty years of age, who talked much of the wonders she had done, and was highly recommended by a wealthy country family (which was not the one last served in), was forthwith engaged. Bessie found, when too late, that this paragon was as inveterate a smoker as her husband, and that her frequent "Could ye spare me a pipeful till I go to the store?" was in a fair way to double the expense. When the clay pipe was not between her teeth—for Henry enforced conformity to his own rule, and permitted no smoking indoors—she was engaged in the still more disgusting practice of dipping snuff. This, too, was strictly forbidden while engaged with the child; but during its long infant slumbers, she would replenish her old veneered box, and with a twig of some tasteless shrub, like althea, chewed soft enough for a brush, would cover it with the brown powder, and rub her teeth until the friction excited her to semi-intoxication and stupefaction. During this tobacco drunkenness, there would be filthy stains down the sides of her mouth and

chin, and her perpetual voidance of the juice rendered another spittoon the only safeguard to hearths and floors. As she was the only one to be had in so small a place, and as her care of the infant and skill in preparing teas and drinks suited for baby maladies was universally praised, this, too, was borne; and Bessie wondered what she would have said if some gipsy had told her in girlhood that she would one day have two tobacco chewers to mar the neatness of her early house-keeping.

This multi-peopled earth has more cases of slow martyrdom than are ever recorded or suspected; and as nature seems to abhor a state of rest as she does a vacuum, the ills at the cottage did not stand still, but grew.

If smoking or chewing ever produces even an apparent benefit, it is to those who, from either trouble or mental vacancy, wish a substitute for thought; and this it gives in its stupefying and numbing influences.

The old Greeks thought that the owl, sitting without sound or motion and blinking at the day, must be thinking profoundly, and hence chose it as the type of wisdom. Even so have as foolish people supposed that the smoker, who sits, cloud-enveloped, puffing like a mild lunatic of a steam-engine, *must* be sagely meditating by the aid of the Delphic vapor. When really the owl, if dreaming of a chicken or mouse banquet at midnight, has an advantage over the smoker who does not think at all! So it is with the chewer, and the beard on the jaws grows gray with the ceaseless motion, while the brain has an excuse for a rest as stupid as the grinding is causeless.

Both forms of the habit stupefy only in a less degree than opium, and the brief excitement of the friction of the grinding teeth, or the dry nerve-rasping of the brain-searching smoke, end alike in the reaction ever proportioned to the action, and needing new fuel to reanimate the torpid system. When at last the "leaning walls of life" are undermined and scorched away, *any* disease finds an easy victim.

Such, to the extent of his habit, was the experience of Henry May, though so slow and insidious was the dread progress that he knew it not at the time; and only Bessie, at her old post, could see how he was drifting from the landmarks of that April Sabbath, amid the prayers of the congregation and the incense of flowers.

Frequently a customer coming for a watch or a clock that should have been done at the time, found only a fragmentary pile of springs and wheels under the bell-glass, and Henry would feel that in the hour he had stopped to smoke with some friends on the tavern steps the work could have been finished. As people grumbled at this, he grew cross and surly in his answers, and it was not uncommon for a profitable job to be sent by the stage to the next town, while there was more than one hint that a new shop would do a good business.

Many of the smokers of the village fell into the ideas of the German who kept the tavern, and who insisted that sitting by one of his little tables in the bar-room, with a foaming mug of *lager beer* to

taste between the whiffs, was the only way to smoke. Oysters, crackers and sardines were also convenient, and so cheap, that many a working-man did not know that his bill at the publican's bar amounted to more in the year than the income of his farm. Henry was an exception of a man in more ways than one, and when Bessie put her white arms around him and said, "Please do not drink with them!" he replied, "I never will, little darling." And he never did.

But, exception as he was in not adding one bad habit to another, still the one he had did him great injury. In the village debating society, now grown into a smoking-club, he was no longer the equal of the doctor who had no bad habits, nor of the lawyer who only took his morning bitters. Before his double marriage to Bessie and the weed, he needed only to hear the question stated from the chair, and his own assignment in the discussion, when his ideas would, as by intuition, arrange themselves around it, and when he arose to his feet his logical support of the affirmative, or clear and rapid elucidation of the negative, flowed from his lips just as the words had already arranged themselves amid the busy quiet of his work-bench. It was not merely a flow of language, but an earnest power of thought which gave conviction; and the compliment paid to Burke after his speech against Warren Hastings—that he had achieved the rare success, a change of settled opinions by an argument—was more than once deserved by the village watchmaker.

The little triumphs of debate, however, were now no longer his, and he thought at first that the secret of his failure must lay in the cares and engrossments of married life. But then he remembered how vague and purposeless had been his early life compared to the settled aims of the present, and when he contrasted the many discomforts of his bachelor existence, the restless longing for the sympathy of some one who loved him, the little doubts and disquietudes of courtship—these compared with their opposites, now possessed in the calm contentment of his well-ordered and ever-cheerful home—it did not seem that marriage was an adequate cause for his loss of spirits and the leaden condition of his intellect. Surely there must be inspiration in loving words and sunny smiles, and in the ownership of a beautiful child; while as for cares, there were none, save those growing out of his newly-formed indolent ways.

Not only did Henry May find himself unable to think clearly and methodically as before, but there was a peevishness and irritability utterly new to his character. He who had been the merriest of the merry, now seldom laughed, and was as grave as any Dutch Burgomaster, who ever said, *Yaw!* behind his cloud of smoke. He whose wit had been the keenest, and most often sent in harmless shafts at all opponents, was now bitter and sarcastic when not stupidly abusive, and prone to resent all fun or wit directed at himself as if an intentional insult. Nay, more, he suspected attacks where none were meant, and would fiercely assail some one whose remarks had no reference to himself, and again totally fall to

see a point which demolished his own ill-taken positions. His failure to hold his old supremacy in argument made him attempt the part of petty bully and verbal tyrant; and after some rude speech of his, which had nearly provoked a personal conflict with one of his best friends, there grew upon him a kind of self-disgust, and he seldom spoke at all.

In his moody and suspicious way he fancied that there was a combination to put him down and slight him; so he often paid the small society-fine rather than go to the weekly meetings. He would have quit them entirely, but from a vague feeling that he must study some interesting question and make one more powerful effort to prove his superiority. After this last grand triumph in debate, and evidence that he could lead if he chose, *then* he would withdraw entirely.

But many an interesting question came up without Henry's feeling quite equal to the supreme effort which was to electrify his old friends, and so he kept his seat, and the last speech was not yet made.

This altered frame of mind did not confine itself to the debating society. At his accustomed work he would find himself lost in a purposeless reverie, and some chaotic idea, vague and unreal as the silent whirling globes which haunt the indigestion of a child, would seem to circle ever near and ever far in some haze of vision, but lead to no end. Then he would find himself with work not touched and instruments idle, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his thoughts fixed on nothing, chewing away as if for dear life, and as if life, death and the future had all merged into the ceaseless grinding of his teeth. At these times he would start as from a dream, and, seizing his instruments, hurry to work in a fever of haste to recover his lost time, that often caused greater loss of time by slips and accidents. And this would gradually die out into a slow and mechanical motion of the hands, as if there were no spirit for the task, or some new ghost of thought would come which required a suspension of work to chase its airy subtilities, which ever eluded his grasp. He was irritable, and excited by trifles. The nervousness which he had once derided as entirely the imagination or affectation of weak women, now came upon him as if to punish his unbelief; and to hear the lusty cry from the strong lungs of Paul, or his baby-crow and wordless, bird-like chatter, annoyed him almost beyond endurance.

Bessie had a voice of wondrous sweetness and some power, and often when her arms were white with flour, or the tin pans rattled in their washing, or she relieved the less skillful *Aelp* and ironed the robes of baby or the linen of Henry, she would burst forth into some of the grand hymns of the Protestant church, such as revive the soul and lift the heart, till Heaven seems bending to meet the utterance. These old battle hymns of the church militant were once Henry's chief delight, and often in the early married days had Bessie passed from room to room filling the air with holy music, while he from his bench caught the inspired words and joined her, until the little cottage was flooded with sound, and the passer-by would pause to

listen, and envy the happy hearts that always sang.

Bessie sang yet; but it seemed to poor, harassed Henry that she always began his favorite hymn just as he had supplied his mouth with a new and peculiarly choice quid, and he must waste it or keep still.

That disgusting depth of filthiness illustrated by the witness-stand scene in *Solon Shingle*—the laying aside the saliva-saturated quid to be retaken to the mouth again—he was too much of a natural gentleman to ever reach.

As he could not join the song, and did not feel the glow of spirits which inspired her, it seemed a mockery of his own gloom, and all his self-respect and control was needed to prevent his representing the cheerfulness of his wife as an intentional triumphing over his own dejection. Often he caught himself on the verge of harshly commanding her to be silent, or of rudely banishing the baby whose growing beauty and vivacity should have brightened the shop as did the sunbeams glancing through the rows of ticketed watches in its window.

Yet, if in his resolve to "love, honor and protect" his little wife he was too firm to ever utter his feelings, or be unkind in word, or tone, or action, still she saw much of this, and her womanly sympathies, attuned to his like the strings of some rare instrument, could *feel* what no eye could see.

Yet, if she wept, it was only in sight of God and the holy angels, and if her deep and fervent piety wrestled with the growing, impalpable evil, she still acted on the spirit of that excellent advice, "Talk to God much about your husband, and to your husband little about God." She trusted Him, not herself.

Hers was not a disposition to make an evil habit grow beyond all cure, by irritating it into proud flesh and cancerous depth; but she wrestled with the God of prayer for the love of her husband and the happiness of her home, as did Jacob of old with the angel. Such prayers, like the seed sown on the flood of the Nile, bear fruit at last, even if it be "many days hence."

We have spoken of the second species of annoyance in the form of the old smoke-preserved woman, whose age was that of physical ruin, not time. This was about to have its climax, and, as all inflammation is curative action, perhaps have its end.

Paul was now twelve months old, when he was attacked by some malady incident to his age, trifling in itself, but requiring constant care. Of course the illness made him fretful, and this sadly interfered with the peace of the woman who was wont to find time to smoke or rub snuff during his usually long and quiet slumbers. It was now hard to get him to sleep, and more difficult to keep him so.

One day his mother, having finished the usual round of her domestic duties, and finding little Paul in a more quiet sleep than he had enjoyed for some days, determined to let him repose undisturbed while she paid a visit to a fair girl who had been one of her own bridesmaids, and who was

now also married and a mother. Stating the probable length of her stay to her husband, who promised to come and walk home with her, and strictly enjoining upon the nurse that the little sleeper was to be closely watched, and herself recalled if need be, she started to the home of her friend, which was in sight of her own.

But some way the lively chatter of Ella Dawson failed to interest her for the first time, and her thoughts would revert to Paul in the white-draped crib at home.

At length, pleading his illness as an excuse, she hurried to his side, but was surprised to find that the woman had taken advantage of the expected prolonged visit, to repair to the residence of one of her bosom friends in the village, and enjoy that combined treat of scandal, tea and smoke, so dear to both.

Henry was still at work on a clock he had promised to have done two days before; and hastily informing him of the breach of trust in the woman, she turned again to the child that still slept. Stooping to awaken it with a kiss, she detected the unmistakable odor of tobacco on its breath, and when in great alarm she lifted it, there was no motion or awakening, but it lay like a corpse in her arms, despite all efforts to restore consciousness. Her self-control was too great for any giving way to useless terror, but Henry never traversed the long street so quickly as when he hurried for the physician; nor had moments ever seemed so long to her as those in which she walked the floor with the half dead child in her arms.

The doctor soon came, and after one glance at the child, he turned to where the milk for the infant's noonday meal had been warmed over the nursery lamp, and first smelling, and then tasting it, he exclaimed: "The miserable old hag! She promised me never to do that again if I would not oppose her getting this place."

"What do you mean?" asked Bessie and Henry in the same breath.

"Do not be alarmed, the child has too strong a constitution to die from its effects; but the nurse has blown tobacco smoke on the milk for its food, in order that the deep stupor of sleep it produces might give her the opportunity to visit and gossip. It is not so uncommon a thing with people in the far West, who are as rude and hard to kill as the bears around them; but she nearly killed Mrs. Smith's child with it, and promised me on her knees at that time never to do it again."

Henry and Bessie exchanged looks which had a meaning beyond words, but they were silent while the proper efforts were made to overcome the effects of the narcotic and restore the suspended animation. When, after a half hour of persevering effort this was accomplished, and baby Paul was again awake to know his mother's face and cry over his own unwonted feeling of stupefaction, there was time for explanation. And when Mrs. May told of the still but powerful impulse which had forced her from the side of the talkative Ella and brought her home, the man of medicines looked grave and said: "I have known more than one case of these inward promptings, but never understood them. If it is the 'still,

small voice of God' in the heart of the mother, or whisper of guardian angel, or be it what it may, you have cause of gratitude, for the child would not have lived until you finished the intended period of the visit."

The silent tears of Bessie were her only reply; but when a few moments later, the nurse came in and began a voluble apology for having "just run down town a minute," she stopped as her eyes rested on the white face of Henry and the stern one of the physician.

The watchmaker only pointed to the still open door, and said: "Go away before I hurt you."

She did not await a second bidding, but obeyed, and sent for her things, not caring to meet him again.

In the quiet of their chamber that night, the husband seemed ill at ease, and talked much of how detestable a thing a woman tobacco chewer and smoker was, and of his thankfulness that the vice so rare in New England was mainly confined to the uncultured women of the South and West.

The wife, with the restored babe closely folded in her arms, made a mental application of his words that had a wider amplification than to the case of the discharged woman. If her thoughts included intelligent beings who boasted of education, and were not confined to the South and far West, she did not say so.

Therefore Henry felt relieved after this discharge of his indignation, and with a sensation of having fulfilled his duty to society by a reproof which no one heard but himself and his wife, he went composedly to sleep. It was not the old refreshing and dreamless sleep, but a stupor haunted by he knew not what, unless by the demons of the weed that were the familiars of his work-bench.

Let us for awhile leave him to his habit and Bessie to her prayers.

Another year has passed since that night—the third since that spring morning which was holy with prayer, dewy with tears of witnessing friends, and perfumed by the breath of crushed flowers.

Henry May has kept the letter of his promise to "love, honor and protect," and not a harsh word has Bessie ever heard from his lips toward her. Yet the bloom and freshness has gone from her May-time, and there is something wanting—something in the house, something in the tone and manner, something in the heart, and many things in the domestic arrangements, for her estimates were right, and her husband has gone in debt.

Not much, only one hundred dollars yet, for he has had more custom than his neglect of work gave him a right to expect; but that little is enough to require retrenchments in clothing, food and labor.

These retrenchments men always object to as a matter of form, and consent to as a matter of fact.

The servant is discharged, and Bessie does the cooking, ironing and all of the work but the washing. The one cow has gone dry, and little Paul, who needs better food than his mother can give him, is far from fulfilling the rosy promise of his healthy babyhood.

Henry smokes and chews more than ever, as a

relief from his own melancholy, and Bessie's song is hushed at last. She still prays, but not with the old faith, and the most earnest part of her petition now is, "Give us this day our daily bread." Little Paul has learned it, too, and insists on saying, in his imperfect way, "Dood bread."

The discharge of the nurse, and the entire care of her child assumed while she yet lacked strength for the task, had severely tried the health of the young mother; and the parting from the girl who assisted in the cooking and housework, though at her own suggestion and against Henry's wish, was too much, and her strength failed almost as rapidly as did that of Paul.

Her husband fretted much at all this, and growing skeptical of the Divine Providence which seemed to desert him, generally stayed away from church on Sabbaths; while Bessie was often kept at home from the much-prized service by her own illness or that of her little one.

Her Sabbath-school class, which she had taught from her fourteenth year until her marriage, was long since given up, and no one filled the place as she had done, although Ella Dawson tried.

Henry May—to his credit be it said—did try hard to fight down the growing idleness and mental vacancy engendered by tobacco, but without entire success, and things were rapidly growing from bad to worse. His brilliant speech which was to astonish his rivals in the debating society, had not yet been made, and was now almost given up. Indeed, he only remained a member from pride, and when he spoke, as he was obliged to in order to avoid the nominal fine, which he was now not able to pay, his eloquence generally amounted to about this: running his fingers through his curly hair, as if feeling for ideas, he would say, "Mr. Chairman, I have not had time to thoroughly investigate this question, but it seems to me that the committee have chosen one on which not much can be said. I will therefore confine myself to stating that my opinion is entirely in favor of the affirmative branch of the subject as I understand it, and I will wait to see if other speakers either throw light upon it, or take positions that should be replied to."

More frequently he sent in the true excuse—"Detained by sickness in my family."

The table comforts at May-cottage rapidly dwindled from little to less, and poorer to poorest, and by the time the autumn spread her robes of crimson, gold and brown over the forests, in this fourth year of married life, the family meal consisted of but little besides bread and salt meat, with tea, destitute of cream or sugar. Not having been able to keep the cow while dry, she had been sold, and was now giving milk and butter to a neighbor. Paul used to cry for his "Nannie cow" to give him drink, but he was now nearly three years old, and with much of his mother's patient spirit, he endured the dry bread and bitter tea as best he might. His pretty ways and infant prattle made him the darling of his father, and the shop with its lines of gold and silver watches ticking in unison in the window, and its clocks chiming out their various deviations from the true time, would have been unbearable without him. Even

the solitary smokes on the front porch were more lonely, in that the boy shared his mother's tastes, and refused to remain in the air which sickened him.

But the little steps which brought him to his father grew weaker day by day, while Henry was fierce with anger that some special act of God or the community did not give him food for his dear ones. He tried to get nice things for them on credit, but that soon ran the debt from one to two hundred dollars, and he stopped in alarm, for it periled his cottage. At last Paul could walk no longer, and he was daily carried in his father's arms to the pallet made in the warmest corner of the work-shop, and while he did not talk much now, he was still company. Bessie also brought her work there when she could, and the busy fingers of the one, with her effort to be cheerful, while she was not really strong enough to be out of bed, together with the white, wistful face of the other who never complained, haunted the watch-maker like a nightmare and appeared to him in his dreams.

The strong spirit of the wife, and, perhaps, some aid we wot not of, kept her on her feet from day to day; while with failing custom, soured temper, and his own health none too good, Henry toiled on.

Often was he tempted to try the *lager beer*, which the German publican recommended as the essence of bread and the elixir of strength; but he had promised, and the faces at home arose between him and the course which led from the foaming malt to the rosy wine, from pleasant wine to fiery brandy, and thence to the mixed drinks and the ultimate unmixed whisky, rum or gin of the common drunkard. Besides, he had counted the cost of this, and while no tax for revenue, as in later days, made the price fourfold, he dared not face the yearly total which would soon have left no home for him or his.

It was his custom now-a-days to purchase his supplies of tobacco by the quantity, as the shrewd retailer had seen that with a large supply of the weed in the house, the consumption would be more reckless, and hence had advised him to do so. It is true that Henry had been startled by the amount required for such a wholesale purchase, as compared to the little daily tax of twenty-five or fifty cents; but he saw that on each pound thus purchased, that there was a per cent. saved, and thus continued to buy.

It was one bright morning in the early days of November, and the little warmth of the small fire demanded by the approaching frost and limited by his means, seemed increased by the radiant sunshine. Even Paul was more awake to the world around him than usual, and as he turned from the coarse food he could not eat, he said, beseechingly: "Mamma, won't God never give us good bread with butter and sugar on it, nor send our Nannie cow home again?"

Bessie tried to laugh and to comfort him, but made a dismal failure, and Henry made an apology for no appetite and left the table.

He had saved twenty-five dollars to buy his usual supply of chewing and smoking tobacco,

and intended to obtain it that morning from a new and tempting stock just brought in by the village grocer and tobaccoist. He had sold the cow that Paul grieved for to the husband of Ella Dawson for just that sum, when the animal was poor in flesh and not giving milk.

The evening before the breakfast scene which we have spoken of, he had passed where Ella was milking the same cow, and as he noticed the fat sides of his whilome barnyard saint, and the milk foaming above the cedar pail, he sadly wished that she was his own again. As he thought of the spring morning when the venerable grandsire of his own little Paul drove her himself to the cottage door as a gift to Bessie, he paused involuntarily to look at the lost favorite.

Just then Ella looked up, and, seeing him, said: "Good-morning, Mr. May; I have been wanting to see you."

"Then I am glad I came by," he replied. "Is your clock out of order again?"

"No, not that. You see we have three cows now, for the first calf of this one is giving milk, and my husband told me to tell you that you could have this one back again, with her young calf, for the twenty-five dollars we paid for her."

Henry knew that the cow, improved and fat as she was, would sell for fifty dollars, and that it was almost a gift; but the offer to sell anything to him in his poverty, appeared a mockery, and he only replied gruffly: "I have no means to spend for cows nor anything else," and passed on.

That night he had thought again and again of the offer, and even of selling his fine "regulator" clock; but then that was an essential part of his trade, and how work without it?

But when on the morning thereafter he left the table with the theological question of his little boy ringing in his ears, it occurred to him for the first time as a tenable proposition, that he could buy the cow with his tobacco money. With a quick step he walked to his table-drawer, and took from the leaves of his account-book the three crisp notes which constituted his entire fund. Then paused as suddenly, with the thought, "How am I to get tobacco?" The tobaccoist was far too shrewd to sell on credit, for he had been tried, and to buy the cow on credit at so low a price, and with so distant a hope of paying for her, would be an outrage.

So he sadly said, "There is no way—it cannot be done," and took his hat to seek the shop and spend the money.

As he gained the street, the well-known "Nannie" was driven past to her pasture, and as he looked longingly at her, some voice said, or seemed to say: "Deny yourself, and buy her instead of the luxury."

He started as if to obey the inward monitor, but the trial was too great, and he walked twice around the square plat which the cottage was built on, in a whirl of thought quite new to him.

If he bought the cow, it might be strength and perhaps health to Bessie and Paul; but then he must deny himself his wonted indulgence for some days until more money came, and even then begin again to buy in small quantities, for twenty-five

dollars was not easily laid by. In fact, he might have to do without tobacco for some time, as the flour was low, and the next money must go for that.

Then came the startling question: "Can I give up the habit?"

He started off for a walk in the woods. The question was a serious one, and a little alarming. The habit was as old as his marriage vows, and almost as strong. It was not merely a question of will and inclination, but of possibility. *Could* he stop? Would it not injure his health? Was it not good for the teeth? Did not the retailer have some sort of right to his custom and support? How amuse himself at the bench, other than by the mere labor? How sit in his porch with no pipe? What would he do with the pipe itself, which now showed an exquisite depth of mahogany color when the protecting case was removed, and for which, with its new gold mounting, he had been offered, first cost, fifty dollars?

Here was a new temptation to do right, for that sum would half pay his grocer's bill. Still, the imaginary want was environed with strong ramparts of imaginary needs, and if he worked, had he not a right to some enjoyments of the results?

But, to all this, stern truth held up the duplicate mirror of his home as it had been and his home as it was now.

What were pipes, and cubes of delicious weed, and smoky reveries, and dental and narcotic intoxication, compared to that pure home of four years ago; where there were flowers, but no spittoons; songs, laughter and tender kisses, but no smoke; and watchings of the cow as she yielded her rich milk, but no walks to the tobacco shop? Bessie had, in her laughing way, accused him of being guilty of a petty bigamy in being wedded to this habit; and now that she and her child were slowly but surely dying for want of what the pipe and the weed banished from their home and table—now that they were poorly clad from lack of what the habit cost; did he love it better than them? Was it really come to this, and the case of comfort, peace and love *versus* tobacco, to be tried by the angels of his nature; and would he not stop, even to save the life of his child and the health and being of his wife?

The reflection which should have come so long ago, came like a torrent, and conscience awoke from her stupor of four years armed with a lash.

We attempt in vain the task beyond the tests of the laboratory, the alembic and the crucible—the analysis of the thoughts of man. We only know and see that Henry now climbs a fence to look around as if for danger, now seats himself on a log, then jumps up as if pursued by a demon, and anon stalks through the woods as if to lose his shadow, and seeming demented—perhaps is not so far from it. In all his motions, he feels restlessly and involuntarily in his pocket, as if for some weapon for defence, or talisman against the demon, and finds not even a thread of the *fetish* he has worshipped so long; yet ever and again the delusion recovers power, and he feels insanely for what is not there.

It is noon. His tobacco gave out that morning.

He has had none for some hours. Can he do without it for years, when moments seem so long?

Suddenly he paused in a rapid walk, and taking the money from his vest-pocket, counted it as carefully as if the two ten and one five-dollar bank-bills, required some intricate algebraic formula to estimate their worth. Then something of the old power of will and purpose came back to his face, for he drew himself up as to meet a foe, and said, with a smile of self-conquest: "I will do it!"

His rapid strides homeward, took him past the pasture where the cow "Nannie" fed, and her owner, Mr. Dawson, was there repairing the bars.

He stopped and said: "Good-day, Mr. Dawson: your wife was telling me that you would sell us the cow again."

"Yes, sir, and at the old price, for I think you need her more than we do."

"Could I take her now?"

"Yes, and drive her to your own lot if you will, for grass will soon be gone and your turnips will feed her all winter."

The money was instantly paid—a little to the surprise of the gentleman, who had expected to be asked for credit; and the cow, much amazed at this disturbance of her noon-day ruminations, was soon on her way to the stables she had never forgotten.

As the bell sounded merrily in the yard, our heroine lifted Paul that he might see what it was, and he nearly leaped from her arms as he shouted: O mamma, mamma! God has sent Nannie home, and papa is with her."

She carried him out into the yard that he might put his thin arms around the soft dun neck of the mild-eyed favorite, and then she asked: "Have you bought her, Henry?"

"Yes, she is yours again."

"But how will we ever pay for her?"

"She is paid for now."

"But you only had enough to pay for the tobacco that you need, and your supply is quite exhausted."

"I know all that, Bessie, but we have a cow, and I will never use tobacco again."

"Henry! you cannot do without it, for the habit is as old as our marriage."

"Yes, older than Paul, and like to be the death of him and you! I am done with it, Bessie, and forever. You know I can keep my word, and I made the promise to God before I did to you."

The strong-hearted woman who had endured the long trial so bravely, gave way now, and sinking on the barn-steps at his feet, she sobbed as she had not done since her father died. Henry sat down beside her with his arm around her waist, while his own eyes overflowed from sympathy, and Paul, who thought that the impending death of the cow could alone cause such grief, sobbed in chorus. As he had never witnessed any tears of happiness before, how should he know what they were?

That day was such a perfectly happy one, and the milk taken an hour earlier than the frisking calf had expected its own supper, was such a treat,

that the hours passed swiftly, and the gnawings of a fixed habit were little felt. Even the next morning, when the pipe was sold for fifty dollars, when the money was paid to the grocer, and flour, sugar and coffee were in the house, the excitement kept all right. But in the afternoon, when Paul was asleep, and Bessie had resumed her work and he his own, then the temptation came in power, and he would find himself feeling in the long-used pocket, or starting from his seat with a sudden consciousness of some great loss, and a vacancy in mouth and brain almost insupportable.

The next day, after a restless and sleepless night, the trial came in a new form, and most unexpected. An old customer, and one who had been the victim of the *lager-beer* mania, but reformed, had long owed a bill of twelve dollars for repairs on a gold watch, broken during intoxication. This morning he came and paid it.

Bessie was in the room, and as she beheld her husband start and his face flush, she guessed his thoughts. Was he not now in more solvent circumstances, and with subsistence in the house, with the cow in the stable, and with the grocer half paid, the draper shopman willing to wait, and money in his hands like a providential reward for what he had done, could he not have half his pleasures back, and chew, if not smoke?

As he showed the customer out, his eye met hers, and the look of power and triumph was in his face again as he returned and said: "I see you suspect what I was thinking of, but that battle of day before yesterday and since, was too hard to ever fight over again in one lifetime. I shall pay this on our shop account, and I am going to do it now."

When he came back, with that debt of ninety dollars reduced to seventy-eight, and with an orange for Paul, and as he sat at his bench and began himself to sing, with his mouth clear of encumbrance, he was quite happy, in spite of that ceaseless hunger which demanded its accustomed food, and clamored above all denial.

Paul sucked the cool, fresh juice of his orange, with many a generous offer for papa and mamma to taste, and with a sense of luxury hitherto unknown, even in his drink of milk; and Bessie tried to help sing, even if her voice did fail her at times, and she did have to pretend an examination of her work to hide tears.

Let them flow, Bessie, for they are the first of the kind since Henry May asked, "Do you love me," beneath the roses of a June long gone, and you wept as you leaned on his heart and answered, "Yes."

Our hero was not the man to do things by halves, and partly because it was right, and partly to satisfy that strange stimulation of one who recovers from the torpidity of years, he began a crusade against his old vice and its victims.

The minister who had succeeded Paul Clayton, was then conducting a revival of religion in his church, and more than one of the votaries of the tavern and the pipe were uneasily conscious that their souls were in even greater peril than their fortunes. Henry and his wife had been members

from childhood, and it was "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" to them.

There was a long conference with the doctor, one Sabbath afternoon, following the service at the church. It was a sacramental occasion, and the hallowed rite at the same altar, and the thronged church, had reminded Henry of his former presence there as a party to a different sacrament. It seemed to him that he might do something for other homes as cursed by bad habits as his own had been, and hence his conference with the doctor.

The next Wednesday was the regular meeting of the debating society, and in accordance with the rule which required a month's notice of a proposed change in the constitution of the society, Henry May arose and read a statement that he should, at the proper time, move an amendment changing the name to that of the "Young Men's Self-Denial Association," and to amend the rules so as to exclude from membership those who used tobacco or intoxicating drinks habitually.

This he explained in a short speech, and was warmly supported by the doctor and a half dozen more who had joined their side. The reformed drinker who had paid the twelve dollars was among them.

This was the middle of November, and the excited canvass which followed in the next month, surpassed any political one which the village had ever known. But Henry acted on the maxim, "Vinegar never catches flies," and made converts by the honey of kind words and good reasons, not neglecting his work, either. Then, every woman in the village was on his side, save one.

The exception was the old nurse, who had gone to the poor-house from failure to get another place; who insisted that the watchmaker and his wife were utterly unfit to have the care of children, and railed at fate and rubbed snuff until she died.

The much-talked-of meeting at length came, and it was decided to debate the question in the open air, so as to allow all who wished to participate. The tavern-keeper had brought his son home from college to argue the side that was money to him, and an old drinking 'squire, who had been in the State legislature, was to speak and did so.

But the time had come for Henry to make his long postponed effort, and for an hour he held his audience under the influence of such a speech as that town had never heard before, and as Bessie had never expected from the watchmaker. The half-tipsy ex-legislator was eclipsed, and the young sophomore received little attention to his learning, which rambled from the Greek orgies of Bacchus to the anti-tobacco "counterblast" of King James.

At last the vote was put, and as member after member of the society voted *yea* on the whole question, and but few *nay*, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and stood on the benches; and when, finally, the chairman stood up and announced: "There are forty-one yeas to thirteen nays, and the amendment is carried," there was such a cheer as awoke the echoes of the hills, and set all the dogs a-barking for a mile.

Five of the thirteen withdrew from the society

at once, and then a motion was put to make the vote unanimous, and no voice dissented. Henry had now made his speech, but manifested no wish to withdraw from his friends. The imaginary "league to put him down," had gone away with the smoke.

The Christmas of that year was blessed to him in two ways.

First. A gentleman who had been in the village at the meeting, and who was the head of a great watch and jewelry house where Henry had generally bought his tools and materials, wrote to him offering a salary of two thousand dollars a year, as the head of his own workshop, and also to advance one-fourth of the amount. This made all debt vanish in air, even before the sale of the cottage for a fine price.

Second. On Christmas morning, Bessie had a little Ella in her arms, named for the kind friend who had been so true to her in adversity. Paul was prouder of it than even of his cow, that was to go with them, and could hardly eat for trying to talk of his new sister.

Henry May made a farewell speech in the society, and when he left it, and his host of friends, together with the old home, behind him, it was not the only monument there to commemorate his SELF-DENIAL.

OUR "LAST" CHRISTMAS.

A GIRL'S STORY.

BY G. M. B.

LAST winter, when money was so "tight" and times so "hard" that it affected even "hearts" and "good cheer," we three girls, Lou, Nell and Susie Waters, agreed among ourselves that we would be economical and sensible, and, consequently, would have no "tree" and make no holiday presents. We knew of several families, a great deal better off than we were, who had given out among their friends that they would "neither give nor receive, this year," so we thought we might as well follow their example.

"It's nothing but an old heathenish custom, anyway," said Lou, the eldest of us three, and our walking encyclopedia. "The Romans, you know, gave presents of gold and silver fruits and coins to one another on the first day of the new year, and the old Germans used to burn the 'yule log' about that time of year, and so, when the early Christians took the twenty-fifth day of December on which to celebrate the birth of our Saviour, they adopted both customs, and in that way we get our 'gifts' and our Christmas-tree—nothing but an old heathenish custom!"

We all tossed our heads upon receiving this information, and congratulated ourselves upon being sensible and civilized sufficiently to put away these old-time Roman and Saxon observances.

We missed the pleasant little secret preparations, however, which had always given a certain air of excitement to the few weeks previous to our holidays; the whisking in closets of some half-finished little gift whenever the recipient-elect made her appearance, the little, bright tag ends of ribbon,

and velvet, and zephyr, that used to make our dingy sitting-room carpet look almost like a Turkish rug, with its bright patches of color scattered here and there; indeed the whole house had a very different sort of flavor about it; and in our secret hearts I believe we all felt a sad regret over our decision *not* to make each other any present.

"What shall we do to-morrow, girls?" cried Nell, as we sat talking together after our return from the church, where we had been helping festoon the holly and evergreens for the morrow's services.

"Do!" "Why 'do' as we always have done, of course!" replied Lou, a little sharply. "Go to church in the morning, come home to turkey and cranberry sauce, and then sit at the parlor window the rest of the day."

"And see the children's bright, happy faces as they troop by, going to 'grandma's,' little girls with new dollies, and boys with drums and horns," and I almost sighed as I thought there would be real *giving* Christmases in some houses if there wasn't in ours.

"Bah! Those terrible horns!" said Lou, with a shudder. "I don't see why they are not prohibited! They no doubt are a relic of barbarous ages also. Why can't people be civilized and sensible in their observances of the day?"

"But that is such a little thing, Lou," spoke up Nell; "and it seems to give the rogues such exquisite pleasure to blow them. For my part, I like to hear them; they seem to say over and over again, 'Merry Christmas is come; let all the world rejoice!'"

"Yes," said I, chiming in with Nell; "they're like the trumpet in the organ, when our organist accompanies the choir in the Christmas carol, 'Peace on earth and good-will toward men!' What does 'good-will' mean, Lou?"

"What a question!" replied Lou, coloring a little as she explained. "As if you didn't know it meant the feeling of kind-heartedness, charity and generosity toward one another!"

"Generosity. Then it must mean '*giving*,' Lou," said I, with a curious sort of smile.

"And the old Romans were right after all, then!" cried Nell, a little timidly, however, as though she felt she was uttering heresy.

"Pshaw!" said Lou, in a cross sort of voice; "I believe both of you girls are Pagans at heart, you harp so continually upon heathenish customs. I actually think Gussie would like to have an idol. I have seen her fairly bow down before that statue in Mr. Harrison's gallery."

"Why, Lou Waters! How hateful you talk. To be sure I do worship the beautiful—but an idol! Who ever heard of such an accusation in the nineteenth century!" and now I was cross.

"See here, girls, where did the custom of decorating churches with greens originate? Do you know, Lou?" and Nell, who was always our peacemaker, and usually threw oil upon our troubled waters, asked this question, knowing Lou would prefer answering it to continuing our little squabble.

"I don't recollect exactly the date of the first introduction of decorating churches, but I dare

say it is a continuation of the old custom of the Druids, who strewed their altars with holly and mistletoe during the performance of religious rites. They regarded the mistletoe as an especial gift of Heaven, and thought it contained some divine virtue. The Romans and Greeks also decked and ornamented their temples, you remember, and—"

"And so," interrupted I, hotly, "it was just a set of good old heathens who have set our good old fashions—for it is a good custom, that of giving presents; and a beautiful one, that of the Christmas tree; and a holy, rightful one, that of adorning the church in commemoration of the blessed day!"

Lou was silent, and Nell sat meditating over my bold words, and it was still and quiet so long in our little sitting-room, that mother opened her bed-room door at length and peeped in.

"What is the matter, girls?" said she. "I was afraid I heard you disputing a while ago, and now this strange silence seems quite as alarming. Where are your merry Christmas Eve voices? I don't hear the pleasant tongues and cheery laughs as usual on such a night!"

We all looked at one another. It was true. We had spent the most unhappy, disagreeable Christmas Eve together that we had ever spent in all our lives. Ah, there was the lack of "peace and good-will" toward one another; and, heathenish though it be, the merry Christmas *cheer* is the little leaven that lightens the whole world's heart on once a year!

We looked at one another, and then we smiled, and as the old clock struck "twelve," three hearty, merry, ringing laughs burst out on the air like the glad bells of Christmas morning.

"Don't let's be sensible and civilized any longer, girls," cried I. "It's a great deal nicer to be heathens once in a year, and give gifts; and after this let's have a tree, if it's only a pine branch, and hang up our stockings if they're only holes!" and then we all shook hands on my proposition, and each stole mysteriously off to her room to fashion some little present for mother on the morrow, for it was too late now to make or buy each other anything.

Next morning, when we all came rushing down to breakfast, the room rang with our merry Christmas greetings, and each girl's face was radiant with love as she handed to mother her little offering.

"They are out of our *hearts*, not our *pockets*, mother," said Lou, as she gave her gift; it was all she had, a little bouquet off her plants, some geranium leaves and a rose-bud.

Nell then came forward with a plate and a napkin, which contained her gift—a prettily iced cake, which she had set up half the night to make.

And mine? Of course they all knew what mine would be. I will copy it here, saying first, by way of preface, girls, if any of you have made up your minds, on account of the "hard times," to be "sensible" this year, *don't*—not in the way we were, I mean—give *something* to each one of your beloveds who have been accustomed to receive, let it be ever so trifling; but let it be a gift

prompted by true feeling, for, after all, it is the *sentiment* which makes the gift rare and prized!

And now here is my gift, which was *out of my head*, as well as my *heart*!

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Though it be a Roman rite,
Let's be heathens for to-night,
And unto each loved and dear
Something give for the new year.

If our rude forefathers old,
In the winter's cheerless cold,
Burnt the yule, right merrily,
Why should we not burn the "tree?"

Oh, deep down in my heart,
There is surely a sweet part
Which holds sacred rites like these,
Romanesque or Germaneze!

Let the blessed Christmas time
Send its joyous, merry chime
Into every house and land!
Let the word be a command.

"Peace on earth, to man good-will,
Let each one the law fulfil,
Then the blessed Christ-child's day
Shall be holy kept alway!

AUNT MARTHA'S STOCKINGS.

BY M. O. J.

"**L**ADIES' white cotton stockings, please; best quality, No. 10," said Aunt Martha to the clerk, as we stood at the counter, shopping-bag and memoranda in hand.

"Why, auntie," I said, in a low tone, while he was looking among the boxes on the shelves, "have you not made a mistake? You did not mean ten, surely? I know you can wear two sizes less."

Auntie smiled. "Yes, I did; I'll tell you why presently;" and she bought half a dozen pairs, and turned to look for other things.

"I always buy stockings longer than I absolutely require," she said, when we had left the store, "for two reasons. It saves very much in time and mending. I do not dislike darning, but you know it is my rule never to do needless work. I count that only waste of time. I can wear my stockings till the heels are utterly worn out, with very little mending of the toes. And these long stockings cut over so well. That is my second and more important reason."

"Why, auntie, I never knew you wear a pair cut over!"

Aunt Martha smiled, and answered in a tone of decided pleasure: "I can do better with them than wear them myself. And, in fact, I do not often make them over, as I dislike doing it. But there are plenty of poor, deserving women who are willing and glad to do it, especially the mothers of little children. And as I always buy good, heavy cotton, they tell me these, when made over, are much better than any they could afford to buy. My washwoman said last week, when I gave her my old ones, that she and her two little girls had been for several months quite supplied with stockings by those I had given her. It was a little thing for me, you see; it was *thought* for her, rather than *expense*."

"O auntie, I understand now. I don't mean only this one thing, but you have given me the key to a good many little ways you have. I've wondered sometimes that you can carry so much help and comfort wherever you go, when—"

"When I have to count my pennies," finished auntie, pleasantly. "The key is old, dear, but golden—'Love thy neighbor *as thyself*.'"

MRS. HARDING'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY J. E. M'C.

BROTHER HARDING was a hard-working pastor of a Baptist church in New England, where the salary of five hundred dollars was doled out for his support. There were three growing school-boys to be fed, clothed and educated on this sum, and there would seem to be but little margin left for extravagance. But by and by it began to be whispered by that sharp-sighted sister who always felt a deep interest in "other people's windows," that the minister's wife was awfully extravagant.

"What do you think of her giving each of those boys five summer suits, so that they can go to school spick and span clean every morning! I know it for a certainty, for they pass my house every morning, and their linen jackets are just fresh from the ironing-table. Now I can't afford such extravagance, and I am sure this parish ain't able to encourage it in a minister's family."

We all know how easy it is to start a snow-ball in damp snow, and how it gathers as it rolls. Just so it is when a person takes up a report against a neighbor, especially if that neighbor happens to be a minister.

Finally matters were so stirred up that a committee waited upon the parson's folks to reason with the erring sister. They went away rather crestfallen when the fact came out that the devoted mother washed her boys' jackets every evening after they came home from school, and ironed them before they were up in the morning, so they might look neat and tidy on one suit apiece.

PARENTAL LOVE.—No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course—as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers toil and deny themselves, think all night and labor all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us while we cry, to the day when she helps to make our wedding dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we do not half recognize her love for us. Never until we are parents ourselves do we quite comprehend. Yet, is there anything like it? The lover may desert us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any change or disfigurement. There isn't much of Heaven here on earth, but what there is of it is chiefly given in a parent's love.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 12.

A FRIEND has just been renovating her husband's best suit of clothes, faded black, and really they look so new that the neighbors all think the wagon-maker has been getting a new suit.

I don't know what is the reason, but if anybody does a job like this—succeeds in making something new out of something old—they are very careful to keep it to themselves. They act as though it was a disgrace. I said to a mother lately: "What a beautiful sacque your daughter has now; the style is very becoming, and the cloth is so rich and heavy."

She eyed me sharply, in a quizzing, questioning way, and then I presume she thought she could trust me with the all-important secret, and she put her open hand up beside her mouth, and looking around to make sure that no one heard her, she said: "Mary Jane made that sacque all with her own hands; and it's contrived out of that old one she's been wearing—well—going on four year; but you must never, never, never tell it. Oh, she'd be as mad as a hoe if she knewed I'd told on her! You see she sponged it and dyed it, and managed by hook and by crook to get the new garment out of it; and she did, what with a right smart bit of gimp braid, and fringe, and a bow, and the kind of fixings that are the fashion now. Yes—yes!" said the old lady, catching her breath and folding her poor old hands crosswise in her lap, and looking as though she thought to be the mother of that wonderful Mary Jane crowned her blessed among women.

The sacque was an admirable job; it was very pretty, and gotten up in excellent taste; only I found one objection. Mary Jane should have gone out with the good tidings in her mouth, and told all the girls of her acquaintance, and if they had not ingenuity equal to the task, she should have shown them how to work their old-fashioned garments over into new ones. I have no degree of patience with such selfishness. I cannot see how a woman can be so mean and unloving as to shut within her own heart any knowledge that can possibly benefit another. Some women even refuse patterns, or advice, or suggestions, and think they are doing right. I don't mean dressmakers now, because it is proper that they should be recompensed for their services, or patterns, or assistance.

I didn't promise Mary Jane's mother that I would never tell, for I meant to tell it the first opportunity I had; and I wish I could tell so much about the new sacque that other girls would know how to make new ones out of the old, uncouth-looking ones that they may chance to have on hands.

Sometimes cloth will bear turning the other

side out; in that case it is a great advantage in the making over.

But I started out to tell you how the young wagon-maker's wife made her husband's old rusty suit of black look quite like new. I wrote down her formula. Boil three ounces of logwood in a quart of vinegar, and when the strength is out of the logwood, drop in a piece of the carbonate of iron about the size of a common hickory nut; let it boil five minutes. Have the garments that are to be restored well sponged with soap and hot water; lay them on a table, and brush the nap down with a sponge. Then take the dye upon the table and sponge them all over with it, taking care to keep them smooth, and brushing downward all the time. When they are completely wet with the dye, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in about a teacupful of warm water, and sponge them again with this; this sets the color so completely that the black will never rub off. They must not be wrung any nor wrinkled during the process, but carefully hung up to drain.

Quite dingy and brownish cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner. There are faded or dingy coats in nearly every family that may be restored by this means. I have seen Ida when renovating a worn coat make it appear like a new one by putting new braid on the edges and new velvet on the collar.

In the fall my brother Rube was called away from home in a hurry, and he borrowed the first coat he laid his hands on. When he went to feel in the pockets, behold there were no pockets there. The owner said: "It is an old thing; I've had it ever since I was a boy, and am going to throw it aside before another winter." I looked at the coat; it had been valuable once, had cost the boy a good deal of money, and the heavy black cloth was just as good as ever, not a hole in it, nor a rent nor a stain on it.

I said never a word about it, but as soon as I could get the coat unobserved, sent it to the kind tailor, with a note, asking him to repair it with good material, and make a good job of it. He re-lined it, made new pockets, put on new braid, new velvet collar, new buttons, did the work well and honorably, and, though it took him two days to do it, his charges for all were less than six dollars. The coat is quite as good as new now, and an item of expense was saved. This was better than for any poor woman to have undertaken the work; it was too heavy for a woman's hands.

I tell this in case somebody's grown sons have good old coats that need renovating, and the boys won't know that the tailor can make them almost as good as new. A good overcoat costs so much that a poor boy cannot afford one more than once or twice in his lifetime. Boys should be careful and not burn, or tear, or stain such a garment.

The season for buckwheat cakes is coming again, and we give our recipe for the benefit of those

who use Graham flour. Take two-thirds buckwheat flour and one-third unbolted, and mix up with lukewarm water, in which you have put a teacupful of good yeast and a pinch of salt. They are very nice, and we think they are more wholesome than when made of buckwheat alone. If your yeast is good and fresh, the batter will rise in three or four hours; let it stand in a moderately warm place, if too warm it will rise too fast, and sour, and bubbles will come on the top. In mixing up the batter for cakes try and get it about the right consistency; if too thin they will be soft and hard to bake, if too stiff the cakes will be spongy, and choky, and seem like eating dried apples. Do not use soda to make them light, but if you are obliged to do it one time, and have batter left, throw it out instead of adding more to it. It is unwholesome.

Any woman can make a waterproof cloak, but not every woman can make waterproof cloth, as I saw one doing the other day.

The girls and I were out gathering green things in the woods and fields preparatory to the making of our usual winter window-garden, and I ran into Mr. Hamilton's house to sharpen a stick to thrust under the roots of plants, when what should I see but his wife, with her sleeves rolled up and a wide apron on, stepping about very gingerly, making her children's brown and white linsey circulars waterproof. I had heard of such things, but never inquired how it was done.

She said she took a pailful of soft water and put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of alum in it, dissolved them and kept stirring it occasionally for an hour. When it became clear, she poured it gently into another pail, and put the garments in it and let them remain for twenty-four hours, then hung them up without wringing, and let them drain and dry.

She said her children had so far to go to school, and frequently they came home with their circulars wet through.

Mrs. Hamilton's girl had just baked a pan of cookies, and, as I was going out of the door, she said: "Miss Potts, I've eaten cookies of your making, and of nearly every woman's in the neighborhood, and—begging your pardon—there's a secret that not one of you has found out yet. My mother told me to be careful always when I made 'em and not make the paste too stiff and hard. You know, sometimes, women make the dough so that it will hardly roll out at all. That's the reason their cookies are so dry, even the very day after they are baked. You take some home, enough for the deacon, and the girls, and granny, and yourself, and try 'em at tea and see how you like 'em."

While she was rolling up a paperful I told her not to put any in for granny, because she was visiting at uncle's now.

Well, at supper, we tried Manda's cookies, and they were excellent—light, and tender, and moist. I asked her to write out the recipe for me and let other folks see how nice they were. One cup and a half of sugar, one cup of melted butter, one cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda.

Stir all up together, and mix with just flour enough that the paste can be handled and moulded. Roll thin and bake light, but quickly.

This same woman who makes her own waterproof cloaks, had a contrivance in her kitchen that I thought was the very perfection of ingenuity. She said they had never lived very near to a hardware store, and she had always wanted a steamer, and at last she set her wits to work and made one herself. She took an old tin plate, cut the rim off, punched holes in it with a hammer and nail, and fitted it into one of her kettles, letting it rest on the kettle where it rests on the stove. It made a very good substitute.

Whenever she wants to steam a pudding, she sets it on that tin plate and puts water in the bottom of the kettle, and it answers the purpose of a first-class steamer.

She says she hulls corn in it, and has no fear of the corn cooking fast, as she did in hulling it the old way.

Any woman can manufacture her own steamer, now, if she wants to do it.

I sent a note to an old acquaintance lately and enclosed a stamp, with the request that she would reply to the questions I had asked her about some carpet chain. I was in a hurry, and the girls were in a greater one, because I had told them they might make that web to suit themselves. I waited two weeks and received no reply, and then I called on the woman in person.

You never would imagine what her excuse was. Why, the stationery had to be locked up away from the children and the key was in her husband's pocket and he was away from home! Oh, I thought if these little children could not be trusted now, and would not obey their parents, what terrible results must be awaiting this poor family in the future! Ruled by their little ones now, and held in restraint so great that they must resort to lock and key!

I said to the mother, give your children paper and pencils, and encourage them to use them; let them make pictures and let them copy the alphabet, and soon they will make letters and learn to read writing. Slates are cheap; buy each a slate and tie a pencil to it by a string, and use one yourself with them by way of encouragement, and they will be delighted.

I have talked carpet a great deal in the "Windows" and the "Household," or I would tell you all about the web we are making. For fear some of you are busy at such work and need a suggestion, I will tell you a little about ours. It will be five-quarters wide, and very honest, that means there will be no colors put into it for show—something flashy, that will not bear acquaintance, like cotton rags colored bright green, and blue, and yellow, and red. We have been saving old woollen things for some time, white and colored.

I intend to do every bit of the dyeing myself, and I don't care how ugly my hands look, so I get a fast color. Some very feeble old blankets will be dyed madder red, and a bright, cheerful brown, and green, and purple. Some of the cotton filling will be a dark copperas.

We talked old times last night as Sissy sat in her little rocking-chair tearing into narrow strips the outside of the first comfortable my mother ever made. It was dark blue, and made out of a flannel dress that I could just remember seeing her wear. I have no doubt but the flannel was made forty-five years ago. It was a beautiful deep blue, and the color is honest, never faded at all. Then there was an old quilt just like it; she ripped it to pieces, and will have a nice rare stripe of deep blue all through the carpet. I said I did not know what color would contrast prettily beside it, but Ida says for a dark carpet brown must go beside the blue.

I said to her last night: "How strange this is, Ida; here you sit working with what was once my mother's dress—one that she wore when I was little enough to sit on her lap—flannel that she dyed herself, and it required more hard labor then to make a dress than it does to earn a half dozen now."

How distinctly I remember when that comfortable was made, and the day that blue quilt was quilted. Only a few women were at the quilting; it was a cold November day, and the frames were moved close up to the little fireplace upstairs. The woman who "laid out" the work, I thought, felt very important with her saucer of flour and the woollen string that she rolled in the flour occasionally. My mother was down-stairs in the kitchen getting a good supper; "the best the house afforded," she said to the hungry women. The pattern that the wise woman planned was called very beautiful, and the neighbors all came to see it and offer their congratulations.

Ida asked if my mother resembled any one she had ever seen.

I said: "No; but our father says I resemble her more and more every day, only that her cheeks were always rosy, and mine never were; that her eyes had a sparkle in them, and mine never sparkled; that her hair was the brown of a ripe chestnut, and mine dark and lustreless."

And there we sat talking of these things of the long ago past, and father forgot the open page on his knees, and looked up listening, and Lily let the pen lie in her fingers, and her thought followed the mournful, low-spoken conversation that flowed like a little quiet rill.

When our thoughts turned to something else, in which the others joined, I saw Ida's sad blue eyes resting mournfully on the picture of the Madonna. She cannot remember quite the face of her mother, and we had no picture of her, but it is a comfort to us to know of one picture that our little mother strikingly resembled, and we keep that in memory of her—the sad-faced, mournful Madonna.

I said to a lady who was visiting here: "Tell me what pictures you have at home. I would like to know."

"Well," said she, "we have a picture of 'The Day of Judgment,' a wonderful picture. Oh, you could look at it all day, and still find something new! There's a picture of the great Judge on the throne, and the heads rising above heads, crowds and crowds awaiting the judgment."

Oh, I felt my blood curdle as she described that terrible conception!

"And then we have 'The Angelic Host,' that is another wonderful picture; and 'The Empty Sleeve,' and 'A Winter Scene,' and the picture that hangs in our parlor back of the piano is 'Peale's Court of Death,' in which is represented, by human beings, intemperance, consumption, disease, murder, decrepit old age, famine, fever, pestilence, delirium tremens, destruction; and some of the faces are perfectly demoniac."

The poor woman! she thought they had a good collection of pictures, while I thought that same dreadful collection of pictures accounted for her fallow face and the scared expression of her eyes. Not one beautiful sunny landscape among them all—nothing to make her glad, and cheerful, and enthusiastic, and nature-loving, and worshipping, on her walls. All were tragic and terrible, if not frightful. How much better to have had Lake George, or a wild bit of Switzer scenery, or a glorious hint of brook, and hill, and rock, and valley, and serene sky, and perhaps mountains, hazy and blue in the distance. Or a summer scene—craggy hillsides covered with pines; a limpid pool reflecting a picture like a mirror, flags, and lilies, and rank grasses bordering its sedgy banks; a bit of tumble-down fence, with the wild vines and ivies running riotous over the mossy rails. Oh, anything, anything but insinuations of death in all its rigid terrors!

For the sake of our children, we should be wary of the pictures that come to our homes. How many of us older ones had no pictures in our childhood to look upon except the old man and the rude boy, the oxen goring each other, the maid who spilled her milk, the cat in the meal tub, the bear and the two friends, the fox and the flies, and on Sundays we were treated to the pleasure of looking at Fox's Book of Martyrs. What a horrible treat that was! How we forgot and gouged our indignation into the ugly eyes of the cruel old priests! How we looked and looked at the poor men hanged, and tortured, and fired, until the deep wrinkles made our brows look shrewish, and our white lips parted away from our teeth in very agony and anguish of soul. Sometimes it seemed that the groans of the tortured reached our ears, and we inwardly cursed the brutish natures that called for such cruel punishment and death. For the sake of the children, then, hang up beautiful pictures upon the walls of their homes.

It was late when we went to bed last night, the girls and I. Our visits are never over before eleven o'clock, but it must have been an hour later than that before we were in bed, and even then we talked on and on after we had said "good-night" three or four times apiece.

Father sleeps up-stairs, and he says he hears us sometimes making as much ado as three old Irishmen would who had just met after years of absence. He says it requires but very little stretch of the imagination to think he hears the unmistakable Irish brogue in, "Faith, an' is that you, Patrick?"

"Bless me sowl, an' if there isn't ould Micky, me jewel!"

"Ah, Teddy, me darlint, come right 'long wid ye!"

Home conversation; that was what we were all chatting about so long last night; we arraigned ourselves; we tried ourselves; and we were obliged to plead guilty. I want to tell you what we talked. This is my last page, and I must clip my sentences short. We are all tempted to talk of people and things, petty details that are the merest chaff consume our time and thoughts, and before we know it our minds are becoming narrowed down. There is nothing in the world so belittling as so much twaddling conversation. Time is wasted that we might have spent profitably in good reading and good thinking. We must reform our conversation. We must not dwell so much on trifling things. We must not forget and let ill-nature and bitterness come creeping upon us this way. We must cultivate that sweet charity that thinketh no evil; we must despise gossip and the little tattle that is ever afloat in neighborhoods, and we must not believe one-tenth of the garbled reports that come to us. Don't people magnify little things that you do yourself—you know they do; well, believe the same concerning others, and never repeat a bit of gossip you hear; you wrong the person concerned when you do so, you benefit not the one who listens to you and you are all the while humiliating and belittling yourself and your better nature. If you do not believe me, just

stand guard one day and make note of what you hear and what you say; write it down and read it at night before you commend yourself into the special keeping of the Father. See if you are not ashamed to ask Him to watch over and care for you.

Every woman should cultivate a nice sense of honor. Keep that which is a sacred trust. Say something good for every one. Arraign yourself frequently, and try and learn what the weak points are that need vigilant care. The world is full of sin, but it is full of hope, and joy, and triumph. Woman's sphere grows broader; the responsibilities are heavy and they crowd upon her; she should seek to be pure in thought, and word, and deed. No conversation of hers should be vapid, or trifling, or frivolous. She should seek to get up higher into purer altitudes. This includes all women, no matter how lowly their condition—how humble the toil, or drudgery, or work of their hands. Some of us will never meet again—we who have looked upon the same page and read the same lines. Well, may the blessing of a grateful woman go with you evermore. I love you all; I would have done you good; remember me kindly and as lovingly as you can, and I kiss you goodbye with these words of hope and cheer:

Over our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.

Religious Reading.

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

SATAN often appears like an angel of light, and unless we scrutinize him closely, we are led by him into much evil.

Perhaps he has no subtler means of influencing us than by bringing us into states of self-condemnation, for certainly it seems at the first thought that this is humility. We want to put away our evils, theoretically; we want to be unselfish, provided we can without effort, and we really want to seem so; those around us are striving to walk in the heavenly way, we want to go too, but our heavenly way is very thorny, very hard, requiring patient, untiring effort, and steady plodding. We look at it; it is too much trouble, but we are ashamed that others should be working while we stand idle; we make a little effort, perhaps quite an earnest one for a time, but the way is hard, and we are tired. Still, we cannot have these dear friends around us striving to make us happy day by day, while we settle back into self-indulgence. We begin to feel gloomy over it, and this seems to open a way for us to satisfy ourselves and others that we want to do what is right. We sit down and weep, and pour into the ears of our dearest friend the pitiful story of our woes; we are wicked, so wicked that we are discouraged; we have done this wrong thing, and neglected that duty, and we couldn't help it. We never shall be any better,

we have tried and we have prayed, and we don't believe any one can love us, and we are going to destruction. Our sympathiser consoles us, soothes our grief, speaks of some of our good qualities, and we permit ourselves to be comforted.

The next time it is easier; we make an effort weaker than before, are overwhelmed, weep and are soothed. Gradually our "sensitiveness" becomes the greatest care of the household, and a source of discomfort to all our friends. They must be careful, they say, how they treat us, we are so sensitive and conscientious that we blame ourselves for everything. And so, for fear of this, all mentally hold their breath when with us, lest they should unintentionally wound our feelings. We have obtained two results from indulgence in this luxury: one is a habit on the part of others of sacrificing themselves unknown to us, by refraining from expressing many a want, for fear of our self-blame that we did not anticipate it. The other, that our real virtues have become so diluted with our tears, that they are fast being resolved into their original "atoms." Satan must feel sure of his victim, for he has succeeded in immersing us in the deep waters of the love of self, while he so deadens our senses that we believe we are walking in the atmosphere of the love of the right.

By self-condemnation our consciences are satisfied that we want to grow in spiritual goodness

while in reality it is only an excuse for spiritual laziness. We have found an easier path to Heaven than by the old-fashioned way of effort. We have substituted tears for active repentance. Idle repinings against the nature which God has given us, are better to us than the wealth of His strength, which we have only to use to make it our own. The luxury of grumbling instead of using our abilities; the luxury of making every one wretched by our complaints against ourselves, rather than a life of loving effort toward their happiness; are these the choice of the straight and narrow way?

But is there no such state as honest discouragement? Do we never come into real despair when we feel that we have honestly, and to our utmost, tried, and have failed? Yes, but in this our intellect remains unclouded. Instead of saying, "I am wicked, I cannot succeed," we say, "I feel so wicked, although I know it is wrong, but I cannot make myself feel just now that I shall ever be any better. I know that it is an evil state, and I want help to lift me out of it." This is the difference between the two, and we may be sure that a willingness to believe ourselves on the way to ruin, and indulgence in grief on account of it, is merely an indulgence in indolence; while an honest despair will always force the intellect to hold itself clear, as we say, "Help me to feel what I know to be true, that this state is a selfish one."—*N. J. Messenger.*

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.

BY GEORGE MATHESON.

MY voice shalt Thou hear this morning,
For the shades have passed away,
And out from the dark, like a joyous lark,
My heart soars up with the day;
And its burden all is blessing,
And its accents all are song;
For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,
And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,
For the day is all unknown;
And I am afraid without Thine aid
To travel its hours alone.
Give me Thy light to lead me,
Give me Thy hand to guide,
Give me Thy living presence
To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,
Sun that can ne'er decline,
Day that is bright with unfading light,
Ever above me shine.
For the night shall all be noontide,
And the clouds shall vanish far,
When my path of life is gilded
By the Bright and Morning Star.

Sunday Magazine.

THE utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at anything higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavors at making himself easy now and hereafter.

A SACRAMENTAL LIFE.

DO this in remembrance of Me." How many times have these words of the Master echoed along the ages; with the associations of how many hallowed hours do they mingle in the memories of the saints. How many death-beds made brighter by His death do they call up; how many penitent hearts have found rest in their sweet sound! The scene which they recall is familiar to all Bible readers, and to those who have seen it reproduced in copies of the great Italian painters, and the half pity for the human sufferings of our Saviour which it suggests, is one of the memorial influences for good which the ordinances founded upon them exert.

But I think there is here, as in so many other places in Scripture, an underlying sense of practical application to the needs of every-day life.

There is much work being done for the causes of religion and benevolence, vast aggregates of statistics can be compiled of the receipts and disbursements of our multitudinous societies and associations, and the hundreds of thousands of men and women who are engaged in the work. But apply the test of these sacramental words to it all and how it shrivels. How many of those who drop their mites or their millions into contribution plates, or write their names at the heads of subscription lists, do it in the loving remembrance of what Christ has given for them, what sacrifices were necessary on His part before their names could be written with His blood upon the pages of His book of life! How many of our popular preachers and lecturers have as their sole object, not the "loaves and fishes," not the applause of multitudes, but the remembrance of His sermons, "Who spake as never man spake?" How many young Sunday-school teachers pass from their elaborately-performed Sunday toilet into the gayly-decorated Sunday-school chapel of which they are so proud, with the simple remembrance He has told them to "feed His lambs?" Do the jealousies which spring up in societies, the splits and scandals in churches, the official pride of committees and boards, the supercilious condescension of poor-visitors and tract-distributors, and the self-righteous complacency of those who "labor much," and with great apparent success, arise from a constant remembrance of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," who pleased not Himself, who commanded us not to be called masters, but in honor to prefer one another?

And if the church when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary is thus "found wanting," how is it with the world outside? Where shall we look for business whose basis is the remembrance of Him who said, "I am the truth;" for pleasures that remind their votaries of the "joy that was set before Him;" for avocations which call to mind His business which was His Father's, that of going about doing good?

It is well, while the future with its unrealized possibilities is before us, to take the candle of this sorrowfully impressive command and search out the dark corners of our hearts that we may see how much and how little we are doing in remembrance of Jesus.

How glad our days would be if as each recurring task of daily life presented its claims, we could glorify it with the thought, "I do this in remembrance of Him"—Him who took our nature that He might sanctify its homely details! How would the fret and worry fade out of the coming months, if we could learn to look upon every un-

kind word, every untoward incident, every little providence which is not just in accordance with our will as precious memorials of His Cross. Dear fellow pilgrims, with whom we have sauntered along the *Wayside* for many months, let us, by the grace of God, endeavor to lead "a sacramental life."—*The Wayside*.

Mothers' Department.

PRIDE.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

Cousin LYDIA, who came from the West to visit us, has one child—little Corinne. During the first day or so of their visit, I thought her quite a lovable child; I had later to learn of a very unlovely trait of character, which, if not restrained, if suffered to grow and strengthen with her years, will sadly mar what might otherwise be a noble womanhood; it will pervert her mind, and render her life a detriment instead of a blessing to the world.

The first place at which we visited with them amongst the relatives was at Aunt Esther's. All went "as merry as a marriage bell" on the morning of our visit, until it came to getting little Corinne ready for the journey. A rich man's daughter, her apparel was costly and elegant; and when decked out in all her finery, she reminded one of some giddy little bird, with its bright plumage and restless ways. But among her warm and comfortable wraps was a little "cape" which her mamma thought best for her to wear under her beautiful cloak; it was not so new as the rest, and she refused to have it on.

"It isn't nice!" she cried. "*Mean, hateful old thing!* I won't wear it!"

Her mamma coaxed and argued, but she only pouted and sobbed, and looked askance at the offending garment. Our little Daisy, clad in her plain but warm and durable sacque and hood, stood looking on in wide-eyed wonder; and Cousin Lydia, very unwisely, as I thought, declared that she would "give it to the little girl."

The *ruse*, however, was not successful, for Corrie only grew more determined.

"Ugly old thing! *I won't wear it!*" she cried again and again.

But finally her mamma succeeded in fastening it about her shoulders, then proceeded hurriedly with the remaining wraps, and to don her own, as we all stood waiting.

Meanwhile, Corrie, with a very ill grace, had submitted to the inevitable, the scowl that disfigured her sometime-fair-face reminding one of those black clouds which sometimes overcast the bright skies of summer, veiling them in impenetrable gloom.

I tried to get near her heart and arouse nobler impulses. I told her how sorry God is to see His children's hearts proud, and vain, and unloving. I tried to show her how little it mattered about the "dress" if she was only kind, and gentle, and

noble-minded. I spoke gently, trying to reason with her; and finally, to awaken her sympathies, I told her of the many poor little children in the world who have no warm, comfortable clothes to wear, and not sufficient food to keep them from suffering with hunger. But all seemed of no avail; she would only frown, and pout, and snarl out: "*I don't care.*"

The shadows of ill-nature did not lift for hours—not entirely, I think, until she could again be relieved of the "hateful thing."

So it was at each place they visited; she made herself and others unhappy by this miserable exhibition of a proud, selfish, unlovely spirit.

It makes me sad to think what a very *giant* this pride has already become, and what a formidable enemy it is that will rule supreme in her heart, or with which she must contend, if, in future years, her eyes are opened to a true sense of its exceeding hatefulness and her own duty.

While returning from "the Centre," whither we had accompanied them on their homeward journey, I had an earnest talk with Daisy and little Guy on the subject. I tried to show them what a great evil pride is, and how sad for their little playmate to cherish in her heart an enemy that will work such harm to herself and others. I told them that in itself riches was no blessing—that it proved a blessing only when made so; for if not honestly gained, if not rightly accepted and used, it brought naught but harm to the soul of its possessor. And if being a rich man's daughter made little Corrie proud, and haughty, and vain; if it made her selfish, and ungenerous, and indifferent to the sufferings of humanity, then it would be far better for her to have been a poor man's child. I told them that it was not the *clothes* that made the man or woman, it was the noble qualities of mind and heart; that, though it was right and proper for us to wish to appear tidy—to have our clothing neat and appropriate; it was folly as well as sin to set our affections on dress; and that to give the heart over to evil passions, to pride, selfishness and ungenerous impulses, was to deeply grieve the loving Father—He who "seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." This they must remember always, and strive to be loving, generous, true and kind-hearted, careful to never, by word or deed, wound the feelings of others; ever regarding God's favor above all things else, and prizing an *unblemished honor* more than grandeur, riches or fame.

I do believe they understood every word; and I

trust the "seeds of truth" may have fallen into "good ground."

Whether, in that instance, the spirit of pride was the most natural tendency, the ruling passion, of the mind, and as such had been earnestly fought against by the mother, or by her blindly and thoughtlessly left unrestrained, or whether it had been engendered and fostered by injudicious example or management, until it had assumed its present proportions, I cannot say. But the very fact of its existence should be a useful lesson to all mothers, rich or poor. To the wealthy, it should serve to point out some of those dangers to which their children are exposed, and against which, as mothers, it is their duty to guard; and to those who, feeling the inconveniences of poverty, are

tempted to repine at their lot, regarding their own children as only deeply unfortunate in not possessing all the advantages children of the wealthy are supposed to enjoy, it should bring content, by showing that poverty may be a blessing if thereby their children escape certain dangers to which those of the rich are subjected; and that, though deprived of the real *advantages* of wealth, they may give to these loved ones that which can never be taken from them.

And in training them they, also, should guard against dangers incident to their station; while *all* should remember, and impress on the minds of their children, that *there are things worse than poverty and better than riches.*

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE IMPATIENT WATER.

A FABLE.

AN engine was one day standing in the station, drawn up under a large pipe, and near it was a cistern full of water. Now, this water did not like its mode of life, and as I put my ear close to the cistern, I could fancy that I heard it murmuring in this strain:

"Here I am, shut up in these narrow walls, where I can see nothing of the world outside! If I were only a *brook*, how I would go singing and laughing through the fields! The flowers would stoop down to kiss me, and the birds would thank me. Or even in that *fountain* I could be happy, for there there is something to do—playing with the fishes or leaping up high in the air. But here I am, a prisoner—none can see me, none can love or value me."

Just then a valve opened, and a voice said: "Come, you're wanted." So off the water ran down a long, dark tube, and then it tumbled headlong into a large iron boiler.

"Why, this is worse than the cistern!" cried the unhappy water. "Oh, dear, was ever water so badly used as I am!"

But soon it began to get warm, for a large fire was burning beneath it. Hot and hotter did it grow, until it began fairly to boil and bubble with delight; when lo! the water like a ghost faded out of sight, and became *steam*."

"What now?" cried the restless vapor, for it seemed to be conscious of a new power. "If they don't let us out, we'll soon burst these plates and rivets for them, for we will not bear it much longer."

Just then a shrill whistle was heard, and another valve was opened, when out flew the impatient steam. But as it went it moved a rod; and the rod moved those wheels, and a whole train of carriages glided out of the station. On they dashed, fast and faster, until the smoky town was left far behind, and houses, trees and fields flew by as if they all had wings. And as the steam floated by the carriage windows the travelers within all thanked it.

"Thank you!" said the merchant, who sat reading his paper in the corner, "you help me to do two days' work in one."

"Thank you!" said the school-boy, who was just going home for his midsummer holidays; and then he smiled as he thought of home with its fun and frolic, its cakes and kisses.

"Thank you!" said the pale invalid, who sat pillowed up by cushions; "you are so kind to bring me home so quickly."

Then the steam began to feel quite proud, and it tossed its head, as if to say, "Well, I've done something now! Haven't I made a stir in the world!" But lo! the train went rushing on, and seemed not to think of the poor steam it was leaving far behind. It tried to keep up, but it was of no use; so it gave up the chase, and in angry tones it murmured once again: "Ah! that's the way. Help a man on, and he soon forgets you. That train would never have stirred an inch if I had not helped it; and now when it thinks it can do without me it rushes on, and will not even stop to thank me. Oh, selfish world, I almost wish I were out of it!"

But now the train had got out of sight, curving round the hill. A cloud, however, happened to be passing just then, so it called down to the impatient steam and asked it to come and join it. So up it went, and the two made friends directly, floating on so gently, so calmly, over fields, and brook, and river, that they said they had never been so happy in all their lives before. Below them they saw the village green where the boys were playing at "leap-frog;" but they seemed like so many flies hopping about on the ground. The houses had no walls or doors, nothing but roof—at least they seemed so to them; the church had lost its steeple, and though they could hear the bells ringing for a wedding, they could not see where the belfry was. It was a hot summer's day, and for a long time there had been no rain. The fields were brown and bare, and the brooks were almost dry—so dry that in many places the minnows had got in little pools and could not get out again. The ground was so hard that the corn

could not grow; and in the meadow, the fresh-shorn sheep could not get enough to eat, though they were nibbling all day.

"Can't we help them?" said one cloud to another; for by this time a large number of little clouds had met, forming a kind of sky-army.

"Yes, we will!" shouted all in a breath; "that hot-tempered sun shall not have it all his own way!"

So they spread themselves out until they completely covered the fields; whereupon the sun became very angry, and flung his darts and arrows of fire at them. But it was all in vain; for, though he tried, he could not pierce the clouds. Then every flower in the meadow and hedge-row looked up and smiled so sweetly that the clouds could stay in the sky no longer. So down they came, turning into drops as they descended, and all through the land there was the pattering of rain. Then the grass grew green, and the ducks came waddling to the pond in high glee, and the geese set up such a cackling, as if they meant to say—and I believe they did—"Thank you, Rain! you have done us so much good, we'll love you."

But now they had got so much in the way of doing good that they could not stop; so off they ran, and as they ran they sang, for they were very happy. At length they tumbled into a brook, and now their delight knew no bounds. They whirled round and round in a kind of dance, and then all in a moment they darted under the bushes as if they were playing at hide-and-seek. And so the brook flowed on, happy as the day was long, and everybody loved it because it loved everybody. The grass grew greener where it ran; the birds dipped their little bills into its water and sang more sweetly; and the school-boy laughed to see his paper-boat gliding so gently down the stream. Then the brook grew bigger every day, until it was strong enough to turn the miller's wheel. By-and-by it grew into a river so deep and wide that great ships could float in it; but one day the river ventured out too far and tumbled into the sea, and no one saw it again. Its good work was done.

"Like the river, time is gliding;
Brightest hours have no abiding;
Use the golden moments well."

THE STAR.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

COME, stand at my knee, little children;
I'll tell you a story to-night,
While the stars in the heavens above us
Are shedding their silvery light.
I'll tell you of one, little children,
That shone in the long, long ago,
And when you have heard, you will call it
A beautiful story, I know.

It was night, and the sky was illumined
With many a bright-shining star,
But one in the eastern horizon
Shone clearer and brighter by far.
There were watchers who gazed on its brightness,
And followed its beautiful rays
With hearts overflowing with gladness,
With songs of thanksgiving and praise.

For it showed them the way—listen, children—
It showed them the way to their King,
And they joyfully followed its guiding,
Their love-laden offerings to bring.
They followed nor thought to grow weary,
Their bosoms with joy were aglow,
And they found Him—draw nearer, dear children,
For I would speak softly and low—

They found Him a babe in a manger;
This story you've often been told,
And yet it is new, little children,
'Twill never, no, never, grow old.
They found Him a babe in a manger,
Our Jesus, our Saviour, our King!
The sadly sweet story forever
Through Heaven's high arches will ring.

'Twas for you and for me, little children,
He laid all His glory aside,
And left His bright home to be homeless,
And sorrowed, and suffered, and died.
Then, oh, let us come with our offerings,
Our hearts and our praises to-day;
Then strive to be stars, brightly shining,
To show unto others the way.

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 12.

WE were all left sitting around the dinner-table at the close of the last month's talk.

Well, we sat and talked more than an hour. I do not allow my girls to go directly from the table to their studies, no student should do that. The professor told me to try and start some topic of conversation during meal-time that would afford an opportunity for the girls to sit and talk awhile, and if laughter came in bid it welcome.

But on this special day of which I wrote last month, our topic of conversation was unkind words, and it led into the relation of incidents. Josephine told a sad story of her own immediate neighborhood, and because such things are common and should be impressed on the minds of sisters, I will relate it here.

The Campbells are her nearest neighbors at home, and the family consists of the parents, three sons and two daughters. The boys are large, overgrown, bashful, awkward fellows, while the girls are small, and sprightly, and rather graceful, but affected and superficial.

Now, instead of bringing their brothers forward and introducing them when they have company and drawing them out in conversation and making them feel at ease, these girls have always kept them back and made them feel that they are really inferior to those ladies and gentlemen who visit their sisters.

Such conduct must inevitably bring its reward. The boys sought company elsewhere, they learned to spend their evenings sitting on the counters at the stores and groceries, and frequenting shoe-shops, and tailor-shops, and offices, and public places. Afterwhile they learned to smoke segars, to listen to obscene stories and jokes without blushing, and now, to-day, the three brothers get drunk, and play cards, and run horses, and are rarely seen inside of a church or lecture-room, and if they are, the poor fellows have a hang-dog look, as though they thought they were not wanted there and felt themselves to be out of their own spheres.

This is very sad, pitiable in the extreme, and to no other cause can this be traced than to the neglect and carelessness of the proud and thoughtless sisters.

Now, to the thousands of dear girls who will read this, let me point out the right way of dealing with your brothers. How grieved any of you would be if, in future years, this sin be laid to your charge. You would fall upon your faces in agony of soul; you would beat your breasts and be glad to have the mountains fall upon you and crush you to atoms. Indeed, I can think of nothing sadder; the very thought of such a calamity makes my heart beat faster and faster, because if your brothers become bad men they will exert a bad influence, and if they have families—well, the stream cannot run higher than the fountain spring at the head. Not in all time, not in all eternity, will this evil cease or come to an end! It is fearful to contemplate—frightful to dwell upon; and the worst is, the sentence, "You knew your duty but you did it not."

Begin your work by letting your brothers see that you love them, and earnestly desire their best welfare. Share every good thing with them, from a bit of candy to a beautiful poem. If there is anything for which they have a special liking, see that they get it when it is practicable; hold up before them constantly the wickedness of lying, cheating, deceiving, and the beauty and excellence of an upright life, including all the characteristics that belong to such a life. Teach them to be unselfish, slow to anger, the charm there is in ruling one's spirit, and hold up before them the demands of Christianity. Instill into their minds the principles of temperance, the duty to parents, the care of their bodies, and the needs and duties relative to a full and beautiful development of the man, morally, intellectually and physically.

When you have company, never permit your brothers to dodge an introduction; shy boys will do this nearly always, and it only tends to increase their timidity, and make them feel that they are awkward, or, as a little brother of mine used to say, "Don't know how to do."

If an educated lady or gentleman is visiting

you, be sure and have the big and little boys in the same room during the evening, or as much as possible, that they may have the pleasure and advantage of listening to the conversation. You will not know yourself how much they will learn—how eagerly they will drink in the smooth sentences; how exquisite will seem the narration told in language with never a flaw or fault, and how all through their lives will live this abiding memory. If the visitor reads poetry or Shakspeare well, ask as a favor that he will read for the delectation of the growing boys. Any good man or woman will be flattered with the earnestness of the shy eyes that for a time forget their shyness.

Have the boys eat at the table when you have company, by all means; don't let them sneak off and pull their hats down over their eyes, and occasionally peep into a window and think, "Dear me! I wish they'd get through some time;" or, "I'd thank visitors to stay at home!"

It is a good plan to manage the tide of conversation so that the boys can take a limited share in it. Never, never say to your brothers: "Oh, you are so awkward!" or, "You are too green;" or anything of this nature. You would not believe how a boy's pride, or love of approbation, or sensitiveness, will sink under such a blow. Poor fellow! though he may give no outward sign of the hurt and the struggle within, it almost turns him into stone, and he sees nothing but his two big, red, hard hands, while the din in his ears is like unto thousands of bells. Oh, never say that to your brother, unless you would wound him beyond all hope of healing! Such a hurt never is forgotten.

See that your brothers wear clothes that fit them, and are made in or near the prevailing styles. If a boy is not well-dressed—now I don't mean stylishly or fashionably, but simply, neatly and in the modern cut and make—he will feel that he is the target for all eyes; will feel awkward and conspicuous, and will not realize much pleasure when he is out in company.

Love your brothers, and make them your confidants, and then they will return your trust, and tell you their plans and secrets, and you can mutually benefit each other. This is one of the sweetest relations in social life—the tie that binds together the brother and sister; it is holy, and sacred, and very beautiful.

If your brothers have faults, talk with them lovingly about them; remind them gently and kindly of them; and in time, with your help, they may be entirely overcome.

I remember one sister who used to reproach her brother for a bad habit contracted perhaps in his infancy, that of eating noisily at the table. I presume she did not do this in a very gracious manner, and he became angry and would not try to overcome it.

I was eating dinner with the family once, and he was somewhat noisy, and she said: "Guzzle away, pig! it's no use to say anything to our Sam about eating quietly, so I've taken to reprimanding him before folks!"

Poor Sam! his face flamed with mortification and surprise, and I pitied him more than I have words to express. He rose soon and left the table,

and I believe there is a scar in my heart yet, I was so sorry for him, and I cannot bear to recall the painful incident even now, after the lapse of years.

I think there never was a shyer boy than my brother, Davy Reynolds, but I managed him so successfully in his youth and the first years of his young manhood, that now he is easy and graceful in any company and under any circumstances.

I did not let him know that I thought he was bashful or awkward. I liked to put him in close places and then shield and assist him in a way that he would be helped and not be aware of it.

One time he was working on the railroad as a repair hand, he was sunburnt and shabbily clad, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up every day as far as they would go, and he wore an old battered hat, and looked about as hardy and rough as a young man could look.

One afternoon a congressman, on his way to Washington, called to visit with us, and stop off until the next train. He was the most distinguished visitor who had ever called at our house. When Davy came home from his work, I hailed to him as he passed the door to come in.

"Mr. — is here, and I want you to see him," said I.

"Shall I put on other clothes?" he asked, looking down at his patched trousers.

"Come just exactly as you are," was my reply.

I can see just how the shy boy looked, holding his old hat in one brown hand, nothing white about him but his beautiful forehead and his pretty teeth. The lad was warmly received and generously shaken by the noble man who stood, with a kingly air, full six feet high.

I wanted my brother to know that in my estimation the man whose stately tread fell in the halls of Congress was no more a man, no nobler or better than my toll-worn brother fresh from his daily labor on the railroad. And I wanted him to feel the meaning that throbs in this bit of poetry:

Destiny is not
Without thee, but within:
Thyself must make thyself.

MY EXPERIENCE.

SINCE I have been a subscriber to the HOME MAGAZINE, I have received a good many useful hints; and I would like to add my mite to the general fund of information contained in the "Home Circle." Doubtless, many of your readers will say that this is nothing new, but let them remember it may be new to some young housekeeper.

Two of my lamps became incrustated on the inside with a brown substance, apparently the settlements of the oil. This, ordinary washing would not remove. It occurred to me one day that a recipe for cleansing vials, given to me years ago by an old lady friend, would apply to glass lamps as well. I filled my lamp about a third full of soapuds, and then put in about two tablespoonfuls of sharp, gravelly sand. After shaking vigorously a few minutes, I rinsed it carefully, and it

was clear and bright as a new lamp. For cleaning the dust from crevices on the outside of the lamp, an old tooth-brush dipped in soapuds will be found very useful.

I have not had very much experience in house-keeping, and last year I made my first trial with tomatoes. I had just put up three jars, when my husband brought me his *Scientific American*, and pointed out, among the "Notes and Queries," the question, "Why will not tomatoes keep in glass?" It was not answered, and I thought it must be unanswerable. So I determined not to put up another jar, but to set away the ones already prepared and give them a trial. I used the first jar in March and the last one in July of the present year, and they were just as nice as they could be. So I can safely assert that they will keep in glass jars. I will add that I kept mine in a dark and cool closet.

M. L. C.

Nebraska City, October 11th, 1875.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR:—I would but "lay a leaf on the well-filled chalice" of the "Home Circle." I want to thank the dear sisters who contribute so much to the already great wealth of your magazine. I could call them over by name, but will only send greetings to dear little Lichen, in her leafy nest, who sends from her "pencil dipped in dreams, shades of the brown woods, and tints of the sunset streams," who makes "friends of the woods and rocks," and "hears old voices in the winds that toss above her head the live oak's beard of moss." And what the "hillside trees say to the winds that touch their leafy keys."

Let me tell "Pipsey" my way for making grape preserves. Pulp your grapes, placing the skins in a separate dish; put the pulp over the fire, let it boil for a few minutes, then run it through a cullender which frees it from the seeds; add the skins and weigh, and add one-half as much sugar as you have fruit. It is very easily done and very nice. Now, right here, is, I think, the proper time to thank her for her doughnut recipe, given long ago. Was delighted to get it—just hugged myself, as I could not get hold of her. Have only had two years of experience in housekeeping, and what I know, feel very proud of.

Now, Mr. Arthur, you see my leaf has grown into quite a forest, and a handful more will not make much difference. Let me tell you how like the face of a smiling friend your cheery magazine comes into my home, travelling over mountains and rivers to reach it, for it is in the far-away Nebraska, and let me add that it will be just as welcome without the "premium picture."

ALCIE B.

It is the unguarded word which oftenest proves a root of bitterness in married life—the want of a proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness. Young married people cannot be too careful in the exercise of a wholesome restraint over their tongues and intercourse with each other, if they would preserve mutual respect and lay a solid basis for domestic tranquillity.

MR. ARTHUR:—This is the first time I have knocked at the door of your sanctum; may I come in, if I promise not to stay long?

I have been a reader of the *HOME MAGAZINE* for some time, and would like to tell its contributors that I love them, too, and that many times have they helped and delighted me.

I am heartily glad to learn that Mrs. Dorr will be one of our Home Circle next year. No one deserves a more hearty welcome than she; and there is certainly no one who has read her "*RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON*," that is not anxiously awaiting the appearance of "*EAGLESLIFFE*."

And "Pipsey," dear creature! where is there a woman like her? Her good, sensible talks are balm to my heart. When I receive the *HOME*, I go immediately to the "Deacon's Household," and devour it with all avidity, and from thence to "My Girls and I." When I have finished them, I am ready to open the balance. If I knew "Pipsey" only through the magazine, I should love her, but it has been my privilege to become acquainted with her personally, and, knowing her, love her all the more. I am sure that she is one of the best women that was ever created.

She possesses the largest and warmest heart of any woman I know. One of your correspondents says, "she cannot be spared from this mundane sphere;" and I echo the sentiment. I hope she will live *forever*.

I believe I promised not to stay long, but won't you indulge me a moment longer, I want to say a word about these beautiful autumn days. Let us leave our work and worry, and go out and enjoy them. Our work and worry will wait for us, but these delightful days will not.

FOREST.

THOUGHTS ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY LICHEN.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Let us draw up our chairs around the fire, and have a pleasant chat, for our last one before we say good-bye to the old year.

Without, the snow lies over the ground, the streamlets are bound in icy chains, the skies often lower darkly, and chilly blasts sweep by. But let not snow and frost chill our hearts, and make them cold and selfish. Let cheerfulness and kindly feeling, like this glowing fire, shed warmth and brightness all around us. Oh, that all homes could be as bright as the cheery blaze makes our rooms just now! But there are some where sorrow has hung such a heavy cloud, that nothing lights up its gloom; and in many, I shudder to think, there is such want and poverty, that no brightness of either fire or heart exists. While in other stately homes, the hearts are sometimes so cold, so wrapped in self, that there is little reflected light and warmth, to make happiness in the family circle. *Homes*, such places are not, only houses to stay in; repulsive often to some of their inmates, who spend as little time in them as possible.

If parents, sisters and brothers only knew the wrong they are doing often, by selfish, careless indifference in such matters, how differently, perhaps, they would act. Pleasant it is to turn from such pictures to happy homes that we know, where lovelight reigns, and let us hope that there are many, many such, to balance the sad, cold, lonely ones. It was not this I meant to talk of, however, but the old year, which is slowly and solemnly moving away.

I have watched from my window its seasons as they passed, each filled with its peculiar phase of life. I have enjoyed the brightness and freshness of spring, have drunk in the sweetness of June days—which I believe all writers agree in pronouncing the most perfect and complete of all days in the year, when the climax of full beauty is reached, before any shadow of decay has come; when the cool breezes seem more delicious than ever before, because the summer suns have

grown hot enough for us to need their refreshment. The later months of summer have passed slowly away before my weary eyes, and brought in turn the lovely changes of autumn, its invigorating coolness, and its harvest of the good things of earth, to nourish us through the coming winter. Anon the fleeting glories of Indian summer have cast their sweet, strange spell over me, giving place all too soon to the fading and falling of the leaves; and at last the dreary, sombre days of winter, which close its brief existence.

And are they not like the seasons of our life? First, the joyous, early spring of childhood, its smiles and tears chasing each other so rapidly, its young, undeveloped beauty, and promise of what is to come. Then the blooming May-time of our youth, with its fairy-land of flowery hopes. A little farther on, the June days of our existence, when happiness seems so complete that we wish for no more. When the cool, breezy moons, and soft, starry nights, all speak the same language—before the later summer heats of life have scorched and withered its joys, or shown that sorrow must be mingled with happiness in the lot of almost all. Then the riper years, which from our mingled joys and griefs, pleasures and cares, mistakes and triumphs, bring us sometimes a rich fruitage of experience to last through the winter of our days. Finally, the gradual fading and departure of many of life's beauties, the cessation of interest in what interests the young, the falling, leaf by leaf, of old friends, of old joys, old ties that bound us to the world. Happy those whose hearts do not grow cold and withered with the winter of age—who can verify the sweet words of the song,

"Love may nevermore grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade, and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love, may know
Never, never, winter's frost and chill;
Summer's warmth is in them still."

And this year, so soon to be numbered with those departed forever, how much of both joy and grief have its days and months been freighted with! Well for us if the grief has been unmixt with bitterness or remorse; for true sorrow, rightly borne, softens, strengthens, is ennobling. Chastened sorrow brings us nearer our great Head—the compassionate One, who was called "A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." He did not frown on grief, though He would not have us sit idly down and give up to it, but bids us cast all our care on the Lord, "for He careth for us." And out of some sorrows grow the brightest heavenly joys in the end.

Joy—what different meanings are attached to that word by different ones. Some call mere pleasure by that name; while pleasure—in my mind—is but the foam sparkling on the top of the cup, which may hold joy in its deepest drops, and is felt by many who have never yet fathomed joy's sacred bliss. Pleasure seems to me the feeling natural to the young and light-hearted on any happy occasion; or the emotion of those who join in ceaseless gaiety, for the mere amusement of the present time, or the passing feeling which we all have in any momentary enjoyment or gratification. But joy I hold to be an emotion dwelling deep in the heart, welling up from it in springs of pure happiness, and sending radiance over one's life.

How long I sought it before I really and truly found the priceless treasure. First I looked for earthly joy, building beautiful airy castles that crumbled before I had crossed their threshold. Then, when my childish tears for the loss were over, I would rear another fairer one, on just as ethereal a foundation. It always seemed an *ignis-fatuus* eluding my grasp. But at last, after the years in which I thought there was nothing left for me in life but suffering of body and mind, and that I was only waiting to die, then gradually, after the billows had receded, leaving a calm, there came a sweet peace and rest; and finally, when I was not seeking for nor

expecting it, there sprang up in the depths of the soul a tender, solemn joy, "which no man taketh away." Now the years go and come just as they used when their closing hours caused such mournful sadness, and the opening of a new one such sickening dread; but they are powerless so to move me any more.

In a book I was reading a few years ago—I cannot recall its name—I found the following passage, which spoke to me with deep meaning: "She had learned (as Carlyle expresses it) to do without happiness, and instead thereof has found blessedness." And I believe this would be the case with many, if they would cease looking for and expecting it, as if they thought it was their right, or as if it were the main thing in life.

A dear old year this has been to me—although cares and sorrows have marked some of its days—for during its passage I have felt more of an approach toward returning health than ever before in all the years since disease laid its heavy hand upon me. So many of the hours have lost their weariness and pain, so many things can be enjoyed that used to be entirely beyond my power, and I can go so much oftener out into the fresh, free air that revivifies and strengthens. Life looks so different from what it did only three years ago. I no longer feel the unavailing longing to lay it down, but am ready to take up whatever work there may be for me to do, earnestly, willingly, if not eagerly. Ready, I think, to live out the days and years that are best for me, whether many or few, sure that there is some work for every one of them, however little or humble it is. So I say good-bye to the year just going with a tender, loving feeling; yet not regretfully, for the hope comes that the next may be better still. But

I hope I shall not have to say a real good-bye to many of the readers of the magazine—only "to meet again" in a few weeks. I trust we will yet spend many pleasant hours over its pages in the future, and with the wish that we may each see our closing year depart with a good conscience, and be ready to welcome the new one with hopeful, courageous hearts, I bid adieu to eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE—Dear Sir: Your magazine has been a constant visitor at our house for almost three years, and its coming has never failed to cheer, encourage and instruct. Had we a few more such periodicals, or were those we have more generally and carefully read, the world would be better and happier.

I was greatly pleased with "Chatty's" talk in the September number. She could hardly have touched a subject upon which there is greater need of "line upon line, and precept upon precept." The tongue is too often an unruly member, and needs to be carefully guarded. Few persons realize the enormity of this evil. I have known good and useful men to be thrown out of employment, and obliged to undergo months of unmerited suffering by the gossip of those who, while talking, took no thought as to the result of words which seemed to them harmless.

I found in "Pipsey's" article directions for the removal of mildew from cotton goods. I tried her recipe, which came at an opportune time for me, successfully. I would like to learn from her, or some one, how to remove grease spots from worsted goods without injury to the material.

LIZZIE.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE YELLOW-HAMMER'S NEST.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared:
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest.
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

Harper's Magazine.

THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth
It had stretched to the uttermost end of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly
o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the
shore.

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;

It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

NOON-TIDE.

BY G. M. B.

BUFF lie the wheat-fields, and blue gleams the sky,
Green waves the tasselled corn, white rolls the
rye;
Warm yellow sunshine looks smilingly down
On dank, dun colored earths heavy and brown.

He stands, half buried in thought, at the plough,
Straw hat pushed back from his warm, heated brow,
Flannel shirt flaming out scarlet and bright,
Unto one pair of eyes—a beacon light.

Rich purple clover, and ripe golden grain,
Line either side of the long, sunny lane
Where she comes singing, her joy half revealed,
Carrying his dinner-pail down to the field.

Into his tired face a rosy light
Breaks into bloom, and his dark eyes grow bright;
Quickly he lets down the bars at his side,
Watching her coming with lover-like pride.

Tossing her head with a coquettish grace,
Looking half-slyly up into his face,
Putting the dinner-pail into his hands,
She stammers: "Can't stay a minute"—and stands.

Then, at a whisper, her cheek blushing glows,
And all the wide world is "*couleur de rose*,"
For each see swiftly in each other's eyes
Love's revelation—the sweet, new surprise.

What if the noon-time be flying—and gone—
What if the day's work be only half done?
Have we not in our day stole "happy hours"—
Isn't this love just as sweet, pray, as ours?

Dull morn and even-tide come to us all,
Twilight and shadow on these, too, shall fall;
Youth is but youth *once*, its joys fade so soon,
Let us not grudge it then—Love's perfect noon.

GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER sits by the open door,
And around his feet the sunbeams play,
While his scant gray locks are gently stirred
By the breath of the mild October day.
His gaze is turned toward the distant hills,
Where the trees are yellow, and green, and gold,
And they seem to say to the old man's heart,
"See! we grow lovely as we grow old!"

Over the landscape far and near
Grandfather looks with tear-dimmed eyes,
For on the meadow, as on the hills,
The shadow of summer's slow death lies.
But over it all, with restful calm,
There lingers a dreamful, tender haze,
And the breeze is fragrant with stolen sweets
In memoriam of the summer days.

Grandfather thinks of the years gone by,
The spring-time first of his merry youth,
And then the summer of manhood's joys,
When his heart grew warm with love and truth.
"Alas!" he murmurs, "that time has passed,
And winter comes for the year and me;
Who knows, as the chill of age creeps on,
How lovely I in my death shall be!"

Grandfather lies on the hill-side brown—
Lies at rest—and the setting sun
Kisses the spot where loving hands
Laid him down when his life was done.
And over the meadow, over the hills,
The breeze goes sobbing the livelong day
For the fair sweet summer whose life went out
With the shadow of winter chill and gray.
Harper's Weekly.

Housekeepers' Department.

TEA AND COFFEE.

What are the dietetic principles of tea, coffee and chocolate?

They all three contain a *nitrogenised basis*, to which they owe some of their most important chemical properties. Tea and coffee contain the self-same basis; in tea it is called *thein*, in coffee *cafein*. The cocoa principle, or *theobromin*, is richer in *nitrogen* than the *thein* or *cafein*, which latter very nearly correspond in their composition with the flesh basis.

What imparts the agreeable smell to roasted coffee?

In the process of roasting, the *tannin* or bitter principle of the coffee unites with the *cafein*, and forms *tanno-cafeic acid*, from which the aroma of coffee arises.

What produces the peculiar aroma of tea?

The leaves of tea contain a peculiar *volatile oil*, which, although the essential principle of tea is identical with that of coffee, imparts to it a distinguishing odor and flavor.

What is the difference between black and green tea?

The difference is not unlike that which exists between *raw* and *roasted* coffee. The leaves are turned black by being dried at a higher temperature than that to which green tea has been subjected. The heat exercises a decomposing action; the albumen of the leaf is more perfectly coagulated; the *tea oil* and *tannic acid* are changed or dissipated.

Why should the water poured upon tea be at the boiling point?

Because it requires the temperature of *boiling water* to dissolve and extract the *tea oil* and *tannic acid*.

Why should not an infusion of tea be kept at the boiling point?

Because if tea were to be boiled *after being steeped*, the tea oil would escape. The tea would appear to be stronger, because the *tannic acid* would be more fully extracted, but the *aromatic principle* of tea would be *driven off*, and a muddy and bitter extract would remain.

Why does the first infusion of tea possess more aroma than the second?

Because the *first infusion*, if the water used is at the boiling temperature, *takes up the essential oil* of the tea, while the *second water* receives only the bitter extract supplied by the *tannic acid*.

Why does tea act as a stimulant to one individual and as a sedative to another?

These opposite properties in the same article are not the result of different principles in the plant, but depend entirely on the temperament of the person who takes it. On the sanguineous it acts as a stimulant; on the nervous as a sedative.

Why is tea a good gargle for relaxed sore throat?

From its astringent properties, and the presence of a large quantity of *tannin*.

Why is tea a good beverage for those who are obliged to sit up late or trench on the hours of rest?

The reason why tea dispels drowsiness and makes a person vigilant at night, is owing to its direct influence on the heart and circulation.

Why is a strong infusion of tea a good antidote in cases of poisoning from antimony or tartar emetic?

From the astringent property of the tea decomposing the poison.

Health Department.

CATCHING COLD.

THE season of the year will soon be upon us when people everywhere will be taking cold, and in many cases they will suffer much and die. A little care would often prevent it. In the first place, as one of the means to prevent a cold, the daily bath in a warm room, with much friction, is very important. In no case should the body be chilled. Use much friction over the chest and throat, and snuff into the nostrils a little of the water warmed to a comfortable temperature.

Next, after the bath, take daily exercise in the open air, neither too much nor too little; exposing the body somewhat to the cold and sun for a short time, but never exhausting it. One chief danger from colds is the exhausted state of the body that first occurs, so it is not able to resist unfavorable influences. People who are not very vigorous should avoid over-exertion and keep the strength up to the highest point.

It will help those prone to colds to sleep all they can.

Another cause of colds is eating too heartily after a day's work, when there are not forces enough to digest the food and keep up the circulation. Eat moderately at night, if you would avoid a cold.

A cold in its early stages may be broken up by hot foot-baths, warmth to the body, especially a hot pack or a hot bath in the middle of the day, with much friction and quiet in a comfortable room. It is not advisable to take a hot bath at night in such cases.

When you have a cold don't eat much or work much unless you have great physical strength, when a hard day's work may be a good thing to equalize the circulation and restore the action to the skin, which always suffers when one takes cold.—*Herald of Health.*

SOUND SLEEP.—Sound sleep is essential to good health. It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system, exhausted by labor and activity, without this perfect repose. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom unduly disturbed by trifles, while a wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose, and of sleeping but little. We are inclined to think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of closely limiting the time given to rest have not been exaggerated. Active persons, of nervous temperament, can hardly get too much sleep. We know very well that the saving of two or three hours a day from slumber is, in one sense, equivalent to a considerable prolongation of human life, and we are no advocates of indolence; but the fact still remains that sleep may be so much abridged as to leave the system incapable of as much effective work in two hours as might be performed in a better condition in one.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.—An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; a run to catch a departing train; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

Centennial Notes.

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES.—A section of one of the big trees of California is on its way to this city for exhibition at the Centennial. The tree from which this section was cut grew in the Kaweah and Kings River Grove, near the line of Fresno and Tulare Counties, California, on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada, at an elevation of six thousand, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, forty-five miles from Visalia, the nearest railroad station. The age of the tree, as indicated by the yearly rings was about two thousand, two hundred and fifty years, the rings being so close on the outer edge that it was almost impossible to count them. The height was two hundred and seventy-six feet. The diameter, at the surface of the ground, was twenty-six feet; ten feet above the ground the diameter was twenty feet; one hundred feet above the ground, where the first limb projects, the diameter was fourteen feet; and two hundred feet above the ground the diameter was nine feet. It was perfectly sound and solid. The bark averaged one foot in thickness and in some places it was sixteen inches thick. The bark of some of this species of tree is three feet thick. The estimated number of lumber feet that it would make was three hundred and seventy-five thousand, and the number of cubic feet about thirty-one thousand, enough to make lumber and posts for sixteen miles of ordinary fence. The weight of the wood when first cut was seventy-two pounds per cubic foot, making the weight of the lumber-producing portion two million, two hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds. It took two men ten days' hard work to fell the tree, and when

it fell it broke in several pieces. This section was taken from the tree ten feet above the ground to twenty-six feet above the ground. The diameter at the base is twenty feet. It was hollowed out into a cylinder, and then cut into sections, making, when put together, the body of the tree complete, the wood thus left being from six to eight inches thick, exclusive of the bark.

THE SAWYER OBSERVATORY.—On the summit of Belmont Hill, more than half a mile from the Centennial Buildings, is a tall, slender tower, surmounted by a wire cage, from the top of which protrudes a flag-staff. This is one of the many private enterprises that have been brought to Philadelphia by the Centennial, and it is one of the most costly and ornamental of them, for it is built of expensive boiler iron, and it can be seen from almost any part of the Exhibition grounds. It is a "Sawyer Improved Observatory," built by the Sawyer Improved Observatory Company, of Boston, and is the first one that has ever been put up. The main shaft, two hundred feet high, and eight feet in diameter at the bottom, tapering to three feet at the top, is a hollow iron tube, built just like a steam boiler, except that the edge of each plate rests on the edge of the plate immediately below it, instead of overlapping, thus throwing the weight directly on the plates instead of upon the rivets. A strong stone foundation was first built, to which ten cast-iron supports were bolted; and on these supports the bottom of the shaft rests, securely bolted to its place. At the top of the shaft is

a platform about twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a strong iron rail and covered with a wire netting to prevent persons from falling or jumping off. A car runs from the top to the bottom to carry passengers. It is raised or lowered by eight steel-wire cables, and is prevented from falling, should the cables give way, by steel clamps acting on perpendicular rods, which will immediately stop the car and hold it in position. The shaft is steadied by eight wire cables firmly set in masonry. The car will carry about forty passengers comfortably, and the platform on top of the shaft will hold about a hundred and twenty-five. The first public ascension of the car was made on Saturday, October 23d, and now runs regularly, averaging about four trips to the hour. The fare is twenty-five cents for adults and ten cents for children, and visitors can stay at the top as long as they desire. An ornamental cottage is to be built at the base of the shaft for a waiting-room. Here tables and seats are to be arranged for the convenience of picnicking parties.

PACIFIC COAST SPECIMENS.—At Tucson, Pima County, in Arizona Territory, in a building of the Central Pacific Railroad is stored a superb collection of Pacific coast specimens for exhibition at the Centennial, undergoing classification. This exhibition will be made under the immediate auspices of the company. For the past eighteen months the Land Department of the corporation has been seeking out and gathering together the finest mineral, cereal, ornithological and zoological collection ever secured on the Pacific coast. The exhibit will also embrace some of the largest collections of marine, land and fresh water shells ever shown and specimens of all the coals of the Pacific region. The latter represent fully one hundred different grades, from the finest Shasta to the commonest slate mixed stone.

The timber of the coast is represented by specimens, green, polished and petrified. The full list of specimens represent birds of every plumage, animals of every species, together with curious alkaline formations, perolites, marble (polished and rough), sandstone, pumice, honey-combed lava (light enough to float), fossilized fish, borings from artesian wells, curious relics of armor breastplates, fossil reptiles, entomological specimens, etc. The collection as it now stands has been classified with the utmost care.

It is stated that the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroad Companies have joined together and arranged for the erection of a building separate from the regular halls of the exhibition for the special purpose of displaying the products of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. The railway building is to be two stories in height, the first floor to be used for showing the vast array of minerals, cereals and fruit collected from the States and Territories named, while the second will be divided into sleeping apartments for the convenience of interested exhibitors. It is understood that a vigorous effort will be made upon the part of progressive Californians to induce the Central Pacific to join the corporations first named and provide space by enlarging the building for a full display of products, mineral, agricultural and pomological, from the States of California, Nevada and Oregon.

THE FRENCH CAFÉ.—This will be under the direction of Leon Goyard, of Paris, and everything served will be in the French style. The building will contain a large banqueting-hall, one hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet wide. In the rear will be the café and billiard-rooms. On either side will be well-appointed kitchens. There will also be two large verandas, and on either side two pavilions. The structure will cover a ground space of two hundred feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet in depth. It is estimated that at least four thousand persons can be served at one time.

CALIFORNIA'S GRAPE VINE.—The mammoth grape vine from Santa Barbara, California, which is to be exhibited at the Centennial, has, after several weeks of labor, been dug up, divided into sections, and boxed for transportation. This famous vine is without doubt the largest in the world. The celebrated vine at Hampton Court, England, which grew under glass, is nine inches in diameter three feet from the ground. The California vine is fourteen inches in diameter three feet from the ground, and nearer to the ground has a measurement of eighteen inches in diameter or fifty-six inches in circumference, while its foliage has long covered a space equal to ten thousand square feet. The Hampton Court vine produces annually from one thousand five hundred to two thousand pounds of grapes. The product of the California vine has often reached the immense number of seven thousand five hundred clusters, of an average weight of one and a half pounds each, or nearly twelve thousand pounds. It is of the variety known as the mission grape, and was planted by Dona Maria Marcelina de Dominguez, at the birth of a child, according to the custom of the country. Its age is between fifty and sixty years.

DECORATIONS FOR THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING.—For the Main Exposition Building four very elaborate pieces are being designed, and, as soon as completed, will be placed in position. They represent America, Europe, Asia and Africa, and each is fifty feet in height, and forty feet wide. America is represented by Columbia, holding in her hand the staff surmounted by the Liberty Cap, while beneath is the word America and the numerals MDCCCLXXVI. On the right is the bust of Washington. On the left that of Franklin. As a background the national colors are most prominent, and on either side are the flags of the old original thirteen States. The whole forms a very pretty picture, and cannot but attract great attention.

Europe is represented by a female figure at the top, while beneath, on the right, is the bust of Homer, and on the left that of Charlemagne. A horse and lion are prominent, and back of all are the flags of the Great Powers.

Africa is represented by an Egyptian female, with the busts of Rameses and Sesostris. It is further embellished with Oriental sketches and the ensigns of the countries.

Asia is represented by a female figure, with the busts of Confucius and Mahomet. There are also Chinese and Japanese emblems and the flags of the countries. With each the products of the countries are made prominent, and they are to be so painted that when placed in position they can be readily understood.

MACHINERY HALL.—The officers of the Bureau of Machinery have received from France an application for six thousand feet more of space in Machinery Hall. That country has already ten thousand feet, and consequently, if its application is favorably considered, it will give it altogether sixteen thousand feet. There have already been received one thousand two hundred and thirty-one applications for space in this department of the Exhibition; nine hundred and thirty-one from exhibitors in the United States, and three hundred from foreigners. At the Vienna Exhibition there were only nine hundred fifty-nine exhibitors in Machinery Hall. There are about three hundred and eighty thousand square feet of available space in Machinery Hall, one-fourth of which will be occupied by foreign countries, and the balance by the United States.

THE GROUP OF AMERICA.—Mr. John Sartin, Chief of the Bureau of Art of the United States Centennial Commission, has been notified that a model in terra cotta of the celebrated group of America which is a prominent feature in the ornamentation of the Albert Memorial, in Hyde Park, London, will be exhibited in the Art Department at the Centennial Exhibition. This group is by John Bell, a sculptor whose works have long given him a leading position in his profession.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE latest advices from Paris tell us that costumes in two or more materials, and possibly different shades, still have the advantage in popular favor over those of a single material and color. One of the latest fashions is a combination of silk and woollen in skirt, overskirt, jacket and sleeves, with facings, trimmings and vest of plaid. Plain and brocaded silks are also combined, by having the front and side gores of the overskirt and the waist of the brocaded silk, and the back breadth, underskirt and sleeves of plain silk. Woollen goods may be used instead of silk in this costume.

Plaids still hold their own in woollen goods, and many novelties are introduced. The most stylish plaids are those which are almost invisible, with perhaps a single thread of a light or bright color outlining the plaid. Gold or silver threads are sometimes woven into plaids, but the effect produced by them is somewhat bizarre, and they are not likely to become generally popular.

One of the prettiest styles of the season are the white-flaked goods. These goods, which are usually of a dark iron-gray or brown, have a dash of white or light tint here and there, looking like a white fleece, or a snow-flake. One style is called "The Snows of Spitzbergen."

There is a more extensive variety of waterproof goods this season than has ever appeared heretofore. They are shown in almost every shade of color, in plain tints, in plaids and in flakes. The waterproof need not, in future, be the unsightly garment it has, for the most part, been in the past; but with a little discretion in the selection of color, and taste in making, it can be rendered not only a serviceable outer

garment in the worst of weathers, but something really tasteful and attractive in appearance.

There is as great a variety of trimmings as heretofore, though some novelties are introduced. The chief novelty of the season is a sort of Titan or Hercules braid, interwoven with gold and silver threads, either in lines, bars, blocks, plaids or diamonds. This braid comes in various widths, from half an inch to three or four inches.

Feather trimmings will still be worn, ostrich feather bands retaining their usual width, but other feather bands will be much wider than those of last season.

There is quite a variety in fringes, of silk and wool, or the two materials combined. Fur will still be worn in trimming velvet, cloth and silk. Self-trimmings are still as much in style as ever, and are by far the most economical. Shirring, knife-plaiting and fluting seem to be the chief methods adopted in self-trimming. The difference between knife-plaiting and fluting is that the former is pressed into sharp folds by a hot iron, and the latter, being secured by a tape fastened to the underside of each plait, is left unpressed, and the natural elasticity of the fabric causes it to round out.

There is not so great a variety in hats this season as there has been for some seasons past. The style of trimming has also materially changed. Long streamers at the back of ribbon or silk are entirely abolished, and only short loops or pendant plumes are allowable.

The Grecian style of coiffure is now generally adopted, the hair being gathered in a knot at the back of the head, and confined by an ornamental but not too large comb. If the forehead is low, the hair should be simply parted and waved; but if it is high or round, frizzes may be added to advantage.

New Publications.

Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt and others. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Like some of the preceding volumes of this interesting series of books, the present one contains many trifling reminiscences and insipid and pointless anecdotes, which occupy pages to the exclusion of more interesting incidents that might be gleaned from the lives of the men and women introduced to the reader. It were better to let the personal weaknesses, puerilities and ill-natured sayings of the men and women who have left an honored name in literature lie forever buried out of sight. To exhume them, after their long burial, is not a kindly task, and does not minister to a pure and healthy taste.

Toward the Strait Gate; or, Parish Christianity for the Unconverted. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., Author of "Ecce Coeburn," "Ad Fidem," etc. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. There are some things in this book that make us regret its publication. Here is one of them: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is the principle on which God governs us. Raise your hand against Him, and He will raise His hand against you. Neglect Him, and when your time comes He will neglect you. Love Him as a Father, and He will love you as children. Consult His pleasure and interest in what you do, and He will consult your profit and happiness in all that He does. * * * The rash traveller who casts up a stone against the mighty cliff which overhangs him will bring down another stone on himself;

and the arrow shot toward Heaven will dislodge and bring down another arrow, sharp and bright, from the Divine arsenal."

In the author's chapter on the "Divine Economy of Reprisals," there is much more of the same tenor, and little to break the bald assertion of this monstrous doctrine.

Mr. Burr is "Lecturer on the Scientific Evidences of Religion in Amherst College," and we are sorry, seeing that he is the religious teacher of young men, that he is not able to give them a higher and truer idea of God, who "so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Sevenoaks. A Story of To-Day. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Dr. Holland has drawn one or two characters in this story with rare skill. Jim Fenton is inimitable; but Belcher, the cunning and unscrupulous villain, is a failure from the beginning to the end. Jim Fenton is a living creation—he grew in the novelist's brain; but Belcher is only a constructed man, built up out of inharmonious elements, and is hardly a fair representative, except in villainy, of the class to which he has been assigned. The story possesses many fine points, and holds the reader's interest closely from the beginning to the end.

Correspondences of the Bible. The Animals. By the Rev. John Worcester. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Mr. Worcester is a minister of the New

Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) Church, which teaches that everything in the natural world corresponds to something in the spiritual world, as an effect corresponds to its cause. It also teaches that the Bible, which is a divine book, was written as no other book has ever been written; that in its inspired composition, the law of correspondence between natural and spiritual things was observed in every part, even to the minutest particulars; and that in consequence it has an inner spiritual sense, as well as an external natural sense, the inner sense being the Divine sense, without which it would be nothing more than a common book. This church also claims, that in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg is to be found a key (the Science of Correspondence) by which the casket of the letter may be unlocked, and the hidden treasures of the spiritual sense revealed. This law, or science, of correspondences Mr. Worcester has used in preparing the volume before us, in which the various animals of the Bible are introduced, and their spiritual significance explained. He first gives the habits and peculiarities of each animal, and then the affection and thought to which it corresponds. His observation of the habits of animals seems to have been very minute, while his account of some of them is exceedingly interesting. Any effort to give their spiritual significance, so as to make it popularly understood, must in the nature of things be a very difficult one; because the natural perceptions rest on and apprehend only natural things, while the spiritual faculties lie almost dormant in the common mind. For this reason, only those who have studied to some extent the doctrine of correspondences will be able to get from Mr. Worcester's book the higher things it is designed to teach.

Lectures to My Students. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. This volume contains a selection from addresses delivered to the students of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. They refer especially to the work which lies before these students as future pastors of churches, and give much important and valuable advice, both of a spiritual and practical character.

Leah: A Woman of Fashion. By Mrs. Annie Edwards, Author of "Archie Lovell," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co. Mrs. Edwards does not rank with the first and foremost of English novelists. Still she writes passable society novels, illustrative of a certain grade of English life. She has many admirers both in England and America. The book before us is quite up to her ordinary standard of excellence, and will be acceptable to novel-readers generally.

Hester Howard's Temptation. A Soul's Story. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield, Author of "The Household of Bouverie." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. We have read this story with at least a moderate degree of interest, while we have found much in it to challenge admiration, and little to condemn. It is an average specimen of an American novel.

From Jest to Earnest. By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. The Rev. Mr. Roe is quite successful as a novelist; and while he is certainly reaching a larger audience through the medium of his books than he

could possibly reach from the pulpit, he may be accomplishing quite as much good in the world by his novels as by his sermons, since they are of the highest moral and religious tone, and at the same time possess all the sensational and emotional interest of the ordinary story.

Elsie's Womanhood. A Sequel to "Elsie's Girlhood." By Martha Finley (Farquharson), Author of "Elsie Dinsmore," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. Those who have read this author's previous work, "Elsie's Girlhood," and who are also competent to judge of the merits of this book, pronounce it fully equal to that, and a most excellent story.

The Life of Christopher Columbus. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. Columbus may not be, strictly speaking, either an "American pioneer or patriot," still he is so undeniably identified with the history of America, that the author of this book is excusable for including his life in that series. The story of the life and adventures of Columbus is well told, as Mr. Abbott's biographies always are; and the book is handsomely illustrated.

Our Wasted Resources: The Missing Link in the Temperance Reform. By William Hargreaves, M. D. New York: The National Temperance Society and Publication House. This volume presents a series of strong arguments, based on facts and figures, in favor of the suppression of the liquor traffic in this country. We quote one paragraph:

"In 1870 our nation's drink-bill was one hundred and forty-six million dollars, more than the estimated value, at the place of manufacture, of all the furniture and house-fixtures (except stoves and hollow-ware); all the boots and shoes, men's, women's and children's clothing; all the collars, cuffs, gloves, mittens, hats, caps, hosiery, etc., that were in that year manufactured in the United States."

The book should reach the hands of every person who takes an interest in the temperance movement, since it will furnish him with indisputable data upon which to base his arguments.

Barford Mills; or, God's Answer to Woman's Prayer. By Miss M. E. Winslow. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

All for Money. By Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "The Temperance Doctor," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Two well-written and interesting stories, calculated to do good service in the temperance cause.

New History of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775. Its Purpose, Conduct and Result. By William W. Wheldon. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

An Illustrated Manual for the Use of the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes. By Jos. Schedler. New York: E. Steiger.

Park Water; or, Told in the Twilight. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A new story by one of the most popular of English authoresses.

The Life and Adventures of Davy Crockett. An Autobiography. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Editor's Department.

The "Home" for Next Year.

WITH this number we close our editorial work for 1875, and turn to the new year, which is fast approaching. What the magazine has been during the past twelve months we know, and every reader knows. We promised to make it better and more attractive than ever, and if the scores and

hundreds of letters, warm with delight and approval, which come flowing in upon us from all parts of the country, are to be taken in evidence of our success, it has been complete.

Our magazine is especially designed for the household, and addresses itself to men and women who have a real and earnest purpose in life, and who seek in literature something higher than mere amusement.

Nothing coarse, profane, prurient or frivolous can find a place in its pages. It eschews sickly sentimentalism, and holds work to be honorable, and idleness disgraceful. Into whatever family it finds its way, it can bring only a healthy influence, leading to concord among the members, and a truer sympathy each with each. It tries to lighten household cares and burdens. It seeks to make husbands more considerate and tender toward their wives, and wives more loving toward their husbands; and endeavors to bind children and parents closer together in the bonds of mutual service and affection.

For the new year we shall endeavor to make the HOME, in a still wider sense, the Magazine of the People. Our Prospectus sets forth the many attractions it will present, and to this we especially refer the reader.

An English Countess.

(See Engraving.)

THE name of Dudley has stood prominent in English history for many generations. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was a statesman memorable in English history for the part he took in placing the crown on the head of Lady Jane Grey, although the late king, Edward VI., had two sisters, and Lady Jane was only remotely related to the late sovereign. She was the great-granddaughter of Henry VII. Edward had been persuaded to pass over his sisters, and to name her and her husband as his successors. Her husband was Lord Guildford Dudley, the fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane was with difficulty persuaded to accept the honor which the ambition of her father and her father-in-law thrust upon her, and, after reigning ten days, she quietly resigned the throne in favor of Mary, the elder of the late king's sisters. Her husband and she were thrown into the Tower, and were put to death together on the 12th of February, 1554. This is the first Lady Dudley of whom there is any trustworthy record. She was distinguished by great talents, strong character, and many sufferings endured with meek submission.

In these unsettled times the title was lost; but Sir Robert Dudley, a member and descendant of the same family, was styled abroad, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. He was an able man, engaged himself closely in literary pursuits, and living on the continent as he did, he there acquired much influence, especially with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose affairs he interested himself. There is still preserved a book of his in the British Museum, published in 1630. He died at Florence in 1639.

The title now fell and rose, and the last who bore it before its present possessor was John William Ward, who, after a re-creation and restoration, was the fourth viscount of Dudley, and ninth baron of Ward. This nobleman was highly gifted, but eccentric. He died unmarried, and all his titles expired with him, with the exception of the barony of Ward, which descended to his relation the Rev. Humble Ward, rector of Himley, in Staffordshire. This gentleman succeeded his cousin as the tenth Baron Ward, in 1833. He died in 1836. The title and estates then fell to his son, William Ward, who now holds them.

The present earl succeeded his father, on his death in the year just mentioned, as the eleventh Baron Ward in the peerage of England, and in 1860 was created Earl of Dudley and Viscount Ednam in the peerage of the United Kingdom. He married the lady whose portrait is here given, Georgina Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., whose seat is in Perthshire. The countess is the granddaughter of the late Earl of St. Kinnoull. They were married on the 26th of November, 1865, and have three sons and one daughter.

The family seats are at Witley Court, Worcestershire; Himley Hall, Dudley, Staffordshire; Crogen, Merionethshire; and their town residence, Dudley House, Park Lane.

His lordship is one of the most extensive owners of coal and iron mines in the kingdom. This, indeed, is the main source of his great wealth. His care for the miners and for his workpeople generally is most exemplary. In regard to their dwellings the latest improvements are adopted, and all proper plans employed to promote their comfort. The means of education and general instruction are liberally placed within the reach of all. The opportunities of religious improvement are made easily accessible to the vast numbers of persons connected with the mines and works, and the freedom of the people in matters of conscience is in nowise interfered with.

The countess has the reputation of being the helper and encourager of her husband in all this; and she is also charitable and kind not only to the people connected with the works, and to those who suffer from the terrible accidents to which such employment is liable, but takes an active interest in the many charities of the towns and villages with which the country around Witley Court is studded, as well as in those of Birmingham, the great and busy capital of the district.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

FOR the great Centennial year, the HOME MAGAZINE will present unusual attractions. See Prospectus. Among these will be a new serial story, entitled

"EAGLESOLIFFE."

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Whose "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON," so charmed our thousands of readers. This new story has been written expressly for our magazine, and will be commenced in January.

Another serial story,

"MIRIAM, And the Life She Laid Down."

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

will be commenced in the same number.

ROSELLA RICE will open the year with a new series of articles on Pioneer Life in the West, under the title of

"OLD HEARTH STONES, And the Tales they Told."

And the reader's wise, gossipy, quaint old friend, "Pipsissway Potts," will discourse, as of old, in her

"POTTSVILLE PAPERS,"

about matters and things in general, and home-life and character in particular.

From MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL we shall have another series of her carefully-written and finely-discriminating

LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES,

which have been so acceptable to our readers.

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, whose articles on "WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES," published a few years ago in the HOME MAGAZINE, gave such general satisfaction, will write another series next year, under the title

"WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD,"

in which she will offer practical advice and suggestions as to the various remunerative employments in

which women may engage. These articles cannot fail to be exceedingly valuable, as Mrs. Duffey is a woman of wide experience, careful observation and strong common sense, and will write from the standpoint of one who has made her own way in the world.

"CHATTY BROOKS,"

It will be seen, is going to tell about "THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD," and gentle "LICHEN" will keep her quiet corner in the "HOME CIRCLE," among loving friends who carry her in their hearts.

For more thoughtful readers, there will be the well-filled Department of

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

Which will be richly illustrated, and contain carefully-prepared articles on a wide range of subjects.

THE STORY-TELLER,

That, to many readers, is one of our most attractive Departments, will contain, during the year, besides the two serials above mentioned, a large number of choice stories from the pens of some of our best writers.

As all of our readers will want to know as much as possible about the great Exhibition of next year, we shall make our

CENTENNIAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

As full as possible, keeping them advised of what is in progress, and when the Exhibition opens, give as large descriptions, accompanied by engravings, as our space will admit.

But we cannot tell of all the good things in store for next year. Examine the Prospectus, reader, and judge for yourself.

And now all you that love the HOME MAGAZINE, and sympathize with its spirit and aims, who believe that its presence in American homes will be for good, will you not so identify yourselves with it and its work as to become its advocate, commending it to your friends and neighbors, and seeking in all right ways to extend its circulation? Will not each of you add at least one new name to its list of subscribers for the Centennial Year? We shall make it as attractive, as pure, as true and as good as in our power lies. You can largely extend the sphere of its usefulness; and may we not ask you to do so?

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS THINK AND SAY OF THE HOME MAGAZINE.

We are in the daily receipt of letters from subscribers and friends of the HOME MAGAZINE, in which the highest satisfaction and the most cordial approval are expressed. A lady writes:

"Your magazine has been a great blessing to me, and I am very grateful to the kind friend who has placed it in my hands for two years. I will never be without it. Its teachings are pure, and its worth is inestimable in every American family; and thanks are due to you, Mr. Arthur, for making it what it is. I have already secured one new name for the Centennial year, and hope to get more. It is a pleasure to solicit names for the HOME, people are so willing to take it."

Another says:

"The HOME has come to me for the last five years as a Christmas gift; and I consider it a new one monthly, as it comes full of good cheer. I have been having four volumes bound, and have just got them home from the bindery, and I would not be willing to take twice what

they cost, providing I could not get any more like them. They have gradually increased in interest every year. And from the list of contributors and their contributions, I think it will be more interesting than ever before."

Another writes:

"I prize your magazine more than any other, and hope you may ever be successful. I will try to send you a club for next year. I heartily agree with you in your decision not to send a picture with the magazine next year, but contribute the worth of a picture to good reading matter. By so doing I think you will make it the best magazine in America."

CHOICE OF PICTURES.

We have *eight* large and beautiful steel engravings, from which Club-getters can select their premium pictures.

1. QUEEN ELIZABETH CONSENTING TO THE DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
2. THE INTERRUPTED READER.
3. THE LION IN LOVE.
4. PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.
5. THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.
6. THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITY.
7. THE ANGEL OF PEACE.
8. BED-TIME.

One of these will be mailed to every person sending us a club—ten cents must be remitted for postage.

If no choice is made, the first picture on the list will be sent.

Subscribers to the HOME MAGAZINE will have the right to order any of above-named choice engravings at *fifty cents* each. Pictures of the size and artistic excellence of these sell at the print-stores at from three to five dollars each.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

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